

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 596.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21 1899.

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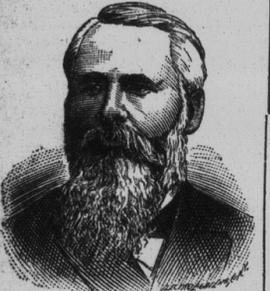
## SENATE AND FACULTY

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS GET THE SENATE TO MEET.

And Consider the Severe Penalties Passed Upon Nineteen of Their Fellows—The Facts of the Case and Some Experience of the Past in the Same Direction.

The graduates and friends of the University are watching with some impatience and anxiety the outcome of the difficulty between a number of the students and the faculty. Perhaps by the time PROGRESS reaches its readers the Senate will have decided what course is to be pursued—whether the sentence of the faculty will be carried out or if it is to be modified.

The situation is one of the results of trying to carry out the unwritten laws of the college—customs that have been recognized by all students almost since the in-



DR. J. R. INCH:

stitution has been in existence. Of late years there appears to have been some attempt to abolish some of the customs and the young men who tried to carry them out this year have got into trouble.

In former years when part of the University was used as a residence there was no need to call on the gymnasium to provide room for a meeting of the students. The college usually opened on Thursday and the first day or two the entrance examinations were on. During this time juniors and seniors had a pleasant time getting ready for the next year, swapping vacation stories and renewing old acquaintances. The first general meeting of the boys was on Saturday night when the Debating society met and after the election of officers an adjournment was made to one of the larger rooms when it was customary to introduce the freshmen to their senior associates. This usually took the form of a smoker. The fun was of an innocent type, not calculated to injure anyone in any way and there was no objection to it. But it would have been considered a breach of etiquette for

then prepared to turn out in their full strength and glory at the reception of the lady students.

This was too much for the good nature even of a fun loving under graduate. The pleasant hours of his college life apart from study are usually occupied in the observing of the unwritten laws and some of the second, third and fourth year men did not intend that it should be said of them that they encouraged their abolition. So, when some of the freshmen appeared on the campus en route for the ladies' reception they were waylaid and each deprived of a shoe and necktie. In addition to this the gymnasium served as their prison for a time until the chancellor released them. This does not appear to be a serious offence on the face of it and must be regarded by those who have experienced the life of a freshman as a very mild imposition, yet five seniors were brought before the faculty and expelled for the act. Fourteen juniors who manfully went forward and said they were equally guilty have been suspended until Christmas. The sentence appears too severe and that is the reason the senate has been called together.

Two of the supreme court judges—Barker and McLeod—and Mr. J. D.



MR. JUSTICE McLEOD.

any freshmen to be absent without some valid excuse. Consequently the attendance was always very representative.

Nowadays there are lady students and these it appears, also give a reception to the freshmen. It can readily be understood that their welcome is of a different nature but none the less entertaining for all that. Such incidentals as ice cream, cake etc., figure in this affair.

The freshmen this year neglected to ac-

cept the invitation of their seniors and attend the initiation ceremonies in the gymnasium. In this they were prompted it is said by some of the senior students who wish the unwritten laws to remain unobserved. Whether this is correct or not the fact remains that the newcomers refused to accept the seniors' invitation and



DR. THOMAS HARRISON

perience as the principal and president of Mount Allison and has overcome far greater difficulties than this appears to be.

Dr. Harrison, the chancellor, presides over the faculty and gave the casting vote against the students. His record as a disciplinarian is not a good one. His classroom in bygone days could not be regard-

ed as a model in this respect. Tact and coolness are necessary to keep college students in order and Dr. Harrison possessed neither. In the board room he had a reputation for severity among the students and this is not the first time that the senate has been called together to receive sentences that were regarded as altogether disproportionate to the offence.

It was in 1884 or 1885 that all the students remained out of lectures for nearly three weeks because the whole junior class were punished for the fault of one. A junior student who resided in the college, went into mathematical lecture one morning in his slippers. Dr. Jack was lecturing and during the hour while demonstrat-

ing upon the black board, a slipper rose in the air and fell against the wall. Dr. Jack turned around at once and asked who threw the slipper. Perhaps one third of the class knew whose slipper it was but those who did know were not going to tell. And because they did not the lecture was dismissed and the faculty summoned to meet in the chapel. The result was the junior class was informed that until the man who threw the slipper was given up they would be suspended from lectures.

As a rule junior classes are not called brated for wisdom and the opportunity given the culprit of stepping forward and saying that he was the offender and explaining that it was an accident, as it was slipped by and two or three days passed before the serious nature of the difficulty began to be apparent. Then the seniors were asked to exercise their good offices and induce the faculty to reconsider their decision. Their reception by the presi-

dent was curt and then the freshmen and seniors together made an appeal. It was of no use, so the students decided to absent themselves from lectures until the sentence was reconsidered. For two or three weeks that state of affairs continued and then all were taken back, but the senior class were notified that their degrees were suspended for one year in consequence of the part they had taken. The senate was convened and the sentence was quashed. This gives some idea how college rows grow.

OBJECTING TO THE FAKERS.

Nova Scotia Newspapers are now criticizing their exhibition.

The Nova Scotian press are now finding fault with the Halifax exhibition because there were so many fakirs on the grounds and the crusade is led by the Presbyterian Witness. Their plea is a strong one but the faking business carried on at the grounds in Halifax, did not take in anybody who could use their eyes. The ten cent schemes were indulged in by a few visitors but there was nothing that could be regarded in the light that some people wish to consider, them now. To try and win a cane or a jack-knife by throwing a ring over the top has an element of chance in it but skill is required as well. To show one's strength is a vain piece of work but could not be called faking business. The people who bought medicine from the Irishman, or had their fortune told thought they got the worth of their money and so they did if they valued the conversation they heard, at anything.

The critics are bound to get in their work and perhaps the fakirs were the most available feature of the show. In former years something was said about a wine room but that has disappeared. Some really valuable suggestions appear in some of the newspapers and they may come in handy in St. John. Here are some of them.

Now that a standard has been set for a style of attractions, it seems impossible to do away with either the fireworks, specialties or spectacle, as there is now the object or necessity of endeavoring if possible to eclipse those of former years. In future a regular stage manager should be



MR. J. D. HAZEN, Esq., M. P. P.

employed, a curtain scene at the rear of the stage would make the acts more attractive instead of having such a back ground as at present; and the judge's stand placed further back, and the stage should be elevated, or built close up to the fence, which would give all the better view.

There is no doubt that the dates of the show must be changed to early in the month if an experiment is to be made to secure fine weather. The dates next year should be Sept. 5 to 15, opening on Wednesday and closing on the following Friday or if the date should suit the country people to get away from their farming, Aug. 29 to Sept. 7, would be still better, as it would include Labor Day, which, being a holiday, would mean an immense attendance of citizens, as in Toronto, which is always one of the biggest days. Many people favor a bi-ennial fair, but there is a difference of opinion on this point.

(Continued on Fourth Page)

## CHARGED BY HIS WIFE

WITH NOT PROVIDING SUPPORT FOR HERSELF AND CHILD.

Mr. Richard Rogers to the Police Court—The Evidence of a Fatal Character—Some of the Facts of the Case as Brought out at the Inquiry.

There was an unusual case in the police court this week—one that surprised a good many people and at the same time occasioned considerable regret. It was a hearing upon the complaint of Mrs. Richard Rogers that she was not being supported by her husband.

There are few cities as better known than Richard Rogers and the charge came as a matter of some surprise to a large number of his friends. He has been unfortunate in business of late and has been trying to make some arrangement with his creditors but there were few who knew that he was equally unfortunate in his domestic affairs. In fact there were not many who knew that Mr. Rogers had married again, the first intimation they had of it being his wife's complaint in the police court. The case was dismissed after a somewhat lengthy hearing.

The evidence of Mrs. Rogers was of a very painful and astonishing character but it was given in a plain convincing fashion, and impressed the magistrate and all who heard it as most truthful.

She was married to Mr. Rogers in June and because he was ill at the time the ceremony was performed in his home. For two or three weeks all went well though some of the members of Mr. Rogers' family of seven children were not disposed to give their step mother a cordial reception. This was so evident that two or three weeks later she kept her own room at their request or dictation, and, evidently with the consent of their father.

Her relation of her treatment at the period of her trouble when her baby was born, no nurse being provided for her or clothing for her infant was almost incredible. Her mother assumed the duties of nurse but she told the court that for three weeks before her baby was born and up to the present time she had only seen her husband twice and then because of some objection to the visits of her mother. She had lived in one room until about a fortnight ago when the situation became intolerable and she had left the house and gone to friends.

There was much evidence introduced to show that the fault was not Mr. Rogers' but the magistrate was of the opinion that the evidence of Mrs. Rogers was very straightforward. He could not, however, do anything but dismiss her complaint of non support inasmuch as she had left the home of her husband.

A Feature of the Blair Banquet.

A good story comes from Moncton regarding the Blair banquet. The proprietor of the Minto did the catering and the crowd was so large that the rink was used.

The cost of the affair was \$600—that was the amount of the caterer's account but this, it appears, did not reach his pockets—at least not all of it. The banquet was a civic one and, of course, the city paid the bills and made good any deficiency that existed. But the caterer it seems was not exactly square with the corporation and when settling time came his arrears were deducted from the bill. He was surprised, so the story goes, and now the conservatives of Moncton are having a quiet laugh over this one result of the Blair banquet.

Wanted Liberals to Rally.

A gentleman from Moncton says that the public meeting held there this week was one of the warmest affairs known of in Westmorland. There were posters printed and scattered broadcast calling upon the Liberals to support the mayor's resolution and the result of the vote in the meeting was not received with much pleasure by the gents present. Many of them did not think politics should be introduced when such a question was up.

The Interest in the Yacht Race.

The war news has rather dampened the interest of the people in the yacht race but still crowds gather about the bulletin and watch for the news. The victory of the Columbia was not unexpected, but there were some sore heads the second day when the news of the accident to the Shamrock arrived. There is but little betting and that is only accounted for by the influence of sentiment.

### \* The Willing Boy. \*

All experience proves that there are two factors in the success of every boy and every man. These are capacity and opportunity.

There are thousands of capable men to-day filling lower positions than those for which they are well qualified, because the opportunity to go higher has never come within their reach. It has been so since the world began; it will continue to be the case until the end of time. But it is also true that opportunity has knocked at many a man's door, and the man who was called for was not ready. It is rare, indeed, that fortune makes the second visit.

The power that keeps the world moving is the hopefulness of youth. Almost every boy is determined to better his condition, and starts out in life with the ambition to belong to the successful few rather than stay in the ranks of the common workers. But not more than one in a hundred of these says to himself: 'I will not permit pride, or laziness, or carelessness, or work, or demands of any kind, no matter how unpleasant they may be, to stand between me and success.'

With this spirit the hundredth boy goes into a shop to learn his trade or into a store as clerk, and, although he may never reach the summit of his desires, he will surely ascend as the sun is certain to shine on the morrow.

The very first quality that he must make the foundation stone of his character is a cheerful willingness to do any and everything that he is called upon to do. The boy who is willing to drop one task upon which he is engaged and pleasantly turn to something else, when requested by some one who is over him, is so different from the vast majority of his companions that this gift will quickly be noted, and he will be one rung upon the ladder of success.

One of my friends, a dry-goods merchant during a very dull day noticed that the windows were not so bright as they might be, while several of the younger clerks were doing nothing. He said to the first one he met: 'Jim, as there's nothing doing indoors, don't you want to rub up the windows a bit?' Jim flushed and stammer-

ed, and finally got up courage to say: 'I'd rather not, Mr. A.; I didn't come here to wash windows.' 'That is true,' said my friend, 'but I thought you might be willing to do it as trade is dull.' Another clerk overheard the conversation, and when Mr. A. was near his counter, said: 'I'd just as soon clean the windows as be inside,' and he was put at the work, doing it in a pleasant and cheery way.

When Saturday night came around Jim was dropped from the force because of the dullness of trade, while the other was commended for the way he had kept himself busy, and when trade was better he was advanced.

In a wholesale house in a thrifty western city it was no uncommon thing for country merchants, in their desire to carry home all their purchases that they could, to have more bundles than they could very well manage to handle, and if the porter was busy one of the boys was called upon to help the customer to the railroad station. In a store that I knew about one boy was just as willing to go as the other, but always wanted time to brush himself up a bit and arrange his toilet to his liking.

The other was ready the moment he was spoken to, and would start off in his shirt sleeves if the time was so short as to make it seem necessary. This apparently trifling difference in the two was the cause of one being advanced ahead of the other at the first opening, and, though both were about equal in ability, one became a salesman with a good salary, while the other is a stock clerk in the same store at one half the pay that his old companion receives.

I frequently meet a successful merchant who was taken out of a very ordinary position in a factory and given a place in the office because he was willing to do or go, and quick to perform his tasks. A part of his work was to run errands for the office men. These errands were of every imaginable kind, but it was a matter of pride with him to perform every task in the quickest possible time.

One day, toward the closing hour, he was asked if he would run on an errand that would take him five miles out into the country. (This was before the days of

telephones.) He was told that no one would blame him in the least if he felt that it was too long a walk. He knew that the matter was one where time was of importance, and he felt sure that his employer would be thankful to have him do the errand that day, so he answered as cheerfully as if the task were for his own pleasure: 'Why, yes, sir; of course I can do it, and will be glad to do it for you.'

The pleased look that came into his employer's face was ample payment for his long walk, and that errand and his way of doing it were important links in the chain of his success.

Just as the men in the office of a large factory were about putting their books into the safe for the night, a dispatch came to the manufacturer telling him that his best customer would call upon him early the next morning, to talk over the coming seasons, prices, etc. Much regret was expressed that the news had not come a day sooner, so that some figures that they were at work upon could have been completed, for they were of great importance in the coming interview.

The boy of the office—eighteen or nineteen years of age, perhaps—made no offer, but he did not lock the safe. He went back to the office after supper, putting in six or eight hours of intensely hard work in copying the figures off loose sheets and getting them into available use for the morning. When the manufacturer appeared, the customer was with him; these sheets of figures played an important part in the day's work, and enabled the two to come to specific terms on a large contract.

When the customer was gone the employer wanted to know the particulars regarding these papers, and not only paid the boy handsomely, then and there, for his thoughtfulness and diligence, but opened the way later to a step forward in his advancement.

One of my companions began his business education in a retail dry-goods store in one of the smaller cities. After he had been there a year I asked him if he had made many acquaintances outside of those in the store. 'No; I know very few people,' he said, 'and I am not ready to make acquaintances just yet. The younger clerks frequently have to deliver goods, and the work would be very unpleasant for me if I had a large circle of acquaintances. I can make acquaintances hereafter when I am in a higher position.'

I knew him to be more fond of society

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than the average young man, but he was willing to get along without it so long as it might embarrass him in his work.

I have observed that the boy who is willing to do anything he is called upon to do soon learns to do things without waiting to be asked, and often steps forward to assist before his employer or associates have realized that help would be necessary. This gives him the reputation of being thoughtful and ready, and that is a second step on the ladder of promotion.

