

PROGRESS.

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THE CUSTOM HOUSE BAR.

IS THE NEW BUSINESS A WHOLE-SALE OR RETAIL ONE.

How Samples are Tested by the Gaugers—What Becomes of all the Stuff Sent in—An Embarrassing Situation for Officials—Col. Donville's Services Needed.

Will the provincial liquor law interfere with the sale of liquor at the Customs house, is a question that many are trying to solve. Has Inspector Jones jurisdiction in the case, or can the best of whiskey, brandy and other liquors be sold in the above named institution in defiance of the inspector and his provincial authority? This is a question that is being asked by everybody just now.

A few days ago a druggist purchased a gallon and a half jug of liquor. The purchase was made in the gauger's room at the Custom House and the liquor was a "sample" that had been taken by the gaugers from the different casks that they were called upon to test.

The story goes that certain importers of liquor who under the law, are obliged to have these liquors submitted to government test, sent samples of their goods for inspection, it is understood that these samples after the removal of the quantity necessary for the test shall be returned to the importer. As a matter of fact, so goes the story, these samples in all cases, have not been returned.

Perhaps had the goods not been put up in cases the importers would have found no fault. Indeed, when a quantity from a cask is forwarded to the gauger's department for test, no portion of it is expected to be returned. It appears that obligation of return is only expected in respect to case goods. The accumulation of liquors it will be seen, would be large in a very short time, and the stock would soon become a matter of importance. Such appears to be the opinion held by the officials concerned, as they get the credit of disposing of the stock thus acquired to a large liquor dealer who had no samples among the lot or the druggist mentioned above. What action will be taken by the authorities remains to be seen, but a desire for truth impels the remark, that there is nothing new in this—only happens that the circumstances have now become public property for the first time. It has been asserted in some quarters that a number of years since a certain liquor dealer was set up in business, with a supply of goods procured through this same customs department, but whether as a gift or as a subject of sale is only known to the parties directly concerned. That was several years ago but there are many alive today to whom the recent "discovery" presents new features. This time appears opportunity for a thorough investigation although it is probable the preponderance of evidence would show that in respect to some importers at least, the greater part of their sample bottles are restored to their possession.

Enquiry at Collector Ruel's office elicited the facts that the gaugers room is under the control of head gauger Robertson and two assistants, Messrs. McCart and Connor. It was also learned that liquor had been sold from the samples for years and the sale was being continued despite the commands of the collector.

The gaugers do not deny that the liquor was sold but they claim it has been the practice for years to sell it. The method of testing liquor is an interesting one. Every cask or barrel of the ardent that comes into the customs house is tested, samples being taken from each cask. When the samples have served their purpose and have been tested, what is left is poured into a large jug and this concoction of mixed drinks is looked on as common property. Flour, molasses, oil and other commodities are it is said tested in the same manner and in every case the gaugers appropriate the samples for their own use. Probably the men did nothing wrong in selling the liquor from an official point of view, but Inspector Jones may consider that they had no right to violate the law by selling intoxicating liquors without a license. The inspector is in a peculiar position as his office demands that if a customs house is turned into a mere tavern he will exact a license fee and will demand that they procure a license, that they close at the legal hours and that they specify whether a retail or wholesale business it is to be conducted.

He will also doubtless insist that the regulation light be placed over the big front door. This might be extremely humiliating to the officers of the Customs service, but it would only be just to the public and the trade generally.

If the business is allowed to continue and is pronounced legal it will be a question whether the other saloons in the same ward will allow this competitor to continue business in the haphazard way it is now being conducted.

They will probably demand that if the government, either of its own free will or by the act of some of its employees, is

going to "rush the growler" in this way it must come out and sell according to the strict letter of the law.

It would seem that a little of the energy displayed by Col. Donville in having the House of Commons bar closed might have been exercised a little nearer home; perhaps the glory would not have been so great but the work was just as necessary and now the gallant colonel and his friends must bear the stigma of neglecting a duty near at hand for the performance of one that could only effect us indirectly.

As far as known there does not exist any rule of bye law which provides for the disposal of the liquor used as samples in any manner but one would think the proper course would be to return it to the importers in proportion to their imports. By this means the difficulty would be overcome and further violations of the law prevented.

Mr. Robertson or his assistants can not be held seriously in fault for this transaction as they have only followed out the custom of other years. In this instance however, the sale was more open and so become public property. If as the gaugers claim the practice of selling sample liquor has been carried on for years then the government has been culpable as it should not have allowed its employees to become liquor vendors.

It is a notorious fact however that the government was never at any time as particular about the Customs department as could be desired. For instance, it is just as wrong to allow a supernumerated official not employed in the government to have a room in the building free of rent—an "office" where he conducts a regular brokerage business, and takes away work from legitimate brokers who do not happen to have a government pull. Perhaps in this case, however, the action of the government was prompted by charity but it seems a trifle strained to bestow upon a very well to do supernumerated official a room which is heated and lighted free of charge so that he may add to his supernumeration allowance by negotiating bills of sale and similar affairs.

That is precisely the use to which one of the rooms is now put. In the course of time other business offices will no doubt be opened up in the building though just at present the wholesale and retail bar is having everything its own way and samples still flow freely customwards.

The case against John Sullivan, charged with the murder of the Dutcher family, is still exciting the Moncton people, writes a correspondent. Sullivan in court is a fine looking young man who resembles somewhat a commercial traveller or business man, rather than a common day laborer, which he is. He sits close to Mr. Smith, his counsel, and occasionally leans over and whispers to his lawyer in a confidential manner. He seems to know that the entire population of the "Hub" is against him, and does not notice the court loafers who boldly declare that "Sullivan ought to be hanged without a trial." During the progress of the inquest Mr. Smith claimed the right to see his client and talk with him but this was refused by coroner Wortman and a watch was placed over Sullivan as though he were a condemned man.

Mr. Smith remarked at the time that he would see Sullivan in spite of the local authorities and to this end he laid the matter before the Hon. Attorney General, who at once ordered the coroner and City marshal to admit Mr. Smith to the cell of the prisoner and further to allow him to hold private conversations with the accused man. That such a right would be refused even the vilest criminal in the land, is an ever lasting disgrace to the parties who were connected with the matter.

Buck was hanged by having a special trial, and a prejudiced and one sided jury, and now the case of Sullivan is, and if Jack Sullivan were to be tried today by twelve "picked up" Monctonians, he would be sentenced to death in twenty minutes without evidence. Mr. Ross had a conversation with the prisoner and he says that a child's skull is an easy thing to destroy, and that it is quite possible for Maggie Dutcher to have received her wound, while in the hands of her half stupid uncle. But suppose Sullivan a guilty man, is he not entitled to a fair trial? Surely he is. He is a Canadian born citizen and under the British law he is entitled to fair play, and he is entitled to protection, while he may be a criminal. In Moncton the authorities seem to be satisfied if they get a man and all they want for an excuse is for some person to act suspiciously and they are after him. Sullivan while drunk left his home, and for doing that the whole machinery of the law has been set in motion against him. If he were rich he could get bail, or a constable would watch him at his home, but he is poor and he must take his medicine like a man. We hope that he will get fair play when the case opens at Dorchester.

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HE DECLINED TO SPEAK.

SULLIVAN ON ADVICE OF HIS COUNSEL REMAINED SILENT.

Verdict in the Moncton Murder Implicates Sullivan—Prisoner Remains Silent in Court—Some Important Evidence Given in the Dutcher Case.

The coroners inquest into the cause of the Meadow Brook tragedy was brought to a close on Saturday afternoon, and the seven good men and true who comprised the jury have handed in their verdict which declares that in their opinion, Eliza Dutcher, and Harris Dutcher of that place came to their death through foul means, and that the circumstances are such as to implicate John Sullivan. In accordance with this finding, Sullivan will be brought up for his preliminary examination before the stipendiary magistrate this morning, and be given an opportunity to testify in his own behalf. Two or three times during the inquest he has been offered this opportunity but acting on the advice of his counsel he has persistently declined to say anything.

The inquest has been unusual both as regards the number of witnesses examined, and the length of time it occupied, being the longest ever held by Coroner Wortman. During the last week nothing of great importance was elicited until the last day but once, when a man of the name of Moses Steeves testified to seeing Sullivan counting over a roll of notes containing something like three hundred dollars, in the bar room of the Brunswick Hotel. The notes were fives, tens, and some twenty dollar notes, as far as the witness could see. This is perhaps the most damaging evidence yet submitted, as the prisoner's lack of money has been a decided point in his favor so far.

It seems strange that of all the people who were with him during the two days of his stay in Moncton after the tragedy, this man to whom he was a stranger should be the only one to see him with more than a few dollars.

At the time of his arrest Sullivan stated that he would have no difficulty in proving that he was sixty miles from the scene of the murder at the time it occurred, but the one witness C. Bruce McDougall, who gave direct testimony in his favor, as tending to establish an alibi seems to have made a mistake as to the night on which he says Sullivan was with him almost at the time the crime was committed, but the evidence of other witnesses would tend to prove that he was a day out in his calculations, and at the time he believed himself to have been conversing with Sullivan on Thursday night, he was in reality asleep in the house of a man named John Macdonald. Mr. McDougall honestly believed himself to have been conversing with Sullivan some time during Thursday night or in the early hours of Friday morning in the bar room of the American hotel, but the bar tender swears positively that the bar was locked between eleven and twelve o'clock on the night in question, and that he does not remember seeing Mr. McDougall or any stranger in the bar during the evening, and there the matter rests for the present.

Meanwhile the prisoner is kept in close confinement and not allowed to have any communication with his friends, though he has managed to elude the vigilance of his guardians with great ingenuity, and succeeded in sending messages to his family written on scraps of newspaper with his own blood. It is supposed that these messages have been secreted in the baskets in which food has been carried to Sullivan, as one was picked up yesterday in a street car by one of the conductors, which had been dropped by the prisoner's father. The message read—"Send for John Warren, I got money from him [and George, on Sunday in St. John]."

Up to yesterday even the prisoner's counsel Mr. R. B. Smith has not been permitted to see, or at least to speak to him, but yesterday, after much effort an order was obtained from the Attorney General authorizing Mr. Smith to hold any necessary communication with his client.

The charge on which Sullivan will be brought up is assault on Maggie Dutcher, with intent to kill. A new and it may be an important feature of the case, is the discovery of a car pin which was picked up last week. The pin had evidently been through the fire, and as neither Mrs. Dutcher's sons nor any of the Green family ever saw it before, or knew of such a thing being in the house, there seems some ground for the supposition that it may have been the weapon used by the assassin in taking the lives of his victims.

The condition of the little Dutcher girl whose testimony may prove so important to the crown is still far from being satisfactory and though her medical attendant, Dr. Ross, is a man of undoubted skill, there seems to be a growing feeling in the community that no effort should be spared to save her life and reason, and that it would be better if a consultation of several physicians could be held. There is little

doubt that some portion of the fractured skull must be resting in the brain, and keeping up a constant irritation which retards her recovery, but which could be removed by a comparatively simple operation.

The child's life is of such immeasurable value to the ends of justice that it seems almost criminal negligence to let slip any chance however faint, of saving it. The child's condition is reported as slightly improved today, but as it is now three weeks since her injury and she has simply fluctuated between slightly better and a good deal worse, it would seem that some more active measures should be taken before the feeble life which has flickered for so long goes out finally.

WHERE ARE THE FUNDS.

A Question as to the Assets of the Union Engine Company.

HALIFAX, Sept. 30.—The Union Engine Company of this city had been prominently before the public for many years and it had an honorable career. A couple of years ago it came in conflict with the City Council. The result was that it was relieved of its duties as a fire protection corps, and its members were relegated to private life. The company determined to keep up its existence despite the fact that they had no public functions to perform. One good reason for doing this was that there was a sum of from \$800 to \$1100 in the funds. This money, the faction in the company which sided into the city, claimed should not remain with the U. E. C. but should be divided up pro rata among all hands. The dismissed U. E. C. took the other view.

They held on to the money and defied their enemies to take it from them. An injunction was talked of to compel the officers of the U. E. C. to hand over the cash. In order to defeat a possible decision of the courts in this matter, should this injunction case have come up, the U. E. C. decided on an anticipatory counter move. The funds were placed by check in the hands of a party to act as trustee, and so leave the legal impression, should the eyes of the law look into the company officers, that the U. E. C. had no available funds, it was supposed to be a smart trick. The doing enemies of the U. E. C. dropped their injunction intentions, partly for political reasons for the Mackintosh-McPherson majority elections were on and the existence of the money was forgotten.

Now there is renewed war, but this time within the ranks of the U. E. C. while its old enemies are looking on enjoying the struggle. The question is where is that money? The U. E. C. members want to see it with their own eyes. It is needed for the use of the company—and at once. It may be all right, but pertinent questions have been asked though under stress of strict secrecy. A committee has been appointed to hold an investigation and they are to have the cash within reasonable distance of their hands, or know the reason why. The matter is expected to come to head next Wednesday, and after that time others than the enemies of the U. E. C. may be watching a fight of considerable interest. Already some of the members do not "speak as they pass by."

AND BRUCE KNOWS IT ALL.

The Ubiquitous Bruce MacDougall and his Testimony on "Booze."

At the inquest held at Moncton in the Meadow Brook tragedy this week two very important witnesses were called, viz., Dr. O. J. McCally gave evidence on "boozes" and the effect of fire on human bones, and Mr. Bruce MacDougall, gave evidence on "boozes" and its effect on the human system. To the average intelligent court spectator Mr. MacDougall on booze, sounded much more topical than Prof. McCally on bones. MacDougall as a witness is hard to beat, he was on the witness stand all day and allowed the prosecuting attorney to thump away at him for all he was worth, while the witness sat with as much composure as though he were a Supreme Court Judge. He answered all the questions asked him with the shrewdness of an old attorney. McCally was very slow in his answers and often had to say "I don't know what this bone is, whether it is human or the foreleg of a quadruped." He was paid by the local government for giving his testimony, and he could afford to take his time.

Mr. Vadder's Clever Work.

Mr. Chas. F. Vadder, the lightning artist, who has been giving exhibitions at the exhibit of P. S. McNutt & Co. left for his home in Boston on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Vadder was the centre of attraction in the main building during exhibition. Specimens of his work will be found in most homes in St. John and are also largely circulated through the provinces. Mr. Vadder only worked seven days at the exhibition, and was constantly at work turning out first class hand paintings on an average of one a minute. His patience and planning manner have won for him many friends who are glad to see him on future occasions.

Mr. Arthur's for Dolls, Toys and Fancy Goods.

HOW THEY SAW THE FAIR.

A HALIFAX MAN AND HIS SPOUSE DO THE CITY.

He Gets Some New Clothes and a Night's Lodging in Jail—His Wife Gets Gay and is Refused Admission to a North End Hotel—Other Matters.

A big fair like the exhibition brings to a city all types and classes of people and is productive of numerous incidents uncommon to ordinary every day life. Then too there is a sense of freedom when one reaches a strange city and if there is any inclination to a good time all restraint is thrown off and the good time is had, there being a feeling that those upon whom one may chance while in the whirl of enjoyment know not who you are nor will others be any the wiser, while those at home will be in blissful ignorance of all that may occur and are satisfied if they get a reasonable account of the visit.

One man who came to the exhibition brought up in Sheriff Rarkine's hotel before he had been many days in town. It was all because of a little clothing bill—some \$30—owed to a King street clothing house. The limb of the law who sought to apprehend the party as he was about leaving the city to journey whence he came, found his task too difficult, for liberty was to the one sought for—and particularly so at that time. A policeman was summoned, however, and the refractory debtor was lodged in the debtors jail. He didn't remain long in custody for the ready was forthcoming and he paid the bill.

This one little incident does not by any means tell the whole story of his troubles and trials while here. When he came to St. John he was accompanied by his pretty wife. When he left he wasn't accompanied by her. They came here from Halifax, where he has been practicing his profession—though he is not a native of that city, claiming a large United States city as his headquarters. After arrival in St. John, he and his wife secured a boarding place, husband and wife became separated. He had been, like Dick Swiveller, "passing the day," a little too frequently and perhaps this may account for losing track of his wife.

However, that they did become separated is certain for at a rather late hour at night a coach rattled up to the door of an hotel situated on the road to North end and who should be inside but the professional man's wife and she, too, so the story goes, had also been imitating the example of the Mr. Swiveller before referred to. The hotel proprietor could not take her as a guest and she was left to the guidance of the coachman to find shelter from the September winds.

Coachmen do not tell tales—if they did many surprises would doubtless be given the public—and except perhaps to this particular Jehu it is not known where the lady was driven this night after the hotelman's refusal to welcome her within his gates.

But a day or two later she was known to have been installed in a house in the same vicinity and one to which reference has before been made in these columns. Here she remained while her husband speeded back to Halifax town. All this time the lady's baggage lay in the baggage room in the Union depot uncalled for. But on Wednesday of this week it was found that her belongings had been taken away, by whom it is not known though it was learned that a large, rather good looking man had called at the baggage room for the luggage. This meagre description did not give much of a clue, [but describes the husband, so that after separation in a strange city they were probably re-united and it is to be presumed spent the hours of their journey most entertainingly, relating their experiences. At first glance it looks as if the husband didn't have the best time.

THEY WERE NOT DRUGGED.

But Had Taken a Little too Much Wine With Former Friends.

There is a woman and daughter in this city who have figured a little before the public this week, and while not in the quiet way they are used to yet they have managed to be known a little better to their former friends who now think they have been nicely fooled. The startling announcement, at the first of the week, that two girls had been drugged in a house on St. David street aroused quiet a little excitement for the time, but the quiet way in which the affair has been dealt with, has kept the people from making further inquiries. It has turned out to be nothing more or less than a drunken spree and the gay young women had taken a little too much wine instead of being drugged.

The woman and daughter already spoken of are two stylish persons who have been in St. John for some time and who have been imposing on a certain church in this city for aid. Last winter the daughter was very ill and being a music teacher she was unable to attend to her pupils, and therefore the mother was compelled to ask for aid. She managed to

arouse the members of the church in question and they were kept all through the winter in this manner. The daughter fully recovered and since then little has been heard from them until the fracas this week, when many things have leaked out that will be a warning to over credulous people in future.

MARITIME BOARD OF TRADE.

The Good that will Emerge from the Late Provincial Meeting.

Representative business men of Nova Scotia met in representative business men of St. John in this city at the Board of Trade rooms this week to discuss projects necessary to the future growth and progress of the province.

It was a sort of "Hands across the Bay" business—a general union of interest, good feeling and brotherly love—that brotherly love that has prevailed among merchants generally since the days of Tubal Cain—who was a merchant as well as blacksmith and who not only sold his spears he made, but made the spears he sold.

The meeting has been a grand one in more ways than one. It has brought some very able men to this city when St. John was at its best—arrayed in its best robes so to speak—prepared for the reception of visitors. The great exhibition in full blast; the hotels crowded, all the shops alive with buyers, the windows ablaze with costly wares—the best wealth could buy. It was a wise stroke of President Robertson and Secretary Cornwall to date the meeting at this time and some day these men will be honored not alone with addresses of congratulations as followed this week, but something more substantial.

It has been a grand thing for St. John, but what can be said of it from a Halifax standpoint? Much! Think of the opportunity thus afforded the visitors from Nova Scotia to get away for a few days from the cold and fog that is their never failing portion across the bay—and the golden opportunity they have had to learn of us, to examine our harbor, our homes, our hospitality—to drink in as it were all the beauties of communication with a people such as we are; and they enjoyed it—they said so. They will go home with clearer ideas of what we are, what we say, and how we say it—how we welcome visitors, and they will know that it is not exactly true that when the tides ebb the harbor invariably goes with them.

And St. John was pleased to have them—to keep them here for weeks in fact—would not mind it at all if they would decide to throw in their lot with us—remove Halifax over in the vicinity of Croucheville where there is room enough and to spare for that city and all the improvements that the much "speech thumper" Tupper secured.

What a glorious thing it would be for them, if they should come—and for St. John! The winter port question would be settled with a rush. Portland would have to take a back seat—the united influence of the two great Liverpools of America would be invincible. This matter was not suggested at the meeting of the board—but it will certainly be brought up at next session—and it would be a wise step if the Halifax board should in the interim take up the idea at its own meetings and get a plebiscite on it.

This union of the Board of Trade is a powerful lever for good. It has more influence than a local parliament because the men composing it are the business legislators of the country. Their suggestion must become law, because they are the outcome of views learned by a practical test with circumstances. The winter port was first broached in a Board of Trade meeting. The harbor improvements in this city first saw the light in a trade council; the arrangements of through freight orders on railways and steamers were first evolved in a trade meeting. So it has been—all business enterprises were first originated by the merchants and then made law by parliament, if necessary.

THE HUSBAND CAME BACK.

He Was Delighted With City Life and Was Loth to Leave It.

Among the many visitors to St. John during the week were a young man and his wife who came on the Shore Line Railway. After dutifully showing his better half about the buildings and taking in all the attractions of the exhibition the gentleman, with his wife, boarded the train on their homeward journey.

The wife is probably home by this time but the husband has not reached there yet, or at least had not, up to Thursday night for he still was about the city taking in the opera house amusement hall and, incidentally, any other fun which might slip into his way. He didn't leave his spouse in the way usual at leave-taking; however, for he bought his ticket for home and boarded the train with her and was carried from the station. Perhaps she had kept too close an eye on him, but, however that may be, he won in the long run, for at Spruce Lake the downward special excursion train was met by the regular coming from St. Stephen. It was a matter of a very few seconds for him to wish more of the joys of a city life to betake himself from one train to the other. He did so and back to town he came while his wife journeyed homeward alone.

THE WIFE WAS DRUGGED.

She Was Drugged in a House on St. David Street and Was Carried to Her Home.

Colonial Railway.

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

ADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Rail Line

D. BOSTON, & C.

Atlantic R'y.

RUPERT.

EXPRESS RATES

UNION

Express Co.

A VANISHED INDUSTRY

MONCTON PRIZES ITS REFINERY WHEN IT IS GONE.

The Great Loss That Will be Borne by all who Were Indirectly Connected With It—the City's Attitude Towards the Sugar Refinery.

It has so often been asserted that blessings brighten as they take their flight, that we are forced to believe it true. I think the people of Moncton are digesting this fact in a particularly unpleasant manner this week, and every time a citizen lifts his eyes and gazes at the gaunt ruins of the Moncton Sugar Refinery which was burned down a week ago last Sunday evening the truth of that saying is borne in upon his mind with very disagreeable force.

A little over a week ago we had the sugar refinery, and we had possessed it for so long that we no longer appreciated it. The fact that we might lose it some day never entered our minds; so we rested secure, and grasped for other worlds to conquer—cold storage, for example.

Now all this is changed, we have nothing left of that flourishing industry but the barrel factory, a few warehouses, and some gaunt and tottering walls. Consequently we are metaphorically digging our knuckles into our eyes, and howling lustily to get it back again.

For some years past the city council have apparently been doing their very best to crowd this valuable manufactory to the wall, and have seemed to be using their best efforts to force its removal from the city. They have raised the water rates, burdened it with taxation, and utterly failed to give it any encouragement or foster it in any way. Where other civic corporations would have been only too anxious to offer every inducement to any company to keep such a valuable industry in the city ours has shown a luty indifference to all mercenary considerations and a disposition to oppress the goose which laid the golden egg. Well it is killed now by an accident, and Moncton has awakened to the knowledge that a clear 70,000 dollars which was paid out every year in wages in the city will be no longer forthcoming. That about three hundred of her tax payers have been suddenly thrown out of employment, and probably have to seek work elsewhere, and that a little revenue of about two thousand dollars, which the company were wont to pay into the municipal treasury, has suddenly ceased. Consequently even the cold storage scheme about which we were so eager last month, has sunk into absolute insignificance beside the importance of getting the sugar refinery rebuilt as soon as possible, and the more remote the prospect appears, the more utterly essential to our well being it seems, that we should have the lost industry again.

The reasons for this uncertainty are weighty, and they may prove sufficiently so to prevent the Acadia Sugar Refining Company from ever rebuilding here. In the first place the tariff policy of the present government is still unknown, and a great deal will depend upon that in the second, the city authorities will have to offer very liberal inducements before it will be the company's while to rebuild, and they may not care to make the necessary concessions.

When the Moncton sugar refinery was first built some seventeen years ago, the company were given exemption from city taxes for ten years, and their water supply cost them but twelve hundred dollars a year. But in the last few years all this is changed. For five or six years past they have been paying close upon two thousand dollars a year in city taxes, in addition to heavy county taxes, and since the water works were appropriated by the city the water rate has been raised to the enormous sum of three thousand dollars a year the city council issuing orders that unless that rate was paid the water supply should be shut off at once. Under these additional taxes it is scarcely to be wondered at that the probability of removing the plant of the Moncton refinery to Halifax should frequently have been discussed, and if the industry is irrevocably lost to Moncton the city council will have only their own policy of oppression and obstruction to thank for it.

When the question of a cold storage warehouse to be built in Moncton, came up in the City Council last month, so eager were the city fathers to secure the advantages which they fancied would be gained by such an enterprise, that the committee appointed to deal with the matter recommended that Mr. Johnson of Montreal, who represented the New Brunswick Cold Storage Company, and his company, should be granted the following concessions—exemption from taxation, free water, free electric light, and one thousand dollars in cash to purchase a building site. Rather more generous than just, one would be inclined to think, in view of the very opposite treatment accorded the Acadia Sugar Refining Company, especially when it is taken into account that the former would be of very doubtful advantage to the citizens at large, having the effect of very materially increasing the already ridiculously high price of living, in Moncton, while dispersing a comparatively small sum of money in the city.