In every shop and store there are seasons when the work crowds all hands. When left to themselves the great mass of workmen and clerks watch the clock so as to quit work on the stroke. But here is one who keeps on working; his task is so nearly completed, he says, he guesses he will finish it before going home. Or he sees that a day will make quite a difference in sending off an order, so he determines to see that it goes that night rather than wait till the morrow. Or he finds new goods left lying on the floor, and knows that it would be better that they were put on the shelves before sweeping time, so he puts them away before he goes home.

These are excuses for working a little late, as if apologizing for breaking a rule of the house; but those over him say: 'That man is not afraid of work, and has an interest in this store.' They look upon him with increasing favor, and his progress is sure.

I know two clerks in a wholesale house; one, the stockman, was paid \$1500; the other an office man, was paid \$900. The stock clerk was an efficient one; he put away new goods in fine shape, kept his stock looking well, and got out orders accurately and expeditiously. His salary was for doing this work, and so long as he did it well he was content.

The office man was paid for his work on

the books, but it seemed to him that the man who sold a bill of goods was a more important factor in the house than the one who got out the order or who charged and billed it.

In these days retail dealers went to jobbing centres far more than they do to-day, and salesmen in one house would look in upon their acquaintances in other lines of trade, inquiring as to what country buyers were in town, and getting introduced to them as often as possible. They would then do a little "drumming" for their own house, and secure a visit from the retailers if they could.

Our young bookkeeper made acquaintances in these other stores, and occasionally found a retailer who wanted goods in his line. This interfered with his regular work, but he went back evenings and kept his books in shape. He began to be looked upon as a fair salesman, and help was given him in the office that he might devote more of his time to selling goods. In four years he was a partner in the house, his interest for the first year paying him \$7000 while the stockman was still in his old position at \$1500.

I read of two workmen in one shop who spent their noon hour in the workroom. One man devoted his time, month after month, to teaching a dog to do many wonderful tricks. He was quite successful and sold the trained animal for a good price.

The other mechanic spent his hour in trying to perfect a machine for which there would be a large demand if one could but obviate difficulties which, however, most men said were insurmountable. He was not a brilliant workman, but he studied nights and worked noons at his models, never getting out of patience nor discouraged, until at last, quite by accident, he hit upon the solution of the whole

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HIS LAST LETTER.

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**Music and The Drama**

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Robinson Opera company have been at the Opera House this week playing to fair business and giving considerable satisfaction. The company is not as good as many that have been here and on the other hand it is better than some that have played in the house. The comedians were not up to the standard at all and this is a great drawback in the eyes of a St. John audience. Such favorite operas as Fra Diavolo, Ermione, The Grand Duchess were played.

The Devil's Auction in Halifax again. Coming after the Evil Eye the prospects for good business should not be bright but this is a holiday week.

Jules Murray is presenting Lewis Morrison in Frederick the Great and he sends an announcement of the fact with some flattering press notices from the newspapers of New York and Pennsylvania. Morrison has always had great audiences in St. John and his reputation will be sure to bring him big business whenever he comes.

A new melo-drama 'We Uns from Tennessee' was produced at the Grand Opera house, Boston, Monday night. Lee Arthur, the author, is in the cast. The play had some ingenious episodes. One of them was a duel by camp-fire with bayonets. When a contestant fell bleeding so that he could not rise, an officer was heard coming, and in order to protect all private present from discovery in their contumacious of the wounded man was propped up in his place as sentry, the antagonist holding him there from behind and presenting arms. The officer spoke to the unconscious sentry, and the other man heard what concerned him nearly.

Another incident, used for the climax of an act, was the court martial to determine who the said antagonist was. The dying soldier was brought in on his cot and made to bid each of his friends good bye. It was expected that when his enemy came he would betray it. Instead of this he threw his arms around him and hailed him a good friend: an incident which created quite as much commotion in the audience as has often been produced by scenes of carnage, exploding bombs or destructive engines.

There was also some of those comic passages which are characteristic thoroughly of the American war play. A little soubrette who had been kicking up her heels a good deal declined on the score of modesty to allow her sweetheart to carry her across a brook. She removed her shoes and stockings and forded independently. Later the same young lady came to the aid of a wounded soldier who lacked a bandage, by fishing under her frock and producing a garment not identified.

Keith's theatre in Boston took advantage of Dewey's visit to get a great advertisement. The officers and crew were present Monday night and two of the latter at least contributed to the success of the show. An interesting account, as follows, appeared in the Advertiser:

The officers and crew of the Olympia were at Keith's last evening. Seats had been reserved for them in the orchestra. Before the men had been well seated the cheering broke forth. There were cheers for the red, white and blue, for the Olympia and Dewey. The big hits were made by Press Eldridge, Mark Murphy and Leo Dervalto, the latter's sailor uniform and wonderful feat of propelling a globe up a steep incline while poised on top of it, especially appealing to the sailorsmen.

The special features were the appearance of Mrs. Marian Titus, who sang 2 numbers, and then 'The Star Spangled Banner,' during which the house was darkened and in the background of the stage was seen the appropriate design that had graced the Tremont St. entrance, sur-



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rounded by colored lights. During the song, the audience crossed and joined in the chorus. Several views of special interest to the Olympia were shown in the biograph including pictures of the men swimming in the Mediterranean, Admiral Dewey on the deck of his ship, the sailors in the land parade at New York, etc.

Something not down on the programme was the appearance of Marine E. A. Pratt and Sailor Thomas Toosey on the stage, the first named in a couple of recitations of his own composition, and the latter in comic songs. Nothing in the show made a greater hit than did these two volunteer entertainers.

**FORREST'S FOLLY**

A miscellaneous of the Construction of the Actor's Castle Recently Burned.

The old Fonthill Castle of the actor, Edwin Forrest, at Mount St. Vincent—'Forrest's Folly,' as it was called—which burned recently, was full of romantic interest. It was the dream of Forrest's life which he was just about to realize when it was ended by the unfortunate estrangement between him and his wife. He was always fond of the Hudson, and had decided in early life that he would build his home upon its banks, if he ever built one.

In 1849, having accumulated a small fortune from his work on the stage, he decided that the time had arrived for building it. Accordingly, he purchased a large tract of land for his estate. He was passionately in love with his wife. He cared for her and her happiness above all other things in life, and everything he did was to please her. His first desire, then, in building their home, was that she should be satisfied. After his wife, he loved his profession, and was thoughtful of it even in building his home. He would build a house which, after he and his wife were both gone, should be an enduring memorial of his love for his fellow actors.

Forrest and his wife planned the house together. They decided to model it, in a general way, after Fonthill Castle in England. The architectural design was mostly the work of Mrs. Forrest. It combined the Norman and Gothic styles of the older castle, softened in detail so as to provide for the luxuries of modern improvements. The castle consisted of six octagonal towers clustered together, the battlements of some notched with embrasures, the others capped with crenelated coping. The highest tower rose about seventy feet from the base. The five other towers varied in height. The basement contained the kitchen, cellar and storerooms. On the first floor were the parlor, banquet hall, study, boudoir, and library. The centre tower comprised a hall or rotunda, and above this was a picture gallery lighted from the dome. The upper floors were divided into chambers for guests and apartments for servants.

The staircase tower had a spiral staircase of granite inserted in a solid brick column rising from the basement to the top of the tower, with landings on each floor leading to the apartments. In other towers, on the first floor, were the drawing room and banquet hall, each lighted with deep, square bay windows, while those of the upper chambers and of the boudoir were of the Gothic order. In other parts of the building were to be seen the rounded windows of the Norman period with their solid stone mullions dividing the compartments again into pointed Gothic loopholes and buttresses. The main entrance was on the upper or land side. It had a fine doorway needing only a moat and drawbridge to give it the air of a fortified castle.

During the progress of the building of the castle Forrest had improvised a rude residence on the grounds, which he visited at frequent intervals, growing constantly more deeply attached to the spot and to his prospective home. On July 4, 1850, he gathered his friends and neighbors to the number of 200 or more and held a celebration on the grounds, reading the Declaration of Independence and delivering an oration.

It was Forrest's idea that Fonthill Castle should be used, after his and his wife's death, as a home for actors, to be called the 'Edwin Forrest Home.' In the corner-stone of the castle he placed specimens of American coins, copy of Shakespeare and the following paper:

"In building this house I am impelled by no vain desire to occupy a grand mansion for the gratification of self-love, but my object is to build a desirable, spacious and comfortable abode for myself and my wife, to serve us during our natural lives, and at our death to endow the building with a sufficient yearly income so that a certain number of decayed or superannuated actors and actresses of American birth (all foreigners excluded) may inhabit the mansion and enjoy the grounds thereunto belonging, so long as they live; and at the death of any one of the actors or actresses inhabiting the premises, his or her place to

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be supplied by another from the theatrical profession, who, from age or infirmity, may be found unable to obtain a livelihood upon the stage. The rules and regulations by which this institution is to be governed will, at some future day, be formed by Edward Forrest."

To this charity Forrest intended to devote his entire property forever. It was his idea as the estate grew in value, as it undoubtedly would, owing to its proximity to New York, for the trustees to invest the surplus in an American dramatic school for the education of poor but worthy young Americans in the profession of the stage or in the art of writing plays.

But before Forrest was finished, domestic trouble arose. Forrest was estranged from his wife and later divorced. He was heartbroken. The sight of the castle became distasteful to him. It was the grave instead of the monument of his happiness. He ordered the workmen to stop, and closed it and the grounds. It was not entered again until six years later, in 1857, when he sold the estate to the Sisters of Charity for a mere song. He gave them the castle as it stood. It alone had cost him \$100,000. This Fonthill estate became part of a convent. The castle was not adapted to the purpose of an academy and it was devoted to a museum of natural history.

**CHOIR BOYS IN ENGLAND.**

Better supply of Singers and Larger Opportunities for Practice.

The choir master of a church in one of the largest cities of this country has just returned from a visit to England, during which he listened to choral services in seventeen cathedrals and learned for the first time that there is no uniform method of training the boy choirs in England or of teaching the individual members of them how to sing. The question of producing the tones in the best way is no more settled there than in the United States, although England is supposed to be the home of the boy choir. Some masters teach the youthful singers that their voices should come from the head, while others say that chest tones produce the best effects.

This American choir master found that the three best choirs in England were at Magdalen College, Oxford; at St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and at King's College, Cambridge. These are said to represent in their services the most that can be accomplished by the choirs of men and boys' voices. The choir of Magdalen College consists of sixteen boys and ten men. There are two daily services and a rehearsal also daily for boys in the choir school. The music is without accompaniment and was praised by the American expert, chiefly for the beautiful quality of the boys' voices. This is said to be the result of the choir master's method, which insists on the use of the head tones and also in softness in singing. By the observation of the second rule, the harshness likely to come into a boy's voice, when he forces it, may be avoided, and one of the most serious drawbacks to the enjoyment of the average boy choir is overcome. No more painful use of music in divine service can be imagined than the effect created by two dozen sturdy boys singing as hard as they can, with no apparent idea of anything but volume of tone and zeal of execution.

St. Paul's in London has a choir of thirty boys and eighteen men. The enormous building demands that the maximum of

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tone shall be produced but that is never accomplished at the cost of good music. The choristers are made to sing. They are not allowed to shout, whatever the required volume of sound may be. The boys and men rehearse daily, and, as in other cathedral choirs, there is a school especially for them. Such an advantage exists in none of the churches here which have boy choirs. Head tones are also insisted upon at the St. Paul's.

The choir at Kings College, Cambridge, consists of sixteen boys and ten men, and they are trained by their masters to use their head tones exclusively, and never to sing from their chest. The singing of these boys in their delicacy, shading and attack is said to be superior to that of any choir in England. These choirs possess advantages for rehearsal never found in this country, and their skill is never likely to be equalled here. In most of the English choirs the counter tenor is sung by the men, and there are said to be only two boys in England who sing alto. They are at Peterboro and at Wells. The St. Paul's Cathedral choir rejoices in possession of two soloists who are said to possess the finest voices in England.

The choir at Westminster Abbey is said to be the inferior, in view of the position of the Church, although some of the smaller churches in London possess the most highly trained choirs. It seemed to be the opinion of this authority that the best results were obtained from the use of head tones. Here the number of boys available for such choirs is small and there are no choir schools. In England there are not only plenty of singers to be had but there are also ample opportunities to train them by daily rehearsal.

Sir Henry Irving on the Drama.  
 Sir Henry Irving laid the memorial stone of a new theatre in Lower Broughton, a popular suburb of Manchester. Sir Henry said:

"I have come here to-day with the keenest pleasure to take part in this ceremony, for whenever I hear of a foundation stone of a new theatre I always want to lay it, and rejoice over it as a hen does over an egg. You will gather from this that I am a bit of an enthusiast on this subject. For many years now I have been preaching the theatre, not only from the standpoint of art, but also on sound social policy. I have always contended that a well-conducted playhouse is a centre of rational recreation, and without rational recreation no community can pretend to have its faculties in proper order. I know that when we talk about the theatre in relation to general education some wise person is sure to start up and ask whether a particular piece of stage-work—always chosen in this connection for certain defects of matter or taste—is the kind of thing on which we base the educational pretensions of the drama. The answer is very simple. We take the drama broadly—just as we take the literature of fiction—and maintain that its influence tends to provide a fund of rational amusement which, making due allowance for the imperfections of human nature, is productive of social benefit.

There is a class of people who tell you this is all very well, but there is too much human nature in the drama. If so then there is too much of it in the novel, and a great deal too much of it in the newspaper. If you are going in for the suppression of all public manifestations of human nature you had better shut up the circulating library, and make the publication of newspapers a penal offence. But really this branch of controversy is rather barren, and I am half ashamed to mention it here. I don't apologise for this foundation stone. I believe it is a real contribution to the spread of the humanities, of those artistic amenities of life which lighten the burden of daily toil with the play of sympathy and imagination. In a country like Germany this is taken for granted. Nobody there is called upon to justify the theatre, for it is intimately associated with the life and traditions of the people. In England we are not quite so rational, for I continue to receive letters from young men who tell me they are about to take part in a debate on the question 'Is play-going consistent with Christian morals?'—and ask me to supply them with arguments in support of the affirmative. Some day, I hope, play-going will cease to be a bone of contention in mutual improvement societies or become a purely historical and academic topic of discussion, like the execution of Charles I. I look to this foundation stone as means to that desirable end. The multiplication of theatres, I am glad to say goes on apace; and that you should desire a theatre here in Broughton, in spite of the counter attractions of Manchester, is a worthy tribute to your public spirit."

Juliana Ewing's Memorial.  
 A stained glass window has been placed in Frith church, near Taunton, Somerset, England to the memory of Juliana Ewing, who wrote so many charming children's stories.  
 'A Flattery for a Farthing,' 'Jackanapes' and 'The Story of a Short Life' are



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as tender and natural studies of children as we have in literature, not excepting all the delightful Alcott stories.

When our American 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' was published English admirers of Mrs. Ewing accused Mrs. Barnett of plagiarizing 'Jackanapes.' That quaint little hero had the same devotion to his widowed mother which characterized Fauntleroy, and he, too, was giving to spending his money on humble friends and holding wise conversations with his grandfather. From 'The Story of a Short Life' was devolved the Children's Guild of Play in the Bermondsey Settlement. The guild has for its motto that of the heroic little cripple who wanted to be a V. C.—'Laetus Sorte Mea.'

**Excruciating Pains.**

THE VICTIM A WELL KNOWN AND POPULAR HOTEL CLERK.

After Other Medicines Failed he was Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—Every Dose Counted in the Battle Against Pain.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.  
 There is no more popular hotel clerk in Eastern Ontario than Mr. Peter McDonnell, of the Grand Union Hotel, Alexandria. At the present time Mr. McDonnell is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and a stranger meeting him for the first time could not imagine that a man with the healthy glow and energetic manner of Mr. McDonnell could ever have felt a symptom of disease. There is a story, however, in connection with the splendid degree of health attained by him that is worth telling. It is a well known fact that a few years ago he was the victim of the most excruciating pains of rheumatism. Knowing these facts a News reporter called on Mr. McDonnell for the purpose of eliciting fuller particulars. Without hesitation he attributed his present sound state of health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "I am," said he, "33 years of age, but three years ago I did not expect to live this long. At that time I was connected with the Commercial here and as part of my duties was to drive the busses to and from the C. A. R. station, I was exposed to all kinds of weather and subjected to the sudden extremes of heat and cold. Along in the early spring I was suddenly attacked with the most terrible pains in my limbs and body. I sought relief in doctors and then in patent medicines, but all to no purpose; nothing seemed to afford relief. For two months I was a helpless invalid, suffering constantly the most excruciating pains. My hands and feet swelled and I was positive the end was approaching. My heart was affected and indeed I was almost in despair, when fortunately a friend of our family recommended the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began using them in May, 1896, and had taken three boxes before I noticed any change, but from that time every dose counted. The blood seemed to thrill through my veins and by the time I had finished the fifth box every trace of the disease had vanished. Ever since then I have been working hard and frequently long overtime, but have continued in excellent health. Whenever I feel the slightest symptom of the trouble I use the pills for a day or so and soon feel as well as ever. I feel that I owe my health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never lose an opportunity of recommending them to others suffering as I was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT 21

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

AN UNJUST SENTENCE.

It is quite likely that by the time PROGRESS reaches its readers the senate of the University will have settled the question row in dispute between some of the students and the faculty. It is some time since there have been any differences in the institution and it must be a matter of regret that his year, when the prospects of the university appear brighter than they have been, any such difficulty should have arisen.

In brief, five senior students have been expelled from the University and fourteen suspended until Christmas by the faculty. The severity of this sentence would naturally lead one to think that the offense must have been of a very grave nature but to the surprise of everybody the facts, as far as they can be learned, show that the seniors, in obedience to an unwritten law, tried to convince some of the members of this year's class that they were freshmen. To do this they locked up a few of the classes in the gymnasium after depriving each of a shoe, necktie and etc.

Now this on the face of it does not seem to be a very dreadful crime—deserving perhaps of a smile on the part of any professor who might learn of it, but nothing more, and yet the faculty declared that five young men should leave the university without their degree and with the black mark of expulsion against them for all time. Why it was nothing more than a boyish prank, such a joke among undergraduates as each and all of them should enjoy and think nothing of. When one recalls the days of old and the daring fun of the students who afterwards graduated with honors and today are making their mark in the world, such an incident as this appears insignificant.

Discipline is a good thing. Without it a lecture has no value; it is necessary to keep some students within bounds and to regulate their life outside of college halls, but it should have nothing to do with the innocent practical jokes of undergraduates.

The names of the fourteen men who stood up and said they were equally guilty with the five expelled seniors, should be handed down to the classes of the future. That is the right spirit to show. The boys who were unwilling that others should shoulder all the blame may not be the hardest students, but they will be men some day and better men for having been outspoken and frank. If all the students of today were loyal to one another—as they need to be—there would be little difficulty in governing the university. Conflicts with the faculty are bound to arise from time to time, but a united body of undergraduates would not wish to see the college injured by the act of any of their number, nor on the other hand would they submit patiently to a harsh and unjust sentence.

THE PARIS AGAIN AFLOAT.

It was only a short time ago that the news was flashed from the other side of the water that the steamship Paris was a wreck. Now we are told that the owner of the American line have repurchased the Paris from the underwriters, and will shortly put her on the regular service between New York and Southampton again. The surveyors report that the vessel is much less seriously damaged than one would have supposed possible. The exact figures in connection with the retransference from the various underwriters to the steamship company have not been given, but it is easy to see that under almost any conditions the deal is to the advantage of all concerned.

The vessel was insured for \$1,000,000;

and abandoned to the underwriters. The wreckage company which took her off the rocks was to get half her salvage, if successful, otherwise nothing. The company was successful at an outlay of \$30,000 or more, and their half of the salvage value is said to be \$375,000.

Now the underwriters recall her to the steamship company for her salvage value of about \$750,000, or after paying the wreckage company \$375,000, and the steamship company pays for her alterations and repairs, the underwriters save practically all they get out of the deal, for the Paris was constructed for the passenger service and not for freight carrying, so that she would not be profitable for any other line than that for which she was originally built, and if her lengthening and repairs cost \$500,000, she is still cheap to the company, which would today be obliged to pay at least \$2,250,000, if not more, for an entirely new ship, delivered not earlier than two years from date.

PROFITABLE CONVICTS.

The State of Georgia is probably the only place in the world that wants more criminals than it has. This is not because its prison hills are empty but for the reason that each convict is worth \$100 a year to the state. An interesting transaction is recorded in the Macon Telegraph which makes it certain that there is a big boom in prison labor and a greater demand for convicts. It seems that Jim Smith has sold his total 'holding' of leased convicts to JIM ENGLISH at a handsome profit. What sum he got for this 'fine bunch of 50 able bodied men' the Telegraph is unable to state, but we are assured it was a good price, and convicts of all kinds are in strong demand. These men have been put to work in the Durham coal mines, where there are now 800 convicts and more are wanted if they can be had.

While Mr. SMITH has sold out his state convicts, he continues to work his misdemeanor convicts, which he hires from the Oglethorpe Co. commissioners at reduced rates on account of their short terms. He has about 50 of these, and wants as many more on his plantation.

The activity in coal, iron and lumber has caused an unusual demand for this class of labor, and the present system of leasing the convicts seems to be generally successful. When the new law went into effect the lessees were paying only \$11 a head per annum for convicts, but when the latest bids were open few of the convicts brought less than \$100. They seem to be profitable as chattels. The convict market is quoted firm, and the courts in Georgia find a way to provide more convicts, most of them negroes.

The statement that the courts will find a way to increase the supply of convicts is certainly encouraging. We, in the North, may have some difficulty in grasping the full import of the situation, but it must naturally occur to those of us who have become acquainted with Judge LYNCH by reading the press that he is not entirely in accord with this prison labor scheme. The suggestion would naturally arise that if he ceased his labors there would be no lack of convicts.

Editor STEWART of the Chatham World is an old Telegraph man and he has a few words to say in his forcible fashion regarding the transfer of the paper. He says the price \$23,500 is \$4,000 less than the late Mr. ELDER paid for the Telegraph twenty-seven years ago and the conclusion he arrives at is that under the new regime 'it will soon lose its status as a legitimate newspaper and sink to its level as the personal organ of a politician. Dr. HANNAY, the poet and historian, is to be supplanted in the editorship by an Ontario man, and machines and matrices are to replace compositors and type. It will be a machine paper in every sense of the word.'

There are a number of good citizens connected with the 62nd Fusiliers as officers. We are proud of them when we see them in the full glory of their uniform parading the streets or at their dreary labor in the drill hall. We understand that they have preferred a request not to be left on colonial shores when the loyal men of Canada are fighting in the Transvaal. Such a spirit is to be admired and is entirely convincing that our soldiers are not toys, fit only to parade at exhibitions and on Sundays. And yet what would we do without our own Col McLEAN and Officers EDWARDS and STURDIE?

The article we print on the ninth page respecting the use of the megaphone in foggy weather is interesting. The principle of the discovery appears to be right and there does not seem to be any reason why the megaphone should not overcome many of the difficulties now in the way of navigation in foggy weather.

It seems that Mayer WINGLOW of Chatham

dared to send a message to the Montreal Star, somewhat similar to that of Mayor Skans. And all of the Toronto press is after him. It is dangerous nowadays to have an opinion—and express it.

Where is the King's County cavalry?

FERNARD PRESS.

Mr. Albert Dennis of Pictou, who is well-known in Nova Scotia newspaper circles, announces that he will take charge of the Pictou Standard again after the 31st of December. Mr. Dennis is energetic and has a wide circle of friends in Nova Scotia. He is both able to make the Standard a livelier and better known newspaper than any other man in the province.

Mr. W. H. Golding, formerly of the Record, is in St. Stephen this week reporting the proceeding of the New Brunswick Sunday School association. The committee could not make a better choice.

The representative of the Montreal Star, who spent some time in the Maritime provinces this year, is writing some interesting articles as a result of his trip. One on the Trans-Atlantic route—a much worn subject—and another on the development of Cape Breton appeared in the Star last Saturday.

Dr. A. B. Walker is coming out as a newspaper man inasmuch as he is engaged writing a series of articles on the Negro race for the Star, of Montreal. We in St. John know Dr. Walker well and the Star gives him a flattering introduction to its readers calling him 'a deep thinker, a ripe scholar, and a fine lawyer; and a profound student of everything that relates to the Negro race—its welfare, origin, traditions, types, characteristics, genius and its destiny. He is also a master of sciences of archeology and anthropology. He is the acknowledged leader of his people in Canada. In heart and sentiment he is loyal and patriotically British, and proud of his B-I-t-i-h birth and heritage. His ability and learning are so well combined and so nicely balanced that he may be fittingly called the Negro Aristotle, or one of the foremost Negro thinkers now living.'

The November number of the Delineator is called the winter number, and contains in addition to the usual authoritative announcement of Fashion's seasonal dicta, a generous amount of Literary Matter of Exceptional Excellence and a profusion of Household and Social discussions of real practical worth. The Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited, 33 R. E. Street, St. West Toronto, Ont.

The regular issue of The Youth's Companion for October 19 has its annual announcement number, and contains a full illustrated prospectus of the contributors and contributions already engaged for 1900. The list of writers embraces many of America's most famous soldiers and sailors, while statesmen, scholars, travelers and gifted story-writers of both sides of the Atlantic will vie in the enrichment of The Companion's pages during the new year. New subscribers who send their subscriptions now will receive free this year's November and December issues from the time of subscription.

A GULL-GIVE ROW.

From the Chatham World. The University of New Brunswick seems to be unfortunate in its management. The senior played a trick on the freshmen, one night recently, by intercepting some of them en route to a reception and locking them up in the gymnasium, and the silly faculty expelled the five students who were recognized among the offenders. Fourteen others immediately declared themselves equally guilty, and these have been suspended. They will, they say, leave the institution, and thus the college loses nineteen students who should have been spanked for their escapade and kept at their studies. The imposition of a fine of \$5 each, the money to be used in supplying refreshments for a college conversation, would have been a sensible and sufficient punishment that would have healed the wounded sensibilities of the freshmen, maintained discipline, and restored harmony. Expulsion for a prank like that! The majority of the professors must be in their dotage.

Two Handsome Girls.

Without doubt the publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal, have this year excelled themselves. The two pictures, 'Battle of Alma,' in color, and 'Pussy Willows,' are now being distributed to the subscribers, and we must say they are most attractive. The publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star know no limit in improving that great paper to please its readers. That wonderful paper, including both the pictures for One Dollar a year is certainly a record breaker, and every home in Canada should take advantage of it.

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VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Sympathy. Born in Heaven and wept around, In the love of the world's end; Eternal power which has found, Since our mothers above us smiled. There is no still acquiescent art, In the once a night of pain, Where sympathy cannot new life impart, To the fevered body and brain. Body and soul in earth born clad By sickness and trouble torn; I sought for the sympathy sought of God When the flesh most feels its thorn I strove in truth to strengthen still, The heart of all human will; Sweet voice of a living Father's will, It helps us that will to know. The grief of the Master's tears revealed, His love is our greatest need; And love by His precious life blood sealed, Was the strength of His gracious deed. His sympathy comforts our spirits now, When the storms of time beat high; And many a sore we would have brow, Is eased when His light shines. By many a divine bed to-night, My sympathy find a place; And tending still in affliction's light, Bring peace to the anxious face. Be loving and tender be kind and true, Sweet gentleness ever be— Your heart's desire in all you do; That your mercy the world may see. O sympathy sweet in His holy name, The lover of all the weak; O strength to the soul in mortal frame, O cheer to the words you speak. O let us be men and women fair, When e'er with the weak we deal; To lean on the anchor of loving care, Is better than transient zeal. (VERNA GOLDIE.)

Japan Litter, Oct. 1899.

Those of the Past.

We are the living, our hearts all a-sorrowing, Where have you gone from us, where are you lost? You have left for us, Is nothing but the world for us, Why have you left us here counting our cost? You're the great God men of ages long since, You, the great thinkers of our to-day, All your vast number, Oh we ever do you miss and miss, Where have you left us—oh what lonely way? Back to the elements long they have given you, Heirs all a bleeding with sorrow and pain— All that we have of you, Is the great work of your hand and your brain. Nature, who helped you, who bent to your will, power, Many the years you have gone back to her, You and your misdeeds, Such do we ever confess, We never know you just as you were. Oh, the vast array of those who have gone from us, Who have they indeed; oh where are they now? Follow the heart in us, Who are apart from us, We too are going, but where are our goals? We, who are God-men, will find the mystery, All our hearts will be bleeding and sore— Why must we leave you all, Why must we grieve you all, Why must we join the men gone before? You who have faith in creeds and religions, You are the only ones who can reply— Hope in the soul of you— In the whole of you— Faith is your act, and answers your why. —Ames Oppenheim.

A Morning Prayer.

Let me to-day do something that shall take A little of sadness from the world's vast store, And may I be so favored as to make O joy's scanty sum a little more. Let me not be hurt by any selfish deed Or thoughtless sorrow, the heart of foe or friend; Nor would I pass a selfish word, Or sit by silent where I should defend. However meagre be my worldly wealth, Let me give something that shall aid my kind, A word of cheer or a thought of health, Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find. Let me to night look back across the span Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say— Because of sin, need not to boast or man— The world is better that I lived to-day. —Ellen Wheeler Wileox.

The War Song of the Boer.

The hardy Boer now smother, As to his feet he springeth, A song that's full of ragged, jagged runble. He loads his trusty rifle— And chants his chunky triad— This wondrous, cantorous melody—the war song of the Boer: 'Waal hoog in ons heider ing Transvaal, vrieheidsvind, Ons vijande is weggevang! Nou blink'n blijdag.' It look like barb-wire fence, With broken glass commencing; It tangles, jangles, mangles—then it wrangles on once more. Once from his throat it traveled— This trip a twisted, doubled, folded war song of the Boer: 'Waal hoog in ons heider ing Transvaal, vrieheidsvind, Ons vijande is weggevang! Nou blink'n blijdag.'

Sonnet and Sonnet.

Take golden haze Of autumn days And write some rhymes upon it; Add 'raining year'— And 'wilted oar'— You're an October sonnet. Take piece of felt, Give it a welt, And stick a feather on it. A heavy dol— Let price-mark's all it is— It's an October sonnet!

OBJECTIONS TO THE FAIRIES.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

The amount of the deficit is of course yet unknown, and it is difficult to see how it can be much less than last year.