The refinery not only gave employment to 150 men, but the barrel factory in con-

nection with it paid out nearly \$15,000 a year to the farmers in the vicinity for wood to be cut up into barrel staves, and the L. C. R. carried an average of 200 tons of freight every day to and from the refinery. I believe the City Council have recognized the advantages the city derived from this large industry, and the danger it is in of losing a revenue of nearly five thousand dollars a year, so they have authorized Mr. J. L. Harris one of the original promoters of the refinery, and now a director of the Acadia Company, to lay before the other directors the claims of the city to have it rebuilt and their willingness to grant every concession in their power, as regards water, taxation, and light.

It is greatly to be hoped that their efforts in this direction will be unsuccessful, and the Moncton Sugar Refinery rise from its ashes again like the Phoenix.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

A CALLING THAT ENTAILS MUCH HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE.

One Case in Which the Exposure Brought on La Grippe and Serious After Troubles—How the Victim Secured Renewed Health.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Rockport is but a small hamlet, but it has achieved a wide reputation owing to the fact that it is situated in the very heart of the far-famed Thousand Islands, and for this reason attracts during the summer months hundreds of pleasure seekers. Among the residents of the village none is better known than Wilson A. Root. During the summer months he follows the occupation of an oarsman, and none knows better than he the haunts of the gamy bass and pickerel. In the winter and spring months Mr. Root follows the occupation of trapping and his pursuit requires one to be out in all sorts of weather, and in the water frequently at a time of the year when the water is none too warm. As a result of a wetting Mr. Root took a severe cold which developed into la grippe, which took such a firm hold upon his system that for a time he was unable to leave the house. His kidneys became affected, and he suffered from severe pains across the back. There was a feeling of continuous tiredness, which no amount of rest or sleep seemed to relieve. The appetite was sickle, and there was an inclination to excretion and work. A number of remedies were tried, one after the other, but without any beneficial results. At this juncture a friend strongly advised that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be given a trial. They had cured thousands of others, and why not he? Acting on his friend's suggestion Mr. Root procured a single box of the Pink Pills, and before all the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post-paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schuettstadt, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes, alleged to be "just as good."

Catching Sharks. The business men at the south end, whose families are summering at Monmouth, Onset and other resorts, vie with each other in telling tales of their skill in angling after the weary creatures of the briny deep. Every day a fresh yarn is told, and in the second day's story does not put that of the first in the shade it is because the imagination of the story teller is a little duller. Here is one of a series: One well known gentleman disdains fishing for cod and mackerel. They are not large enough prey for him. He wants sharks or nothing. This is the way he catches them; He has a hook made of steel, about fifteen inches long, rows out to where the water is forty feet deep, baits the hook with a piece of pork weighing ten pounds, ties one end of the line to the stern of the dory and sinks his bait. Then he sits amoket till the sharks gather, and he watches them as they play with the bait. Soon one big fellow is sure to grab it. Then the patient fisherman takes his oars and rows in, towing his prey. When he reaches shore he draws in the fish, to the wonder and astonishment of all smokers. He frequently, on opening the fish finds tin cans, kettles, buckets, etc., which the shark has swallowed.—Brockton Times.

When Adam was a Boy.

This was years ago, for Adam has been dead quite a while, though to be sure he has left a progeny that keeps up pretty well the family characteristics. There are wise men to-day who delve in the misty past and tell all sorts of things, but they are silent on these events that would make Adam interesting to the modern man. What did Adam do when he ran a slyver under his finger nail? Had he to take messes and whooping cough? Had he had corns did he cut them off with the razor or did he stretch forth a hand in the future and get a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Putnam's is the best, is safe, painless and acts in twenty-four hours.

THE SEAWARD CONTINENT.

Plant and Animal Life in the Unexplored Sargasso Sea.

The currents of the sea, its winds and tides, its islands and ice floes, animal and vegetable life, and unexplored regions of both north and south, have from time immemorial furnished subjects of never-ending interest to the scientific and those filled with the love of adventure. Among the mysterious forms of nature concerning which knowledge has been sparingly diffused is the Sargasso Sea. It will be found on the maps of the world, marked on the Atlantic ocean and located due east of the southern portion of the United States about midway between the eastern boundaries of the American continent and the Azores. It is a sea floating upon a sea. From the meager book knowledge upon the subject it is ascertained that it has not changed its relative position since the time it was first discovered by Columbus on his first westward voyage of discovery.

The Sargasso Sea is a great mass of seaweed, miles and miles in extent, and of such density that navigators report that the progress of vessels through it has been greatly retarded. The fact that it has held its present position for such an incalculable length of time, and the fact that vegetable life in the form of gulf-weed, together with all manner of drift wood, is always found there, calm and undisturbed, are unaccounted for by those who have theorized upon the subject as resulting from the set of the ocean currents which sweep around it, as if were, the centre of a vast circle.

M. F. Maury, a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, writing in 1855, in the subject of physical geography, back in 1855, touches upon the Sargasso Sea, and speaks of it in this manner: "Midway in the Atlantic, in the triangular space occupied between the Azores, Canary, and the Cape Verde Islands, is the Sargasso Sea, covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi valley. It is thickly matted over with gulf-weed (Fucus ratans.) To the eye at a distance it seems substantial enough to walk on."

Of the botanical and animal life existing in and about this mysterious body comparatively little is known. Gulf-weed predominates. It lives upon air and water, and from the great depth of the ocean at this point, any other form of vegetable life but water plants would be out of the question. Of this species there are only a few varieties. Fucus ratans and Fucus nodosus, are botanical names applied to gulf-weed of the Sargasso sea. The course of the Challenger in 1873, from the Bermudas eastward, skirting the edge of the Sargasso sea, passed through the Azores and thence to Madeira. Observations were made daily by the British scientists on board. The winds, currents, surface appearance of the water, animal and vegetable life, were all subjected to scrutiny and observation. Sir Wyville Thomson, one of the party, wrote an account of the voyage which was published under the title "Voyage of the Challenger." In this work is found a brief description of the results of their examination of the peculiarities of the Sargasso sea. He says:

"Some gulf weed was passed from time to time of the species fucus, either Fucus nodosus or a very nearly allied form, evidently living and growing and participating in the wandering and pelagic habits of Sargassum. The floating islands of gulfweed with which we had now become very familiar, as we had now nearly made the circuit of the Sargasso sea, are usually from a couple of feet to two or three yards in diameter, sometimes much larger. We have seen on one or two occasions fields, acres in extent, and such expanses are probably more frequent near the centre of its area of distribution. They consist of a single layer of leathery bunches of the weed (Sargassum taccilium), matted, and floating free of one another, only sufficiently entangled for the mass to keep together. Each tuft has a central brown, threadlike branching stem studded around with air vesicles on short stalks, most of these near the centre dead and coated with a beautiful netted, white poly-zoon. After a while vesicles so incrustated break off, and where there is much gulfweed the sea is studded with these separate little white balls. A short way from the centre, toward the end of the branches, the serrated, willow-like leaves of the plant begin, at first brown and rigid, but becoming further on in the branch paler, more delicate, and more active in their vitality. The young fresh leaves and the air vesicles are usually ornamented with stalked vases of a campanularia. The general color of the mass of weeds is thus olive in all its shades, but the golden olive of the young and growing branches greatly predominates. This color,

however, is greatly broken up by the delicate branching of the weed, blotched with the vivid white of the incrustated poly-zoon, and riddled with reflections from the bright-blue water gleaming through the spaces in the network."

Some of the form of life existing in the Sargasso Sea were observed by the party on board the Challenger. These observations were restricted to the surface inhabitants and disclose some peculiar and interesting facts. On this point Sir Wyville Thomson says: "These islands have inhabitants peculiar to them and I know of no more perfect example of protective resemblance than that which is shown in the gulfweed fauna. Animals drifting about on the surface of the sea with such a scanty cover as a single broken layer of seaweed must be exposed to exceptional danger from the sharp-pointed sabres hovering over them and the hungry fish searching for prey beneath, but one and all of these creatures imitates in such a wonderful way, both in form and color, their floating habitat, and, consequently, one another, that we can well imagine their deceiving both birds and fishes."

"Among the most curious of the gulfweed animals is the grotesque little fish, antennarius marmoratus, which finds its nearest ally in the fishing frog (Lophius piscatorius) often thrown up on the coast of Britain and conspicuous for the disproportionate size of its head and jaws and for its general ugliness and rapacity. None of the gulfweed antennarius which we have found have been more than fifty millimetres in length, and we are still doubtful whether such individuals have reached their full growth and size. It is this singular little fish which constructs the singular nests of gulfweed, bound in a bundle with cords of viscous secretion, which we have mentioned as abundant in the path of the Gull Stream. Scud-like pelagic, one of the shell mollusca, is also a frequent inhabitant of the gulfweed. A little short-tailed crab (Neolitharius minutus) swims on the weed and every floating object, and it is odd to see how the little creature corresponds in color with whatever it may happen to inhabit."

"The gulfweed animals, fishes, mollusks, and crabs do not simply imitate colors of the weed; to do so would be to produce suspicious patches of continuous olive. They are all blotched over with opaque white, the blotches sometimes irregular, but at a little distance absolutely indistinguishable from the patches of membrane upon the weed. Mr. Murray, who up rimmed our surface work, brings in curious stories of the life of crabs. He observes that while everything floating on the surface is covered with them, they are rarely met swimming free, and that whenever they are discovered and removed a little way from their resting place they immediately make vigorous efforts to regain it. The other day he amused himself teasing a crab which had established itself on the crest of physalia. Again and again he had picked it off and put it on the surface at some distance away, but it always turned at once to the physalia, struck out an air never rested until it had climbed up into its former quarters."

It is probable that the Sargasso Sea will remain in its present locality for all time to come, or at least until the winds and ocean currents shall have changed their course. That a more thorough investigation into its botany and zoology has not been made is somewhat strange in view of the many peculiarities existing there. Some day a special expedition may be made and a more exact and scientific knowledge obtained.

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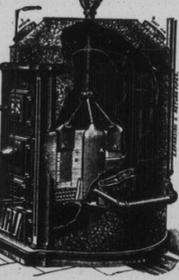
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Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The congregation of Germain street Baptist church were treated to a musical programme of unusual merit last Sunday evening. Miss White of Sussex sang a solo "When the Mists have Cleared away." The young lady confronted a very large audience and was somewhat nervous, but she sang sweetly and with pleasingly distinct enunciation although her voice is probably somewhat light in quality for such a large building. Miss White afterwards sang in a mixed quartette with Miss Manning, Mr. Geo. W. Parker and H. Mayes, their selection being an arrangement of "The Sweet bye and bye." A male quartette consisting of Prof. Titus Messers Parker, Noble and H. Mayes sang "Dittin'" in an admirable manner. I have hoped an effort is being made to secure Miss White as the leading soprano of this church.

A feature of the forthcoming entertainment by Madame Albani in this city, I have learned, will be the production of "the garden" and "the prison" scenes from the third and fifth acts of the opera of "Faust" with appropriate scenery and costumes. This will form the second part of the evening's programme in all probability.

Tones and Under-ones.

"Nauton" is the opera at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week. Stanley Felch is in the cast. He has been heard in this opera in this city.

Vocal teachers and instrumentalists are returning from their summer outings to the drill of everyday life in their educational field, judging from the many newspaper notes of their more recent movements.

Mr. Emil Tilerro, the tenor singer, favorably known in critical Boston, has assumed charge of the voice department of the conservatory and college of music in Denver, Colorado. Who after this can entertain any doubt about Western civilization?

Much regret prevails over the announcement of the death of Frau Katherine Klafsky-Lohse, the German prima donna. Her death occurred at Germany, on the 22nd Sept.

The new opera by Mascagni, entitled "The Japanese Girl," is based on a very poetical and fanciful libretto by Illica. Among the characters represented are a doll, a screen—that is, the figures painted thereon—the sun, a lotus flower and the Fates. Among human personages are a pair of Japanese lovers, and a cruel father whose cruelty is of no avail, but who has ultimately to hand his daughter to the detested lover.

Sylvia Thorne was engaged as one of the principals in Hammerstein's new opera, "Santa Maria" but she was taken ill and her place was well filled by Elise Elten. The production was commended generally.

Apropos of Western civilization as illustrated by its musical culture the following is rather a good thing taken from the San Francisco news letter.

"Musical culture in San Francisco is of the highest. Nowhere else on earth is there so keen an appreciation of 'the divine art' as here. The gentlemen who sell music have unanimously noted the discriminating taste which is our special characteristic. One day this week a young lady who moves in society went to one of the leading music sellers and told him that she desired to purchase a copy of the 'Starboard Martyr.' He thought that her knowledge of seamanship might be just enough to confuse her and mildly hinted that she would find the 'Larboard Watch' just as nautical and very much nicer. 'But my teacher wants me to get the 'Starboard Martyr.' He thought that her knowledge of seamanship might be just enough to confuse her and mildly hinted that she would find the 'Larboard Watch' just as nautical and very much nicer. 'But my teacher wants me to get the 'Starboard Martyr.' The astute music vendor saw a sudden dawn of light. 'How stupid I was,' he said. 'Of course. They spell it differently from what they did. It is called now 'The Starboard Martyr.' Even this feat has been outdone, for when another lady asked for 'Circus Attitudes of a Velocipede,' he at once knew that she was after Czerny's 'Etude de Velocitie' and rolled up the music without a word.

Musical people who affect the bicycle may feel encouraged in the fact that Madame Altrino of Paris declares that "bicycle riding helps the voice." One can readily imagine circumstances under which the voice would be exercised at least.

Henry Heindl jr. of Boston has gone to Europe to remain there for two years as a pupil of Ysaye.

The funeral of the late well known tenor singer W. H. Fessenden took place from Burke's Temple, Boston on the 21st ult. Mr. Fessenden has sung in this city in past years.

It is said that the musical festival at Worcester, Mass. last week was as a whole better than those of the last two or three years. Madams Nordica has been at her best and Mr. Campanari reaped new honors. Of the chorus work, a Boston critic says "The work of the chorus has ranged from bad to excellent. There was as much

to praise in the performance of 'The Golden Legend' as there was to condemn in the performance of 'Eve.' The chief trouble with the Worcester chorus is its bulk. One hundred singers picked judiciously would do far better work."

Fatmah Diard the soprano, will be leading singer in a new opera company which will begin season at Montreal on 2nd, November next. The repertoire will include 'Traviata' 'Lucia' 'Faust' 'Bohemian Girl' and other similar works. Miss Diard was a member of the Castle Square opera company of Boston last season.

Many stories and anecdotes are told of and about Paderewski but the following is among the best. It occurred during a visit to Worcester. During the last Norwich festival a well known architect took Paderewski over the cathedral, with which he was greatly impressed, so much so, indeed, that next day he resolved to go there alone, and make himself further acquainted with its beauties. He managed to lose his way, however, in the cathedral close, and, happening to pass what looked like a schoolroom, from which the sounds of music were issuing, he stopped, and went in to inquire his way. A few small choir boys were there alone, waiting for the rest to assemble for practice, grouped round one of their number, who was seated at the piano. It must be explained that several of the cathedral choir boys are included in the festival chorus, so that they had heard Paderewski play the great Polish fantasia, produced at Norwich during rehearsal. "I'll show you how 'Paddy' plays," the young pianist was saying, just as Paderewski entered, and straight way began a decidedly 'frisky' imitation of the great player. For a moment he listened, much amused, then advancing to the group, he remarked quietly: "No, I'll show you how 'Paddy' plays," and quietly pushing aside the little pianist he played for a short time magnificently, to the astonished boys, who stood in open-mouthed admiration not at first recognizing their visitor, till it dawned upon them that they were having a recital from no less a person than "Paddy" himself, of which they will no doubt be proud forever..

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Sawtelle's company is occupying the boards at the Opera house this week, and the least said about the work of the company the better, for the company. There is a good orchestra however in connection with "the show."

In Amusement Hall since the exhibition opened, has been appearing a family of noted acrobats—the Wilson family—a father and two sons. They are noted in acrobatic and dramatic circles in England as of the very best in their line of business. They have been living in London, England for many years past and came to the United States a few years ago when Sutton Vane's play 'The Span of Life' was brought out to this continent. In the piece there is a bridge across a chasm, the men, the acrobats, forming the bridge with their bodies. It is largely spectacular but the work of these men is always startling. The senior Mr. Wilson began public life in 1854 and retains his wonderful strength and agility to this day. He formerly lived on this side of the pond when he was well known but while in England, many of his old time friends in the United States have joined the majority and now meet him at every turn. I rather have the impression that this gentleman is a Canadian by descent, if not by birth. The principal acrobatic feats are by the father and his two sons are marvellous yet some of their very best are omitted, because, in Amusement hall they are handicapped by want of space overhead. In addition to his two sons Mr. Wilson has a daughter who is the clever wire walker and whose work possesses an especial charm of girlish sweetness and modesty. There is a probability that the Wilson family will be seen at the Opera House here at no distant date, with a company, and a piece, in which the idea of the human bridge will be presented.

Mora, the star soubrette, closed her season at the Opera House last Saturday evening, having done a fair business, despite the weighty counter attraction of the Exhibition.

Readers of this column in St. John will be pleased to learn that Mr. Malcolm Bradley who did such good character work as a member of Harkins Company at the Opera house last June, has been engaged by manager Little to play the part of 'Raymond' in 'The War of Wealth' while on tour the rest of the season. Mr. Bradley was seen in this role when the piece was produced here and he did his work well. Tom Wise, the jolly and the rotund and the genial fun maker, is playing the same part he played in the piece here, and his pleasant wife is with him in the company. Geo. Deyo is also a member.

Miss Magill, who will be remembered as the young lady member of Harkins' company this year who became such a favorite, is playing the leading female role

with Oliver Doud Byron in 'The Turn of the Tide.' Miss Magill will continue with the company all season.

The profits of "The Shop Girl" in London, England, amounted to \$80,000.

James O'Neill has been offered much inducement to produce next season, his "Monte Cristo" at the Adelphi theatre, London.

Lewis Morrison is doing "Faust" at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston this week. A Boston paper says, "Faust" is perennial and Lewis Morrison is its prophet."

"Romola" has been dramatized and by Elwyn A. Barron and the play was given at Milwaukee on Sept. 8th by Julia Marlowe-Taber and her husband. The production has been praised. The novelist as nearly every one knows, is George Eliot.

Richard Mansfield will add "Cymbeline" to his repertoire of the current season. Miss Eleanor Calhoun, a beautiful Californian, is considered one of the most promising actresses in London. She went to England on the advice of the late Edwin Booth. She played with Mrs. Langtry and

afterwards with the Bancrofts. She later went to Paris, studied the French language and appeared in a production at the Ojeon in that city. Miss Calhoun is probably better known in London than in the United States.

A change has been made in Sothorn's new play 'An Enemy to the King' whereby the two villains Guillaume Monignac and Vicomte de Berquin are made into one. The change is an improvement.

George Fawcett, a St. John favorite in the days of the Lansdowne theatre is a member of 'The two Vagrants' company now playing at the Boston museum.

Mary Hampton is playing the role of the heroine in 'The two Vagrants' at the Boston museum. She made her St. John debut in the Lansdowne company.

Blanche Walsh, who has been leading lady for Nat Goodwin, has left his company and is coming home from Australia. A rumor is current that Goodwin is intimated with Maxine Elliott, the beautiful, and this separation is the result.

Robert Colbran, better known as Bob Hilliard the actor, and Mrs. Nellie E.

Murphy of New York were married at the parsonage of the Hedding Methodist Episcopal church in Jersey City last Monday night. The new Mrs. Hilliard was Miss Nellie E. Whitehouse, and an heiress, before her marriage to Edgar Gibbs Murphy, the noted wing shot a little more than ten years ago. She had not lived with Murphy for eight years before obtaining the decree of divorce recently granted her on statutory grounds. Mrs. Hilliard has a considerable fortune in her own right. That's all at present about the matter.

Str Henry Irving's production of 'Cymbeline' took place at the Lyceum theatre, London, on the 22nd ult., and it was quite as grand a success as was anticipated. The enthusiasm was great and certain calls were frequent. The occasion too was the triumph of Miss Ellen Terry's professional career.

Miss Louise Hofer NeSmith is the name of Thomas E. Shea's leading lady in the 'Man-o-war's Man.'

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CRICKET SONG.

Words by FOSTER.

Music by M. STRINDBERG ELMORE.

mf Allegro Grazioso $\text{♩} = 116$

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, Sings the hap-py lit-tle crick-et, In the sweetly scent-ed meadow, where the maiden rakes the hay;

mf

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, In the wood and in the thick-et, Sings the a-gile lit-tle crick-et, On a sul-try summer day.

Con Spirito $\text{♩} = 60$

Heart of lone-ly harv-est maid-en, Sends un-to the Gods her greet-ing, Heart of maid, with love is la-den, Hop-ing for a mate, in

mf

meeting. From the copse, and from the thick-et, From the lil-ies and the ros-es, Come the voi-ces of the crick-et,

rit.

Tempo II.

Sing-ing in the scent-ed po-sies, Heart of lone-ly harv-est maid-en, Sends un-to the Gods her greet-ing, Heart of maid, with

mf

love is la-den, Hop-ing for a mate, in meet-ing. "Crick-et, oh, crick-et!" the maid-en doth sing, "Brown pret-ty crick-et Thou

Tempo I.

cricket of Spring, Fly to me crick-et, I'll gild thy brown wing, If thou to my heart a lov-er doth bring."

colla voce

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doubtless know that upon... of a new monarch to the... and a new seal is struck... cut into four pieces and... Tower of London. In... fragments of these great... but among certain poor... houses. When Her... Victoria ascended the... land, the late Benjamin... chief engraver of Her... designed the beautiful... great seal of England... design was: a crown, an... of the Queen, attended... Majesty wearing... and sumptuous... collar of the Order... In her right hand... sceptre, and on her head... tiara. The attendant page... his hand, looks up to the... gracefully restraining the... which is richly decorat... and trappings. The legend... Britanniarum Regina is... engraved in Gothic let... between the words being... crosses. The reverse side... the Queen, royally robd... in her right hand... in her left the orb, seated... a niched Gothic... a figure of Justice... in the exergue the royal... the whole incircled by a... of oak and roses.

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TO LARGER LIFE.

of Dodd's Kidney Pills... ed lately.

establishment of the pro... Kidney Pills, at Nos 1... t, with its contents, ex... was entirely destroyed... noon of the 16th inst... ut in an adjoining ware... so rapidly that in less... of the employees of the... company from the labora... and the shipping de... in panic flight for their

ity of all these persons... of wills more than two... of Dodd's Kidney... th labels, wrappers and... being consumed, at... all centered in the... advertising rooms of a... old and worthless let... afterwards leave, accumulations of years... usands of testimonials... by Dodd's Kidney... on the inception of the... day of the fire. These... these proofs of the... kidney treatment were... of all the possessions... to be saved if possible... were, at the last pos...

of the president of the... of the News visited the... at Nos. 6 and 8 Bay... premises have been... Here a rapid glance... by hands rushing the... completion of new goods... mostly arriving from all... the United States and... world. Judging from... lers on file, of which... glimpse, the output of... is already almost be... and use can easily... their merit alone can... dible demand. The... energy and enter...-Medicine Company, it... that, though absent in... fire, the manager was... probable extent and... water, and while the... burning orders had... from New York and... eding towards Toronto... on of Dodd's Kidney... her should remain un...

astority. , ah; yo' don't catch... a rainy day like die! (astonished)—Rainy P... al, dat's what de sl... 's good 'nuff fish use!

"A Comfortable Home Is the Gate to Contentment."

If there is anything your "Castle" needs, it is

"FAIRY" SOAP,

A pure vegetable oil white soap, for the... Bath and Toilet.

And for washing FINE FABRICS, LACES, etc.

IT FLOATS

WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Ladies Read. Ladies Think. Ladies Try.

M: E: T: E: O: R

(A New Progressive Idea.)

A New Velvet Skirt Binding (Patented).

Few skirts are made without "Meteor" Bindings.

CHEAP. NEW. LASTING.

All merchants have "METEOR" in all shades.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes. It leaves the skin soft, smooth, and healthy.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

USE ONLY

Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWA, SWEET CATAWA, ISABELLA, ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CLARET.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

MARCH 16th, 1896.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and restorative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.

Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 552, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces



Social and Personal.

Mr. Wendell F. Jones of Woodstock was in the city this week.

Mr. Geoffrey Stead of Woodstock spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. W. F. Hunt who was on his way to Halifax from Woodstock was here Thursday.

Rev. C. T. and Mrs. Phillips of Woodstock were here Wednesday.

Mrs. O. S. Newham and Miss Edith Newham arrived from St. Stephen on Tuesday and spent a few days in the city.

Miss Edith Porter is here on a visit to her aunt Mr. A. W. Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stevenson who were married in St. Stephen last Wednesday are spending their honeymoon in the city.

Miss Mary Reynolds is this week entertaining her friends Miss Annie Marks and Miss Bessie Birby.

Mr. Benjamin Young and Mrs. Ella Haycock of St. Stephen are visiting city friends.

Mr. Annie Melick and her daughters, Misses Louie and Katherine who have been visiting in St. John and other parts of New Brunswick have returned to Boston.

Miss Kate Newham of St. Stephen has been a guest of Mrs. Charles Masters lately.

Miss Dolly Lowe of Calais is visiting city friends.

Miss Anne Porter who has been visiting here returned to St. Stephen last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Townsend of Digby have taken rooms at the Aberdeen for the winter.

Mrs. Dick, Miss Dick, Miss Gilmor, Mrs. A. Baldwin, H. D. Wallace, Mrs. T. Barry, Mrs. J. Dick, Mrs. Mahoney, Miss McIntyre, Mrs. James Jack, and Mrs. Samuel Johnson, were a party of St. George ladies who came to the city to attend the exhibition.

Misses Belle and May Cole of this city are in Richibucto visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod and Misses Mabel and Edna McLeod of Parrboro, spent last week in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Day of Parrboro are visiting city friends.

Miss Fannie Ryan of Parrboro is here on a visit to friends.

Mr. T. C. L. Keoham of Woodstock was here for a short time this week.

Mr. R. V. Bonnell of New York paid a short visit lately to his wife and family, who are living on King street, e. st.

Miss D. Lowe of Calais, Me., who has been spending a few days at Mr. James Lewis', St. James street, returned home by way of St. George, where she will visit relatives for a short time.

Miss Esther Collins left lately for Waltham, Mass., where she will visit for a short time.

Mr. William Farrell's friends are glad to see him out again after his recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. James Doody left the first of the week on a visit to Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Salter of Parrboro spent part of their honeymoon in St. John.

Miss Bertha Elliott, Miss Annie Crocker and Mr. W. H. G. Crocker of Newcastle visited St. John while the exhibition was in progress.

Mr. F. A. Peters and Miss Jennie Peters of Hampton were here for a day or two last week.

Miss Ester Collins has returned from a three weeks visit to Peterville, Queens Co.

Miss Julia Whelan of Sussex is here visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Anderson of Staten Island N. Y., have recently been visiting Mrs. Geo. Smith of Carmarthen street.

Miss Coll of Newcastle and Miss Davidson of Seattle are guests at Major Armstrong's.

Mr. Robert Thomson and family have returned to the city from their summer resort at Robbsey.

Mr. Alfred Mills of Truro is staying in St. John.

Mrs. B. F. Merritt of Fredericton is visiting St. John.

Mrs. Sedge Webber and Miss Nellie Short of St. Stephen are here on a short visit.

Mr. F. W. Coombs left Thursday for Montreal to take part in the championship games today. His many friends throughout the provinces will wish him every success.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Ross of St. Stephen visited St. John this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jose of Halifax are in the city for a few days.

Mr. J. A. Mullen of Bathurst spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. E. E. Wright of Summerside, P. E. I., is spending a few days here.

Major Gen. Gascoigne, Mrs. Gascoigne and Lieut. McLean, A. D. C., of Ottawa were in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Steele of Amherst were here for a short time lately.

Mrs. T. S. Childs and Miss Childs of Washington, D. C., are in the city.

Mr. Harry Sanction and his mother, Mrs. George Sanction of Bridgetown spent part of last week with city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bath of Bridgetown were here for a few days lately.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. McLoud of Beauce, P. E. I., have been visiting St. John lately.

Mr. Clarence Dimock of Windsor is here for a short visit.

Mrs. W. H. Edwards and Mrs. Capt. Andrew Macwha of St. Stephen are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Munro, Charles street.

Hon. Geo. F. Hill of St. Stephen is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Toss of Houlton were here for a few days lately.

Miss Mabel Tapley of Woodstock is visiting at the residence of Hon. James Holly.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Buzzell of Houlton spent a short time here this week.

Mr. Walter J. Macwha of St. Stephen who has been the guest of Mr. James Munro Charles St., returned home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gillies of Springfield are in the city.

Mr. C. H. Clark of St. Stephen paid a short visit to the city this week.

Rev. F. De Tonnin of Chicago is among the city's visitors this week.

Mrs. C. W. Lawrence of Danvers, Mass., paid a short visit to the city this week.

A 7 a. m. Tuesday, St. Jude's church, Carleton, was the scene of a wedding, the contracting parties being Wm. E. Colwell, and Miss Minnie Glasgow, daughter of Superintendent Glasgow of the ferry service. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. M. Wythecombe, and the young couple left by the Prince Rupert for Halifax and other points of interest in Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Fisher of Boston are spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. C. T. White, Miss Mary White, and Master Garfield White, of Sussex were here for a day or two last week.

Miss Kennedy of St. Andrews is a guest of Mrs. Pratt, Main street.

Miss Russell of Dartmouth visited St. John this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Miss Mabel and Master Walter Sherwood of Hillsboro were here for a few days this week.

Mr. J. J. Brown of Halifax was here for a few days lately.

C. J. Cottrill of Toronto spent a couple of days in the city this week.

Mr. Mrs. A. A. DesBrisay and son of Bathurst are here on a visit.

Mrs. James Fairall of Glace Bay is visiting city relatives.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the residence of the bride's father, 104 Wright street, Tuesday afternoon, when Miss Addie Milligan, third daughter of Conductor James Milligan of the I. C. R., was united in marriage to Mr. Ered C. Fuller, superintendent of the government experimental farm at Truro. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. G. MacNeill in the presence of a few relatives and immediate friends of the contracting parties. The bride was attended by Miss Mabel McLeod of Truro, who acted as bridesmaid, while W. G. Yorkton, also of Truro, was groomsmen. After the ceremony a wedding dinner was served and the young couple left on the Pacific express for an extended tour of Canadian cities. They will go as far as Regina, N. W. T., and on their return will reside in Truro.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodspeed of McAdam spent Thursday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Marshall were here for the closing days of the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Casey who have been visiting Mr. Thomas L. Bourke and Miss Bourke returned to Halifax on Thursday morning.

Mr. James Wilbur and Miss Annie Wilbur of Woodstock spent Thursday and Friday in the city.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Ball of Boston visited St. John this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. McCoy of Calais are spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. F. M. Hume and Miss Hume of Houlton are in the city for a short visit.

Mrs. A. D. Holyoke and Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Smith of Woodstock were here for a few days this week.

Miss Dora Penna of Upper Kent is visiting city friends.

Mr. Fowler and Mr. Clarke Steeves of Moncton, were among the city's visitors this week.

Miss Gertrude Curry of St. John is in Windsor visiting Mrs. W. H. Curry.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ludin of St. Stephen were here for a few days this week.

Miss Annie South is in Bear River, visiting Mr. A. Marshall.

Miss E. Titus, Miss M. Maxwell and Miss B. Nicholl of Bear River are visiting city friends.

Mrs. J. R. Lamy is visiting city friends. Mrs. N. A. Curry, and Mrs. Dawson Hayward of the same town are also here.

Mrs. David L. Smith, of Amherst is here on a visit to relatives.

Miss Edith Hilton, of Amherst is a guest of Miss Edith Milligan.

Mr. E. A. Murchie of St. Stephen spent Wednesday in town.

Miss Emma Dakin and Mrs. J. R. Kinney of Digby are in the city.

Mrs. Williamson Fisher of Woodstock spent last week in St. John.

The Methodist church, Carleton, was prettily decorated with flowers and evergreen on Wednesday afternoon in honor of the marriage of Miss Minnie Gertrude Beatty, daughter of Mr. I. O. Beatty, and Mr. Walter Beard Brown. Shortly after four o'clock the bride entered the church, leaning on the arm of her father, and attended by Miss Minnie Bartlett; Mr. James Beatty was groomsmen. The bride wore a pretty travelling dress of plum blue cloth with hat and coat to match and carried a large bouquet of white carnations. Mr. and Mrs. Brown left immediately after the ceremony for a trip through the upper provinces and the United States. Miss Beatty will be remembered as a singer of some merit, and the many handsome presents received showed the esteem in which the young couple were held by their many friends.

Mrs. Carl W. Ellis of Fredericton who has been visiting her friend Miss Margaret Ritchie for the past two weeks returned home this week.

[CONTINUED ON E. SIXTH PAGE.]

WHETHER YOU BUY...

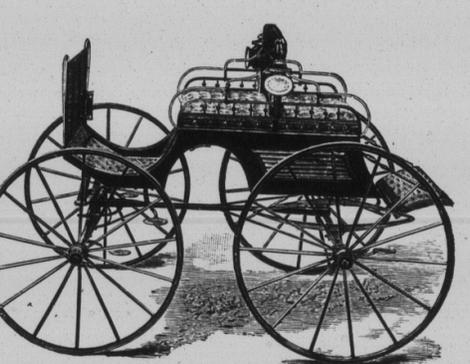
"TETLEY'S" 40c., 50c., 60c., or 70c. blend

You are getting the best value for your money.

"Tetley's" TEAS

"FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON."

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!



Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished.

HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



A Stylish Dog Cart.

Will carry Two or Four with comfort.

The Comfortable Bangor Buggy.

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

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,

Fredericton, N. B.

Chosen by the

United States Government

Everybody recognizes the superior quality of Columbia Bicycles. They are Standard. When the War Department of the United States recently asked for bids for furnishing bicycles for Army use, our bid for

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

was from \$15 to \$50 higher than others. The experts who made the choice decided that Columbia were worth every dollar of the price asked and awarded the contract to us.

Such is the verdict of everyone who intelligently compares Columbia with other bicycles. **\$110 TO ALL ALIKE.**

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbia, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy machines of lower price, is free from any Columbia agent, by mail for two 3-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

We appoint but one selling agent in a town, and do not sell to jobbers or middlemen. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

Alderbrook : Farm

Is thoroughly equipped for its large herd of Jerseys. . . .

Its Milk, Cream and Butter,

Direct from farm, are guaranteed the PUREST and BEST in St. John; and its

DAIRY STORE, 91 Charlotte Street,

Is the only one in the Maritime Provinces that is directly connected with its own farm.

TELEPHONES, } Store, 918. Farm, 73 C.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.

BALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the new way and at the following news stands and others.

- C. S. DeFRETILLAS, Brunswick street
MORSE & CO., 111 Hollis street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LUM & CONROLY, George street
FORBES (Times office), 100-101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

Yesterday's wedding was of course the chief event of this week, and pleased indeed were all interested that the sun was kind enough to shine brightly on the fair young bride. The wedding was not, comparatively speaking, a very large one, for Mr. and Mrs. Fracklyn limited the invitations solely to their most intimate relations and friends and the more youthful acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom. In fact it was a young people's party, more or less. All brides are interesting, and this one was especially so on account of her extreme youth and delicate dark beauty. The very of bridesmaids in all white made a pretty picture, Miss Story looked particularly well. At the conclusion of the ceremony the young couple came down among the line of guests positively beaming with their new found happiness, surrounded with congratulations on all sides. Miss Castens was married in his uniform, and his groomsmen was in similar attire. Mrs. Fracklyn was looking very stately and handsome in violet corded silk; Mrs. Story, her sister, in grey and violet, and Mrs. Slatyer, in violet and black. Mr. and Mrs. Castens will return from their honeymoon about Christmas to spend the festive season at Ennsdale, later they will reside at Bernards where Mr. Castens is at present stationed. Sur-Majr Dorman will leave Halifax this November. Many changes are being made in the Army medical staff. Surg-Majr Hall and Surg-Majr Kelly also go home by the Trooper expected to arrive before Christmas.

The death of Mr. James Fraser, of Fairfield, North West Arm, has caused universal sympathy for poor Mrs. Fraser. Mrs. Fraser's health has been giving her great anxiety for the past couple of years and this final blow has quite prostrated the sorrowing lady. Mr. Fraser, as well as being a distinguished business man and a singularly successful one, was an ardent yachtsman and owned one of the finest and fastest ever seen in these waters, the twelve-ton schooner "Urtica," now owned by an American gentleman. Mr. Fraser's illness has been attributed to his over attention to business matters, and should be a warning to many who are too apt to be over-careful to amass a fortune and provide for their families at the expense of their constitutions.

On Thursday afternoon the officers of the Royal Artillery held their annual sports on the Wanderers' grounds, loaned them for that purpose. The afternoon was a particularly fine one, with just enough chill in the air to warrant the ladies wearing new and heavy frocks. A few furs appeared, and many smart new hats. The most amusing event of the day was perhaps the officers' race. His honor the Lieut-Governor and Admiral Eskine were among the competitors, and a very exciting dash was made for the winning post. Mrs. Hodgson received for the regiment, and wore a becoming dress of dark blue and grey, with edging of fur. Mrs. Duffus wore dark blue; Mrs. Faunce was in black, with sleeves of grey brocade. Mrs. Norris in gentiane blue, with a large black hat; Mrs. Collard wore a very handsome dark blue cloth, with facia of astracian; Mrs. Drew, a noble black velvet; Mrs. Erskine, a bicycling habit of dark green cloth. A great many ladies arrived on wheel during the afternoon. The band of the Berkshire regiment played on the grounds.

On Wednesday evening of last week Mrs. Erskine gave a small and very successful dance at Admiralty House. About a hundred guests were present.

Mrs. Clarkson is expected to return from England shortly, and will no doubt be pleased with the new home Capt. Clarkson has purchased in South Park street.

Miss Kate Ross Hill returned from her summer's sketching at Herby Cove, with a number of sketches of that picturesque place. Miss Hill will have an exhibition of her summer's work, later on.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.]

Sept. 30.—The many friends of both Miss A. Alice Rich and Rev. Thomas G. Estabrook will be pleased to hear of their marriage which took place in Truro on Tuesday last and will wish them every happiness in their new life.

Miss Kathleen Coates entertained a number of young lady friends at afternoon tea on Tuesday at the home of her sister Mrs. Francis Crescent at Ennsdale. Miss Coates assisted Miss Coates in serving her guests, among whom were, the Misses Holmes, Miss Munro, Miss Kerr, Miss Rachel Love, Miss Jodrey, Miss Flossie Curry, Miss Campbell, Miss Theo. Moore, Miss Gerlie Hillcoat, Miss Laura Hill, and Miss Cole.

Prof. and Mrs. Max M. Stearns have invitations out for a progressive whist party this Wednesday evening, at their beautiful home on Church street where a most enjoyable time is anticipated by those who are favored with invitations.

Mrs. C. R. Smith came up from Parrsboro on Tuesday for a short stay.

Mrs. York of Parrsboro was the "guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Cole over Sunday.

Mrs. J. E. Lundy is visiting friends in St. John during exhibition week.

Con. D. T. Chapman has returned from a trip to Montreal.

Mrs. N. A. Curry and Mrs. Dawson Hayward are spending the week in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Allison of Halifax were in town last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Casey and Mr. W. B. Hunt are in Boston for a trip last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Hewson left on Friday for a six months trip to the Pacific coast.

Mrs. All Tybogue of Boston is the guest of her mother Mrs. Coates.

Rev. Prof. Andrews of Mt. Allison preached in the Methodist church on Sunday morning. He was the guest of Mr. W. T. Pipes during his stay in town.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one may read: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest Carriages

PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually, without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Corrects Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dizziness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO.

A Few Cents... Where your health's concerned shouldn't stand in the way of satisfying your appetite. "Pat-dried Rolled Oats" contain the greatest amount of true nourishment for sustaining the body—because they "burst the starch" cells. All other processes fail in this. Your grocer sells it. The Tillson Company, Ltd., Tilsonburg, Ont. High Grade Cereal Foods.

It isn't HIRES' Rootbeer Her Expression Alone Tells That... A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are no "just as good" as the famous HIRES. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for it.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed a much higher price in the estimation of even those who than when they are less and indifferently clothed. Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street, (Let door south of King.)

Rev. E. Harris has returned home from a trip to Bangash Columbia. Mrs. M. Ayre and Mrs. W. F. Donkin are in Halifax attending a meeting of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church. Miss E. Allison went to St. John on Saturday to visit Miss Rita Millican. Miss Grace Clark spent Sunday in Truro. The A. M. band gave their last concert in Victoria square, on Wednesday evening under the baton of their new leader, Mr. Meade. The public have certainly appreciated their music this season, which has been of a very high order. On Thursday next the L. M. C. A. and band gave an entertainment in the Aberdeen rink which no doubt will meet with the success their entertainments usually do. The Edgars, Tucker Co., are delighting the Amherst residents with their work this week, playing to the very large houses. Miss Tucker is one of the best emotional actresses that has ever visited Amherst; Mr. Mellon and the other support is also excellent, and in a town like Amherst, not generally regarded as good theatrical towns, they have done better business than any other company that has ever been here.

DEBET. [Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Sept. 30.—Mrs. Ervin will spend the winter in Annapolis. Mrs. Morley of St. John is about taking up her residence in the occupying the Savary cottage on Carleton street. Dr. E. V. Hogan of the V. G. Hospital, Halifax passed through here Saturday for that city from Weymouth. Mr. Wm. Akorn, editor of Annapolis Spectator, and his sister passed through here one day last week en route for Montreal. Miss Daley and Miss P. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dakin attended the ball Thursday night at Weymouth, given by the tennis club. Miss Emma Dakin and Mrs. J. R. Kinney are in St. John for a few days. Mrs. S. S. Townsend will spend the winter months in St. John with her husband. They have taken rooms at the Aberdeen. Mrs. J. S. Cameron of Annapolis was in town Sunday. Mr. J. S. Cameron of Annapolis was in town Sunday. Mrs. Henry Dakin is on a visit to friends in Boston. Mr. Percy McRae is here on a visit to friends and is gladly welcomed by all. Miss Hind of Windsor is visiting Mrs. Harley. Miss Finsdale Williams who has been visiting Mrs. H. B. Short has returned to Bridgewater Wednesday. Mr. H. B. Short has returned from a visit to St. John last week. Rev. Dr. Eckman and family of Morrisown N. J. are at the vicarage. Miss Edith Ambrose were guests of Mrs. Green last week. Miss Grace and Francis Rice, also the Misses Scheibel of Weymouth passed through here last week for Halifax where they go to attend the Convention of the S. C. M. at St. John. Messrs. T. B. Fint of Yarmouth and J. V. Ellis of St. John are expected here to be among the speakers at the Cope banquet. A fashionable event took place on Wednesday evening when Dr. L. J. Lovitt and Miss Josie Marshall of Bear River were the guests of Mrs. Craig and Rev. Mr. Nobles officiating. The bride who is a graduate of Mount Allison, and a very popular one, was attired in white satin ensemble, with a crown of white satin, and a beautiful white maid of honor, Miss N. Lovitt of Kentville, sister of the groom, was assisted in white silk. The bridesmaids, Miss Pio Hardwick wore a pretty dress of pink silk, and Miss Alice Rice and Miss Josie Marshall wore white. The flower girl, Mr. Rogan's daughter, of Kentville supported the groom. After the ceremony the bride and groom drove to the residence of the bride's father when a reception was held, the bride and groom were then driven to Digby and were guests at the Myrtle House until the afternoon of the following day, when they left on their wedding trip via St. John, for New York and other American cities. The presents were elegant, numerous and costly, they will return in two weeks and will reside in advanced residence in Bear River now being completed.

WINDSOR. [Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knole's book store and by F. W. Dakin.] Sept.—Mrs. Troop of Dartmouth spent a few days in town last week returning home on Saturday. Mrs. Stabbing of Halifax is visiting Mrs. Walter Lawson King street. Mr. John G. Dimock spent a few days in Yarmouth last week. Miss Nora Shand was home from Acadia Seminary, spending Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Shand. Mr. Dexter of Antigonish is spending a few days in town the guest of his daughter Mrs. John W. Blanchard. Miss Haley and Miss May Haley have returned from visiting in Shelburne. Mr. H. I. Lynde is in town awaiting the opening of Kings College. Mr. H. Percy Blanchard of Baddeck was in Windsor on Friday of last week. Mr. Bowman of Halifax spent a day or two in town with his uncle Rev. Chas. Bowman last week. Mr. Clarence H. Dimock has returned from an extended trip to New York. Mr. E. I. Reid of the Commercial Bank of Windsor, Parrsboro was in Windsor, this week. Mrs. W. H. Curry and his bride arrived home on Friday of last week. Mrs. Curry is at home at 15 Gerrish street. Miss Nora Hensley of New York who has been spending a month with friends in town returned home last week. Mr. Walter Lawson, Cashier of the Commercial Bank was in Parrsboro last week, visiting the branch bank there. Miss Gertrude Curry of St. John is in town the guest of Mrs. W. H. Curry. Mrs. Welton and children of New York were in Windsor last week. Miss Winnie Hensley is visiting friends in Halifax. Mr. W. C. Leslie of Magdalen Islands was in town last week. Miss Maude Hannington of Dorchester was in town last week. Mr. A. P. Shand has gone to New Germany on a business trip. Mrs. Stewart, "The Masse" has returned from spending the summer in the States. Mr. C. C. Clairmont spent Sunday in Mt. Uiaick. Miss Frances Ouseley has returned from Dartmouth having been there for several months. Mrs. Dool of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. Curry "Gerrish Hall." Dr. Bret Black of Truro was in town over Sunday. Mrs. Medcalf and children have returned to Truro having spent the summer in town at "Curry's corner." Mr. C. H. Morris has returned to McGill college Montreal. Mr. H. M. Bailey of the D. A. Ry. Yarmouth was in Windsor last week. Mrs. Barney of the World W. C. T. U. Supt. of prison and reformation work has been lecturing here. She spent Sunday in town. Messrs. court was held here last week Judge Henry Ritchie and Coadun of Halifax and Roscoe of Kentville were here attending court.

PARRSBORO. [Progress is for sale at the Parrsboro Book Store.] The marriage of Miss Annie Smith, daughter of Mr. Charles Smith of Port George, and Capt. Stuart Stewart was solemnized at an early hour on Wednesday morning at the home of the bride. The wedding party drove up to town for the morning train, at the happy couple took their departure for P. E. Island. Many friends were at the station to offer best wishes. Miss Agnes McCabe is visiting friends at Mat. land. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson have lately come into possession of a very fine young son. Mrs. Cecil Parsons and children returned home to Parrsboro on Wednesday accompanied by Miss Gulliver. Dr. Dr. Polk of Halifax assisted at the services in St. James' church on Sunday. Mrs. F. Rand and Miss Jenks spent part of last week at the exhibition at Truro. Mrs. Nurdy and Miss Helen and Lizzie Fraser went to Truro on Wednesday returning on Friday. Miss Alice Alkman is visiting friends in Lunenburg. Dr. McDonald left on Monday for Boston, Mrs. McDonald and Miss Jessie returned from Amherst on Saturday. Miss Woodworth went to Kentville on Monday. Mrs. D. S. Howard is back from New York. Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Coates of Amherst, who went to Port George to attend Miss Smith's wedding, paid a brief visit to Mrs. Howard when returning home. Mr. Cecil Townsend is at home from Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. McKenna are visiting friends across the bay. Miss Fanny Ryan went to St. John on Wednesday. Mrs. Nurdy entertained a small party at what last evening. The guests were Mrs. C. B. Smith,

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health." Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

Miss Brown leaves by the "Hope," tomorrow for St. John's, N.S. Miss May Hill returned from Minco on Sunday last. Mrs. John Barrington spent a few days with Mrs. Johnston, last week. CUNYRY RIVER. Mrs. B. Henderson, Misses Ella Corbett, Mabel Smith, Hattie Hatfield, Edna Hatfield, Alice Howard, Alice Gillipie, Harry Corbett, Frank and Will Gillespie, Clarence Langille and G. E. Smith O. C. Prof. H. Brogan of Cambridge Mass. is in town. Miss Cameron has returned from Windsor improved in health and able to resume her duties in the school. Rev. and Mrs. S. Gibbons and Mr. Cox greatly enjoyed their week's outing at Wallace. Rev. and Mrs. Howe have gone across the bay. Mrs. Munro who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Price has returned home to Kingston accompanied by Miss Nellie Gillespie. Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Rand and Dr. and Mrs. Dearbo who have spent the summer at the Island left last week for the former for their home Toronto and the latter to spend the winter in Boston. Mr. Lee Gillespie is back from Truro where he took first place in two of the bicycle races much to the satisfaction of the P. A. A. of which he is a member. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod and Miss Mabel and Edna McLeod spent last week at the St. John exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Day and children are in St. John. Miss Laura Johnson on her return from Windsor, spent a few days with Mrs. Gulliver, and went home to Amherst on Monday. Miss Mabel Holmes is visiting friends at Truro. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Burton York left last week for St. John and Boston for fall Millinery. Mrs. York returned yesterday summoned by the illness of her father. Mrs. Towshend gave a small whist party last evening.

TRURO. [Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. G. Fulton and D. H. Smith & Co.] Sept. 30.—The impromptu dance, gotten up so quickly last Thursday for Friday evening, was a complete success; the inspiration for the affair, no doubt, was apropos with the advent of the "Harpers," in town. The music was delightful, and the pleasant little hall so kindly loaned by Messrs. Crown, is well disposed for a dance. An appetizing lunch, provided by the ladies, was partaken of about midnight, after which dancing was resumed. There was a trio of lovely brides present in the persons of Mrs. A. G. Campbell, Mrs. W. D. Angwin, and Mrs. E. M. Fulton. The other guests were—Mrs. W. S. Murray, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. E. C. Blair, Mrs. A. Patterson, Mrs. H. W. Crowe, Mrs. S. E. Gourley, Mrs. F. A. Prince, Misses McKay, Archibald, Elsie, Maud Elsie and Miss Graham, (Halifax), MacLean, M. Sutherland, C. Chisholm, Nelson, Helene Lawrence, sponsor, (Green Village) M. Smith, F. Yeil, Bigelow, Messrs. F. S. Yarnston, B. Black, W. P. McKay, H. W. Crowe, W. Crowe, J. Crowe, R. B. Graham, Williams, W. McKenna, G. A. Hall, F. L. Murray, H. C. Yull, C. A. Armstrong, F. W. Cullen, Soloman, A. V. Smith, E. Vernon, E. Dimock. Mr. Lawrence who has been visiting h-day Monday Mrs. Henson returned to Port Hastings last Monday accompanied by Mrs. Henson and her little daughter. Miss Lilla Snook has returned from Fredericton N. B. where she has enjoyed a long visit with friends. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy are enjoying a holiday trip through the Annapolis valley. Mrs. Allan Craig, Pictou, who has been visiting relatives in town has returned home. Mrs. H. W. Yellish is in Pictou for a few days. Miss Cooper, Springhill, and Miss Bent Pavid wash, who have been visiting Mrs. F. A. Davidson returned home last week. Miss Laura Graham concluded a very pleasant visit with friends at "Fratrholm" last week, and returned home to Halifax. Mrs. Harry Weeks is home from Hartford Conn. Mr. Geo. Blair is here from Boston, enjoying a visit with home friends. Mrs. Margeson, Halifax, who has been a guest at Miss Waddell's for some weeks left for Windsor yesterday. Miss Rita Yellish is in town this week en route to Wolfville, where she resumes her work on the seminary staff. PEO.