The grand stand receipts are larger than ever, and will show a surplus on behalf of the special attractions and horse races, which is not only in favor of those shows, but these figures alone do not indicate the number of people they bring to the exhibition, as there are thousands who would not go to the exhibition at all if these attractions were not provided.

President Lorgley, in a published statement, says: 'The public have formed altogether an exaggerated view of the ill consequences of a deficit, so far as the government is concerned, as each year \$4,000 has been voted for the last twenty years toward a provincial exhibition, if the deficit of the Halifax exhibition is exactly \$8,000, the government of Nova Scotia loses nothing. If the deficit is less than that, as I think it will be this year considerably, the only effect is that the government is in. Of course the city has to bear its share, but as the bringing of at least twenty thousand visitors to the city of Halifax is directly worth from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars in money to the city, and indirectly worth many times that in the growth and development of trade, the small deficit of two or three thousand dollars a year would be a bagatelle to the city compared with the enormous advantages it derives from this annual exhibition.'

A New Premium List.

The Welcome Soap Co. are sending out a new premium list, which includes a large list of the best current books and literature, a fine collection of artists' proofs in engravings and colored plates, photographic views of Canadian scenery nicely arrayed for the parlor, vocal and instrumental music, toys for the children and other useful and desirable presents, which they send to the users of the famous Welcome Soap, absolutely free of all charge, beyond the returning of 25 Welcome Soap Wrappers from the Welcome Soap cakes. They have other valuable premiums at special terms, such as ladies and gents' watches, cameras, opera glasses, etc., etc.

The well known Welcome Soap has been in high favor for years, there is none better in our markets for all household purposes, and the push and enterprise of the manufacturers in giving such extra inducements as above to their customers, is resulting in a largely increased sale and consumption of this favorite soap.

Took the Shell Back.

A week or two ago Mr. M. H. Ruggles and two or three friends brought Harry Vail's shell from Halifax and yesterday morning Vail was busy taking it back with him again to that city. He says he is in good shape and expects to win. The race comes off next Wednesday.

DO YOU ENJOY LUXURY in your laundry work?

It is the way of smooth edges on your collars? It is get them done at UNGAR'S Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

'Marry you?'

The young woman scornfully exclaimed. 'I wouldn't marry you if you were—' Jupiter Olympus, the Czar of Russia, or the Count of Monte Cristo? sarcastically interrupted the young man. 'No!' she rejoined, with increasing scorn. 'Not even if you were the man who sent Dewey to the Philippines?'

'The English yacht.'

'The English yacht,' said the driver of the carriage, stopping his horses a moment to read the bulletin, 'is slowly besting its way to windward.'

'Dear me!'

'Dear me!' exclaimed the young woman on the back seat. 'Can't Sir Thomas afford to pay it way? I thought he was a millionaire!'

'We couldn't get along with 2 office boys.'

'Not enough work.' 'That wasn't it; each was afraid he'd get here in the morning before the other.'

The Father—And this young man, is my ultimatum.

'The Son—Oh! That's better than I had expected. I had feared your mind was made up.'

'Young Gayby calls his dad's new wife his front step mother.'

'Why is that?' 'He sits on her almost every day.'

Still Making a Hit.—That lecturer used to be a pugilist.

'So now he's an expounder.'

This is a most d... for Bre... Being tritious, and assi... a valuab... lids and

AL BAKING POWDER PURE delicious and wholesome

ON: OYING TO THE FAIRS. (CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

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"He sits on her almost every day."

"Still making a hit."—That lecturer used to be a pugilist.

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A few October weddings and the usual Thanksgiving out of town fitting is about all there is to write about in a social way this week.

The gifts from Halifax made some stir when they arrived and proved quite an attraction at the St. John's Thursday afternoon.

St. John had the best of the play on the holiday and the match was to be continued yesterday. The weather was beautiful and the ladies and gentlemen from Halifax were much pleased with the looks.

The mixed foursomes were commenced at 10 o'clock and finished soon after 1 o'clock. In this match the St. John club secured a big lead. The scores were:

H. H. Hanson and Miss Purpee won from Miss Almon and Dr. Campbell, one hole up.

Miss Thomson and E. F. Jones won from Miss Wallace and Mr. Archibald, seven holes up.

Miss T. MacLaren and E. A. Smith won from Mrs. Morrow and Mr. Taylor, eight holes up.

Mrs. Stewart and Mr. Smith of Halifax won from Miss Muriel Robertson and J. D. Hazen, two holes up.

Capt. Barker and Mrs. G. W. Jones tied with Miss Gravelly and Mr. Whappam.

Miss Grace Skinner and Mr. R. Diamond won from Miss Caldwell and Mr. Evans, four holes up.

Miss Abbot and Mr. Ferris defeated Miss MacLaren and Mr. Hart, five holes up.

Total: Halifax, 7; St. John, 29.

In the afternoon the gentlemen's and ladies' doubles were played, with the following result:

Messrs. Heward and Jones won from Messrs. Taylor and Campbell, Halifax, two holes up.

Mrs. G. W. Jones and Miss Skinner won from Miss Abbot and Mrs. Gravelly, Halifax, four holes up and three to play.

Miss B. MacLaren and Miss L. Parks won from Mrs. Taylor and Miss Caldwell, Halifax, seven holes up and three to play.

Messrs. J. D. Pascoe and E. A. Smith tied with Messrs. Archibald and Whappam.

Messrs. Richmond and Fraser won from Messrs. Smith and Evans, Halifax, two holes up.

Miss Thomson and Miss Purpee won from Miss Almon and Mrs. Morrow, Halifax, thirteen holes up.

Miss Tina MacLaren and Miss Muriel Robertson won from Mrs. Howard and Miss Walker, Halifax, seven holes up.

The yacht, the only war ship to visit us this year, called again the first of the week but while here Capt. Peesley and his officers were given all possible attention and they went away with a very favorable impression of St. John and its people.

Miss Emily Blackin and Mr. Albert Jackson of St. Stephen, were married Wednesday at the residence of Mr. Charles F. Robinson. No one, except the immediate relatives of the couple were present.

The bride was attired in a handsome lawn colored broad cloth traveling suit. The happy couple left by steamer Prince Rupert for a trip through Nova Scotia. They will return in the course of a week and will reside in St. Stephen. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. G. Fulton, assisted by Rev. Geo. Bellar.

There was also a pretty wedding the same morning at the new Catholic church at Norton, in which many St. John people were interested, when Mr. John Alfred Kelly of Derry, New Hampshire, formerly of Belleisle, and Miss Rosella Ryan, daughter of Mr. John E. Ryan, of Norton, were made man and wife. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Byrne in the presence of a large number of friends of the young couple, who had gathered to attend the nuptial. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Alice Ryan, and Mr. Clements Kelly, brother of the groom, was groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly passed through St. John on the C. P. R. en route to their future home in Derry. They were met at the train by many St. John friends and hearty congratulations were extended.

Miss Julia Belyea and Edward N. Harrington of Portland, Me. were married on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. David Long and took place at the home of the bride's father, Capt. J. M. Belyea, Adelaide street, a few relatives and friends being present. After wedding breakfast

for Mr. and Mrs. Harrington left by the C. P. R. for their future home in Portland, Me.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Irvine—and they are numerous—found a pleasant way of remembering them the first of the week by reminding them that they had been married twenty five years. It would be difficult to imagine that this was a fact but when old recollections and pleasant memories began to be recalled it was little wonder that the years rolled by so quickly. Shortly after the party had taken possession, W. G. Kerr, who was Mr. Irvine's groomsmen a quarter of a century ago, on behalf of his old associates in church and Y. M. C. A. work presented Mr. and Mrs. Irvine with a set of silver side plates, inscribed as a very young man. Mr. Irvine replied in a fitting manner, and after a few appropriate remarks by Joseph A. Likier, Hugh P. Kerr and Rev. Dr. Pope and others, the balance of the evening was given up to amusement.

Miss Morrow of Lynn, and the Misses Elliott and Gilmour of West Medford, were entertained by a ball on the yacht "Windward" by their friends. Among those on board during the short cruise to Robbsey were Mr. and Mrs. Sid P. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilmour, Mrs. Leslie White, Master Gilmour, and Messrs. Robert Ritchie, Fred Nichol, and W. B. Golding.

N. Sweeney claims a St. John man as bridegroom. Mr. Henry E. Baile was the groom. The wedding was held on October 11. The wedding, which was quite a took place at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. P. G. Snow was the officiating clergyman. The popular young couple received numerous presents from their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Seely celebrated the 23rd anniversary of her marriage Monday evening at the residence of Mr. Robert White on behalf of those present read an address and presented Mr. and Mrs. Seely with two easy chairs and a pair of gold rimmed eye glasses. A very pleasant time was had by all.

Mr. J. E. Beattie belongs to the West End and is station master of the above line at St. Stephen so when he arrived in the city this week with his bride who was Miss Bettison, also from the West End both of them got a warm welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Beattie received many beautiful wedding gifts and are being showered with congratulations by their many friends. Mrs. Beattie will receive her friends at Mr. Hoyt Beattie's residence Union street, West End today and tomorrow.

Mr. Wm. Gunning came from Moncton last Thursday to take one of St. John's fair daughters to the city of railways. He was married to Miss Ida Storey by Rev. Mr. Traflet and the happy couple took the train the next day for their home.

Mrs. Silas Alward and her brother Mr. E. H. Turnbull have returned from New York where they spent several days.

The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Kuppel at Southampton was called to their friends here. Mr. Kuppel has been here for some time in connection with the dry dock project and he and his wife made many friends during their stay.

Among the delegates to the Women's Council at Hamilton, Ont. were Mrs. J. V. Ellis and Mrs. W. H. Tuck.

Lady Tilley went to St. Stephen this week to visit Mrs. Chipman.

Mr. Frank R. Clark, son of Mr. Daniel Clarke of Carleton, is on his way home from the Klondike. His wife accompanies him.

Miss Nichols, who has been the guest of Mrs. D. D. Robertson, at Robbsey, went to Montreal for her home in England.

Mrs. Gibson who has been visiting Lady Tilley has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. T. D. Ord returned from Miss Muriel O'Leary, of Trenton, Ont., with a few cases of tinware this week.

Miss Nellie Dorn of Wallbridge is visiting friends in the Atlantic Valley.

Mr. Gilbert Turcy, who has been on a trip to New York, returned home Monday.

Myra and Mrs. Shreve of D. B. were in the city this week.

Mr. M. K. of Cape Breton passed through the city this week, on his way home from Montreal.

Mr. James MacIntosh was a passenger to Boston on Wednesday.

Mr. S. E. Vaughan and Miss Vaughan of St. Martins, are at the Clifton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tufts have returned from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. deW. Howard left Wednesday, for Virginia, where they will take up their residence.

P. L. Connor of Brantford, Ont., who has been visiting relatives here, has returned home.

Mr. E. Hutchinson, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Wilkinson, Mrs. Sargent and the Misses Burchill of Miramichi were in the city this week.

Frank Lawlor, who came home to attend the funeral of his mother on Monday last, has returned to Cardinal, Ontario, by the I. C. R.

Mrs. R. W. Stephens of Ottawa who has been visiting friends in St. John has returned home.

Mrs. J. I. Noble returned home from a four week's visit to friends in Lynn, Mass.

Miss Anderson of Leith, G. B., who has been a visitor in St. John for some months, left by the C. P. R. for Montreal on Tuesday and will take the Allan steamer at Montreal. Her cousin, Miss Jennie Campbell, daughter of Peter Campbell, went with her and will probably spend some months in Scotland.

ST. ANDREWS.

Oct. 17.—Miss Ottilie Smith returned to her duties in the Normal school, Truro, N. S. on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Foster returned from their bridal tour on Thursday night.

Mr. Matthew Bohan and bride, of Bath N. B., spent a portion of their honeymoon at St. Andrews. Mrs. Bohan is a daughter of the late Owen McColtrick of Fredericton.

Among those in attendance at the Church of England S. S. conference in St. Andrews last week were Rev. G. Stearns, Mr. Chas. N. Vroom, Miss Vroom, the Misses McBride and Miss Polley from St. Stephen; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Harvey; and Miss Craig, from St. George; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dyer, from Elmville.

Miss Bessie Kray was a passenger to Boston by Monday's train.

Mrs. A. A. Ruby and Miss Ina Clarke returned from Boston last week.

Mrs. Fred A. Stevens is visiting at Old Ridge.

Mr. W. H. Alexander, for twenty years a resident of Duluth, Minn., has been visiting his cousin, Mr. T. A. Hart, lately.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hoar have closed up their summer residence and departed for their Mass., chateau home.

ST. STEPHEN AND CAVALS.

[Programme for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Frost's.]

Oct. 17.—Sheriff Stewart of St. Andrews was in town on Monday. While he was here he took time to visit the nickel mines in the afternoon, and was much impressed with the work done, and the quality of the ore being obtained.

The field day of the Knights of Pythias which was held in Calais last Thursday was a great success.

Miss Vindicator Knigusa were in attendance. In the afternoon a grand parade was witnessed by hundreds of people. The St. Stephen Knights were also in attendance. In the evening a ball was held in the curling rink at which there were fully six hundred people.

The funeral of John Ross, an uncle of Mr. F. E. Ross, took place on Thursday. The remains arrived by the Washington county railway and were taken direct to the St. Stephen cemetery. The Masonic Lodge attended in a body.

Tuesday was the day the St. Andrew school convention met here, and the town was filled with ministers and teachers.

The whist club recently formed among the young society people's next to night with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gilmour, in Calais.

Miss Vanwart and Miss Gertrude Skinner, who have been Miss Berta Smith's guests, left for their homes on Saturday.

Mrs. C. F. Beard, accompanied by her sister Miss Berta Smith, left yesterday for a day's hunting trip.

Judge Cockburn was in town on professional business on Monday.

A tennis court is being made by Robert Eison on the lot situated on St. Croix street and owned by the Esdaile-Andrews estate. The court will be prepared this fall so that the game may be indulged in in the early spring.

FAIR BORO.

[Progress is for sale at the Parrabon Book Store] (Oct. 20)—The nuptial of Miss Davita Howard and Mr. Kollord Tucker were solemnized in Grace Methodist church on Wednesday morning by Rev. W. G. Lane assisted by Rev. H. A. McLean, J. L. Betty and Robt. McArthur, the platform and pulpit being prettily adorned with potted plants.

At eight o'clock the bridal party entered to be strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march played by Mr. Chas. Hillcoat. The bride wore white satin on train with pearl and chiffon trimming veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses and maidenhair fern, was given away by her father. The bridesmaids were Miss Laura Tucker, Miss Sarah Loxan and Miss Grace Verron.

The bridesmaids wore white organdy over blue, pink and green respectively, with large hats to match and bouquets respectively pink, green and crimson roses. Mr. J. Adams Baird supported the groom. The ushers were, Drs. M. D. McKenzie and McArthur and Messrs. F. F. Lawson, and Clifford McMurtry. The ceremony was followed by a sumptuous breakfast at Capt. Hower's and then the happy couple left for their wedding tour, the bride's traveling dress being of blue cloth, tailor-made with a blue and white hat. The guests were relatives only and the presents were valuable including various sums in gold.

Mrs. C. E. Blair have just moved into their pretty new home.

Rev. Marcell Couran arrived on Wednesday to hold a ten day's mission in St. George's church. Miss Maud Corbett has been visiting friends at Truro.