MANUFACTURES ROYALES DE CORSET, P. D. French P D Corsets Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur. The celebrated P D Corsets are unrivalled for perfect fit, beauty of finish and style, and have received the highest awards at all the important exhibitions during the last 20 years. Obtainable from all leading dry goods stores in every variety of shape and style. WHOLESALE ONLY. KONIG & STUFFMANN, 10 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

For Your Health DRINK REAL FRUIT SYRUPS Strawberry, Raspberry, Gingerette, Lemon, Lime Fruit. MADE ONLY BY BROWN & WEBB HALIFAX, N. S.

FAVORITE Scotch Whiskey 50 Cases GLENASKFORTH on hand, THOS. L. BOURKE AGENT

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH CLEANSSES FROM ALL IMPURITIES. ARRESTS DECAY—PLEASANT TO USE. ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS—ALL 25c. DRUGGISTS—SELL IT—ZODIAC CHEM. CO. TORONTO.

Both Stores Have just received a full line of... MUNYON'S REMEDIES. W. G. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 35 King St. and 75 KING STREET (WEST), ST. JOHN. This is the weather to try my Sodas and Phosphates. PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

You won't feel the Wind even tho' you're out all day, when you have your clothing interlined with Fibre Chamols. Because it is a complete non-conductor of heat and cold, and preserves the natural warmth of the body, keeping out every breath of raw air and frosty wind. What's more, the waterproof Rigby process makes it impervious to the driving sleet or an all day's rain. Prepare to enjoy thorough comfort outdoors in all weather by seeing that this popular interlining is put in all your ordered clothing, and only buy the ready-made garments which have the Fibre Chamols Label. It only costs 25 cents a yard, and will provide a healthful warmth of which nothing can rob you.

THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former name of Queen's Printer), all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—the part containing Hand Press, Type, Galleys, in fact all materials just as they are up to the last on the Gazette. The second part consists of the Adams Power Press. Motor for driving it; said press is capable in its old days of performing the best work, while the Water Motor is perfect a horse power. As this plant now stands, it is precisely the same as it was on leaving it, complete in all its appointments. To be sold on accommodating terms, and the building will be rented low on the articles being disposed of. Apply at the book store of W. T. H. FLETCHER, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton N.S.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALLIE.

Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Truher, and at the bookstores of E. S. Dag...

Sept. 29.—There have been many of our citizens visiting St. John during this week that the town has been exceedingly quiet...

Miss Bertha Smith gave a "Chaperon Party" on Saturday evening which I hear was a most pleasant affair...

The engagement of Miss Julia Eaton of New York city to Mr. Joseph Collins of Boston was announced to their Calais friends last week...

The marriage of Miss Helen Foster, to Mr. William Grainger of Boston is announced to take place at her home in Calais on October twenty first.

Mr. J. L. Lockery left on Monday for Montreal to resume his studies at McGill College.

Mr. O. B. Newsham and Miss Edith Newsham left this morning for St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. L. are among the citizens who are visiting St. John this week.

Miss Mary McCall has gone to Augustus, Maine to visit her cousin Miss Helen A. McCall.

Miss Florence Boardman and Miss Janie Todd have returned from Eastport.

The thirty second anniversary of the consecration of Christ church occurred yesterday. Services were held in the church in common with the day.

Archdeacon Neales of Woodstock preached a most eloquent sermon in the evening. There was a large congregation present and the church was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Mayor and Mrs. Fredric Murchie, Mr. and Mrs. Almon I. Todd, Mrs. Carron Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Grimmer, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Grimmer, Mrs. M. W. Inchee, Mrs. Water Grimmer, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. William Dinsmore, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Scott and Mr. E. G. Vroom visited St. John yesterday to attend the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Pike have gone to Boston for a brief visit.

Miss Edith Porter is in St. John the guest of her aunt Mrs. A. W. Reed.

Mr. Wilcox Brown of the Kent Northern Railway is visiting his sister Mrs. H. H. Brown.

Mr. C. H. Clarke spent Saturday and Sunday in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Stevenson of St. Andrews who were married last Wednesday are spending their honeymoon in St. John.

Miss Maude Marks and Miss Bessie Blay are in St. John the guests of Miss Mary Reynolds.

Miss Maria Whidden, Philadelphia, is visiting her brother Hon. Edgar Whidden.

Mr. John F. Grant accompanied by her son Prof. Herbert Clinton Grant and Miss Kate Grant have gone to Portland, Maine, to visit Mrs. Charles Voss.

Mrs. Benjamin Young and Mrs. Ella Hatcock are visiting in St. John.

Miss Martha Harris and her niece Miss Alice Nichols are visiting Boston and New York.

Miss Lou Hill accompanied by her father, Mr. Murray Hill, left this week for Cambridge, Mass., where Miss Hill will enter as a pupil the Gilman school.

Mrs. Melick and her daughters, Misses Louise and Catherine Melick, have returned to Boston after a visit of three months spent in St. Stephen and St. John.

Mrs. Edithington Murchie, Mrs. George Murchie, Mrs. Willard Pike and Miss Nellie Hill are the guests of Mrs. Ned Harrison March in Castleton.

Mr. Charles S. Murphy has gone to Boston to enter as a student, a dental college in that city.

Mr. Laurie Talbot of Providence, Rhode Island, is the guest of Mrs. Archibald MacNichol.

Miss Maude Maxwell left this week for Backville, to attend the ladies college.

Attorney General and Mrs. Mitchell have returned from St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick DeVeber are now residing in the MacLachlan cottage on Prince William street.

Mr. Lawrence Woods has returned to his home in Pittsburgh, Penn., after an extended visit with Mr. Frank P. Woods.

Miss Nellie Lowell left on Monday for Baltimore to complete her education at the Johns Hopkins University.

Mrs. Stickney of Parrboro, Nova Scotia and Mrs. Howard of New Hampshire are visiting Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Black at their beautiful home "Glencroft".

B. F. Kelley, and Mrs. Walter H. Osborne will sail from Boston on October tenth, on London, England, where they will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osborne, Mrs. Percy Gillmore will accompany them to Boston.

Miss Kate Newsham has been visiting Mrs. Charles Martens in St. John.

Mrs. Gates Barnard has returned to his home in New York, after a long visit with his grandfather Mr. E. C. Gates.

Mrs. Joseph Livermore of Eastport is the guest of Mrs. Ellen Cony.

Miss Dolly Lowe has been visiting in St. John this week.

Miss Charlotte Young's friends will be pleased to hear she is recovering from her severe illness.

Mrs. E. H. Voss is in Belfast Maine visiting her daughter Mrs. George Mills.

Mr. Fredric Douglas and Miss Berlie Young, are to be married in Fredericton today at the home of the bride. Mr. Douglas left for Fredericton yesterday.

Miss Annie Porter returned from St. John on Friday.

Hon. George F. Hill is in St. John this week visiting the exhibition.

RICHMOND.

Programme for sale in Richmond by Theodore F. Graham.

Sept. 30.—Rev. Mr. Meek of Little Falls, Quebec entered upon his duties as rector on Sunday last. St. Mary's church was well filled to hear him preach. Mr. and Mrs. Meek arrived in town on Thursday last and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson until the rectory was made habitable, they were given a kindly reception by the congregation.

Mr. Maggie Irving went to Moncton on Monday to visit friends.

Misses Belle and May Cole of St. John are in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Case.

Mr. James Miller of Chatham is in town today.

Rev. Mr. Ramsey of Beauséjour occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday evening.

to the United States after your vacation, which makes life worth living and fits you for the duties of business and home life.

D. C.—The Little Doctor—which drives out every form of indigestion.

K. D. C. Pills is recommended by the prominent men and women.

K. D. C. Pills is so splendid for the stomach, liver and bowels.

Simple, testimonials and guarantees mailed to any address.

K. D. C. Limited, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

last in the absence of the pastor Rev. Wm. Lawson, while in town Mr. Ramsay was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Thompson.

Mr. Sam Thompson of New Castle spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Willmot Brown manager of the K. N. Ry. is spending this week in St. John.

Programme for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Standfield and at the B. Jones Bookstore.

Sept. 30.—The many friends of Rev. J. H. Talbot now of Ottawa, Ontario former rector of St. George's church Moncton, heard with very deep regret the death of his only son John, which took place at Ottawa in the early part of this month and was the result of an injury received while playing golf, which terminated in peritonitis. Mr. and Mrs. Talbot have many warm friends in Moncton who will sympathize with them in their sad bereavement, while those who preserve a kindly recollection of John as a bright eyed intelligent little lad who was a favorite with everyone who knew him will sorrow for his early death.

Miss Borden left town last week to spend a few weeks in Sussex visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Thompson of Boston are spending a few days with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bruce and family have closed their summer cottage at Shediac Cape and returned to Moncton for the winter.

Mr. D. B. Lindsay of River du Loup spent a day or two in town last week the guest of his son-in-law, Mr. E. W. Dwyer of King street.

Mr. Moore of Halifax is visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brennan of Summerside are spending a few days in town the guests of Mr. Brennan's sister, Mr. George Mcweeney at Hotel Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald left town on Monday to visit relatives at Antigonish.

Miss Whitney, who has been spending her summer holidays at her home in Moncton, has returned to the girls' school at Robesay to resume her studies.

Miss Florence Wortman of Newton Hospital, Mass., who has been spending a two months vacation with her parents in Moncton returned to Newton on Monday to resume her duties.

Mr. F. W. H. Moore of the Bank of Montreal at Amherst spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke.

Mrs. Joseph Hickman of Dorchester is visiting Mrs. Weldon of Main street.

The many friends of Mr. A. B. Holmes of the I. C. R. engineering department are glad to see him in town again after his long absence. Mr. Holmes has been engaged in engineering work in Nova Scotia during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Osman of Hillsboro' spin yesterday in town, departing by the Quebec express last evening for a trip to Ottawa.

Mrs. W. T. Archibald of Truro, is spending a few days in town visiting friends.

The many friends of Miss Chipman now of Annapolis Royal, but formerly of this city are glad to see her in town again. Miss Chipman is spending a few days with friends.

I regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. Stow of Wainwright, wife of Mr. A. M. Stow of the C. P. R., which occurred at her home in Wainwright last week, of hemorrhage of the lungs. Moncton people will remember Mrs. Stow as Miss Maude Jones, a very bright and charming young lady who left Moncton with her family some nine years ago and went to reside in Wainwright. She was a granddaughter of Mr. Oliver Jones of this city and a daughter of his son Mr. Noah Jones, who died in Moncton many years ago. Mrs. Stow was but 37 years of age and leaves three children.

WOODSTOCK.

Programme for sale in Woodstock by Mr. J. Lonsdale.

Sept. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. W. Dibble gave a drive party on Wednesday evening last. The evening was most pleasantly spent. Mrs. Julius Garden and Mr. Irvine Dibble were the prize winners. A dainty supper was served about eleven o'clock. Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Holyoke, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Garden, Mr. and Mrs. Allison Connell, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holyoke, Mr. and Mrs. George Standerson, Miss John on, Fredericton, Miss Euel, Miss Munroe, Miss Nease, Miss Dunca, Miss Smith, Halifax, Miss Clark, Messrs. W. P. Hunt, G. H. Harrison, T. M. Jones, W. W. Hay, J. Dibble.

Miss Lily Jordan left Monday for St. John en route for Kent county where she will spend some weeks.

Messrs. J. T. A. Dibble, M. P. P., H. P. Baird, G. W. Upham, Jas. Carr, D. Smith, F. Lawlor, Murphy, S. Appleby, Dr. Colter, B. E. Marner, J. Stewart, Dr. Sprague, attended the exhibition in St. John this week.

The Misses Dibble, Miss Tapley, Mrs. A. D. Holyoke, Miss Wolvert, Miss Elida Bourne, Miss Poole, Miss Kate Eburne, Miss K. Phillips, Miss Blanche Dibble spent part of this week in St. John.

Wendell P. Jones, President of Board of Trade left Tuesday for St. John to attend the meeting of Maritime Board.

Mr. T. C. L. Ketchum left Tuesday afternoon for St. John as a delegate to Board of Trade Meeting.

Mr. W. P. Hunt left Thursday for St. John en route to Halifax.

Mr. George Stead spent part of this week in St. John.

Miss Annie Mellish of Charlottetown P. E. I. spent a few days in Woodstock, the guest of her brother A. E. Mellish.

Mr. Kenney president of the Merchants' Bank and Mr. W. R. Racey spent part of last week in Woodstock.

Miss Johnson of Fredericton who has spent the last two weeks with Mrs. A. D. Holyoke went to St. John Monday morning.

Mrs. John Leane, Mr. Norman Leane spent a few days in St. John during exhibition time.

Miss Clara Leighton who has spent the last two months in the vicinity of St. Andrews returned home Saturday very much improved in health.

Mr. Frank Griffith of Presque Isle spent part of last week in Woodstock the guest of his parents.

Miss L. Baird returned to Boston on Wednesday morning accompanied by her sister Miss Jennie Baird who will pursue the study of music.

Miss Munro is spending a week in Houlton. Fred Hay spent Sunday in Houlton.

Mrs. Williamson Fisher spent this week in St. John.

Miss Ketchum of St. Andrews is the guest of Mr. T. C. L. Ketchum.

Miss Taylor of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. George Taylor.

Miss Edith and Miss C. Griffith left Monday for St. John where they will spend some weeks.

Rev. C. T. Phillips and Mrs. Phillips left for St. John Wednesday to attend the F. C. B. conference.

ELAIN.

HARBOUR.

Sept. 30.—Miss Jessie McLeod left by train yesterday morning for Concord, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sinclair, Messrs. Andrew Dunn, S. M. Dunn, D. D. Johnston, and J. McO. Powell went to St. John yesterday to visit the exhibition.

Mr. John T. Phinney was in town yesterday.

Mrs. John Beattie and Mrs. John McFarlane have been visiting in St. John for some days past.

Rev. J. K. McClure went to Bathurst on Monday to attend the meeting of Presbytery and returned this afternoon.

Miss Sadie Buckley is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Barrison at Campbellton.

Mr. John F. Dorothy went to St. John by Sunday morning's express train.

Mrs. McClure will leave here tomorrow on a visit to Truro and Halifax, N. S.

Miss Brant of Kingsport was here for a short time yesterday, returning from St. John and Fredericton.

Mr. Othor Black of Richibucto spent Sunday in Harcourt, the guest of Dr. Keith.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hepburn of Jeanette, Pa., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Thurbet on Sunday and went to Chatham on Monday.

Mrs. Henry Wathin is visiting her daughter Mrs. Williamson at Greenwood, Kings county.

Mrs. Trinda Wathin who was attending the W. F. M. S. at St. John last week, has returned home.

Mrs. Robert McKinnon of Richibucto and Mrs. Harry Lanigan of Kingsport, were visiting Mrs. James Buckley last week.

ST. GEORGE.

Sept. 30.—Miss Bessie Parks gave a party recently at the residence of her sister Mrs. Fred Crowley, a large number were present and enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmore spent a few days in town last week.

Twenty six young people enjoyed a straw dance at the residence of Mrs. A. N. Gillmore on Monday for New York.

Our latest bride, Mrs. Thomas Armstrong is receiving her friends at the residence of her parents.

Mrs. Barry lectures in Court's Hall on Friday evening under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

Among the many visitors to St. John during the exhibition have been, Mrs. (Dr.) Dick, Miss Gillmor, Mrs. A. Baldwin, Mrs. H. D. Wallace, Mrs. T. Barry, Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. A. Mahoney, Miss M. Clancy, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Spards, Mr. and Mrs. James Jack, Mr. Charles Johnson, Mrs. Samuel Johnson.

THINGS OF VALUE.

An Indiana circuit court jury has fined a man \$100 for allowing his dog to bite a wheelman.

The Coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is annoying to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. "EMERSON'S" EXTRACTOR obviates all this entirely. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

A man who has tried it says the safest place in the world for cycling purposes is Rio de Janeiro. The reason for this statement is that on the busiest streets all vehicles must proceed in one direction only.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure will be unknown.

President Elliott of the League of American Wheelmen announces that by a unanimous vote of the executive committee of the L. A. W. it is decided to reduce the sanction for open race meets from \$10 to \$5 and \$2 for each additional day.

PARMELEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandarins and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unrivaled certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues in curing the various ailments of the system. Mr. E. J. Calverton, Shakespeare, writes: "I am cured of Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

Everything is going wrong to cycling. In the Metropolitan Open House, New York, the \$4,000,000 worth of music were only sold for \$1,000,000. The cycle show will be long. The whole orchestra floor of the big auditorium is to be boarded over level with the stage and used as a cycling academy.

Why will you allow a cough to cyclize your throat or lungs and ruin the pleasure of dining a con Bly's and cough-syrup the only one that can be safely and the danger avoided. The cough-syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

A Massachusetts man is about to place upon the market a cyclometer which weighs but one ounce and will fit in a pocket. The case and cog wheels are a minimum.

CHRONIC DERANGEMENTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD.

Are speedily removed by the active principle of the laxative entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the various organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. It is the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

HUMAN NATURE IN A COUNTRY P. O.

The Postmistress Draws Inferences and Arrives at Conclusions.

'I have an aunt,' said a well known Rochesterian the other afternoon, as he sat in a down-town office to wait until the worst of the rain had passed over, 'who is Postmistress in one of the prettiest little hamlets in western New York. A beautiful town it is, I tell you, nestled amid vine-clad hills and bold scenery. It is an ideal place for a summer's vacation, as it stands at the foot of a pretty lake, whose waters stretch away for miles, and upon whose waves many a moonlight rick can be enjoyed.'

The men who were gathered in the office applauded the beauty of expression into which their friend had fallen in his poetic fervor for the place of his aunt's nativity. It was declared by one that to have an aunt who lived in such a town was better far than to wear a crown, whether of silver or gold.

'Yes,' replied the eulogist, 'it is a great joy. To have an aunt serenely abiding in such a lovely place is more than falls to the lot of any of your ordinary mortals. But to have an aunt who is Postmistress as well as resident—that is perfectly entrancing. I have been down to see her lately, and I spent one or two mornings with her behind the little boxes into which the mail of the inhabitants is placed. Of course, she knows every one, and almost all of them have a

word of greeting for her.

'You must get quite an insight into the affairs of this neighborhood,' I said to her one day, 'handling so much of its correspondence.'

'Yes,' she said. 'I know a good deal that is going on. I cannot help it. Many of the letters which go through my hands tell their own story without opening them. It is all stamped on the outside. I get very familiar with the handwriting of three people about me, and this fact often reveals to me some plots and schemes which the writers fancy are profoundly secret.

'You interest me greatly,' I said.

'Lawyers, doctors, newspaper men, and business men have their secrets,' she went on, 'and Post Office officials have theirs also. I think, however, ours are guarded the best, because the law compels us to keep our mouths closed.

'There comes a girl now,' she exclaimed as she looked out of the window down the street. 'Now just wait—her when she comes in. She will carry a very anxious look on her face until she sees there is a letter in her box, then just notice how her expression changes. She will go and peek at the letter first, and when she sees it is from him—from the young man—she will give me one little absurd exclamation of joy, and ask me for it with a face wreathed in smiles. See if I have not described her actions correctly.'

'Of course I was deeply interested, and secured a point of view where I could observe the young woman closely. True enough, she came in with a most preoccupied look on her face, as if she were debating whether she dared to hope for a letter; she went directly to the box which interested her, and when she saw the letter which it contained a little smile rippled over her face which made me feel both guilty and envious as I watched from behind the scenes. Then she raised herself on her tiptoes, screened her eyes with her hands, and carefully examined the directions on the envelope. When her heels touched the floor again a look of such ecstasy swept over her countenance that I was for going out and congratulating her on the spot. A man feels like throwing up his hat in the air and shouting hurrah when a girl beams like that, no matter if the lucky man is miles away. But the post mistress frantically motioned for me to keep quiet, as she went to the delivery window to wait on the young miss. Up walked the girl as big as life, her face radiant, her eyes full of a light which told the entire story, and her whole bearing that of a very satisfied girl.

'The Postmistress handed the letter to her demurely enough, but it was pounced upon as if it were the rarest treasure on top of the earth. It went into her pocket after she had given it one loving glance and when the girl disappeared down the street, walking as if she was as happy as a queen

'She gets a letter about every day,' explained the Postmistress, 'and she seems as anxious for every one of them as it was the first in years. And when she expects a communication from that yuth and it does not come her face is a study, every particle of joy seems to leave it.

You noticed how triumphantly she swaggered down the street just now I presume.

'If you could see her on one of the days when the coveted epistle does not reach her you would hardly believe it was the same girl. Slowly she drags herself along, her head downcast, her eyes almost in tears, and you fairly hear her exclaiming out of her heart full of woe: 'Oh, why didn't he write?'

What is the matter? Not so very strange either. I used to feel that way myself once upon a time. There were lots of joy and sorrow, many heartburns and little quarrels, but after all it was very sweet to me—those years long ago when he was young and I thought there was no one on earth his equal. It couldn't last forever could it? He turned out bad, and has paid the debt, but—

'See here,' said one of the party, 'the skies are clearing, and it is time were all going, before you go any further in the affairs of the Postmistress. It is quite scandalous the way you are telling her secrets!'

And the part broke up with the understanding that the next story from the lips of the Postmistress should not be of love but something more blood-curdling.

Alexander the great was born in Europe, died in Asia and was buried in Africa—the preparations for his funeral consumed two years' time. The immense car containing the golden sarcophagus was drawn by sixty four white mules, richly caparisoned, a distance of a thousand miles—from the Euphrates to the Nile.

TRADE MARK DR. JAEGER'S Sanitary Woolen Underwear. The only Hygienic System of Clothing for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children. CAN NOW BE OBTAINED IN CANADA. Send for Illustrated Free List. We pay express charges on prepaid orders of \$3.

Delight to Consumers Mystery to Competitors

The ratification of the French Treaty has enabled us to open up large cellars in Montreal, for the purpose of supplying the Canadian people with Pure Wines right from the Vineyards of France and Spain, at half the usual prices. Thousands of the best families throughout the country who have been paying exorbitant prices, because they fancied some particular label, are now sending their orders to us.

Pure Claret at \$3 and \$4 per case

(12 large quart bottles.) A most delightful wine, equal to any formerly sold in this country at double the price.

BORDEAUX CLARET CO. BORDEAUX OFFICE: 17 ALLEE DE BOUTAULT, 773 MONTREAL, 30 HOSPITAL STREET, MONTREAL.

The "Famous Active" Range

THE PRODUCT OF... 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE. The Handsomest and Best Working Cooking Apparatus ever made in Canada. THE McCLARY MFG. CO., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

For sale by R. J. SELFRIDGE, St. John

NO TROUBLE TO MAKE NO STRAINING REQUIRED. PREPARED WITH FLEISCHMANN'S COMPRESSED YEAST. 10c. ADAMS' LIQUID ROOT BEER! THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. Fashionable Millinery.

We are now, and have been for years, the leaders par excellence of FASHIONABLE MILLINERY—not a mere ordinary stock sold at ordinary prices, in the ordinary way, but such a collection of Paris Pattern Hats and Bonnets, and Novelties that suggest something bigger, than Moncton, and something better than you'll find in New Brunswick. It sounds commonplace to say that, but the business we're doing is by no means commonplace. For the convenience of our St. John customers we have opened

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I WAS CURED OF lame back, after suffering 15 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I WAS CURED OF Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I WAS CURED OF contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The Parisian Millinery Store,

165 UNION STREET, where we have no hesitation in saying the finest assortment of millinery ever shown in New Brunswick is now on exhibition.

You are welcome to inspect our Paris Pattern Hats and Bonnets whether you buy or not.

H. G. MARR.

Sense in Dress... Cravenette Dry Goods. Cravenette Dry Goods. Sense, comfort and style are combined in CRAVENETTE. It cannot be distinguished from regular dress materials, in fact, it is a stylish dress fabric in itself—looks well, fits well, makes up well. Suitable for dress or cloak; for street wear or country. More than this, it is thoroughly shower proof and dust proof. Not damp and clammy like others but porous, light, elastic. In six shades, Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor or Black.

RE RATED DA. RM. D Corsets Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur. P D Corsets perfect fit, beauty and have received awards at all the fairs during the last season from all leaders in every variety.