Mr. C. R. Smith and family who have spent the summer in their cottage here returned to Amherst on Friday.

Mrs. Sterling of Massachusetts is paying a visit to her brother Dr. Murdoch McKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod returned last week from Toronto where Mr. McLeod was very ill in the hospital. He is much improved and able to be out every day.

Mr. H. E. Mosher of the Commercial bank is spending part of his vacation here, greatly to the pleasure of many friends.

Mrs. Stielow who spent the summer at Hotel Alps, left her departure on Monday.

Miss A. K. left on Thursday for Germany by rail to return some time.

Mrs. J. D. Gordon has returned from a visit to St. Stephen.

Mr. L. M. Clark who has made a long visit with her daughter, Mrs. B. L. Tucker, has gone home to Truro.

Mr. Morse of Oxford has been the guest of Mrs. W. H. O.

Mrs. G. Gillespie and Miss Josephine Gillespie are back from their trip to Fredericton.

Rev. J. C. M. Vale and his family have gone to Cornwall where he will take charge of St. John's church for a year or longer.

The Silent Way: How

Today when the birches are yellow, And red in the waywinding trees, Sit down in the sun, my soul, And talk of yourself to me!

Here where the old blue rocks Back in the forest snice, Dapple the sun and lost In their reverie divide.

How goodly and sage they are! Friends of the taciturn snice, Rebeking our babble and haste, Ye loving us all the while.

In the saters the wild gold bees Miss John's room busy do, Where our Mother at Autumn's door Bids warming her through to the bone.

What is your afterthought When a red leaf rusts a down, Or the chaffers from the bush Challenge a brief remonst?

When silence falls again Asleep on hill-side and crest, Resumes her ancient mood, Do you still say, "Lilie is best?"

We have been friends so long, And yet not a single word Of yourself, your kiss or kin, Or home, have I ever heard.

Nightly we sup and part, Daily you come to my door; Strange we should be such mates, Yet never have talked before.

A cousin to downy-feather, And brother to shining-down, Am I, of the brood of earth, And yet of an alien kin.

Made from the dust of the road, And a measure of silver rain, To be low you brave and siled, Unamfiful of plaudits or pain.

Dear to the m'hty heart Born of her finest mood, Great with the impulse of joy, With the rapture of love subdued

Radiant moments are yours, Of mornings where the verge, Of a country where one day Our forest trail shall emerge.

When the road winds under a ledge, You keep the trailing pace, Till it mounts a shoulder of hill, To the open sun and space.

Ah, then you dance and go, Illuminated spirit again, Child of the forest tongue, And the dark wildling strain!

Through the long winter dark, When slumber is at my side, Will you leave me dreamland there, For your journey over the hill?

Only One "Best."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I have used your Soap for years, will use no other. It is the BEST."—[Mrs. James Shupe Tusket, N. S.]

"Welcome Soap is the best I have ever used."—[Mrs. John Hughes, Chatham, N. B.]

"We have used Welcome Soap for a number of years and would not be without it; have used various other soaps, but we find this the best in the market."—[Miss Anetta Mailman, Hemford N. S.]

Hundreds of letters with these sentiments reach us continually. Let us have your experience with the famous

Welcome Soap.



ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam.

IT IS THE SUREST COLD CURE.

PRICE 25 cent SPER BOTTLE.

Be sure and always have a bottle of

Manning's German Remedy,

The Best Cure for Rheumatism on the Market.

PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

THE CANADIAN DRUG COMPANY, L'TD.

SOLE AGENTS.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by

The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Banker, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic, Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

When You Want

a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for

(Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL— "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic.

JOHN C. CLOWES.

E. G. SCOVIL (Sole Agent) 162 Union Street.



This choice Cocoa makes

a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms

a valuable food for invalids and children.

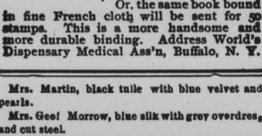
FOR ADDITIONAL QUESTIONS, SEE OTHER AND KNOWN PAGES.



WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over thirty years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is, of course, regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst imaginable cases. It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take his advice and be well.



Mrs. E. D. Moseford, of Lebanon, Warren Co., writes: "I drop you this morning to let you know that I have received the Medical Adviser, and how very much pleased I am with it. A five dollar bill did not tempt me to part with it."

On receipt of 31 cent stamps, to pay cost of postage and mailing, we will send free to any address a paper-bound copy of Doctor Pierce's great 1000 page book, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser."

Or, the same book bound in fine French cloth will be sent for 50 stamps. This is a more handsome and more durable binding. Address World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, Buffalo, N. Y.

- Mrs. Martin, black tulle with blue velvet and pearls.
Mrs. Geof. Morrow, blue silk with grey overdress, and cut steel.
Mrs. James Morrow, peach colored silk and diamonds.
Mrs. M. Morrow, corse silk.
Mrs. McDowell, white silk, pink roses.
Mrs. O'Brien, white silk, pink roses.
Mrs. Payson, yellow and black.
Mrs. Bissette, peach colored silk and roses.
Mrs. H. Smith, white silk, chiffon and roses.
Mrs. Sweet, grey and black silk.
Mrs. Seaton, green silk and red velvet.
Mrs. Stayner, cream.
Mrs. Tremaine, black figured silk and cut steel.
Mrs. G. Tremaine, yellow satin and violet trimming.
Mrs. Wilkin, cream satin, blue chiffon and diamonds.
Mrs. M. Wilkin, cream satin, blue chiffon and pearls.
Mrs. White, cream.
Mrs. Wink, pink silk.
Mrs. Wilkin, cream.
Mr. John N. Meagher and bride returned from their wedding tour Friday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Adams will be at home Tuesday and Wednesday at 574 Edward street.
Rev. W. J. Armstrong and Rev. H. W. Archibald returned from their Upper Provinces trip Tuesday.
Col. Collier returned Saturday night from Esquimaux.
Jas. Burns and son who have been visiting Boston and New York returned by S. S. Halifax Sunday evening.
T. J. Wallace who arrived at New York Wednesday by the Oceanic, returned on the Halifax Sunday evening.
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TRURO.
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Oct. 18.—Mrs. G. R. Martell, Matilda, and

Calcium-Nickel Fluoride
FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS
is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.
Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.
Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The Best is None too Good.

At Allan's White Pharmacy, 87 Charlotte Street, you will find the best of everything in the Drug Line.
My Dispensary Department is the largest and brightest in the city. Every prescription receives careful attention and is promptly dispensed. My perfume cases display a beautiful assortment of choicest French, English and American odors and perfumes of every description. At my Soda Fountain you can get a delicious drink of Cold Peppermint or Cream Soda. My confectionery case contains an assortment of Gossamer's choicest goods, and in my other cases you will always find reliable Havana Cigars.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Telephone 39.

Mrs. C. Morse has charge of her school at Mt. Pleasant during Miss Hixman's absence. Mr. Green, local manager of the bank of N. S. returned on Wednesday from his well-earned vacation. His sister, Mrs. Green, who has been at Digby, returned to her home in Charlottetown yesterday.

Sister Agatha and Sister Charlie of Montreal were guests of Mrs. J. T. McBride this week. They are now spending a short vacation at their homes in Clara, the first since they joined the order eleven years ago. Mr. Stephen Marshall, of Marshalltown, who has been with the Canadian Militia, at Dawson since the gold fever broke out, is home enjoying a short vacation. Mr. Marshall may be sent to South Africa with the Canadian contingent to fight the Boers.

A Much Maligned Beverage. "Death in the tea-pot." Well cheap tea-steeped instead of steeped—caused the saying. Good tea properly drawn, is a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but it may be good, as for instance, Tetley's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

Oct. 18.—Mr. Fred Tweedie of Woodstock and bride (Miss Kate Cahill), spent a few days in town last week guests of Mr. Tweedie's mother, Mrs. Robert Tweedie. Miss Angelina J. Smith, formerly of Hampton, died at her home in Sussex on the 10th inst, and was buried in the new cemetery here on Thursday last.

Rev. R. Barry Smith spent Sunday, 8th inst, in town, guest of Rev. J. D. Wetmore, and occupied the pulpit of the station baptist church in the evening preaching most acceptably to a crowded house. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Langstroth have returned from their visit to Boston and New York. Dr. Fred H. Wetmore has returned from his trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pope Barnes, after spending the past year at Lakeside, removed to St. John last week. Miss Lillie Gardner, who was spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Whitaker at "Havenwood," returned to her home in the city on Saturday.

Mr. George Bishop, the new book-keeper for the Oakesong Stamping Co., is a guest of Mrs. N. M. Barnes, "Linden Heights." Mr. and Mrs. Hansford Langstroth, who went to Boston to attend the funeral of Mrs. Langstroth's brother, returned home on Saturday. Miss Edith Allen of St. John, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith last week.

Mr. Geo. K. Frost, after spending two weeks holidays with his parents here, returned to St. John on Friday. Mrs. Hawes of Liverpool, Eng., and Miss Lottie McLean of St. John, were visitors last week with Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McLeod at "Asholm." Rev. Mr. Sellar of St. John, was in town over Sunday having exchanged Sunday services with Rev. Theo. Stebbings.

Miss Miriam Travis after several weeks sojourn in the city returned home last week. Mr. Cecil S. March left a few days ago for Greenock on business. Mr. T. C. Donald has returned from his trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Smith of Sussex, was in town on Thursday to attend the funeral of their daughter. Mrs. James W. Sprout has gone to Boston to visit friends. Mr. James A. Paul of St. John, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. McAvity and family, after spending the summer at Lakeside, returned home last week. Mrs. Wm. B. Gerow of St. John, was the guest last week of Mrs. E. G. Evans. Miss Fyne of Boston has been visiting Miss Jean Williams in the past week.

Mrs. Ralph March, who was visiting her father at Fredericton, has returned home. Mr. R. Hubble, our efficient school teacher, is anxious to join the troops en route to the Transvaal.

Oct. 18.—The bicycle party last Wednesday evening was a very pleasant and enjoyable one. The ride to Kingston and back was successfully arranged by Miss Sylvia Black. A large number from here attended the public meeting in connection with the Teachers Institute held in the Kingston hall last Thursday evening. Amongst the speakers were Dr. J. B. Inch of Fredericton, G. U. Hay of St. John. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Carrier, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ferguson drove to Buctouche on Sunday and spent the day there.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over thirty years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is, of course, regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst imaginable cases. It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take his advice and be well.

Mrs. E. D. Moseford, of Lebanon, Warren Co., writes: "I drop you this morning to let you know that I have received the Medical Adviser, and how very much pleased I am with it. A five dollar bill did not tempt me to part with it."

On receipt of 31 cent stamps, to pay cost of postage and mailing, we will send free to any address a paper-bound copy of Doctor Pierce's great 1000 page book, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser."

Or, the same book bound in fine French cloth will be sent for 50 stamps. This is a more handsome and more durable binding. Address World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, Buffalo, N. Y.

- Mrs. Martin, black tulle with blue velvet and pearls.
Mrs. Geof. Morrow, blue silk with grey overdress, and cut steel.
Mrs. James Morrow, peach colored silk and diamonds.
Mrs. M. Morrow, corse silk.
Mrs. McDowell, white silk, pink roses.
Mrs. O'Brien, white silk, pink roses.
Mrs. Payson, yellow and black.
Mrs. Bissette, peach colored silk and roses.
Mrs. H. Smith, white silk, chiffon and roses.
Mrs. Sweet, grey and black silk.
Mrs. Seaton, green silk and red velvet.
Mrs. Stayner, cream.
Mrs. Tremaine, black figured silk and cut steel.
Mrs. G. Tremaine, yellow satin and violet trimming.
Mrs. Wilkin, cream satin, blue chiffon and diamonds.
Mrs. M. Wilkin, cream satin, blue chiffon and pearls.
Mrs. White, cream.
Mrs. Wink, pink silk.
Mrs. Wilkin, cream.
Mr. John N. Meagher and bride returned from their wedding tour Friday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Adams will be at home Tuesday and Wednesday at 574 Edward street.
Rev. W. J. Armstrong and Rev. H. W. Archibald returned from their Upper Provinces trip Tuesday.
Col. Collier returned Saturday night from Esquimaux.
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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.
ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (see review before published), edited by HERBERT COOPER.
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.
RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.
GEORGE W. CARLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Holographic"—illustrated by Herter.
SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—illustrated.
MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—illustrated.
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Mimsy Ann."
Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars."
ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Comic-verse essays.
SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.
C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.
THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effective. Readily taken by children. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Figs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE Buctouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

- Governor Roosevelt's "The Rough Riders" (Illustrated serial), and all his other new writings.
ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LIT FEELS" (New & better published), edited by STRAIGHT CUTLER.
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.
RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.
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GLOSSY SWEET HAIR
FOLLOWS THE USE OF "Tarina"
THE LADIES' HAIR SOAP.
It cleanses, sweetens, softens and allays scalp irritations.
TARINA cures pimples and skin troubles, and is a specific against the disagreeable effects of perspiration.
Every lady should have a cake.
25 cents, at your druggist, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS.
P. O. BOX 2410, MONTREAL.

FREDERICTON.
[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. E. Hawthorne.]
Oct. 18.—Mrs. T. Carleton Allen, gave such a pretty luncheon at 'The Poplars' on Friday in honor of her niece who is visiting her. Covers were laid for twelve. These present were:
Mrs. Carpenter Mrs. A. R. Tibbits.
Miss May Robinson Miss E. Foy.
Miss Grace Winslow Miss Carry Winslow.
Miss Ada Taber Miss Mary Aberly.
Miss Botsford Miss Beattie Blair.
Miss Holden Mrs. Allen.
—Mrs. Allen has invitations cut for a ladies' luncheon for tomorrow.
Miss Beattie Blair is here from Ottawa and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. E. Botsford.
Mrs. F. P. Thompson is this evening giving a dinner party in honor of her niece Mrs. A. R. Tibbits and the bride Mrs. A. R. Slipp at which covers are laid for sixteen.
Miss Fanny Bliss is here from Chatham and is the guest of Mrs. John Black at 'The Chimes'.
Mrs. Kingston had invited invitations for a luncheon party at 'Bottan's House' for Tuesday but unfortunately was obliged to recall them on account of the illness of her daughter Miss Violet March whom I am happy to learn is better today.
Mrs. Ketchum has gone to Dorchester on account of the illness of her young nephew.
The ladies' white party, given at Bishops, by Mrs. T. G. Logie on Friday evening proved an exceptionally pleasant function. The ladies mostly appearing in evening dress all looked pretty. Seven tables contended for the prizes which were finally won by Mrs. H. V. Bridges and Miss Dalrymple taking the first two prizes. Miss Ada Taber and Mrs. Davidson securing the second. A very elaborate supper was served at midnight. The carriages for the ladies were ordered soon after midnight.
Mrs. Eaton is the guest of the Misses Thompson on Waterloo Row.
Mrs. Goodrich Roberts has returned from an extended and pleasant visit to Nova Scotia. Mr. Roberts many friends will be pleased to learn that she has returned greatly improved in health and much benefited from her long stay in the sister province.
The newest engagement which is just being whispered about and will probably terminate in a Catholic wedding when a gentleman on the staff of one of our popular public institutions will lead to Heaven's altar, the eldest daughter of one of our city magnates.
Mrs. Logan of St. John, is in the city the guest of her daughter Mrs. A. W. Edscombe.
Mr. Alfred Day of Ontario and his daughter were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Condit while in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Day left on Monday for St. Stephen to attend the Provincial S.S. Association.
The Misses Ballock gave a pleasant dance at their pretty country home on Saturday evening.

THINGS OF VALUE.
'I am very sorry, Charlie, you don't admire my new dress,' said a young wife; 'everybody says it is charming.' 'Your friends, my dear, pay you compliments; I pay your bills,' replied her husband.
There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's constitution being such that the cure of one disease necessarily creates another. There is, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a good unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its grateful and judicious use, the frailties of the system are corrected, and the vitality of the system, thereby making it more susceptible to the influence of the atmosphere, and giving rise to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased stimulation. It is a most valuable tonic, and a most reliable preservative of the system. It is a most valuable preservative of the system. It is a most valuable preservative of the system.
John—'What's the difference between a visit and a visitation?' 'A visit, my son, is when we go to see your grandmother on your mother's side. A visitation is when she comes to see you.'

MONCTON.
[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. E. Jones' Bookstore.]
Oct. 18.—The many friends of Mrs. G. H. Trueman in St. John particularly, will regret to learn of the death of her sister, Mrs. Bisset of Moncton. Mrs. Trueman has gone to this city for a few days.
Mr. J. R. Inch, chief Superintendent of Education, Fredericton, was in the city this week.
Mr. C. P. Harris, has returned from an extended trip to the Upper Provinces and Eastern States.
Miss Sinclair, daughter of Mr. E. Sinclair, Miramichi, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Foy on Bedford street.
Mr. J. S. Benedict, U. S. Consul at Campbellton and Mrs. Benedict, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George McCreaney.
Miss Annie, daughter of Mr. C. D. Thompson of the I. C. R. has gone to New York to spend some time with her grandmother.
Mrs. Lettrey, of Summerside, P. E. I. mother of Mrs. George McCreaney, of Moncton, has gone to Iowa to visit relatives.
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Colpitts are on a trip to the upper provinces. They will visit Toronto, Niagara Falls and other points north before returning.

ing the past year have shown that the effects of practice on one side of the body are transferred to the other side, where there have been no practice. For instance, a fencer, practising lunges with a foil, and using only his right hand, gained in two weeks 50 per cent. of accuracy in aim. At the same time it was found that his left hand had also gained 36 per cent. of accuracy in the same exercise, although it had had no actual practice. So the exertion of the muscles of the right arm likewise increased the strength of the left arm.
A Pleasant Surprise
For those who have thought that Catarrh is incurable, and to whom the constant use of snuffs and ointments has been almost unbearable, is to learn of Catarrh's cure, the new medicated air treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma. Catarrh's cure is a guaranteed cure for these diseases and never fails to cure them. It cures by inhalation of medicated air and always reaches the right spot. This is no theory, but the result of actual experience, and thousands of testimonials back up all we say for our medicine. Price \$1.00 at all druggists, or direct by mail on receipt of price. Send 10c in stamps for sample outfit to N. C. Folsom & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Changes of Climate.
Professor Arrhenius, who has recently investigated the causes of secular variations in the temperature at the earth's surface, thinks that they are more probably due to changes in the amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere than to variations in the heat of the sun. If the amount of carbonic acid that the air now contains were diminished a little more than one-half, the mean temperature all over the earth would drop about 8°, which would be sufficient to bring on another glacial period. On the other hand, an increase of carbonic acid to between two and three times its present amount would raise the mean temperature 15°, and renew the hot times of the Eocene epoch.

Children Like DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE
It does not nauseate—cures Colds, Coughs and Asthma.
25c. a Bottle.
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MFRS. Montreal.

Good Paper AND Good Ink
are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job.
Progress Job Printing Department, St. John, N. B.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.
Announcements advertising heading not exceeding lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. 50 cents extra for every additional line.
RESIDENCE at Rothsay for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the 'Titus property' is situated on a half mile from Rothsay Station and is within a five minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenwick, Barrister-at-Law, Fuzesley Building. 24 1/2 St.
BANKERS AND BROKERS.
Geo. Skaller & Co. CONSOL, STOCK EXCHANGE BLDG. 60-62 Broadway, New York.
Lots of Money
can be made through speculation with deposit of \$50.00 (thirty dollars) upward for 3 per cent. margin upward on the Stock Exchange.
The greatest fortunes have been made through speculations in Stocks, Wheat or Cotton.
If you are interested to know how speculations are conducted, notify us and we will send you information and a most letter free of charge.
Usual commission charged for executing orders.
Governments, Municipal and Railroad bonds quotations furnished on application for purchase, sale and exchange.
Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.
The 'Leochotinsky' Method; also 'Synthe System' for beginners.
Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

YOUR TABLE SILVER
can never look well if the plate is worn off it. We guarantee silverplated knives, forks and spoons bearing this mark
W. ROGERS
will last with ordinary care, a generation. Is it not while asking your dealer to sell you that kind, 'The kind that lasts'
SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

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It does not nauseate—cures Colds, Coughs and Asthma.
25c. a Bottle.
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MFRS. Montreal.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.
THE DUFFERIN
This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.
E. LAROC WILLIS, Proprietor.
CAFÉ ROYAL
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.
W.M. CLARK, Proprietor.
Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS, FISH and GAME always on hand.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.
Queen Hotel, Hollis Street, HALIFAX N. S.
JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor.
QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effective. Readily taken by children.
Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.
For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.
Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pig's Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henery Eggs. Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND
75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE
Bucouche Bar Oysters.
Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

NERVES
The Modern Malady and the Up-to-Date Scientific Treatment.
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food
Until the latter half of the present century nervous diseases were comparatively unknown and scarcely recognized by physicians. As nervous prostrations, hysteria and paralysis became better understood, science found means to cope with them and the crowning triumph of medical discovery was given to the world under the name of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, after the famous physician and author who first used this celebrated prescription.
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a great restorative, in pill form, which sends a thrill of new life through the body, and by giving new vigor and utility drives out disease. A few weeks' treatment will positively cure nervous prostration and exhaustion, nervous dyspepsia and headache, sleeplessness, irritability and all nervous disorders. Fifty cents a box. At all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

breathing.
We have often spoken of the necessity of breathing properly, if the body is to be kept in the best possible health, and so in condition to resist the attacks of disease. The subject, however, is of such vital importance, as regards especially the prevention of lung diseases, that no apology need be offered for returning to it.
Of all the substances utilized in the maintenance of health and life, none is so absolutely indispensable as oxygen, and as this is taken in with the air we breathe, whether we receive a sufficient supply or not depends entirely upon how and where we breathe.
But the supplying of oxygen is not the only function although it is the most direct and vital one, of proper breathing. Thorough expansion of the chest ensures the proper filling of the lungs with air, dilates all the minute air-cells, especially those at the summits of the lungs, where motion is least and where the seeds of consumption are usually first planted, and increases the circulation of the blood throughout all parts of these organs.
Still another effect of proper breathing is a beautifying one. The chest is broadened, the shoulders are thrown back, the figure is erect and the carriage graceful.
Perfect breathing is not natural to most men and women of sedentary occupation and indoor life. Like all good things, it must be worked for, and the work must be preserved in until full and deep respiration has become a habit.
The means of attaining this object are various and cannot be recounted here; but they are all based upon the principle of removing permanently every obstacle to the free entrance of air into the lungs.
School children sitting at their desks, clerks bending over their ledgers, seamstresses at work with the needle or the sewing machine, type-writers, and all who must stoop as they earn their daily bread, should learn to stop from time to time, sit back in the chair, or rise, throw back the shoulders, and draw in ten or twelve deep breaths, holding the breath for three or four seconds each time the lungs are filled.
These exercises, like breathing in general, should always be done with the mouth closed, for the nose is the only proper channel for the passage to and fro of the air. A school-teacher who will interrupt the studies once every hour through the breathing exercise, will be contributing more than she can ever realize to the future well-being of her youthful charges.
'Cross-Education.
This term is used to describe a phenomenon which has recently been under investigation at the Yale psychological laboratory. Experiments carried on dur-

ing the past year have shown that the effects of practice on one side of the body are transferred to the other side, where there have been no practice. For instance, a fencer, practising lunges with a foil, and using only his right hand, gained in two weeks 50 per cent. of accuracy in aim. At the same time it was found that his left hand had also gained 36 per cent. of accuracy in the same exercise, although it had had no actual practice. So the exertion of the muscles of the right arm likewise increased the strength of the left arm.
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RESIDENCE at Rothsay for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the 'Titus property' is situated on a half mile from Rothsay Station and is within a five minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenwick, Barrister-at-Law, Fuzesley Building. 24 1/2 St.
BANKERS AND BROKERS.
Geo. Skaller & Co. CONSOL, STOCK EXCHANGE BLDG. 60-62 Broadway, New York.
Lots of Money
can be made through speculation with deposit of \$50.00 (thirty dollars) upward for 3 per cent. margin upward on the Stock Exchange.
The greatest fortunes have been made through speculations in Stocks, Wheat or Cotton.
If you are interested to know how speculations are conducted, notify us and we will send you information and a most letter free of charge.
Usual commission charged for executing orders.
Governments, Municipal and Railroad bonds quotations furnished on application for purchase, sale and exchange.
Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.
The 'Leochotinsky' Method; also 'Synthe System' for beginners.
Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

THE WILLING BOY.

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.)

trouble. He at once patented his device, made a full-sized machine that was a success, and as a result of this he was given an interest in the business and eventually became a very rich man.

I overheard one man say to another: "If you and I had been as lucky as Tom we could live in a fine house, too." But I knew Tom's history: the long days he made at his work when he was merely a clerk; the thought he gave the business, as if it were his own; the pleasures he pushed aside when there was work to do, and I said to myself that all the luck there was in Tom's career was of his own manufacture.

But the boy who is willing to work must work intelligently, and along the lines that lead to increased knowledge of his trade or his business. The man who trained the dog worked faithfully and made a success of the task, but it did not help him in his trade or make him one whit more valuable to his employers. Had he devoted that noon hour to a study of the metals in which he worked, or of the machines he used or made, he would have been a better workman, and his employers would have learned that in due time.

The masses do not know, and will not believe it when they are told, that every employer and every foreman is searching for boys and men who have their hearts in their work and their minds on the alert to forward their employers' interests. When they are found they are advanced in pay and responsibility, and when opportunity comes to go up still higher they are fitted for the place. From their ranks are drawn our most successful merchants and manufacturers.

There is always a demand for just such boys as these.

Stopping a stampede.

An army officer has recently told a story of fine courage, in the Chicago Record, a story which loses nothing from its homely language.

One of the slickest things I ever saw was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about six hundred had broken away pell-mell, with their tails in the air, and the bulls at the head of the procession. They were heading straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble into the canon and be killed.

You know that when a herd gets to going it can't stop. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go. I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for that herd, but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right angle, and then galloped leisurely on the edge of that bluff, halted and looked around at that wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed and was so excited I could not speak.

Well, sir, the leaders had got within about a quarter of a mile of him I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quickly. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path, I was surprised to see them stop and commence to nibble at the grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, straggled back and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear-guard was.

You see that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course and emptied the bag.

Somethin' Put Her Off.

One rainy day in spring an old fisherman returned to his native village after an absence of fifteen years, and fearfully sought the house which sheltered his deserted wife. Entering without knocking, he seated himself near the open door, took a long and vigorous pull at his dirty clay pipe, and nodded jerkily to 'owd woman.

'Mornin' Maria,' he said, with affected unconcern.

She looked up from the potatoes she was peeling, and tried to utter the scathing tirade she had daily rehearsed since his departure; but it would not come.

'Ben,' she said instead, once more resuming her work, 'bring youse o'er to t' fire, an' Ah'll darn that hole i' yer jersey. Ah meant doin' it i' day ye went away, but summat put me off!

A Good Deed Charmingl' Done.

A small act of kindness some times thrills the heart of the beholder, especially if the act is performed without thought of observation and quite without the hope that it will be known and applauded. A correspondent of the Companion, a physician of Minneapolis, has sent us—not for publication, he says, 'but simply that you may know it'—the story of a very touching deed of humanity, that it surely will do nothing but good to tell of.

In front of the Masonic Temple in Minneapolis, in which building the physician has his office, a little cripple is accustomed to sell newspapers. He is a sufferer from infantile paralysis of a cerebral type, and also has a harelip. He seems at a sad disadvantage in this eager and bustling world.

The other day a horse attached to an ash

Chas. Beaudet, Caretaker, Splint, Performance, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

"Want of Watchfulness Makes a Thief."

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. But if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health.

The one effective natural blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Impure Blood—"My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair when she turned to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of this medicine completely cured her." JOHN WEEKMAR, Galt, Ont.

Scrofula—"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated but it made me strong and well. After a severe cold had catarrhal fever. Again resorted to this medicine and it cured me." SARAH E. DENOV, Annapolis, N. S.



Hood's Pills cure liver ills: the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

cart was standing on the street, opposite where the crippled boy stood on his crutch sipping papers. Somehow the boy discovered that the horse had a galled shoulder.

As the doctor watched him from his window, the boy cast about for something with which to relieve the poor horse. Finding nothing else, he ripped off from the top of his crutch the cloth stuffed with felt which eased the crutch to his own armpit, and tied it with two strings to the horse's collar, so that it would cover the place where the collar bore upon the raw shoulder.

"I had just time," the doctor says, "to see him finish the work and hobble away on his depleted crutch with a haste that made me think he feared the owner might catch him at it."

Why he Was in Prison.

An old whitewasher stood before the Court as witness. The lawyer for the defendant tried to confuse him.

'You are James Miller?'

'Yes.'

'Are you the James Miller who was sentenced under mitigating circumstances for robbery?'

'No.'

'You are, perhaps, the Miller who was sentenced to two years imprisonment for theft, then?'

'I am not that Miller either.'

'Were you ever in prison?'

'Yes; twice.'

'How long the first time?'

'One afternoon.'

'One afternoon! And the second time? You must make a truthful statement, for you are a sworn witness. If you were in prison for so short a time, what did you do?'

'I whitewashed a cell for a lawyer who had cheated his clients.'

'The lawyer did not ask any more questions on that subject.'

A Football Makes It.

A football captain could not get his eleven to go to a town five miles way, so he wired to that effect to the secretary of the opposing team.

'Can't let you off,' answered the secretary. 'Crowd waiting already.'

The captain made another effort to get his men together, but without success, and was once more obliged to wire his inability to come. This ought to have settled the matter, but it didn't. In half an hour back came another telegram, couched in terms which made the distracted captain still more angry.

'If you can't come yourselves,' ran the message, 'please send your sweaters for railroad hands to wear; people won't know the difference!'

Needless to say the sweaters were not sent.

A Youthful Sam Weller.

Inquisitive people sometime find satisfaction in catechising little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious persons recently fared:

'Halloo, little boy! What is your name?'

'Same as dad's,' said the boy.

'What's your dad's name?'

'Same as mine.'

'I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?'

'They don't never call me to breakfast.'

'Why don't they?'

'Cause I alluz git there first.'

A Trump Question.

'Once,' said the colonel solemnly, 'and only once, I had all thirteen trumps dealt me.'