WEBB

Health SYRUPS

Whiskey

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Florence Hoyt of Bridgewater is visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Knowlton. Miss Conger of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. D. R. Nichols, Sydney street. Mr. A. A. Watson and family have returned from the winter from Thistle Cottage, Riverside, K. C. Miss Mary McCafferty of Woodstock is the guest of her friend Miss Clara Harvey, Brook street. Mr. Edward Sears and family have returned from Westfield where they have been spending the summer. Miss Webster is the guest of Miss Pullen, 16 Horsefield street. Miss Beattie Estabrooks of Burton N. B. who has been visiting friends in the city returned home this week. Miss A. W. Sullivan has returned from a visit to friends at Montclair and Hopewell Cape. Mrs. Thomas of Casard N. B. is the guest of her daughter Mrs. E. E. Daley Duke street. Miss Edith Sh. Smith of Cornwall is N. B. is visiting her uncle Dr. Mason Sheffield, Princess street. News of the death of Mr. Gilbert R. Pugsley was heard on Thursday morning with genuine regret. Mr. Pugsley had been ill for several weeks and it can scarcely be said that his death was unexpected. In public and private life Mr. Pugsley made hosts of friends who will deeply sympathize with Mrs. Pugsley, and her daughters Misses Beattie and Maud in their sad bereavement. Miss Emma Alden left last Monday for a visit to her friend Mrs. J. H. Cosman of Chelsea Mass. A brilliant wedding was celebrated at Trinity church at seven o'clock Wednesday evening, when a redoubt bridegroom united in marriage Miss A. de Isabel Stevens, daughter of Mr. J. H. McAvity, and Mr. Frank Eden Case, formerly of Malden, Mass., but now of Montreal. The bride wore a gown of white ivory satin with an Irish point lace collar and orange blossoms, and the ornaments were pearls and diamonds. She carried instead of the usual bouquet a white prayer book with a single white rose, the stem of which was in the book. The maid of honor, Miss Mabel Brainard, of Chicago, was attired in yellow tulle, ornaments pearls and diamonds. Misses Rebecca and Emma McAvity, sisters of the bride, wore bridesmaids and wore white muslin gowns and white leghorn hats trimmed with pink ribbons and roses. All carried beautiful bouquets. The groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Walter Case of Boston, and the ushers were Messrs. Theo. B. Blair and John I. Robinson. The guests numbered over seventy and consisted almost entirely of relatives of the bride and groom. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. James McAvity. The wedding gifts were very numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Case left this morning for a honeymoon trip through the New England States, going as far as New York. Mr. and Mrs. Case will make their home in Montreal. A large circle of friends will extend heartfelt congratulations and best wishes for a bright and happy future.

McArthur's for Window Blinds.

McArthur's for Window Blinds. [Advertisement text]

SAVVILLE.

[Saville section text: Mrs. W. Sprague of Shediac spent a few days in town last week the guest of her son, Dr. C. W. Sprague. Mrs. C. L. Chisholm and infant son have returned from Marysville. Miss Everett of the Ladies College is visiting St. John's friends. Mrs. W. A. Gass and Miss Annie Patterson have gone to St. John for a few days. We were pained to hear of the sudden death on Sept. 19th, of Mrs. Kinneer's little daughter Marion, much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Kinneer in her bereavement. Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore of Liverpool, N. S., were visiting Rev. and Mrs. Wiggins at the rectory last week. Invitations are out for the marriage, on Wednesday, of Miss Lettie McGeeny, to Mr. David Wyman of Boston. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Dobson on the arrival of a son. The many friends of Miss Lauretta Pinney will regret to learn that she is seriously ill. Dr. Brecken went to Charlottetown on Saturday to attend his mother's funeral. Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Bowser, on account of ill health intend removing to California next month. During their three years residence in Sackville they have made many friends who will be very sorry to part with them. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Moore started on a wheel trip to St. John, Friday. Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated Wood, 17 Waterloo. New Insulating Material. A new insulating material is being introduced to the electrical trade. It consists of powdered siliceous, a mineral resembling mica in its pure state, which is packed in wrought iron pipes, in which is centralized the electrical conductor. The lengths of pipe are joined by very tight sleeve couplings, and the outlets are hermetically sealed with a mica cap and shellac, through which the conductor projects. The siliceous has some properties which render it of special value for electrical work. It is a remarkable non-conductor of heat and an excellent electric insulator, and it is stated by the projectors of this new enterprise that they have on a test succeeded in using a wire insulated by this method, but since the insulation surrounding the wire was incombustible there was really no place for the fused metal to run, and after the current was withdrawn the metal resolidified, and the metallic and electrical continuity of the wire was restored to its original condition. Siliceous in this form is said to be remarkably non-hydroscopic; therefore there is no danger of the insulation being impaired by moisture. Not Ashamed to Wash Dishes. In a recent sketch of Hawthorne by his daughter we are told that in his early married life he helped his wife, who was not strong, by doing the housework. He washed the dishes, cleaned knives and cooked. All this he did without "sully half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever." FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember!

Purified Blood

[Purified Blood advertisement text: Saved an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood. A year ago my father, William Thompson, was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the bladder. He suffered a great deal and was very low for some time. At last the doctor said he would not get well unless an operation was performed. At this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever." FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember!

[Hood's Sarsaparilla advertisement text: Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills cure all liver, bile, biliousness, headache, etc.

[Hood's Pills advertisement text: Mutually Safe. He—I never mean what I say to a summer girl. She—And I never believe what a summer man says to me. He—Good. Then we might as well be engaged without further loss of time.

HOUSES OF THE CLAY EATERS.

Where Superstition, Poverty, Earth Eating, and Longevity Go Hand in Hand.

Yellow clay as a daily food is what many of live and thrive on. The county of Winston is in the northwestern portion of the State and is sparsely settled, its population being poor and appearing to be eking out a mere existence. It is only within the past few years that the amount of taxes collected from the entire county amounted to \$1,000. Until 1888 Winston was forty miles from the nearest railroad and the county Court House twenty miles further. Houses of worship and those for educational purposes are few and far between. A majority of Winston's population live in small log cabins of the rudest kind and eke out a miserable existence by farming, hunting and fanning. Their farms, or patches, as they call them, are small clearings around their cabins, and are seldom more than a few acres in extent. Their crop (as they invariably say) consists of corn, peas, and potatoes, and a few who are fortunate enough to own a horse attempt to raise a little cotton. The land is very poor, and as the crops receive little work, the yield is always small. A few hogs are raised, but the majority depend on the country stores for the few strips of bacon they eat during the year. Here in this county, though, the moonshine stills flourish as the green bay tree. In almost every cave and on every little brook among the hills may be found a still whose undertaker's delight is produced by the soft light of the moon and where Uncle Sam fails to get his pull-down of 90 cents on the gallon. These people are too far from market to sell their corn for money, but they can convert it into good, straight liquor, carry it in kegs or jugs to the mockly settled neighborhoods a few miles away and obtain a few dollars in money, some tobacco, coffee, and snuff for the women folks. Men, women, and children are all slaves to the tobacco habit. The women chew, smoke, and dip snuff, but "dipping" is generally a Sunday luxury, as snuff is hard for them to get. The interior of the cabin of the clay eater is rude in the extreme. It is usually built of small pine logs, from which the bark is sometimes removed. There are no windows, and sometimes only one door. In winter the cracks between the logs are filled with rags and clay or thin boards nailed over them from the outside. In summer these cracks are opened, in order to allow plenty of fresh air to enter. There are no pictures on the wall no pictures of any kind, and often no furniture worthy of the name. Of these are bedsteads, and they are of the crudest kind, made by the head of the family, with no other tools than a saw, axe, and hammer. Usually the cabin is too small for bedsteads if the family is large, and they sleep on quilts and mattresses spread on the floor, often the ground. The entire family, often ten or more persons, eat and sleep in the same room, and the cooking is done on one fireplace, the utensils consisting of a frying pan, kettle, oven, and a pot. All modern conveniences are almost unknown. Few families ever see a newspaper, and there are but few of the people who can read. Their parents before them could not, and their children are growing up equally ignorant. Strange to say they do not believe in book learning. If the head of the family is a member of the church probably a cheap Bible may be found in the house, but they never hear it read except when a travelling preacher comes along and stops for dinner or stays all night. When the writer was in Winston county last year he heard a man

Cases.....

Interested as Last.

"Yes, sir-ree," exclaimed the man who is subject to long-range enthusiasm, "I'll do it every time. I'd stick to principles and let party go to smash if the occasion came up." "Would you?" said his wife, languidly. "That's what I would. Am I, a free-born American citizen, to give my unquestioning allegiance to a mere name—a word—an intangible collection of vowels and consonants? Better bow down to some deity than follow a hollow mockery." "I suppose it is better," she assented, dubiously. "Rather than do it, I'd bolt." Her face brightened, and he remarked: "Humph! I'm glad to see you interested at last." "Yes, John, dear, that reminded me of something." "What is it?" "Did you bolt the basement door when you came into the house, as I told you to?"—Washington Star.

Patte Pianole. 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. To put a piece over a good instrument would be a fall that could never be laid at the door of the Patte Piano Co. We make no pretense toward an ornate, tricked-out case, that has no excellence save in its power to receive the careless observer. Poor veneers, dark varnish, careless finishing and mechanic-made ornaments, have no relation to our cases. Our cases are PLAIN, most of them, for we believe in the charm of simplicity as long as it accompanies solid worth, natural beauty and the craftiest hand-work. All foreign woods and many native woods are represented in our cases. They are strong; they do not crack or warp and are unequalled for rich color, handsome pattern and intrinsic value.

of God read from the Great Book, and when he read 'Jesus Christ, died to save sinners,' this good old motherly woman moved the cob pipe from her mouth and in utter astonishment remarked: 'Is that so? I allus told Bill we'd never know nuttin' less we tuck the paper.' The clay eater by these people is found along the banks of the small mountain stream in inexhaustible quantities, and is of a dirty white color usually, sometimes a pale yellow. It has a peculiar oily appearance, and the oil keeps it from sticking on the hands or mouth. When dry it does not crumble, and a few drops of water will easily soften it until it can be rolled into any shape desired. The clay is almost without taste, but evidently possesses some nourishment, as these people declare they can subsist on it for days without any other food whatever. They place a small piece in the mouth and hold it there until it dissolves, and is swallowed in small quantities at a time. The quantity eaten at one time varies from a lump as large as a pea for a child or beginner to a lump as large as a man's fist for those who have eaten it for years. These people eat the clay with a ravenous relish, and the only bad effect seems to be the peculiar appearance it gives the skin of those who become addicted to the habit. The skin turns pale, so pale in fact, as to give the face the pallor of death, and then later on it turns a sickly pale yellow, a color closely resembling some of the clay eaters. Children who become addicted to clay eating grow old, at least in appearance prematurely, and their faces lose forever the bright glow of youth and health. Strange as it may appear, there is little sickness among the clay eaters, and they live as long as the average mankind, thus proving that clay eating is not fatal in its effect. It may or may not be the result of clay eating, but these people are as superstitious as the followers of a voodoo. They have signs for everything and almost worship the moon. Corn is planted when the moon is full, and potatoes on the dark of the moon. They will not start on a journey or begin a job unless the moon is right, and they fortell storm and disaster by the appearance of the moon. If one end of the new moon is lower than the other it will rain before the moon changes again, and if the new moon is level there will be no rain until another change occurs. It might be remarked that the clay eaters are often successful in their prognostications as the average manipulator of the weather bureau. For an owl the eater has a holy dread. The howling of an owl at any hour after eight o'clock in the evening and until midnight the following day is an omen of bad luck. If heard in the quiet hours of night and is answered by the howl of a sleepless canine it is a sign that one of the family will die before many moons. As soon as the howl of an owl is heard a chair is overturned. If the howling ceases at once the threatened danger has been warded off for a time, but if it continues there is weeping and wailing in the home of the clay eater. The howling of a dog at night is also an omen of ill luck, but it is not a sign of approaching fatality unless it is in answer to the howl of an owl. When a screech owl lets forth one of its horrible and blood-chilling sounds the women folks reach their hands up the chimney and get a handful of soot. A screech owl near the house is a sure sign of death. With the tenacity of ignorance these people cling to their filthy habits, traditions, and superstitions; of modern inventions and customs they have never dreamed, and they would ridicule the man who told them the world is round. Perhaps in time they will disappear with the onward march of civilization and enterprise.—Atlanta Constitution.

McArthur's for Wall Paper. TRYING, BURNING SKIN DISEASES CURED FOR 25 CENTS. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures better, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 25 cents.

Where is the Lady

Now that the hot summer days have gone and cool evenings and rainy mornings form a good part of the weather probability, the ladies with their "Rigby" wraps, warm, comfortable and that is delightful to behold. They have gone to their dealers and selected just the cloth they wanted and ordered it "Rigby Prooved." The consequence is they are wearing the latest materials that are out, and their wraps are perfectly waterproof; though the cloth is not changed in the slightest degree. It is as porous and soft as before. This being true, where is the lady who would not prefer to have her out of door garments "Rigby Prooved." The men are all wearing Rigby Coats, and a lady has only to inquire of her father, husband, or brother to learn of their utility.

Honestly made of pure Rubber. Thin, Light, Elastic, Stylish, Durable. Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel. Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.

Beyond the 8 yx.

Plato—"Let me see. They condemned you to die, but permitted you to choose the manner of your death. Am I right?" Socrates—"That's right. I told them hemlock-juice was my poison. I said ice-cream first, but they made me guess again."—Puck. A woman in Kansas, was fined in court for driving her husband from his home. The husband paid the fine. New social scientists are confronting with the problem of which sex's rights did the law uphold.—Baltimore American.

"77"

used in SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, will keep you free from COLDS all winter long.

"BRAIN FAG"

GENERAL DEBILITY; Physical and Nervous Weakness and Prostration, arising from long continued illness. Excessive Physical or Mental Application. Exhausting Drains upon the system beyond its power of recuperation. Cured by

Humphreys' No. 24

a HOMEOPATHIC NERVE TONIC that will make you well. If there is indigestion alternate with No. 10, the famous Specific for Dyspepsia; indigestion; weak stomach; bad taste, coated tongue, offensive breath, loss of appetite, and dull, heavy stupid feeling; rising of water or food after eating. Scores of sufferers have been restored to LIFE, HEALTH and VIGOR, by the use of SPECIFIC No. 24 and No. 10. DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES FREE AT YOUR DRUGGISTS OR MAILED ON REQUEST. Small bottles of pleasant pellets, at the retail price. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for \$1. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John sts. New York.

Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

HAS A RECORD OF 40 YEARS OF SUCCESS. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR DIARRHCEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA, INFANTUM, and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS in Children or Adults. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Daintiest Blend On earth

Daintiest Blend On earth

Watson's Dundee Whisky.

Daintiest Blend On earth

Daintiest Blend On earth

BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD MINES—

In response to the request of a large number already interested in the Rossland District, I have succeeded in obtaining and now offer for investment, stocks of all the principal mining companies, as the quotations which are received by me daily by special wire—all stocks are of Par value of \$100 each Fully Paid up and assessable and are for sale in Lots of 100 or over, I today especially direct your attention to Bill Tom, quoted at 15 cents per share Grand Prize, quoted at 15 cents per share. Those who desire to share in the enormous profits that are certain to be realized in this mining District must invest at once, as only a few shares are offered for sale—Call or write for full illustrated statement. JOHN J. H. FAULKNER, 44 Sackville Street, Ballinacree, N. S.

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Honestly made of pure Rubber. Thin, Light, Elastic, Stylish, Durable. Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel. Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.

Beyond the 8 yx.

Plato—"Let me see. They condemned you to die, but permitted you to choose the manner of your death. Am I right?" Socrates—"That's right. I told them hemlock-juice was my poison. I said ice-cream first, but they made me guess again."—Puck. A woman in Kansas, was fined in court for driving her husband from his home. The husband paid the fine. New social scientists are confronting with the problem of which sex's rights did the law uphold.—Baltimore American.

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a HOMEOPATHIC NERVE TONIC that will make you well. If there is indigestion alternate with No. 10, the famous Specific for Dyspepsia; indigestion; weak stomach; bad taste, coated tongue, offensive breath, loss of appetite, and dull, heavy stupid feeling; rising of water or food after eating. Scores of sufferers have been restored to LIFE, HEALTH and VIGOR, by the use of SPECIFIC No. 24 and No. 10. DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES FREE AT YOUR DRUGGISTS OR MAILED ON REQUEST. Small bottles of pleasant pellets, at the retail price. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for \$1. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John sts. New York.

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IN THE KINTERGARTEN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1896.

AMONG THE SEMINOLES.

THE HOME OF THE MIAMI IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES.

Wives are Scarce and Eagerly Sought for by the Young Braves—Congo Huts—Mosquitoes that Torture a White Man but Have no Terrors for the Seminoles.

The Seminole camp of the Miami family on an island of the Everglades, thirty miles up the Hillsborough River, Fla., is nearer to civilization than any other camp of the Florida Indians. The camps of the other families, such as the Big Bends, Cow Creeks, Tallahassee, Allapattas, (alligator), and Okotokus, (mosquito), are all much further in the swamp, at points lying to the north and south of this. To reach some of them a canoe journey of more than a hundred miles from the coast is necessary, through channels so tortuous and uncertain that there is no safety in the trip without an Indian guide. The last census gives the total Indian population of Florida as 215, but after a man makes the thirty-mile canoe voyage to the nearest camp he has not much faith in the census takers' ability to reach and enumerate all the tribes. The Seminoles themselves estimate their numbers in the swamp at about 500, and these are only the remnants of the tribe that once gave the Government so much trouble—descendants of the few who escaped into the Everglades when the rest of the tribe were deported beyond the Mississippi River at the close of the Seminole war. There are now about 2,500 Seminoles in the Indian Territory, where they constitute one of the five civilized tribes. The Indian belief is that those left in Florida have increased in numbers since the war. The young Seminoles in the Everglades imagine that the Government is still on the watch for them, and would catch them at the first opportunity and send them West.

In each of the Seminole camps are two or three men, generally young fellows, though sometimes patriarchs, who go out among the whites in winter to sell bead and feather work and baskets, returning to camp in the spring. These men naturally pick up a good speaking knowledge of English, and through them and others who have been peddlers, but have given up the business, the whole tribal family acquires some knowledge of the country. A white man going to the Miami camp has no difficulty in talking with any of its people, except the very young children and two or three old women. They use the Indian language, but understand English and can make themselves understood in it, speaking it nearly always with a curious dropping of some of the syllables. Their Indian words, when interpreted, give a visitor an insight into the names of many Florida towns. There is Yallahs, for instance. Yallahs means an orange, and Yallahs is a sweet orange. Hatches means a little river. Homosassa is Seminole for Pepper Range, a phrase now without meaning. Istachate means red man Mingo, a town on Indian River, means chief. Alataka means oak, and Palatka, much oak, or many oaks, a name still appropriate to the place.

The Indian who greeted two white men recently on their arrival at the Miami camp after a thirty-mile canoe trip up the Hillsborough river was one of the winter taders, and so was not alarmed at the sudden appearance of two palefaces, but he was not such a gorgeous warrior as winter visitors usually see. Instead of the turban and leather coat and bangles, he wore only a shirt and trousers and a much battered straw hat. The shirt was worn open, not only at the throat, but as many rips and rents in the body and sleeves, and the trousers in the body and sleeves, and the trousers were rolled up far above the knees. But the most noticeable thing about him was that in this exposed state he stood on the bank without paying the least attention to the clouds of mosquitoes, while the white men in the boat were groaning under the torment and waving their hands before their faces to avoid inhaling the insects. Either the Seminole was tanned too hard to be bitten, or the mosquitoes had such a surfeit of Indian blood that they would not touch it. Another noticeable thing was that the Indian looked very much like a negro. Take away the Seminole's turban and feathers and it is very hard to tell him from a mixed African until he speaks, though all agree that the Seminoles never mate with the blacks, and are very particular in their marriage customs. They despise the negroes and the negroes despise the Indians.

"We want to spend the night here with you," one of the white men said. "Have you got room for us?" "Yes, plenty room," the Seminole answered, "very much space," and he waved his arms around the horizon to show that there was ample room for two more. "You come up here to landing," and he pointed to a spot on the low bank where the earth was trodden into mud, as if by many feet. "That the world is not so large as it might be become evident the next moment,

when the young Indian, with his hands on the bow of the canoe to draw it ashore, began to smile furiously and exclaimed: "You come all way to see Chucco, eh? I know you. I sell you crane feathers at Lake Worth last winter. Now I sell you more."

This barelegged backwoodsman looked very little like the imposing Seminole who had strutted about the hotels of Lake Worth a few months before selling impossible slippers and useless baskets, but his account of himself was true enough, and even if it had not been, the circumstances were not such as to warrant the strangers in refusing to recognize an alleged acquaintance. "Chucco" is Seminole for square, but whether the man referred to the trader's methods of doing business or to his physical characteristics was not explained.

The strangers were hardly on shore and their canoe drawn up before they were surrounded by a little mob of Seminoles that included all the inhabitants of the camp except two or three old women who sat in front of the cabins and disdained to show their curiosity. They made no move toward them until they saw Chucco talk familiarly with them and help them to land. There were men and women, boys and girls, all dressed precisely like so many white people of the "cracker" variety saying that they wore whatever odds and ends of civilized clothes the fates provided. All the tattered clothes, however, were arranged with due regard to decency, and every woman, even to the youngest child, was covered from head to foot.

Chucco said something to the man in the canoe, and then turning to the visitors explained that he had told them the white men were customers and friends of his. As it to make his words good, four of the men stepped up and offered their hands, with a "How do?" that was indulgent if not effusive. The women and younger people satisfied themselves with staring at the white men and their few chattels, without saying a word; women and children are taught to keep in the background among the Seminoles.

The camp to which the white men were introduced thus unexpectedly is inhabited by forty-two persons, all so nearly allied by blood that they do not intermarry. They are, in fact, a family rather than a tribe, and the boys, when they become old enough, go off to other camps in search of wives, the girls waiting at home for suitors to come from abroad and carry them away. If Chucco's accounts are to be believed, they do not have long to wait, for women are scarce and in great demand, and the young bucks either marry a girl before she is fully grown, to make sure of her, or bring home some wrinkled squaw whose former husband has recently been removed by its symmetry and solidity. But the only Congo thatching in Florida is in a few isolated spots on the keys, and the interesting question whether the Seminoles learned the art from the negroes or it originated with them, is one that cannot be answered on the spot. At all events, they have the true Congo thatch, a framework of heavy sticks lashed together for rafters, with lighter cross-pieces, called "wattles," lashed on, and the whole covered with the long leaves of the scrub palmetto so dexterously knotted and laid that they form a covering as durable as shingles, and much handsomer.

While the visitors are examining this roof from the outside, a young man went past with a wooden pail filled with the heads and scales and other rejected portions of fish and a variety of refuse from the kitchen. "Going to feed the pigs?" one of the white men asked. "No, Chucco replied, 'no pig here. Seminole he keep no pigs, no chickens, no dogs, no animals' tall." "Then what will he do with that stuff?" "Throw away!" Chucco replied, making up a face and shrugging his shoulders. "Bad stuff. Umph! Throw away!" The little space between the cabins and wigwams looked so clean that there was evidently some system about the disposal of refuse, and Chucco's answer to several questions revealed the Indian method of dealing with this question. Some of the tribes, or families, it appeared, are somewhat nomadic, though they never move far from their original quarters. They build flimsy huts and pay no attention to outer cleanliness, but move a little further on when the camp becomes too foul for habitation. Other families, like the Miami and Tallahassee, put up permanent buildings, and never move. To throw the refuse into the water would be the easiest way of disposing of it, but experience has shown that there is not sufficient current to make this safe. There is neither knowledge nor material for a system of drainage, but the Seminole does the next best thing, and buries the refuse at some distance from the camp. For this purpose an imaginary semicircle is drawn about a

possible to keep them out, and many of the most savage specimens are small enough to crawl through the meshes. And it did not modify the misery to see the Seminoles stand as unconcerned as if the Everglades had never known a mosquito.

The only chance left to a white man in such a case is between mosquitoes and smoke. The mosquito's madden him, and the smoke suffocates him, and whichever he is suffering under, he thinks that the other would be a relief. The exchange of a few words with Chucco and his people was as much as the white men could stand, and they immediately began to negotiate for a good lively smudge. This is the last stage of human suffering. When a man is so harassed by insects that he waits eagerly for the building of a smudge, he can go no lower. The smudge is had enough in Northern woods, where it is merely a smoky fire, but in southern Florida it must be a fire smothered with some material that gives a thick, black, rank smoke, or the mosquitoes pay no attention to it. In a few minutes Chucco and the boy had a smudge in operation that was a delight at first, but that soon began to torture the eyes and throat. Having been duly smoked and smothered and baked by fire in a temperature that was in the nineties under the sun, the white men ventured into pure air again to follow their Indian friend and see the curiosities of the camp.

While a man is in motion the mosquitoes can be borne much better than when he is standing still, as they are not so likely to settle upon him. A hasty inspection of the buildings showed that the Seminoles are not skilful mechanics. The two log cabins were modelled after the cabins of some of the white settlers on the mainland, but crudely made, with any interstices between the logs that once was evidently plastered up with mud. There were both without chimneys, all the cooking being done outside under a tree. But the roofs were far superior to any other home-made roofs to be found in Florida, being of thatch, and a thatch that is not to be mistaken by any one who has ever seen the artistic thatching of the Congo negroes. Nearly all Southern negroes can thatch a roof, but it is only the Congoes and their descendants who can make the handsome and durable thatch that is almost equal to tiling.