'Er—I suppose you were the dealer?'

'No, sir!' roared the colonel, 'no, sir! I was not the dealer!'

'Then may I ask what happened to the trump which the dealer turned up?'

And a terrible silence ensued.

One on the Wag.

Rudyard Kipling recently sold a book to his publisher at a rate that worked out to a shilling a word. The publication of this fact came under the notice of a Fleet street humorist, who, 'for the fun of the thing,'

wrote to the author saying that, as wisdom seemed to be quoted at retail prices, he himself would like one word, for which he enclosed a shilling postal order. The reply came in due course. Mr. Kipling had kept the shilling postal order, and politely returned (written on a large sheet of paper) the words 'Thanks!'

Entertained by a Hen.

The ways of a hen are often original and sometimes mirth-provoking, and a Plymouth Rock did novel and amusing things, to the joy of a car-load of passengers, on a recent trip from Braddock to Pittsburg. The Pittsburg Commercial Gazette tells the story.

Carrying a hen proudly, a man who was evidently a foreigner got on the trolley-car at Braddock. He was drowsy and not quite sober, and he crossed his legs, set the hen on his lap and went to sleep.

Four miles out of Braddock the hen suddenly woke from its own reverie, and cackled. Its owner opened his eyes and found himself and his hen objects of interest. He was annoyed; but the passengers had more or less excuse for staring; they had discovered a fresh egg resting snugly on the man's lap.

No one could speak the man's language, but every one was bound that he should know what happened. Twenty index fingers pointed to the hen, and forty eyes were turned in the same direction. Finally the stranger lifted the hen tenderly, and the secret was revealed.

Then he was wide awake. With his left hand he held the egg aloft, that all might see; with his right hand he affectionately stroked the hen. Everybody smiled. All at once it seemed to occur to him that refreshments were in order. He grinned at his fellow-passengers, tapped the shell on the edge of the seat to open a way to the interior, and swallowed the egg.

The Glass Cure.

The rule of most doctors never to be nonplussed must have been exceedingly difficult to follow in the case of the physician who figures in the following New York Tribune story:

A Pennsylvania doctor had an Irish woman for a patient for many years. He once pulled her through a lingering attack of typhoid fever, and of course took her temperature from time to time by having her hold a thermometer under her tongue.

When she had nearly recovered, he called one day, left a simple prescription and started homeward. About three miles from her house he was overtaken by her son on horseback.

'Mother is worse,' said the boy; 'come right back.'

'Back the doctor went.'

'Doctor,' said the old lady, reproachfully, as he entered the sick-room, 'why did ye not give me the jigger under me tongue? That did me more good than all the rest of ye trash!'

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

Too Small.

Uncle Zekel Watson was accustomed to seeing good-sized squares of cup-cake, 'lection cake or gingerbread on the table, and when he had his first plate of ice-cream in a city restaurant he looked with some disfavor upon the macaroons and small sponge-drops which accompanied it.

'How do you like it?' asked his niece, who was doing the honors of the city for her uncle.

'The ice-cream is first rate,' said Uncle Zekel. 'I call it extry good; but when



Your Shirt Will Suit When we send it home.

We are careful about all the details of our business; careful about the washing, starching and ironing; about the button-holes, bands and edges; about the colors in colored goods; about prompt delivery. Send us your next bundle—or shall we call for it. Telephone 214.

American Laundry, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Sole Agents for The British American Dyeing Company, Montreal.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap: A pure hard Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

A Long Shot. Major James M. Ingalls, whose authority in the science of ballistics is recognized in Europe as well as in this country, calculates that the extreme range of the new 16-inch gun, now nearing completion at the Watervliet arsenal, and which is to be used in defending New York harbor, will be almost 21 miles. At its maximum elevation the shot, weighing 2 370 pounds, will be 80,516 feet above its starting point, so that it would clear the summit of Mount Everest, with more than 1,500 feet to spare, even if that giant peak stood on the shore of the sea. The longest shot hitherto made was with a Krupp cannon, which sent its projectile 12 1/2 miles, the greatest height attained by it being 21,456 feet.

In Large Attendance. The attendance at the Carrie Business University of this city is larger than ever for this time of the year. Forty-five new students entered during the past few weeks, and there are now about 185 in attendance.

Mountain Ethic. This was actually heard in the cracker district of Tennessee: The mother shouted from the door of the cabin behind the trees: 'Yank Tyson! Tim Tyson!' she cried. 'What y'uns doin'?' Two little boys raised their heads over a barrel, 300 yards down the mountain. 'Foolin',' was the reply. 'Be y'uns smoking?' 'Ye'um.'

'Be y'uns chawin'?' 'Ye'um.'

'Be y'uns chawin' twist an' smokin' cob pipe?' 'Ye'um.'

'That's a'right. But if yo' let me ketch yo' smokin' them cigareets, I'll gi' yo' th' worst lammin' yo' ever hed in yo' lives. Yo' hear yo' ma?' 'Ye'um.'

A new Variable Star. Madame Ceraaki, of Moscow, has discovered in the constellation Cygnus a star of between the eighth and ninth magnitude which undergoes wonderful variations in its light. It belongs to the same type of variable stars as the celebrated Algol, but its variation is larger. Its period is four days, 13 hours and 45 minutes. When at a minimum it is three magnitudes fainter than when at a maximum; in other words, it periodically loses and then regains so much light that at one time it is 16 times brighter than at another. In stars of this type the changes of light are supposed to be caused by a dark body revolving around the star, and producing eclipses as it comes within our light of sight.

The Telephone Cure for Stammering. There is a popular character in Pendleton who has a slight impediment in his speech. He talks eloquently, but he stammers some. He recently located in Pendleton because he admires Missourians, and he has found the right kind here. The other day he went to the telephone to talk to a friend in Portland. When the talk was finished the Portland man said: 'Well, old man, you seem to talk better since you went to Pendleton. You do not stutter anything like as much as you did.'

'No,' said the Pendleton man, clear and straight as a bell. 'A man cannot afford to stutter through a telephone when to talk costs 75 cents a minute.'

Lake Superior and the Rainfall. Lake Superior appears to exercise a great effect upon the annual amount of precipitation of rain and snow near its shores than any other of the Great Lakes. The average precipitation in a year is about eight inches greater on the southern than on the northern side of Lake Superior. Lakes Erie and Ontario also show more precipitation on their southern than on their northern shores, but the difference is only three inches annually. In the case of Lakes Huron and Michigan, it is the eastern shores as compared with the western which get the largest precipitation, but the difference is not great.

A Doubtful Compliment. 'What is the price of this holder?' inquired a young man in a small store, taking up a photograph-holder which contained several pictures. 'Twenty-five cents,' replied the attendant.

'Does that include the pictures?'

'There!' responded the salesman in an affable manner. 'I was saying this morning that some bright person would be asking that, but I did not think it would be you, Mr. Steward!'

The Fish Spoke. Hearing a faint rustle in the dark hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out: 'Well, Bessie, have you landed him?'

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man: 'She has.'

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'Blind,' the young lawyer said. 'I have been your devoted knight ever since we were children together, 21 years ago, and have never positively re-used me. By all legal precedents, 21 yrs.' undisputed possession of the privilege of considering myself your lover, Belinda, gives me the undoubted right to ask you to be my wife. Will you?'

'Yes,' she replied, after a moment's reflection, 'but it seems so absurd, Horace to marry a man on a technicality!'

'I hope my explanation is satisfactory,' said Mr. Youngusband, as he concluded a long narrative as to why he had been detained down town until 1 a. m.

'Well,' yawned Mrs. Youngusband, 'your excuse is fairly good, but not as good as father used to make.'

The Prompter—So your wife has gone into vaudeville? The Comedian—Yes. The Prompter—What line of work? The Comedian—Oh, curtain lectures, I suppose.

Mr. Squiggs [reading]—I see that Professor Wiseman, the prophet, has decided that the world will come to an end next Christmas.

Johnny Squiggs—Before or after dinner pa? Mrs. Newlywed [reading]—'Love is a balloon that lifts us up to heaven; marriage is the parachute that brings us slowly back to earth again.'

Mr. Newlywed [also reading]—'Another parachute horror! Man falls 3,000 feet and is dashed to pieces! Same old story! Parachute fails to work.'

Miss Nice—What do you think of the new woman, Mr. Fair? Mr. Fair—I detest the bold, shrieking creature. How much more lovable is the old woman, like you? Miss Nice—Sir! He tried desperately to explain, but she would not hear.

Tired toothstrong—Madam, will you please help a poor, homeless man out of his troubles? Madam [who was raised in the backwoods]—Certainly! Would you rather be shot or hit on the head with an axe?

Photographer—Yes, I can take your picture, but it's a dark day, and it will require a considerable exposure. Seaside Belle—Oh, I don't mind that.

Friend—This is a nice studio you have. Is the rent high? Artist—I don't remember—New York.

Advertisement for Grip: "77" Bulk tin about GRIP Changes every week. The headlines '77' for Grip and '77' for Colds are known to every newspaper-reader, but the bulletin underneath changes every week; it pays to watch it for valuable hints on the treatment and cure of Colds and Grip; tells how to avoid taking Colds, how to check a Cold at the beginning, how to "break up" stubborn Colds that "hang on," how to fight Grip, and sustain the vitality during an attack, coming out vigorous and strong; how '77' restores the checked circulation (indicated by chill or shiver), starts the blood coursing through the veins and "breaks up" a Cold. For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c. and \$1.00. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

**PRIZE SOAP**

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

**AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY**  
Which Reduces the Great Danger of Navigation in a Dense Fog.

The Bay of Fundy has borne an unenviable reputation for so long a time because fog frequently interferes with safe navigation, that the following article descriptive of the use of the megaphone on the fog-bound Atlantic coast should prove of great interest to those who navigate the bay and who are interested in the safety of ships and life when approaching St. John.

The article is written from Guilford, Conn., and is as follows:

At the Government lighthouse station on Falkner's Island, which is directly off this coast, there has just been erected the largest megaphone in the world. It is seventeen feet long and seven feet in diameter at the mouth. It stands upon a circular platform twenty-eight feet in diameter, upon which it revolves. The plan is to direct it toward the eight principal points of the compass, one after the other in regular rotation, and by means of a different signal sent in each of these eight directions to tell any vessel which may be in the line of the axis of the instrument during a fog the exact position of the signal station with relation to the ship.

The great difficulty with sound signals as aids to navigation in a fog is that they cannot be located with any accuracy. Cases are on record in which two officers standing on the bridge of the same steamer have differed as much as 90 degrees in their estimate of the direction of a fog whistle which was distinctly heard by both of them. It is common for a vessel to be kept on its course under the impression that a certain signal is several points on the bow, when as a matter of fact it is dead ahead. If sound signals could be located in a fog, navigation would be much less dangerous.

The apparatus which has just been erected at Falkner's Island and which is the invention of R. F. Foster, is intended to locate the signal station accurately. The principle upon which this instrument works is very simple in theory, yet its practicality was denied by some of the most eminent authorities on acoustics. The most striking feature of the machine is the immense megaphone, which is not intended to be spoken through, but is used as a sound director, and when an ordinary whistle or siren is blown into the small end, the sound it gives is projected in a straight line, like the rays of a searchlight. In order to illustrate its working more clearly, suppose that a searchlight were placed upon a tower and pointed first north, then east, then south and then west, and showed an entirely different colored light at each point of the compass, such as red when it pointed to the north, green when it was east, white when it was south and so forth; it would be obvious that any vessel upon which one of these rays of light would fall would know the exact direction from which that light came simply from its color. If the light falling on the vessel were red, for instance, the source of it must be directly south. The new fog signal does exactly the same thing with waves of sound that the searchlight would do with rays of light. When the huge megaphone is due north of any vessel, the ship will hear the north signal, a short, a long and a short blast, and so on, with a different combination of long and short blasts for each of the eight points of the compass. The signals are fifteen seconds apart, and the apparatus makes a complete revolution in two minutes. In order to facilitate the recollection of the code, all the sounds which indicate the general direction of west begin with a short blast, and all those indicating the general direction of east begin with a long blast. The south signals are all shorter than those further north.

The disputed point about this system was whether or not it would be possible to distinguish clearly between the sounds which were heard when the megaphone was pointed directly at a vessel and those which might be heard when the megaphone was pointed forty-five degrees away from it, which would be the angle of the next signal point in going round the compass. The inventor asserted that the difference would be sufficiently marked to enable any person to distinguish sounds sent directly at him from those sent forty-five degrees away from him, just as he could distinguish

between the rays of a searchlight falling on him and those pointed away from him. Many of the highest authorities on acoustics denied this theory, and it was to test it that the lighthouse board gave Mr. Foster permission to erect his experimental apparatus on Falkner's Island.

When the first tests were made, the sounding instrument used was one of the smallest sirens which could be procured, and was blown with steam at forty pounds and fed by an inch-and-a-half pipe. This is only about one-twentieth of the power of the sirens at Sandy Hook, Block Island and Beaver Tail. When this little siren was blown through the seventeen-foot megaphone it was found to be almost equal in power to the ten inch locomotive whistle which is part of the regular installation on the island, and it could be distinctly heard at a distance of ten miles, provided the listener was in a line with the axis of the megaphone.

All that was asserted by the inventor was that the sound waves coming directly toward the observer could be readily distinguished from those sent 45 degrees from him, no matter how far he was from the source of the sound. The authorities denied this, and said that, although such might be true of sounds from a speaking trumpet or megaphone at short distances, as in making announcements at the races, it would not hold true for great distances.

Because after sound has travelled two or three miles it becomes so diffused that its slight angle of 45 degrees would not make much difference, and that none but a trained ear could detect it. Experiments are on record in which Prof. Henry found that a steam whistle in a reflecting cone could be heard as distinctly two miles behind it as two miles in front of it, although when near it the difference was very marked.

In spite of all this evidence as to the weakness of his theory, the inventor insisted that he was right, and he and his associate, C. A. Hamilton of New York, had sufficient confidence in their scheme to offer to shoulder all the expenses of the necessary tests if the Government would send an engineer to make them. The Lighthouse Board promptly placed Falkner's Island at Mr. Foster's disposal and gave him every facility for making a thorough test of his theories himself before submitting the apparatus to Col. D. P. Heap of Tompkinsville.

The unofficial tests were made by C. Lamy of the Lighthouse Establishment, on board the government boat Mistletoe the inventor being accompanied in a steam launch by E. B. Merriman of Boston, who built the megaphone, and Reuben E. Hill of Guilford. They sailed to various points of the compass at distances varying from one to eight miles from the island, the machine turning and blowing the signals at regular intervals under the supervision of Lighthouse Keeper Hermann.

To the surprise of all it was found that so far from the sounds sent at an angle of forty-five degrees being nearly equal to those sent directly toward the observer, they were absolutely inaudible at all distances beyond a mile, and even at half a mile it required the closest attention to hear them at all, while the sounds coming directly toward the listeners were extremely powerful up to eight miles, and at the shorter distance of one or two miles almost equal to the immense steam whistle, which was sounded immediately after the megaphone so that there in the boat might judge of their comparative strength.