"Why, that is Congo work!" one of the men exclaimed, when he saw the first roof. "No! Seminole work," Chucco declared, and he pointed out the old man who did it, and the old man told the same story. To a Northerner all thatching must appear much the same, but there is a vast difference between the ordinary thatch and the Congo thatch. The Congo negro is the greatest thatcher in the world, and makes his roof of leaves as solid as a roof of boards. He has introduced his work into the West Indies, where it can instantly be distinguished from all other thatches by its symmetry and solidity. But the only Congo thatching in Florida is in a few isolated spots on the keys, and the interesting question whether the Seminoles learned the art from the negroes or it originated with them, is one that cannot be answered on the spot. At all events, they have the true Congo thatch, a framework of heavy sticks lashed together for rafters, with lighter cross-pieces, called "wattles," lashed on, and the whole covered with the long leaves of the scrub palmetto so dexterously knotted and laid that they form a covering as durable as shingles, and much handsomer.

It can hardly be said that there is any furniture in the cabins or huts. The beds are bags of moss, and there are some homemade chairs and tables, very rough and rickety. Empty soap boxes hold what little finery the women have, and the bed work and baskets that they make for sale. If there is a minor in the camp, it was not visible. Chucco laughingly admitted that there is not a book in the place, as there is not likely to be where nobody can read newspapers. The Seminoles is fond of looking at pictures, and whenever the seller of beads and baskets finds an old illustrated paper he puts it in his pocket and carries it home for the delight of his parents and children. Most of the illustrations are beyond their comprehension, but anything in the way of outdoor sports or military tactics gives them great pleasure. In showing a picture of a dog team in the Arctic regions, one of the old men hugged his head as if it gave him a chill, and shook his head; no, no, none of that for him.

The Miami cultivate both corn and sweet potatoes, if the Indian way of letting them grow can be called cultivation. In the spring, which means late in February or early in March, they plant their corn by going over the big fields with sharpened sticks, making holes two or three feet apart, into which they drop a few grains and scrape a little soil over the seed with their feet. There is no ploughing, no fertilizing, no tilling beyond pulling up the weeds that appear when the rainy season begins. In July the corn ripens, and the boys store the stony crop in boxes, and are pounded between stones and baked in the hot ashes. They are not fond of fruit, and take no pains to grow it, but do not refuse what fate throws in their way. The men spend most of their time at hunting or fishing, and birds and fish are their great staples, particularly fish. They have some antiquated firearms, but bows and arrows are more to their liking, as powder and shot are ex-

pensive. In fishing they use the white man's hooks and lines, and they use matches, too, when necessary though there is generally some fire to be found in the ashes. Some of the men who had been cool enough at the beginning supplied the strangers with more fish for supper than they could eat, but they were jacks, a sort of fresh-water-mackerel, and not very palatable when cooked over the fire of the smudge. By an hour after dark the camp was asleep, except that part of it lying under the branches of the water oak. The smudge through the long, hot, night, alternately sleeping and suffocating, and soon after daylight they began their homeward voyage down the Hillsborough River, without any burning desire to adopt the bold free life of the American Indian.

THE HONEST FARMER. He is Simple and Unsuspecting, but Scoops the Piano Drummer. "Talk all you want to about the bunco steers and other sharpers of the metropolis," remarked a drummer the other evening at a down-town hotel to a Star reporter, "but some of the sharpest of the sharps are to be found in the country. Out among the fields and lambs and sheep and other innocent things, don't you know?" "That's because you don't expect to find such sharpness among the rurals," explained the reporter, who was born and raised in the country, and didn't like to see his fellow-countrymen libeled. "Expecting it or not," insisted the drummer, "the sharps are there just the same, and it is just as sharp. For instance," and the drummer fixed himself for a longer heat, "some years ago, when I was a drummer in pianos, I'll tell you what an experience I had. Our house was one of the big ones, with an advertisement in every newspaper in the country, and the way we sold pianos was a caution to snakes." "Also a tip to alleged business men who don't advertise," interrupted the reporter. "Your 'also' is sustained," said the drummer and proceeded. "As I was saying, we sold pianos right and left, and as might be expected, we picked up a bad customer at frequent intervals. One of these had got a \$300 piano on a small spot cash payment, balance monthly, on the strength of a farm we thought was his, also on his general reputation, which up to this time had been as good as anybody's in the community." "Like Eve's in the garden?" ventured the reporter. "Exactly," smiled the drummer, "if the devil had not tempted that hitherto exemplary female she would have come through in good shape, and just so with our customer. A \$300 piano was more than he could stand, and he went down before it. After his first payment he failed to respond, and we waited as long as was our practice, and then sent word to him to return the piano, as per contract. In due time the piano box, in as good trim as when we sent it, came back, and we put it in stock. A month later it was shipped to another customer, and we heard from it soon to the effect that there wasn't any piano there, but that the box was filled with pieces of wood and iron of about the piano's weight, and wedged solidly into the box. Ordinarily we would not have been so careless, but we were rushing things, and had to neglect details. Now we had to make up for that neglect and went after our bunco friend in the country. He lived two hundred miles away, and at a short distance from the small town to which we had shipped the piano, which was on the railroad. Well, I got there one morning about 11 o'clock, and, tucking the first driver I saw, I asked him if he could take me to Jim Peters' place. He was a nice, honest-looking sort of a chap, and he told me Jim had moved to another place, about twenty miles away, and that I could only get there by driving over five miles to another road and go ahead on that to Jim's station. I paid him a dollar to drive me over, and he told me, as I have never seen Mr. Peters, to ask anybody, and he would be pointed out, as everybody knew him. The station where



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CHILDREN'S SLEEPING GARMENTS.

SIZES—0, 1, 2, 4, 6, 8. LENGTHS IN INCHES—24, 26, 28, 32, 36, 40. PRICES—60c, 65c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1.00. FOR AGES—1 year, 18 mos., 2 years, 3 to 4, 5 to 6, 7 to 8.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

hundred yards away, with the camp in the centre. When a pail is filled with refuse it is carried to this spot and emptied into a little ditch a foot or more deep, and covered with soil. The soil taken up to fill one ditch leaves a hole into which the next pail can be emptied, and so, although this Indian sewer is constantly working ahead, the emptying point is never further away from the camp than it was at the beginning on account of its semi-circular form. An old shovel, is left in the ditch always ready for use, and long before the far end of the sewer is reached the offal in the near end has been absorbed, and that place is ready for use again. On an island where all the drinking water comes from the black river, and is constantly moving, this system answers every purpose, and keeps the camp clean and healthy.

"Where do you get the pails?" the guide was asked. "Make them," he answered. Seminole ingenuity is equal to the making of a water pail, and to describe how the pails are made will be to answer a question that has puzzled the small shop keepers of lower Florida time out of mind. When a Seminole has done his trading he almost invariably concludes the business by begging a barrel, and it makes no difference to him whether it is a flour barrel, a sugar barrel, or one of more substantial construction. He carries it to the water and tows it home behind his canoe, and in due time knocks it to pieces and converts the staves and hoops into water pails, to which he puts handles of rope made by plaiting split palmetto leaves.

The pole huts, of which there are six in the Miami camp, are fairly entitled to be called wigwams, as their construction is exactly similar to that of the western wigwams except in the covering. Six, eight, or ten long poles are sharpened on the thick end and pushed into the ground, far enough apart to make a hut about eight feet in diameter at the base. The tops are drawn together and lashed, and withes are twisted around and across them for cross-pieces to thatch upon. Over this framework a substantial thatch roof is made, and the interior is perfectly watertight. The Western Indian, with his constant moving, uses a blanket for his tent covering, and the Seminole has no use for blankets, and no money to squander on such luxuries. To cover one of these huts with Congo thatch takes about three days of constant labor, but the covering lasts for ten years or more.

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he caught the train was only a crossing, and my driver flagged the accommodation, the conductor nodding familiarly to him as I got aboard. As the train moved off my driver drove briskly away, and when the conductor came around ten minutes later, I asked him if he knew Jim Peters, and he almost toppled over on me in his surprise. "Why—why," he stammered, "that was Jim Peters driving you." Then it occurred to me that the piano card on my satchel had given me away and Mr. Peters had done the rest. We tried to get the piano again," continued the drummer, "but we lost all trace of it, and finally gave it up, and Mr. Peters I presume, went with it.—Washington Star.

While the color line is not entirely obliterated in Venezuela society, it is not so strictly drawn as in the United States, and the fact that a man has negro blood in his veins does not debar him from either social, professional or political honors. General Joaquin Crespo, president of the republic, and his wife are of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, and she is a very intelligent and estimable woman, by the way. And the amalgamation of races is not unusual among the lower classes. It is a common thing to see a white woman with an octoroon, or even a mulatto, for a husband, and even more common to see a white husband with a tinted Venus for a wife. At public balls, at the hotels and other places of resort, in political, commercial and social gatherings, the three races—Spanish, Indian and negro—and the mixed bloods mingle without distinction. It is an ordinary sight to find black and white faces side by side at the dining tables in the hotels and restaurants, and in the schools and colleges the color of a child makes no difference in his standing or treatment. Some of the most accomplished scholars in the country, some of the most eminent lawyers and jurists, are of negro blood, and in the clergy no race distinction is recognized. I have seen a colored theological student—and one can always be detected by the long black frock and shovel hat he wears—walking arm in arm with a white comrade, and in the assignment of priests among the parishes the bishop never thinks of race prejudice. The present bishop is reputed to have both Indian and negro blood in his veins.—W. E. Curtis.

OUT OF THE TOLLS. Physicians Failed Cure—Alls Failed—But the Great South American Kidney Cure, a Specific Remedy for a Specific Trouble, Cured Mrs. A. F. Young of Barnston, P. O., Quickly and Permanently. This is her testimony: "I was taken sick in January, 1893. I employed several of the best local physicians and was treated by the best for kidney disease until the autumn of the same year without receiving much benefit. I then began using your South American Kidney Cure, and derived great benefit almost immediately. I feel now that I am quite cured. I have taken no medicine for some length of time and have not had a return of the slightest symptom of the disease."

Its \$'s and Cts. Money makes the mare go. It's all for money. It takes lots of money to buy new clothing, and it takes but little money to make the old clothing as good as new. Send them to UNGAR to be cleaned and dyed at a small cost.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. 25 to 27 Waterloo Street. We pay extra for one trip.

Sunday Reading.

A GIRL'S HEROISM.

On the banks of the River Rhine, not far from Bonn, stands a quaint Dutch windmill which marks the spot of a girl's courageous deed. The adventure is told as follows:

One Sunday morning the miller and his family set out as usual to attend divine service in the village of Hoesel, leaving the mill, to which the dwelling-place was attached, in charge of his hired maid Hanchen, a brave-hearted girl. The youngest child, being still too small to be taken to church, remained also under her care.

As Hanchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interrupted by a visit from her admirer, Heinrich Bottler. He was an idle, worthless fellow and the miller, who knew his character, had forbidden him to enter the house. Hanchen, however, could not believe all the stories she heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. So she greeted him kindly, got something for him to eat, and even sat down to chat a little with him.

As he was eating he let fall his knife, and requested Hanchen to pick it up for him. At first she playfully refused, telling him he was getting too lazy, but finally she stooped down to pick it up, when the treacherous villain caught her by the neck, drew a dagger from under his coat, and threatened to kill her if she did not immediately tell where the miller kept his money.

The girl was surprised and terrified, and attempted to turn him from such a base deed; but he continued to hold her throat in his vice-like grip, leaving her the choice of death or the betrayal of her master. At this instant all her native courage awoke, and a lofty determination sprang up to defeat the robber and save her master's money and her own life.

At once her manner changed. She affected to yield to his wishes, saying, in a obsequious tone: "Well, what must be, must be. If you carry away the miller's gold you must take me with you, too, for I would be suspected and beaten if I stayed behind."

At length he let go on her suggestion that the family would soon return from church. She then led the way to the miller's bedroom, and showed him the coffer where he kept his money.

"Here," she said, taking an axe from the corner, you can open it with this while I run upstairs a moment."

Completely deceived by her willing manner, he allowed her to leave the room, and began to chop open the box, and to fill his pockets with money. In the meantime Hanchen, after going up one flight of stairs, turned back another way, and creeping silently along the corridor, grasped with both hands the heavy oaken door, swung it with all her might, and quickly locked it. The robber was securely imprisoned, for it was impossible to batter down the thick doors or walls.

Hanchen next rushed down to give the alarm. The only one in sight being the miller's little boy, five years old, she called to him with all her might: "Run to meet your father as he comes from church. A robber is in the house." The child, though frightened somewhat, obeyed, and began running down the road.

Overcome with emotions of grief and thankfulness, Hanchen sank down upon the door step weeping. But at this moment she was aroused by a shrill whistle from her prisoner, Heinrich, who stood behind the grated window above. Next she shouted to some companion without to catch the child running away and kill the girl. She soon saw a ruffian start up from a ravine where he was hiding, and catching up the child in his arms, hasten toward the mill. At once she perceived this new danger, and formed a plan to thwart it.

Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance into the building, and took her post at the upper casement, determined to defend the miller's property at all hazards.

As the ruffian approached the building, carrying the child, he threatened to kill it and burn the building unless the door was immediately opened. Poor Hanchen's heart quailed at the terrible threat, but she knew that duty forbade compromise, and bravely resolved to stand her post until death.

what had happened, and especially the miller would hasten home. Accustomed from childhood to machinery, it was but the work of a moment to set all in motion. A brisk breeze sprang up, which set the sails fast flying. With creaking and groaning the great wheel began to turn, and gradually became swifter.

It happened that just at the moment the wheel started the ruffian intruder had squeezed through the opening and dropped into the interior of the huge drum-wheel. His dismay may be imagined when he felt the wheel turning, and was unable to jump out without breaking his neck. Wildly terrified, he uttered shrieks and imprecations. Hearing a noise, Hanchen ran to the spot and saw him caught like a rat in a trap. She was delighted at this turn of affairs, and had no thought of liberating him, for she knew that if he remained against the bottom of the wheel he was in no danger of falling off, even if he lost consciousness.

He made eager entreaties and wild threats to Hanchen, but all to no avail, and soon became so dizzy that he fell unconscious against the rim of the wheel, and his body continued to be whirled about.

At length a loud tapping was heard at the door, and she flew to open it. There was the miller with his family and a number of neighbors, all in the greatest excitement at seeing the sails in full swing on Sunday; and still more at finding the child lying bound in the grass, too terrified to tell what had happened.

Hanchen in a few words told all that had occurred, and then, overcome by her emotions of safety and relief, sank exhausted upon the floor.

The rescuers immediately stopped the machinery of the mill, and dragged out the unconscious form of the robber villain.

Heinrich also was brought forth from the bed-chamber, and both were taken under strong escort to Bonn, where they soon afterwards received the reward of their crimes.

In the narrative of this extraordinary heroism it is added that the incident effectually disgusted Hanchen with her suitors, and some years afterwards she was wedded to the miller's eldest son, living the remainder of her life at the scene of her heroic act and happy rescue.—'People's Own Paper.'

WHAT LANGUAGE DID HE SPEAK This Much Discussed Question Has a Deep Interest.

This much-discussed question has a deeper interest than that of mere curiosity. It has practical bearings on problems of biblical interpretation, and the verbal inspiration of the scriptures. It is an old question, but one that is constantly new in its interests, as is seen from the repeated discussions it has elicited in recent years.

The latest and possibly the best of these is found in a small volume by Dr. Arnold Meyer, of the university of Bonn, entitled 'Jesu Muttersprache' (Jesus' mother-tongue), which is rich in historical and other data, and from which are condensed the following facts:—

The question as to the language spoken by Jesus did not particularly interest the earliest church fathers. They confined themselves in this regard to the question as to the original language employed by Matthew in the preparation of his gospel, which, Papias declares, was 'Hebrew.' The current opinion was that the Lord had employed the 'Syriac' as his vernacular, which term was used interchangeably with 'Hebrew' and 'Chaldee.' This became the settled tradition of the Church down to the Reformation and later, and when in 1555 Widmannstadt published the first edition of the New Testament in Syriac, this work was greeted with a warm welcome on the ground that now the Church possessed the very words of the Lord as he had spoken them. Only a few skeptical minds, such as Scaliger and Grotius, doubted the correctness of this conclusion, and claimed that the Savior had spoken a mixed dialect then current in Palestine. Among the Jesuits the idea early gained ground that the Lord's vernacular must have been in Latin, as this was the language spoken by the saints in heaven. This view was first promulgated by the Pater Inbholder in 1648.

A century later another Jesuit scholar, Hardouin, assigned as a new reason for this view the fact that the Vulgate, or official Bible of the Roman Catholic Church, was also written in the Latin language. On the other hand, Protestant scholars began to maintain that Jesus Christ spoke Greek, the language of the New Testament. So good an authority as the late Prof. Delitzsch believed that Christ spoke a relatively pure Hebrew, the study of this language having been rigidly taught in the schools of Palestine.

The facts in the case, especially as seen in the words of the New Testament other than Greek, show that the Lord spoke an Aramaic language, and of this language again a Galilean dialect. The Aramaic is a branch of the north Semitic and as such a sister tongue of the Hebrew. Long before the close of the Old Testament canon the Aramaic had supplanted Hebrew in popular use in Israel,

and had become the language of trade and business between the people of Syria and countries farther east. Already a Jeremiah and an Ezekiel show the influence of this tongue, the same is true of the later. Papias, Ecclesiastes, and especially Ezra and Daniel, both of which contain portions written in this dialect. During the Maccabean period the Aramaic had virtually supplanted Hebrew in Israel. It is used in the Talmud, and its general use is reported by Philo, a contemporary of St. Paul, and by the historian Josephus, who calls it the 'language of the fatherland.'

Only in one respect the old Hebrew maintained its hold. It was the language of the sacred writings of Israel and the official tongue of their Scriptures. In the synagogues these books were read in the original Hebrew, but were interpreted to the people through Aramaic paraphrases called Targumim. Testimonies abound and agree that such was the case regularly, so that the common people could no longer understand the sacred tongue of their fathers, and of their Scriptures. The current language of the day was accordingly the Aramaic, and this was the tongue employed by Christ in his discourses with his disciples and with the people. The Hebrew as such was known well only to the learned, and was not understood thoroughly by the common people.

The correctness of this conclusion is attested by the words cited in the New Testament.

Becher's Advice to His Son. From a letter once written to his son by the famous preacher we take the following wise hints, which are good for all young men—and young women, too:

You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing. Make few promises. Religiously observe the smallest promise. A man who observes his promises cannot afford to make many.

Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guess work. Either nothing or accurate truth. When working for others, sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest, make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering. The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing; in this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks, and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste, be patient. Do not speculate or gamble. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year.

Lastly do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Read often the precepts, the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament.—Eppworth Era.

Geniuses. Gentleness is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect and that soul of speech which assures that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp fills many a home with light and warmth and fragrance altogether. It is the carpet soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmy dream. It is consideration. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depths and all its delicacy. It is everything included in that watchless grace, the gentleness of Christ.

Constipation Cured. GENTS,—I was in very poor health for over four years; the doctor said it was constipation. Not wanting to spend too much cash I got three bottles of B. B. B. and took it regularly. I can certify that I am now in the very best of health and feel very grateful to B. B. B. ALFRED TEROUX, Montreal, Que.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1870. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cacao and Chocolates

On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Cigarette Smoking. The crusade against cigarette smoking in the public schools of New York has formally begun by the distribution in all the grammar schools of copies of the constitution and pledges of the Anti-Cigarette League. The object of the league is to suppress the smoking of cigarettes by all the boys in the city. It is intended to carry out this reform through the boys themselves. There is to be a league organized in each grammar school, its members signing a pledge to refrain from smoking cigarettes till they are 21.

The organizations are to be governed by the boys themselves. The constitution provides that any member who violates the agreement shall be dropped from the rolls and shall be required to surrender his button or badge to the counil of ten, before whom he is tried. But any member who has been dropped has a chance to reform, and after six months' probation, during which he must refrain from smoking cigarettes, he may be reinstated, and have his button returned to him.

SLEEP BETTER THAN A VACATION. Complete Bodily Rest and Rejuvenation as Good as Change of Scene. It is suggested that what some people want is sleep holidays. They do not need to go to watering places and summer hotels and to be entertained by a round of gayety, with a band always playing. The apostles of the new method say that many people would be benefited if they just went to bed and slept for lengthened periods, and that they might do well to take holidays in just that way. They affirm that as a rule men and women and children do not get sleep enough, and that the old adage, 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise,' needs changing. There need be no reference to early rising in it. For 'early to rise' it might be 'late to rise.'

The advice of that old saw was concocted, they say, in days when there were no express trains, no telephones, no telegraphs, no hurry. Where is the use of telling people to get up early whose brains are racked by anxiety and worry and who are being buried up by the ever-increasing rate at which things have to be done?

The proper thing to say to them is to get as much sleep as they possibly can on every possible occasion. The suggestion of occasional sleep holidays, when worried people of this kind could temporarily shuffle off their mortal coil, is on this understanding quite intelligible. There would be no difficulty in making arrangements to carry the scheme out. The proprietors of the summer resorts would no doubt be glad to provide accommodation for any number of somnolent guests.

The prevailing question would not be 'What is there for dinner?' but 'Is my bed ready?' There would be memoranda as to the length of time sleep had been indulged in or was desired to continue. 'Mr. A. came on Saturday; he is to be called on Wednesday night.' 'Mrs. B. will sleep for one week, etc.' No doubt if the fad were other in the perfection of their sleeping preparations, and we should be told that absolutely unbroken repose for any desired period could be obtained.

Joking apart, however, there may be something in the contention that a greater amount of sleep is required by people now—especially brain workers—than was formerly the case. Nicola Tesla, the electrician, is credited with saying that he believes a man might live 200 years if he would sleep most of the advanced old age—because they sleep so much. He also alluded to the current report that Mr. Gladstone now sleeps seven or eight hours every day. There is something distinctly pleasant in the idea of an old age of such commanding intellect being kept so vigorous by the simplest of remedies. But the worse of sleep, like those of modern apostles of sleep, is that their instructions are taken advantage of by the lazy and brainless as an excuse for inactivity for which they should have no manner of warrant, either in the development of their brains or the delicate adjustment of their nervous system. When the professional tramps read of Gladstone we shall fine stacks of them asleep by the roadside.—Toronto Mail.

Texas's Big Hog. Texas is not only the biggest state in the Union, but lays claim to the biggest hog ever raised in the United States. The hog weighs 1430 pounds, and is 3 feet 3 inches long. He measures 6 feet around the neck, 8 feet around the body, and stands 4 feet 1 inch high. His feet are as large as those of a common ox, and the leg bone larger than that of the largest steer. He is Poland Chins and red Jersey. He eats corn like an ox; takes the whole ear in his mouth

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

at once, and eats the cob as well as the corn, eating from forty to fifty ears at a time. There seems to be no surplus flesh on him, and physicians who have examined the hog say he can easily be made to reach 2200 pounds. The present owner, T. Hatigen, paid \$1500 for him. He has a fire policy on the animal for \$5000. No other hog, it is said, ever reached such tremendous proportions. We expect to learn soon that he has been burned.—Monticello Press.

AT THE FALL OF THE LEAF. Why do the leaves fall? "Bless me, I don't know," you answer: "I suppose because it is one of nature's arrangements." Precisely; but why did nature so arrange? Why not have summer time all the year, with perpetual foliage? What is the meaning of denuded branches, withered flowers daylight fading in mid-afternoon, and winter's cold and desolation? When you find out why the leaves fall you will have discovered one of nature's deepest secrets—why men die.

Suppose we try an easier problem. Why should Mr. William Steel have written such a sentence as this?—"At the fall of the leaf every year I got into such a state that I took no pleasure in anything."

No doubt there are minds so highly strung as to feel keenly the influence of outward conditions, changes of the weather and of the seasons, and so on. But they are rare, and for practical purposes they ought to be rare. Our friend Mr. Steel, happily for him, was not one of them. All the same he was a miserable man every time the leaves began to rattle to the ground.

Here's the way he puts it: "At the fall of the leaf every year I felt languid, tired and weary, and took no pleasure in anything. My appetite was poor, and after everything I ate I had pain and fulness at the chest and sides. Then there was a horrible pain at the pit of the stomach, which nothing relieved."

Now this sort of thing would spoil a man's pleasure any time of year, but the oddity in Mr. Steel's case is that it always coincided with what you may call nature's bedtime.

"After a few months," he says, "the pain and distress would be easier for a while, but as autumn approached I became as bad as ever. In September, 1890, I had an unusually bad time of it. I couldn't touch a morsel of food, and presently got so weak I was unable to stand on my legs. Every few hours I had to be poulticed, the poultice was so bad. I went to bed and stayed there for a week with a doctor attending me. He relieved me a little, but somehow he didn't succeed in getting to the bottom of my ailment."

That may be, but it doesn't quite follow that the doctor was in the dark as to Mr. Steel's ailment. He might have understood it right enough, yet failed to cure it because he had no remedy for it among his drugs. That happens all the while. Still, the reader may ask, What's the good of knowing the nature of a complaint if we possess no medicine to cure it? There you have us; no use at all, to be sure.

"Well," Mr. Steel goes on to say: "For some time I continued very feeble, and was hardly able to walk. I felt so tired and done up I didn't know where to put myself. This was year after year for six years." "Finally I read about the popular medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and made up my mind to try it. So I began and kept on with it for some time. The result was that the pain left me, and my appetite waked up, and my food tasted good and digested well; and presently I was strong and hearty as ever. That was three years ago, and the trouble has never returned. (Signed) William Steel, Hambleton, near Oakham, Rutlandshire, Dec. 5th, 1893."

Mr. Steel is grocer and postmaster at Hambleton, and his case is well known there. His complaint isn't hard to see through; it was indigestion and dyspepsia. But why did it come on only in the autumn? What had the fall of the leaf to do with it? Let the reader study on that point.

Meanwhile it is a comfort to know that Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure it no matter when it comes on.

WORLD'S OLDEST FAMILY. The Oldest in the British Isles is the Mar, of Scotland. As a result of a recent investigation it has been shown that the foundation of the families of about a dozen of the 400 barons in the British house of lords dates back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family, of Scotland, 1033. The Campbells, of Argyll, began in 1190, Talleyrand dates from 1199, Bismarck from 1270, the Grosvenor family, the dukes of Westminster, 1065; the Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 952, and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 570, are all registered carefully and authoritatively in a book kept in Mecca by the chief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants.

In China there are many old families; also among the Hebrews, 'but,' says an authority, 'when it comes to pedigrees there is one gentleman to whom the world must take off its hat, not as facile princeps or primus inter pares, but as the great and wise Mikado. This is the Mikado of bers of his family for more than 2,500 years. The present Mikado is the 1223 of the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 660 years before Christ. Of the seven great religions enumerated by Max Muller as possessing Bibles the Mikado family is older than five.

Since we all have the consolation of knowing that we are descended from the first family, it makes no difference if some of the early records are lost, except so far as they relate to recent proprietary titles.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"HAD NO FAULTS." But My Wife Persuaded Me to Try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Agonizing Pain Was Gone in 12 Hours, and Gone for Good.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, O. T., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, in the Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured."

The Pop's Garden. At the last, opposite the iron turnstile by which the visitors are counted, there is the closed gate of the garden. It is very hard to get admission to it now, for the pope himself is there almost every day when the weather is fine. In the Italian manner of gardening the grounds are well laid out and produce the effect of being much larger than they really are. They are not perhaps, very remarkable, and Leo XIII must sometimes long for the hills of Carpineto and the freer air of the mountains as he drives round and round in the narrow limits of his small domain or walks a little under the shade of the ilex trees, conversing with his gardener or his architect. Yet those who love Italy love its old-fashioned gardens, the shady walks, the deep box hedges, the stiff statues that mark the fragments of old summer houses, and even the scherzi d'acqua, which are little surprises of fine water jets that unexpectedly send a shower of spray into the face of the unwary. There was always an element of childishness in the practical jesting of the last century.—F. Marion Crawford in Century.

A POPULAR C. P. R. OFFICER. Adds His Testimony to the Merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder For Catarrh and Cold in the Head. He Says It Is Fearless.

Mr. John McEdward, the general purser of the C. P. R. liner 'Athabasca,' says: 'I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for cold in the head. It is very effective, easy to apply, mild and pleasant. For catarrh it has no equal. I have treated nearly every catarrh cure made, and found none to compare with it. I recommend it first, last and always.'

A Short Will. One of the shortest wills on record is that of Martin Hendricks. It is written with an indelible pencil on a physician's prescription blank and reads as follows: 'Sunday, July 5, 1896.—I, Martin Hendricks, will and bequeath to my wife, Mary, all my earthly possessions. Martin Hendricks.'

Monumental Success. 'Mr. Manager, do you think that the attempt to elevate the stage has met with any degree of success?' 'Why certainly. Look at the roof gables on the sky scraper.'

from the stupor that was... She was in her own... and the cool breeze of... of the hop-vines at the... pain when she attempted... were bandages on her... and her neck; but the... and the soothing effect... ngered with her. Some... distance she heard the... of a cowbell, and... rattle of stovetops in the... nd her head from the pil... her husband sitting... her.

What do you want? At the strange tenderness... rough voice... tchen, Abram I—... ain't. Mis' Rhyneason... quick when she found... dy here to wait on her... etter than I did, Sairy... slayed in the kitchen... stay there till she dies—... yes to hide the starting... road their way through... suddenly she turned... he thought that filled her... was so long! Why didn't... Why didn't you come... I never once thought of... to 'bury' lookin'... for you. First of... ar over to Lizzy's... you know, and took a... e first day. Then we... ghtors' and hunted the... but for none of us ever... I don't know why... that night Mis' How... told m—well, what... u know, Sairy, and she... cack.

At once her manner changed. She affected to yield to his wishes, saying, in a obsequious tone: "Well, what must be, must be. If you carry away the miller's gold you must take me with you, too, for I would be suspected and beaten if I stayed behind." At length he let go on her suggestion that the family would soon return from church. She then led the way to the miller's bedroom, and showed him the coffer where he kept his money.

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"I put my trust in God," was the noble reply. The villain now set down the child to look about for a good place to set fire to the building, and in so doing discovered an entrance to the building unthought of by Hanchen. It was a large hole in the wall leading to the great wheel and other machinery of the mill. Eruptant at this discovery, he returned to the hands and feet of the poor child, to prevent its escape, and then stole stealthily back and entered the opening.

Hanchen did not perceive these movements of the ruffian, but meantime a thought had come to her. She remembered it was Sunday, when the mill never worked. So, if the wind-mill was started all the neighbors would see it and come running to see

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HONORING HIS MEMORY.

SOLEMNITY OF BURNS' ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

Reminiscences of the Day "Who a Nation Stood Beside His Coffin With Wet Eyes" Where the Poet and Members of His Family Slept Their Last Sleep.

By favor of Mrs. Frances Margaret Milne, of San Luis, Obispo Co., California, we have a copy of the Edinburgh Scotsman, for July 21st., of the current year, containing an account of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Robert Burns, a matter which it may not yet be without interest to review.

Important meetings were held at Ayr and at Glasgow; but the principal solemnity was at the St. Michael's church-yard in Dumfries. Extensive preparation had been made, and it was determined to show the national devotion by such a splendid expression as had never before been witnessed. The town was adorned with banners and mottoes; and flowers and pyrotechnics were in excess. Visitors poured in from all quarters, till the streets were alive and swarming with expectant people. Lord Rosebery, who was to be the orator of the day, and master of the assembly, had arrived on Saturday morning, and had become the guest of Sir Robert Reid, Q. C., M. P., at Woodbank Hydropathic. His Lordship, accompanied by his host and Mr. Munro Ferguson, M. P., went next day by train to Dalbeattie, and thence passed by carriage through scenes celebrated by the genius of Scott, in his novels 'Redgauntlet,' and 'Guy Mannering,' viewing the scenery along the shores of the Solway Firth. A disappointment was experienced in the failure of the Hon. Arthur J. Ballour, who was expected to arrive. He wrote as follows from his home, 10 Downing St. Whitehall, S. W. London: 'My dear Provost,—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I regret my chance of being with you next Tuesday at Dumfries rapidly diminishing. . . . I had so looked forward to being present at the demonstration in honor of our national poet, and I am so deeply touched by the kind and pressing invitation which you and your colleagues were good enough to convey, that my enforced absence from Dumfries causes me bitter disappointment. Nothing, I can assure you, but absolute necessity would have kept me from Scotland at such a moment.'

As a prelude to the mingled festivity and solemnity of the day we will give an account of the burial of Robert Burns, as given in 'The Scotsman,' and of the re-inhumation of the remains, upon the completion of the mausoleum, some twenty years after:

The Burial of Burns.

'Among the sepulchres, Dumfries, the Poet's tomb is there.' It is fitting that the town in which Burns ended his brief life, and which contains his ashes, should take the leading part in celebrating the centenary of his death. There is also a peculiar appropriateness in the selection of Lord Rosebery as the central figure in today's demonstration, for his Lordship has not only an intimate association with the ancient burgh of Dumfries, but has at more than one public function rung the praises of the poet and extolled his works. It was at Dumfries, also, when a banquet was given to Sir Robert Jardine, after he had successfully contested the county in the Liberal interest in 1874, that Lord Rosebery made his maiden political speech; and fourteen years ago he unveiled the Burns statue there, and was on the occasion presented with the freedom of the burgh. The carrying out of today's ceremonial could not, therefore, have been entrusted to better hands than those of the ex-premier. As it may not be generally known that Burns was twice buried, some account of the public funeral which followed his death, and of the private interment which took place about twenty years afterwards, will be of interest at this time. St. Michael's Churchyard is of great antiquity, dating back, the local historian tells us, at least to the time of Malcolm Canmore, and there are many objects among its three thousand or more tombstones to arrest the attention of visitors. But although historically of much interest, its great attraction to pilgrims from all lands lies in its possessing the dust of Robert Burns, over which a proud mausoleum was raised by the nation as a tardy tribute to his genius. The churchyard has thus acquired a special sacredness, and the thousands who surround the Poet's grave today may realize in some degree the solemnity of the scene a hundred years ago, when "a nation stood beside his coffin with wet eyes."

Burns died on 21st July, 1796, and four days later a sorrowing nation followed in spirit his remains to the grave. He was buried with military honors, and amid every manifestation of grief in what became known as 'The Poet's Corner' of the churchyard. Dumfries wore that day a mournful aspect, and the spectacle presented by the funeral ceremony was alike solemn, grand, and affecting. The ordinary population, says the late author of 'Memorials of St. Michael's Churchyard,' was swelled by sympathetic crowds; military from the Cinque Ports, cavalry, and the Anguishshire Fencibles, then stationed in the town; lined the long, diversified thoroughfare leading from the Town Hall, where the body lay in state, to the place of burial, through the files of the soldiers the coffin was borne on

the shoulders of six of the Dumfries Volunteers who changed at intervals, so that as many as possible might share the honour of carrying their dead comrade to the tomb; the band of the Cinque Ports preceded with appropriate music; the whole procession being headed by another body of Volunteers forming the firing party, and a vast concourse of the public following in the rear. Comparatively few could see the simple obsequies as the body was lowered to its lonely resting-place, but all heard the tolling of the muffled bells and the notes of the Dead March, which gave voice to the general emotion of sorrow, and the salute of musketry fired over the newly-occupied grave. Professor Wilson writes of the occasion:—"Great was the grief of the people for their poet's death. They felt that they had lost their greatest man; and it is no exaggeration to say that Scotland was saddened on the day of his funeral. It is seldom that tears are shed, even close to the grave, beyond the inner circle that narrows around it; but that day there were tears in the eyes of many far off at their work, and that night there was silence in thousands of cottages that had so often heard his songs." Near the hallowed spot there repose the remains of several contemporaries, who, while Burns was yet alive, paid homage to his genius, among them being William Hyslop of Lochend, his wife, a daughter of "Maxwell's veteran chief," James Gracie, banker, a kind friend to the bard when he most needed help; John Lewars, father of the Poet's brotherly colleague in the Excise, and of Jessie Lewars, who was a ministering angel to Burns when on his deathbed; Provost Robert Jackson, whose house often received "the inspired gauger" as a welcome guest; and John Busby, once a favorite crone of Burns, though they ultimately quarrelled, and of whom the Poet when in a splanetic mood wrote the well-known epitaph:—

"Here lies John Busby, honest man; Chat him, Devil, if you can."

Hardly had the grave closed over Burns' remains before it occurred to many who had shown him little favour when living that a stigma would attach to Dumfries were a suitable monument not erected to his memory. Years elapsed, however, before any movement was made in that direction, and it was not until the close of 1813 that any practical step was taken, but soon afterwards funds for the object flowed in from all quarters. The committee selected a design by Mr. T. F. Hunt, London, who considered it recompensed enough to have his name associated in that way with the national bard. The edifice is in the form of a Grecian temple and there are few monuments to departed greatness throughout the world whose shape is so familiar to the public eye. Within the building is a piece of mural sculpture by Signor Turnelli, embodying the idea expressed by Burns in the dedication of his first volume of poems, in which he says:—"The Poetic Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Isaiah, at the plough, and threw his inspiring mantle over me." The foundation stone of the building was laid with masonic honours on 5th June, 1815, and was completed in September of the same year at a cost of about £1500. At midnight on the 19th September the disinterment took place, the solemn duty of conveying the dust of Burns to the new home provided for it by the nation being entrusted to four gentlemen—Mr. William Grierson, the secretary to the committee; Mr. James Thompson, superintendent of the monument; Mr. Milligan, builder; and Mr. James Bogie, gardener, Terraghatie. A secret mode of procedure was adopted, and the work of reinterment had been completed before the public were aware of what was taking place. It had been a matter of delicacy and difficulty to obtain the consent of Mrs. Burns, and her mind was so much disturbed on the occasion that she retired to the country for a time. On opening the grave the remains of Burns two young sons—Maxwell, aged two years and nine months, and Francis Wallace, aged fourteen years—were first removed. The coffins of the boys were nearly entire, and after being placed in shell, they were reverently conveyed to the Mausoleum vault. It had been hoped that the Poet's coffin might also be transferred without disturbing its sacred contents, but it was so much decayed that it yielded to the slightest pressure. On the lid being removed a strange and awe-inspiring sight was presented. The remains seemed to wonderfully perfect that they suggested the idea of one who had newly sunk into the sleep of death—the lordly forehead, arched and high, the scalp still covered with hair, and the teeth perfectly regular and white. The scene, we are told by Mr. John M'Diarmid, in his 'Picture of Dumfries,' was so imposing that most of the workmen stood bare and uncovered, and at the same time felt their frames thrilling with some indefinable emotion as they gazed on the ashes of him whose fame is as wide as the world itself. But the effect was memmorary, for when they proceeded to insert a shell below the coffin the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust. The whole of the remains having been carefully collected, they were placed in a new coffin and buried in the vault close to the coffins of the two boys.

On 21st March, 1884, the night preceding the burial of "Bonnie Jean," the remains of the Poet were viewed by a party of gentlemen who visited the vault in order to obtain a cast of the skull for phrenological purposes. The cranium was found in a high state of preservation, and bones of the face and palate being also sound; "and some small portions of black hair, with a very few grey hairs intermixed, were observed while detaching some extraneous matter from the occiput." The skull was carried to the house of a plasterer, where a cast was obtained. This was transmitted to the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh, and in a report on the cerebral development of the Poet Mr. George Combe says:—"The cranium was 2 1/4 inches in circumference; from ear to ear vertically over the top of the head, 14 inches; length, 8 inches; greatest breadth, nearly 6 inches. These measurements," says Mr. Combe, "exceed the average of Scotch living heads, including the integuments, for which four-eighths of an inch may be allowed." After being a few hours out of the vault, the skull was replaced, but it was again seen and handled by other visitors to the vault, when Burns' eldest son was buried in 1857. Little change upon it was visible, and before it was redisplayed the enclosing casket of lead was filled with pitch to secure the preservation of the relic for ages to come. Mrs. Burns survived her husband thirty-eight years, her period of widowhood corresponding to her husband's entire life. She was buried on 1st April 1884, her funeral being witnessed by an immense concourse of spectators. Of her nine children two sons and all her four daughters died in infancy. The remaining three sons attained a ripe age, and all were honored with a resting-place beside their parents. Robert, the eldest, died on 14th May 1857, aged 70 years; Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns died on 18th November 1865, aged 71 years; and Lieutenant-Colonel William Nicol Burns died on 21st February 1872, aged 81 years. Since the burial of the last mentioned, the vault has not been opened. Soon after the reinterment of the Poet, the original tombstone placed over his remains by his sorrowing widow, out of her own slender means was laid on his grave; but it now occupies a place in front of the sculpture, where it can be readily seen without the risk of being trodden upon. It bears the simple inscription:—"In memory of Robert Burns, who died the 21st July 1796, in the 39th year of his age"—to which were added in due course the names of his two boys, of his widow, and of his eldest son. No further epitaph is needed by the man—

"Whose own proud songs, through distant ages Shall fall at once his dirge and monument."

The account here given, at what may well be called 'A Poet's Apotheosis,' is taken from the Newcastle Chronicle, and is evidently the production of the lively and graphic pen of a favorite correspondent:

After One Hundred Years.

The clashing of bells from the Mid-Steepie at six o'clock in the morning, and the skirling of pipes about the streets at seven, aroused the inhabitants of the ancient burgh of Dumfries to an early sense of the fact that the day of all her days had at last arrived. The stranger within her gates essayed to go asleep again, but the pipes and the bells of the mid-steepie were not to be denied. On rallying forth, the sky seemed to be ominous enough, but the weatherwise comforted themselves with the conviction that dull morings in mid summer are the natural prelude to fine weather later in the day. The general mood was optimistic as to things in general and the weather in particular. At an early hour the streets began to get lively. Knots of sedate citizens, as well as troops ofurchins, began to march with the bands as they turned out. In some quarters of the town the blare of the brass came upon the ear with the droning and shrieking of the pipes,—a barbaric but inspiring discord. The railway station was a sight in itself. For three or four hours in the forenoon trains of enormous length kept dashing in every moment on both sides of the double track, vomiting forth their passengers in a literally continuous stream. From fifteen hundred persons had arrived in Dumfries by ten o'clock in the morning. By that hour all the principal streets of the town were congested by crowds gathering upon the route of the procession with which the proceedings of the day were to be opened. There was no lack of consciousness of the importance of the occasion. As one stood about the pavement, the one was accosted by Scots forgetful of the reticence of their race and exclaiming with all its perivium ingenium: "Man, it's a great day this!" The general feeling could not be more exactly or more briefly expressed. All Dumfries felt it to be the greatest day in their annals. Centenary celebrations of all kinds have an undercurrent of solemnity in them. They remind one of Gibbon's pages upon the secular games of the Emperor Philip. No man might any man, in the ordinary life of mortals, hope to look upon the like again. The thought that no one living might hope to take part in another centenary commemoration in Dumfries has been responsible to-day for many a "guid-willie waught" over the ordinary limit even of the most

sober potatoes. The house, by the way, that Burns used to carouse in is the Globe Inn, where the chair he used to sit in is still preserved. To be prevented from drinking the glorious and immortal memory of Burns in the poet's own bowf must have been a severe trial to temperance principles to-day.

In spite of the dulness of the weather the whole town was a blaze of color. Profuse as the decorations appeared yesterday, more had been done overnight, and this morning the Queen of the South emerged in a guise so gorgeous, that Solomon in all his glory could not have been as one of her. Dumfries, preprocessing at the first glance, improves upon further acquaintance. The red sandstone quarries, which are only three miles away, supply a material that contrasts most warmly and richly with the foliage that frequently refreshes the eye. The red stone weathers badly, and this accounts for so many of the older houses being painted in drab—a practice which one is apt to denounce as a vandalism before one knows the cause of it. The town hall has been painted so, but today the flowers that enwreath the pillars of the civic portico contrasted more gayly with the light tint than they would have done with the deeper hue of the unvarnished material. The red-sandstone, however, lends an aspect of extreme staleness and stability to the modern edifices, and (any town in England might be proud of such public buildings as the court-house and the post office. There are several fine churches. The mid-Steepie whose ringing chimeloves to greet the early morn on such occasions as this, is a weather-beaten tower raising in the middle of High street. Everyone calls the attention of the visitor to the extraneous fact that the mid-Steepie belongs to the municipality of Glasgow, and not to the burgh of Dumfries, of which it is, the most striking feature. A more extraordinary fact is still that nobody seems to be able to tell the visitor why Glasgow should possess such a property as the Mid Steepie of Dumfries. Every public building was covered with banners and trophies, strings of flags, and festoons of green leaves. The most dingy by-roads had these glints of color. The favorite mottoes were drawn from "A Man's a Man for a' that." Every line of the great song must have been quoted at large and on high in one or another part of the town. In the same way the favorite symbol was "a plough." Over many doors models of that implement were displayed, and never failed to evoke the emphatic encomiums of the crowd. The vast scheme of decoration was carried out at the expense of the town, and Dumfries is to be congratulated upon the general good taste which contributed so largely to the whole magnificent effect.

For a town of the size of Dumfries, the centenary procession was enormous in size. It was still more remarkable in character. In striking variety and ingenuity of composition it would be difficult to surpass it, and in the brilliancy of the general impression I do not think it could be surpassed anywhere. It took an hour to pass a given point. No fewer than twenty different bands of music were striking up at one time on different parts of the route, so that the air was shrill with music from end to end of the town. The Burns clubs came first, a far-stretching column, wearing sashes and badges, carrying great painted banners, and bearing wreaths to deposit at the Mausoleum. The American delegation, carrying the stars and stripes, was particularly noticeable. Then came the trades and societies of Dumfries, and they were beyond dispute the sight of the day. The gallant little burgh itself was here the principal performer with the neighboring towns; visitors played the part of admiring observers. It would take all my space merely to recapitulate the pinorama. A whole regiment of Tam o'Shanter, mounted with bonnet and plaid complete, attracted much attention and applause. There was something distinctly national in their costume and bearing. The fishermen masts dexterously to pass under the lines of flying bunting, and the crowd on the pavement and in the windows found the operation fascinating. The butchers in their blue aprons marched along with a sleek and placid ox gazing mildly upon the burly-burly and munching in his moving stall. A dour guid man stood at the tail of his plough in an attitude of much energy the turf beneath his feet and the scenic background of his wagon would have completed the illusion, had not the linen at his wrist been as white as a lady's. The men from the Lochaber quarries came along plying their picks with fell intent upon a mighty block of stone; and behind them came a smith with anvil and hammer behind him, and a furnace in front that he kept blowing into a dancing blaze. The weaver lads and lassies, in scarves or white aprons, had a number of complicated machines in their section. There was a model dairy, and one ambitious and striking venture took the pleasing shape of a small meadow with some pretty little children in Highland costume in it, illustrating the lines from "Auld Lang Syne": "We twa ha' run about the braes and pu'd the Gowans fine."

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This procession would be worth particularizing at length, were space unobtainable. As it is, one ought not to forget the large corps of bicyclists, each with a circular wreath of flowers woven prettily into the wheels of his machines. The seaulls swooped and screamed over the Nith; the air was loud with bells. The Poet Campbell said well that the lines of Burns are mottoes of the heart. As one walked by them and beneath them, one could not pass them as one passes the jejune platitudes and bald conventional phrases that are emblazoned about on most public occasions. One felt the force of all these ringing lines writ large to the public eye. If there was something peculiarly splendid and inspiring in this procession, it was not because of the mere size and gayety of it, but because of ideas—eternal ideas—were vivid and vivifying in the general air.

The laying of voice wreaths from all parts of the world before the Mausoleum of Burns was a less public, but a more impressive, function. St. Michael's church and its graveyard rise high above the street, so that, as one stands at the tomb of the poet, it is impossible to see what is passing in the surrounding thoroughfares. This thickly-peopled city of the dead is a most remarkable God's-acre, with a heavy and gloomy physiognomy of its own. It is oppressively full of monuments of an extraordinary size and solidity. The Mausoleum of Burns is designed temple-wise, a white structure with dome, portico on one side, and two pillars at each angle. Standing at the highest point of the graveyard, it dominates the scene as much by size, design, and color as by position. The Mausoleum stands within a walled enclosure. Some time after eleven o'clock, Lord Rosebery, accompanied by Sir Robert Reid and by Mrs. Burns Thomas, with other more distant relations of the poet, passed up the long pathway from the street between red-coated files of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. Before the deputations began to arrive with the wreaths, the ex-premier gave his arm to the granddaughter of Burns, an interesting figure in black, and led Mrs. Burns Thomas into the Mausoleum, where so many members of a family ennobled by relationship with genius have been gathered to mortality during this century. The deputations began to arrive before noon, and for an hour Lord Rosebery was engaged in laying their beautiful offerings at the shrine. He stood at the gate of the enclosure bareheaded. It was universally remarked that he has become quite gray at the temples. The provost of Dumfries, in heavy robes of State, purple and ermine, stood beside him. The wreaths came from all parts of great Britain; from all parts of the English-speaking world indeed; from across the Atlantic and from the Antipodes. That presented by the Hexham Burns club was particularly admired. The floral tributes, many of them, were in the form of lyres and crowns, costly and lovely. At last a strange thing happened. The wreaths covered a whole space in front of the Mausoleum, and from the mass of flowers an exquisite fragrance began to exhale and to diffuse itself in the air, so that many yards from the Mausoleum the delicate sweet balm made itself perceptible. Of all the events of the day, this undesigned effect was most pleasing to the sense and to the imagination. The memory of Burns seemed an embodied fragrance about his tomb, and reminded one of the lines in Shirley's great lyric:

Only the actions of the just Scent sweet and blossom in their dust. From the company of the intrinsically and eternally just, from the category of good in the sum of actions, who shall exclude Burns the noblest motive-power to manhood that a whole nation has ever known? Lord Rosebery is seen at his best on occasions like this. Even those of his political opponents who might remain sceptical as to the calibre of his abilities could not refrain after to-day's proceedings, from conceiving a better opinion of his heart. He did his part with perfect dignity and grace, and with all that air of reserved bonhomie of which he has the secret, that his intimates become very closely attached to his personally it is easy to believe. He bore himself to-day like the accomplished courtesier and the man of culture combined. He took each wreath at the gate of the enclosure himself, and bore it to the steps of the Mausoleum or to such other spot as it might appropriately be laid at. If a person were to be chosen by election to

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The force required to overcome the friction of a bicycle on a level road may be estimated from data obtained from other sources. To move a car on a railroad track when the rails are made of steel requires a force of about three-tenths of one per cent of the weight. In this case the principal portion of the force is absorbed by the friction of the axles. In a bicycle the axle friction is very small, but the rolling friction is considerably greater than that of a rail road car, owing to the difference in the smoothness of the road. As one indication of what this difference may be, we have the fact that the force required to move a wagon varies from 2 1/2 per cent. on a hard road to 2 per cent. on cobblestones and 3 per cent. on soft ground. The friction of the wagon axles will absorb about one-half of one per cent. thus leaving about 1 per cent. to overcome the rolling friction on a hard road, with more yielding iron ties. On a clear asphaltum road this would be reduced about 25 per cent. The increased speed of pneumatic tires over the solid cushion proves that they act to reduce the rolling friction, therefore it is very probable that the actual force required to propel a bicycle over a smooth asphaltum road will not be over one-half of one per cent of the load. This is only a trifle more than is required on a railroad track, and be remembered that the difference in axle friction is very great and the saving in this direction in a bicycle may be enough to offset the extra rolling friction.

Assuming the bicycle resistance on a level asphaltum road to be one-half of 1 per cent, the force required to keep the wheel in motion on such a road would be half a pound for each hundredweight, and the average weight of rider and wheel would be well within 200 pounds. On soft sandy roads this force might run up to three or four pounds. As to the question of power an average man is able to do one-sixth as much work as a horse. So, if the wheel is propelled at a speed of ten miles an hour on a soft country road it will be necessary for the rider to exert about two-thirds of the average man power. This velocity would, if kept up for any length of time, prove very tiresome for those who are not possessed of more than ordinary strength and endurance. The same speed on a hard road would only call for an exertion of from one-sixth to one-quarter of a man power, according to the condition of the surface.—New York Times.

Drunkards in Turkey.

This reminds us that the Turks, who are mentioned occasionally in the newspapers, have a singular manner of regulating drunkenness. If a Turk, overtaken with wine, falls down in the street and is arrested by the guard, he is sentenced to the bastinado; this punishment is repeated as far as the third offense, after which he is regarded as incorrigible and called "imperial drunkard," or "privileged drunkard." If he is then arrested, he has only to name himself, mention his lodging, say he is a "privileged drunkard," and be released and sent to sleep upon the hot ashes of the baths. Thus does Ponceville instruct us. But suppose that the privileged drunkard is suffering from a still or a numb and cannot give his name, address or station? What then? Oh, what avail his honorary title?—Boston Journal.

Why Not?

The professor is very punctilious about the use of language. His youngest daughter has learned to ride a bike, and the fact is very evident in her conversation. Now and then he moved uneasily in his chair, but he made no comment. After a time he said:—

"Lavinia, would you mind closing that door? I am getting as cold as an ick."

"She rose to obey, and then turned with a puzzled air and inquired:—

"As cold as what, father?"

"As cold as an ick."

"I don't understand you."

"That is very strange. It seems to accord with your theory of verbal expression. If a bicycle can consistently be called a bick, I see no possible objection to my adding to an icicle as an ick."

She Had Her Choice.

"And so she married a man named Smith. That shows she was pretty hard up."

"On the contrary, she says she had her choice of names."

"Had her choice of names and chose Smith?"

"That's what she said."

"Oh, well, I suppose she means her choice of his and hers, and she naturally chose his.—Chicago Post.

Precious Metals in British Columbia Official returns from British Columbia to the Dominion government show that in 1894 the aggregate value of precious metals mined in the province was \$1,000,000; last year the value was \$5,038,875, and this year the output will be greater, judging on the three months ended July 15, when the estimated value of gold smelted and shipped was \$1,750,000.

If too rapid eating causes dyspepsia, and it in turn produces nervous exhaustion, debility, weakness, anemia, etc., the first step in effecting a cure is to eat slowly. The second and most important is to take a course of Hawker's syrup and stomach tonic, which aids the process of digestion, invigorates the stomach, renews the vitality of the blood, relieves brain fatigue, and makes weak nerves strong.

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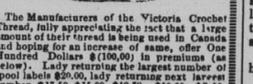
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REVOLUTIONARY HERO.

How Two Pieces of Hot Ham Won an Officer's Promotions.

A Polish officer, now dead, who came to the United States soon after the Russians suppressed the Polish insurrection under Gen. Chlopicki, in 1831, used to tell with much zest the story of his promotion from the ranks. He was a private of cavalry when Chlopicki's retreat began. The troops had made a weary night march, and were in a bivouac for breakfast when scouts brought word that they were almost surrounded by a Russian force. Instantly the Poles hurried to their saddles, mounted, and sought a way of escape.

The young cavalryman had been boiling some pieces of ham for himself in a camp kettle. Anxious to "save his bacon" he dumped the half-boiled meat into his saddle bag and joined his companions. Two minutes later his horse became restive, at a most inopportune moment, for on surmounting a ridge the Poles had found themselves confronted by a Russian force of infantry.

There was but one thing to be done. The Russian line must be broken through at once. It was being rapidly reinforced. If the Poles should fail to cut their way out at the first charge they must be all captured.

On they rushed at the order to charge, and now our young trooper's horse had become fairly frantic and quite uncontrollable. He sprang away far in advance of the charging line. The rider, determining to make the best fight he could, swung his sabre, took a stronger grip with his knees, and gazed hard at the face of the Russian he expected to be launched against.

Just then a volley hurled into the charging line, but the foremost horse and rider escaped unharmful. A few moments and they were upon the enemy. Usually a horse refuses to leap at bayonets, but this one jumped furiously at the kneeling front rank and such was the momentum and fury of the beast that the Russian just in his front lost nerve, broke, and gave him entrance.

Though the gap thus made other Poles sprang a moment later. Striking right and left, they widened the breach, and in 10 seconds the Russian infantry was demoralized. The Poles escaped with slight loss, and it was not long before the young leader quitted his steed, dismounted and found a chance to examine his half-cooled ham.

A few hours later the Polish general of cavalry rode up to the captain of the troop that had so distinguished itself, complimented him, and said, by the way, captain, who was that splendid young officer that led you all in?"

"He wasn't an officer; that was only one of my boys."

"Not an officer! But bullets strike me if I don't make him one! Call him out here at once!"

The general shook hands with the youth, promoted him to a lieutenant and then there, and gave him a place on his staff.

Some days later, when the captain called at headquarters, he sought out the new lieutenant, whom he found dolefully contemplating his unsaddled horse, which had a huge, raw sore on each side.

"What on earth is the matter with your horse?" asked the captain.

"Oh, nothing much!"

"But what made those terrible sores?"

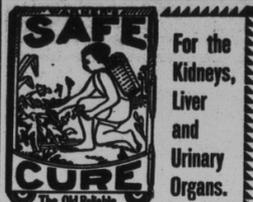
"The same thing that made me a lieutenant," said the hero. "A big chunk of hot ham in each saddle bag; but for the love of the saints, don't tell the general or the boys!"

The Bicycle and the Street car. Although there have been many guesses as to the extent to which the bicycle has interfered with the profits of different industries, a great deal of the information on that head is unreliable. The influence of the bicycle on the street car, however, has been so direct that it was quite feasible to attempt to compile figures to demonstrate it. This has been done. A street railway paper has addressed a circular letter of inquiry to a number of street railroads, and is publishing the answers in a condensed form. As might be expected, the tenor of the replies varies according to the conditions reigning in the various cities. Denver, with its fine roads and its 15,000 bicycles, is very seriously affected and on some of its lines a modification of the schedule has been necessary from the competition of the bicycle. Level Chicago loses 12,000 fares a day from the same cause. Hilly San Francisco finds no difference, but rather an advantage from the fact that the only place suitable for bicycling is Golden Gate Park, outside the city. As most of the cyclists keep their machines somewhere near it, they use the cars to get to the bicycles, to the advantage of the street railway companies. Some of the cities are so badly paved that cycling has no attraction for the inhabitants, who take their riding exercise in the country. Philadelphia, on the contrary, has recently laid down asphalt to a large extent, and the consequent diminution of street railway receipts from cycle competition is estimated at over \$2,000 a day, or over \$700,000 a year.

I WAS CURED of lame back, after suffering 15 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Two Rivers, N. B. ROBERT ROSS.

I WAS CURED of Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Antigonish. JOHN A. FORBES.

I WAS CURED of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Delabouche. MRS. RACHEL BATHURST.



For the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs. THERE is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause, whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by impure blood. To restore this, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where

Safe Cure has achieved its great reputation. It ACTS DIRECTLY UPON THE KIDNEYS AND LIVER and by placing them in a healthy condition, drives impurities and poisons from the system.

Its reputation—"Twenty years of success," in four continents. Warner's Safe Cure Co., London, Rochester, Frankfurt, Melbourne, Toronto.

"SANITAS" NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT. Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain Linen. FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c.

HOW TO DISINFECT. A valuable Copy of this Book gives simple directions in case of the following Diseases, as also in every-day life, will be sent Free on application. THE SANITAS CO., LIMITED, ENGLAND.

A pushing Agent wanted in each Canadian City.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. NEURALS FAILS Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

HOTELS. HOTEL Aberdeen 106 to 110 Prince Wm. Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

PASSENGER ELEVATOR. STREET CARS TO ALL POINTS. This first-class Hotel takes a few more Permanent Boarders for the winter. Cheaper for you than the luxuries in Rooms filling up. You'll find the comforts of the Aberdeen, and we are sorry if you don't come soon. No reasonable offer refused. Plenty of room reserved for transient guests, and WINTER RATES for them, too. E. M. TREE, Manager.

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

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. T. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

PROFESSIONAL Dr. H. B. NASE DENTIST, 86 King Street, St. John, N. B.

A. G. BLAIR, G. G. RUELL, A. G. BLAIR, JR. Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

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

UNKNOWN THE GAME.

It Was His Own, and He Took all the Tricks in Boshare.

As the train sped along over the Texas prairie a drummer for a St. Louis house came back into the parlor car and asked a o to come forward into the smoker and take a hand in a game of euch-e, says and exchange. I found two other chaps belonging to the "profess" and we had the car to ourselves. After a few minutes, however, a young man got on at a small station. He was a native, but he didn't seem to be over bright and not at all dangerous. He watched the cards with much interest for two or three games and one of the men finally observed:—

"Stranger do you play this game?"

"No, I don't," he drawled. "What do you call it?"

"This is called four handed euchre." "Y-c-s."

"Lots of fun in it and you ought to learn to play. It's good to take hay steed out of the hair."

The young man removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair as if expecting to comb out a lot of hayseed, and it was three or four minutes before he said:—

"So that's four handed euchre, eh?"

"Yes: nice game isn't it?"

"Pears like it, but I've one to beat it."

"Have you? What do you call it?"

"I call it a one-hand hold up and here's looking at you."

He was not only looking at us, but his two guns were doing the same thing, and the man looked bright enough and carried a smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Yes your game beats this," said the drummer after a look. "Boys he wants our booze."

We put down four watches and four wads of greenbacks, and the young man reached for them, with the remark:—

"I generally take all the tricks in this game. I get off here and if you want to raise a row go ahead."

We didn't. We sat right there until the train started up and left him behind, and when the conductor came in and saw the cards on the floor and four men looking tired, he exclaimed:—

"Well, well! But you fellows seem to need something to brace up on."

The Roads of France. Mary H. Catherwood gives a good account of French highways in the Atlantic Monthly: "Toll free, streets macadamized and almost dustless, so graded and smoothed that one horse can draw a mountainous van along their surface, and maintained to the remotest edges of the province. Across the Beaune, that vast green prairie, the perfect road ribbons stretch at intervals. Everywhere a constant patrol is kept over the public work. You can trace a distant road by its double line of poplars standing like sign plumes. Thought is taken for the irrigation of the trees also, in a land where the country surface is almost unknown. A small channel paved with stones, conducts the downflow to a depressed basin left around the roots of each tree.

"By graded I do not mean monotonously leveled roads. They wind up hill and down valley, but the bed is generally lifted some feet above the country surface. Red soil clay whitens of the north or south is cloven by an omnipresent causeway of powdered flint. At intervals of a few kilometers along the way small stone toll-houses are set. And oblong piles of beaten stone, familiar to an American eye, are supplemented by a stranger sight, another proof of the thrift of France—cords of black blocks, pressed from coal waste, stand ready to feed the steam roller."

WISE WOMEN SPEAK. They Use Only the Diamond Dyes.

Mrs. Thos. Miller, St. Helen's, Ont., says: "I have used your Diamond Dyes for many years and am delighted with them."

Mrs. Ryan, Head Lake, Ont., says: "Entirely pleased with Diamond Dyes; they give complete satisfaction. I would not use any other after my experience with the 'Diamond'."

Mrs. A. R. Stevens, Meadow, N. B., says: "Diamond Dyes give lovely colors; they are easy to use and very reliable; I highly recommend them."

Mrs. Charles Gagne, St. Chrysostome, P. Q., says: "Your Diamond Dyes are splendid and should be kept in every home."

Mrs. R. J. Hannah, Poplar Point, Man., says: "Diamond Dyes are a perfect success and no trouble."

Mrs. F. A. Davis, Knowlton, P. Q., says: "I use Diamond Dyes with great success. I can re-color old dresses and make them look as good as new ones."

Making a Record. "Officer, I want you to lock me up for shooting game."

"Well, where's the game?"

"Oh, I haven't hit anything; only I want my friends to think I have; and if you'll have my conviction inserted in the Evening Snoozer I'll give you a fiver."—Boston Globe.

One Every Night. One Laxa-Liver Pill taken each night during 30 days will cure Constipation, returning Headaches and irregular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills leave no unpleasant after-effect.

Explained at Last. The ostrich when pursued in the desert runs his head in the sand and thinks he is hidden. This is because there is more sand in the desert than there is in the ostrich.—Boston Transcript.

A Jubilee Stamp. Montenegro has issued a jubilee postage stamp in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the Neigooh dynasty.



A Thread .. That Wont Snarl..

What woman has not sighed for it—and felt happy—if by chance she got

CLAPPERTON'S

There is no chance of its snarling, breaking, or being uneven—it is made by improved machinery which prevents any possibility of this.

SEE THE TRADE MARK ON THE SPOOL. Architectural DRAWING. TO WORKINGMEN PROFESSIONAL MEN YOUNG MEN. TAUGHT BY MAIL. Circular and Reference sent on request.

MENTAL FATIGUE relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

STEAMBOATS. 1896 1896

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route Between New Scotia and the United States. The quickest time, 13 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June the 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 10 o'clock, making direct connection at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. CITY OF ST. JOHN, Will leave Yarmouth every Friday morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning, leave Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every Monday Evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on Wednesday evening.

Steamer "ALPHA" Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday Afternoon. Returning, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, at 10 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from President and Managing Director. W. A. CHASE, J. P. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston Yarmouth N. S. June, 28th 1896.

INTERNATIONAL I...S. S. Co. TWO TRIPPS A WEEK TO BOSTON.

COMMENCING Sept. 21st the steamers of this company will leave St. John every day (Sunday excepted) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings. Will leave Fredericton every day (Sunday excepted) at 7 a. m. Steamers "BERDEEN" will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 6.30 a. m., for WOODSTOCK, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits. G. F. BAIRD, Manager.

STAR LINE STEAMERS FOR Fredericton AND Woodstock. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

MAIL Steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "WOLVERINE" leave St. John every day (Sunday excepted) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings. Will leave Fredericton every day (Sunday excepted) at 7 a. m. Steamers "BERDEEN" will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 6.30 a. m., for WOODSTOCK, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits. G. F. BAIRD, Manager.

STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after MONDAY, Sept. 21, the steamer Clifton will leave her wharf for Hampton

Every Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at 5.30 a. m. For Inlandtown and all other intermediate points. Returning will leave Inlandtown same days at 5 p. m. CAPT. B. G. MARLE, Manager.

STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after MONDAY, Sept. 21, the steamer Clifton will leave her wharf for Hampton

Every Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at 5.30 a. m. For Inlandtown and all other intermediate points. Returning will leave Inlandtown same days at 5 p. m. CAPT. B. G. MARLE, Manager.

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DR. RUMSEY'S PATIENT

A VERY STRANGE STORY. BY L. T. MEADE AND DR. HALIFAX.

Joint authors of "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor." COPYRIGHTED, 1896, BY L. T. MEADE AND DR. HALIFAX.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Well, Het, what do you say to a bit of news that'll wake you up?" said Farmer Vincent to his young wife one fine morning in the month of May.

"There's no news in that," said Hetty, who was sitting up in bed, looking at her husband with a playful smile on her face.

"No, I don't, George, not more than anybody ought. Of course I'm fond of Squire, seeing I know him since he was a little kid—and we was always great, me and him, for holding on up to the Court."

"I've nothing to say agin' the Squire," said Farmer Vincent, "and for my part, he continued, 'I am glad Squire is coming to live here. I don't hold with absentee landlords, that I don't. There are many things I'll get him to do for me on the farm. I can't move John on the hill, one bit, but when Squire's home 'twill be another matter. Then he's going to stand for Grandcourt. He's quite safe to be returned. So, Het, what with an election and the Squire back again at the Court, there'll be gay doing this summer, or I'm much mistaken."

"To be sure there will," said Hetty. She pulled a handkerchief out of her pocket, she spoke and wiped some moisture from her brow.

"You don't look too well, my girl. Now don't you go and overdo things this morning—the weather is powerful hot for this time of year and you never can stand heat. I thought it'd be chokin' on up to tell you about the Squire, for anyone can see with half an eye that you are as proud of him and the Squire as a woman can be."

"giddy with the thought. What does it all mean? Is he really well, and does he remember? Oh, this awful pain in my side! I loved I'd not take another drop of the black medicine; but there's nothing else keeps me steady."

"Glancing furtively behind her, although there was not a soul in sight, Hetty opened a cupboard in the wall. From a black rozen she produced a small bottle; it was a spoon which lay near she poured some drops into it, and adding a little water, drank it off. She then put the bottle carefully back into its place, locked the cupboard, and slipped the key into her pocket."

"In a minute, dreams will come, and I'll be much better," she said to herself, "as if I could hear anything 'a'mo' after I'd taken a little of that stuff; it's a sight better than gin, and I know what I'm doing all the time. I'll go and see aunt now I must hurry to make the plum duff for George."

"She ran briskly off to attend to her numerous duties. She was now bright and merry; the look of gloom and depression had completely left her face; her eyes as she bustled about her kitchen, opening and shutting her oven, and filling up with hot water the different pots which were necessary for cooking the dinner, her white teeth gleamed, and smiles came and went over her face."

"To think of aunt Fanny's toothache mixture doing this for me," she said to herself. "Aunt Fanny 'ud put a bit on cotton wool and push it into the hole of her tooth, and the pain 'ud be gone in a jiffy; and now I swallow a few drops, and somehow it touches my heart, and my pain goes. Aunt Fanny wonders where her toothache cure is; she ain't likely to hear from me. Oh, it's quite wonderful how contented it makes me feel!"

"Hetty was a good housewife, and there was nothing slovenly nor disorderly about her kitchen. The dinner, smoking and hot and comfortable, was upon the table when Vincent came in at twelve o'clock to partake of it. There was a great piece of bacon and some boiled beans. These were immediately followed by the plum duff. The farmer ate heartily, and Hetty piled up his plate whenever it was empty."

"You scarcely take a pick yourself, little girl," he said, seizing one of her hands as she passed and squeezing it affectionately. "Ain't hungry, George?" "Excited 'bout Squire, I guess."

"'Twas 'Yes, child, its true' said Mrs. Armitage. 'They're coming home. You come along in and stand in the shelter, Hetty. Seems to me you grow thinner and thinner.'"

"'Oh, aunt, never mind about my looks just now; have you heard anything else? How is he?'"

"Mrs. Armitage looked behind her and lowered her voice. 'They do say that Squire's as well as ever he wor,' she remarked. 'Why, he's going to stand for Grandcourt. In one way that's as 'sould be. We always had Awdrey in the House—we like to be represented by our own folk.'"

"'Will anyone oppose him?' asked Hetty. 'How am I to say? There's nothing known at present. He is to be nominated to-morrow; and that's what's bringing 'em home in double quick time.'"

"'Are you going to the Court to-night, aunt?'"

"'I thought I'd run round for an hour just to see the carriage roll by, and get a glimpse of Squire and Madam, but I must hurry back for there'll be a lot to be done here.'"

"'Shall I come and help you and uncle to-night?' Mrs. Armitage looked her niece all over. 'That's a good thought,' she said; 'if your man will spare you.'"

It Makes a Good Breakfast. Above all drinks for the morning meal Coffee stands supreme. The odor of it, rich and pungent, pervades the house like an incense. It is our claim and pride that we supply the homes of the land with Coffee of the finest quality. The best the earth affords we give them. There is no variation in the quality of our "Seal Brand" Coffee, every package is of the same high grade. On it our reputation stands. Packed in air tight tin cans only. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

"'Why man,' said the landlord of the village inn, with a hoarse laugh, 'you're as much in love with that wife of yours as if you hadn't been wedded for the last five years.'"

"'Ay, I am in love with her,' said Vincent. 'I've got to win her yet, that's why. Strikes me she looks younger and more spry to-night than I've seen her for many a year.'"

"'The sound of wheels was at last distinctly audible; bonfires were lit on the instant; cheers echoed up from the village, and nearer, each face was wreathed with smiles. Into the avenue, with its background of eager, welcoming faces, dashed the spirited greys, with their open landaus. Awdrey and his wife sat beside. Other carriages followed, but no one noticed their occupancy. He was bending forward in the carriage, his hat was off, he was smiling and bowing; now then he uttered a cheerful word of greeting. Some of the men, as he passed, darted forward to clasp his outstretched hand. No one who saw him would have recognized him for the miserable man who had come to the Court a few months back. His youth sat well upon him; his athletic, upright figure, his tanned face, his bright eyes, all spoke of perfect health, of energy and of manhood. The Squire had himself come home, and the Squire was himself again. The fact was patent to all."

"Margarit, who was also smiling, who also bowed and nodded, and uttered words of welcome, was scarcely glanced at. The Squire was the centre of attraction; he belonged to the villagers, he was theirs; their king, and he was coming home again. 'Bless 'im, he's as well as ever he wor,' shouted a sturdy farmer, turning round and smiling at his own wife as he spoke. 'Welcome, Squire, welcome home! Glad to see you so spry, Squire. We're man and sheddy 'ere back again, Squire.'"

"Hetty and her aunt, standing side by side, were pushed forward by the smiling, excited throng. Awdrey's smiles were arrested on his lips; for a flashing instant Hetty's bright eyes looked full into his, he contracted his brows, and in an instant again he repeated his smiling words of welcome. The carriage rolled by. 'Aunt Fanny, he remembers!' whispered Hetty in a low voice."

"CHAPTER XVIII. A hasty supper had been got up in some large barn at the back of the Court. When the Squire's carriage disappeared out of sight, Griff's horse hastily drove out to invite the villagers to partake of the banquet which had been arranged for them. He passed Hetty, was attracted by her blooming face, and gave her a warm invitation. 'Come along, Mrs. Vincent,' he said, 'we can't do without you. Your husband has promised to stay. I'll see you in the west barn in a few minutes' time.' Vincent came up at this moment and touched Hetty on her shoulder. 'I thought you might as well go in for the whole thing,' he said, 'and I'm a bit peckish. You'd like to stay wouldn't you, Het?'

"'He'll be as good a Squire as his father before him,' said an old man of nearly eighty years, hobbling up close to Hetty and peering at her with a keen eye. 'The curse of his house is right in the barn, and it's true—there ain't no curse on his face, but his father; bless 'im, say I, bless 'im.'"

"'Hetty you look as white as a sheet,' said Vincent, turning at that moment and catching his wife's eye. 'There girl, eat the bread of life. I'll squeeze right into the barn and you come in behind me. I'm big enough to make way for a little body like you.'"

"Vincent squared his shoulders and strode on in front. After some pushing he and Hetty found themselves inside the barn. The tables which had been laid from one end to the other, were crowded with eager, hungry faces. Griff's and other servants from the Court were flying here and there, pressing hospitality on everyone. Vincent was just preparing to enounce himself in a vacant corner, and to squeeze room for Hetty close to him, when the door at the other end of the long barn was opened, and Awdrey, Margaret, and some visitors came in. Immediately all the villagers rose from their seats, and an enthusiastic cheer resounded amongst the rafters of the old barn. Hetty standing on tiptoes of the old guard, could see Awdrey shaking hands right and left. Presently he would come to her, he would take her hand in his. She could also catch a glimpse of Margaret's stately figure, of her pale, high-bred face, of the dark waves of her raven black hair. Once again she looked at the Squire. How handsome he was, how manly, and yet—yet—something seemed to come up in Hetty's throat and almost to choke her."

"'You ain't well, Het,' said her husband. He had also joined Hetty's seat, and pushing out, had joined Hetty in the crowd. 'The air in this place is too 'ot for you. Drot that supper, we'll get into the open air once again.'"

"'No, we won't,' answered Hetty, 'I must wait to speak to Squire, happen what may.'"

"'Why, it'll be half an hour before he gets as far as here,' said Vincent. 'Well,' he added, looking back regretfully at his plate, which was piled with pie and other good things, 'I must stay 'ere for a bit of supper. There's a vacant seat at last; you sit up by me. That cold pie is to my taste. What do you say to a tiny morsel, girl?'

"'I could not, eat, George, it would choke me,' said Hetty. 'I am not the least bit hungry. I had tea an hour ago down at the inn. You eat, George, do go back to your seat and have some supper. I'll stand here and wait for Squire and Madam, and you are dait on Squire and Madam, and the man angrily.'"

"Hetty did not answer. It is to be doubted if she heard him. One fact alone was filling her horizon. She felt quite certain now that the Squire remembered. What then was going to happen? Was he going to use the memory which had returned to him to remove the cruel shame and punishment from another? If so, if indeed Hetty herself would be lost. She would be arrested and charged with the awful crime of perjury. The horrors of the law would fall upon her; she would be imprisoned, she would—"

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CLAPPERTON'S... Steamship Co. Halifax via... Yarmouth... NATIONAL S. Co. A WEEK... LIFTON.