These experiments completely upset all the preconceived ideas of men who have made a life-long study of the peculiarities of sound, because they show it is possible to confine a sound, even so powerful as that from a siren, and to project it into space in a given direction with the same certainty and accuracy that we can project the rays of a searchlight. This being so, there can be no doubt of the possibility of sending a message to a vessel in a fog by means of a varying sound with absolutely as much precision as it could be sent in clear weather by means of a flashing searchlight. If a vessel hears one of these signals, which says, "North," it may be

certain that the signal it hears lies directly north of it, because if it did not the north signal could not be heard at all.

There are many other uses to which it is proposed to put this system of signalling, such as sending messages from one part of the army to another in the field without any risk of the enemy's reading them, as they now do flag signals, because no one not in the direct line of the axis of the megaphone could hear anything. The same system can be used in signalling from one vessel to another in thick weather so as to avoid collisions. The apparatus is placed on the upper deck and revolves and blows its signals automatically to each point of the compass in turn, saying to any vessel which may be in the path of the sound, "There is a steamer north of you," or "southwest of you," or whatever the direction may be. The supplemental signal which all steamers carry is then blown as the megaphone points over the bow of the vessel, so that not only can a passing vessel determine the position of the signalling, but it will know absolutely the course which she is steering. With such an arrangement on all vessels plying on foggy coasts, the dangers of collisions would be much less.

**ONE BEGGAR'S RECEIPTS.**  
Ten Dollars an Hour the Estimated Income of a Legless Man.

Charity is not dead in New York. Any one with doubts on the subject would have been convinced had he seen a richly dressed woman drop a quarter into a beggar's box the other afternoon and noted the things which followed on Twenty-third street.

The beggar was in the middle of the block, moving slowly toward Sixth avenue. He moved on stumps only about eight inches long. There was something plaintive in the short steps he took and in the way he rested for a moment after each, like a tragedian crossing the stage.

A second woman stopped and threw a dime into the wooden receptacle for coins. A third instantly followed suit.

The beggar was stout and burly. His neck thick and powerful looking. It seemed pitiable that so strong a man should be so crippled.

A poorly dressed woman and a little girl paused long enough to pity him and add their mites to his assets.

The beggar was laboriously pushing a little four wheeled cart. In it was a hand-organ which he ground unceasingly.

A shabbily dressed man paused to pay a cash tribute to the beggar's misery. Sentimental strains poured from the hand organ. The time was very slow. There was nothing gay about that music. It almost drew tears from the eyes of the pedestrians. It also drew their dimes.

Three prosperous-looking women opened their purses and dropped silver into the box.

The organ was pushed along at the rate of twenty-four feet a minute, and the contributions fell at the rate of one in every four yards. The man with the rubber snakes, the man with the toy balloons, the man with pictures of the Dewey arch, the banana man and the vendor of hot chestnuts, looked on with bulging eyes.

"My! what a graft," they murmured.

The organ man looked very weary, and rolled his head from side to side, as if life were indeed a burden. And the rain of money continued. The thirty-eighth contributor within eighteen minutes was a well dressed youth. Above the organ was a banner upon which was inscribed, "Ladies and gentlemen, having lost both my legs and being unable to obtain employment, I have taken this means to gain support for myself and my family, and to raise money to buy a pair of artificial feet." This appeal fairly magnetized the dimes. A cabman standing by the curb ran forward and dropped something in the box.

"Poor chap," he said, "it's a hard thing to be like that."

"My friend," said a bystander, "that man will make more money in half an hour than you will in a whole day." The beggar and his organ had reached Sixth avenue. He had gone 180 yards from the point at which he was first observed. It had taken him twenty-five minutes. During that time no fewer than fifty-nine people had dropped money into his box. Most of the contributors were handsomely dressed women. Doubtless some of them contributed quarters. It is likely that the contributions averaged 10 cents each, and if that was the case the beggar cleared up \$5.90 while going half a block; but in case some of the women put in only pennies it might be well to call it \$5 for twenty-five minutes; or say \$10 an hour.

"That one box you see," said a special officer, "is only one of his boxes. He has three like it, one under the other. When the money partly fills one it drops into the others."

But the beggar was out of sight. He

had gone to conquer another world west of Sixth avenue.

**BRILLIANT AND ACCURATE BOOK.**

One Woman's Way of Keeping a Record of the Gowns She Wears.

When one has an artistic soul there are many ways in which it may find expression besides painting hangings. One clever woman gives this talent full rein in her personal account book. Not only the cost of clothing herself is therein entered, but a beautiful water-color sketch is made of every important gown that she possesses. For a long time her gowns have been greatly admired, and among her friends it is generally known that she designs them herself, and dyes much of the embroidery and hand work that gives them such a costly appearance. Often she has been heard to say: "That gown cost me just \$60; I could not have had it made at one of the importers for less than \$300."

The first gown that this woman designed was the one she wore at her wedding. At this time also she began to keep her account book. She called it "starting fresh." It then seemed to her quite natural, along with the account of the gown, to make a sketch of it as worn by herself. Her veil and coronet of orange blossoms, her far, bouquet, slippers, and in fact everything that she wore on that day, she accurately sketched on the page next to the one with the figure of the bride. Following comes the page of expenses, and here not the smallest item is overlooked. Just how much time was by her expended, and how often the gown was worn was also recorded.

The next illustration in the book is her going-away gown. A large and beautiful muff is one of its noticeable features. It is revealed by the page of costs that it was made of two fox skins which were bought in Canada at the astonishingly low price of \$6. The lining was entered at \$2.45, and the stuffing at thirty cents. The whole cost, therefore of this confection summed up \$8.75. It was twisted into shape by the girl's own nimble fingers. Another costume entered into the book is of orange satin, and it is also recorded that it had upon it 992 spangles.

For four years now the book has been faithfully kept. It has in it 120 stunning costumes. Hats, slippers of many shapes buckles and hair ornaments have within its pages all found a place. Every new piece of jewelry and lace is also most artistically represented on a square of black background up in one corner.

The book is really a most interesting chronicle of the changes in fashion that have swept over us in so short a time. Should this lady ever smile upon her grandchildren, it would be to them a book of interest. Each one of the water-colors is in itself a work of art, and the gowns mark periods in history quite as well as those we see in the very expensive costume books that have come down to us from the time of Louis XIV.

Although the loss of color would be considerable, it is quite feasible for those that are not artistic to carry out the scheme by the use of photographs. Much of the effect of the gowns would be preserved and the path of fashion as surely followed. The mere idea of illustration of an account book, however, is one that makes the task a pleasure.

The particular account book that has been referred to is large, with pages of fine water color paper. It is handsomely bound and has inscribed upon the outside the name of its owner.

**In a Tornado.**

Few situations are so crowded with vivid experiences as those to be found in the path of a tornado. A storm moving at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour is soon past a given spot, but every instant of its passage seems stretched to intolerable length. A recent article in the Century recounts a series of extraordinary occurrences. Perhaps the most remarkable, not to say incredible, adventures among them were those which befell Miss Moorehouse, Mrs. Webster and her son in a Missouri tornado.

"I was conscious all the time I was flying through the air," said Miss Moorehouse afterward, "and it seemed a long time. I seemed to be lifted up and whirled round and round, going up to great heights,—at one time far above the church steeple—and seemed to be carried a long distance."

"I prayed to the Lord to save me, for I believed He could save me, even in the wings of a tornado; and He did wonderfully preserve my life."

"As I was going through the air, being whirled about at the sport of the storm, I saw a horse soaring and rotating about

me. It was a white horse, and had a harness on. By the way it kicked and struggled as it was hurled about, I knew it was alive. I prayed God that the horse might not come in contact with me, and it did not. I was mercifully landed on the earth unharmed—saved by a miracle."

Young Webster, too, saw the horse in mid-air.

"At one time," he says, "it was directly over me, and I was very much afraid I should come in contact with its flying heels."

After a flight of nearly a quarter of a mile, Miss Moorehouse and the two Websters were let down so gently that not one of them was seriously injured, although Mrs. Webster had slight cuts about her head, and her son had one arm fractured.

It is interesting to know that the white horse also survived. Its mate was found dead near the wrecked barn in which the animals had been standing.

The white horse was caught up and carried a mile through the air, and according to the accounts of reputable witnesses, was at times more than two hundred feet high, passing over a church steeple. Beyond being plastered with mud, the animal was uninjured.

**A Doctor's 'Call' to India.**

Probably every doctor has sometimes found it hard to reach his patients, but few doctors, let us hope, have to travel several hundred miles to make a "call." The "record," in this respect, seems to have been established by a young medical man in India, whose letter is printed in the Golden Penny. He says:

I have just returned from a three hundred mile walk into the very heart of the Himalayas. I had to set off at a day's notice to look after a Mr. Blank of the India civil service who, was said to be lying dangerously ill at a place called Skardu. He had gone there this year to settle the revenue, and in the winter was the only white man in the country.

I had sixteen days' march to get there, most of the way through snow, and all the way over the most impassable road I have yet seen. The road or rather pass, lies along the Indus, and so bad is it that it is quite impossible to ride any of the way which is saying much in this country, where we ride almost anywhere a goat could go. But on every march to Skardu there are obstacles.

The path winds up and down the rocky mountains on either side of the Indus; in places along narrow ledges of rock, galleries of very rickety stone and wood built out from the face of cliffs, and even up and down ladders and notched poles. One march is over a snow mountain, a climb of forty-five hundred feet, up one side and down the other.

Several coolies got frost-bitten, and the cold was extreme. My water bottle, which I carried with me, froze solid as I walked along. I had to sleep on the ground with lots of blankets, all my clothes on, two thick overcoats, fur-lined stockings and gloves.

**Dying for Their Country.**

Among all the cruelties of battle, few are more cruel than the suffering of wounded horses and mules left to die on the field. For them there are no surgeons nor nurses, and the consciousness of duty done is withheld from them. In Harper's Weekly Frederick R. Mington described the fate of these poor creatures at San Juan.

Having reached the firing line, many officers left their horses tied to the brush on the sands of the San Juan River. Baggage and gun mules were turned loose and stood stupidly about. There was a constant tweet of bullets coming through the trees from the Spanish position.

One horse caught three almost in a bunch; another one passed through him and he lay down on his side, panting desperately. A big gun mule lay on his side, gasping, and another horse sat down like a dog, giving every evidence of great pain. A ball cut the skin of a mule's knee, but he only stamped, as if to get rid of a fly.

The strange thing about it was that the horses which were untouched seemed sleepy. They gave no evidence of excitement except a slight pricking of ears toward the hill. One almost wondered if they suspected that things were not right. Even the blood from horses and men, which was all about the sands, did not have its usual effect of scaring them.

Why do the horses die for their country? They do not have a previous intention of so doing. The act is not voluntary—well, possibly. Neither does a conscript die voluntarily, but it is for the country, just the same. A mule does more work for the country, and has more suffering, than a man. But why speak of these things? It is sufficient to know that all soldiers respect and honor all mules.

# She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

## CHAPTER I. THE QUESTION.

It was the fifteenth of September, and already the trees in Grosvenor Park were putting on their autumn dress of gold and scarlet.

The Lysters had had a large party down for the first, and though some of these had already left, others had taken their places, and still more were expected later on, for Sir Samuel's hospitality knew no bounds, and when he and Lady Lyster were in the country, their house was always full.

The gardens in the front of the mansion fell away down to a small lake, on the left the carriage drive swept down a long avenue to the lodge gates, whilst on the right was an old Elizabethan garden, with tall, close-clipped yew hedges, which threw late relief the white marble statues that here and there stood on moss-grown pedestals.

It was late in the afternoon, or rather early evening; the shooters had not yet returned, though the light was fast waning, and the place seemed well nigh deserted.

In the old-fashioned garden however, two young people were seated—Frank Gilbert and Ruth Vernale.

He was pleading his cause, telling her of his love, and she, shyly, timidly, was listening, for she was but eighteen, and this was the first time a man had spoken to her deeply of love.

He was tall and fair, the owner of a great estate, and but five-and-twenty; she somewhat pale, with hair the colour of ripe corn, and eyes more violet than blue in shade.

'But, Ruth, have you no answer to give me?' he asked, after a long pause. 'No man can ever love you more than I do. We have known one another for years, and ever since we were but children my love for you had gone on growing and growing, and yet I waited, hoping to see the low-light dawn in your eyes, till I could wait no longer.'

'Sometimes of late I have thought you loved me, at others I called myself a fool for hoping. Now the time has come when we must part again for a little while, and I can remain in suspense no longer. With your answer comes to me the happiness or the misery of a life. My friend I know you will always be, but I want more, Ruth—your love.'

Again he waited her reply, and again in vain. 'There is no one else you love, Ruth?' 'Oh, no,' the girl answered, quickly, a bright flash springing to her cheek.

'Then may I not hope? Perhaps I have spoken too soon; perhaps you would rather wait. Is it so?' 'I hardly know, Frank,' the girl answered, the long lashes still shading the tell-tale eyes. 'I like you, of course, very, very much; but we have known one another so long—have we not?—that I hardly know whether—whether I like you as you want me to.'

His heart sank. 'Surely a girl, even as young and innocent as Ruth, must know the secret of her own heart.'

'Can't you love me, Ruth?' he urged, passionately. 'Does your heart not speak for me, now you know all I feel for you? The colour slowly mounted to her cheek as she stole a glance at his sunburnt handsome face.'

'What must I say?' she faltered. 'I like you very, very much, Frank.' He seized her hands and tried to read the truth in her blushing face.

'You have said too much or too little, Ruth,' he cried. 'My darling, in one word will you be my wife, to love and to cherish all the days of my life? Oh! think before you answer, for it means everything in the world to me.'

His voice shook, and the hands that clasped hers seemed to burn. She glanced at him again with something almost like terror in her eyes.

'It—if it would make you happy,' she murmured. He drew back. 'No, Ruth,' he said, gently; 'I do not want you to give your life to me, simply through friendship or pity. I want your heart dear; and it is from your heart that your answer must come.'

The girl looked up in a bewildered sort of way.

'Frank, I don't know,' she exclaimed, looking at him with violet eyes that swam in tears. 'You don't know yet what love means; you more than anyone else. But perhaps I don't know what love is. When you speak like you did just now you frighten me.'

He sighed, and stroked her little hand. 'Thank you, dear,' he said, 'for speaking out; but don't you think that you could learn to love me? I know your uncle and aunt would like to see us man and wife. My mother too, would like to see me married. You are too young and know too little of the world for me to urge that on an rich and can give you all that a woman can desire in this world; besides, I want to get a young heart, not buy it.'

'You say you like me very, very much. Do you like me well enough to engage yourself to me, quietly—just between ourselves? It shall only be for a few months, till you learn to know and read your own heart. Next week you go with Sir Stopford and your aunt to Biarritz.'

'I, as you know, must go up to my place in Scotland, and entertain my friends for a little while, when I must take my poor mother to Cairo for the winter. I will then hurry to join you, and we will be just as we always have been till Christmas day comes round, and then I will pray for your answer, dear, and if you say, what I pray God you may, we will at once tell your uncle and aunt, and all can be arranged for us to be married in the spring. Shall it be so, Ruth?'

The girl's face had brightened whilst he spoke, and a shy smile hung on her sweet lips. 'Yes, Frank,' she answered, softly; 'I will try and learn to read my own heart, as you say, and I will think of you always. It is good and kind of you,' she added, taking his broad hand in hers, 'to give me time—to have spoken as you have. I do love you, Frank; that is, I think I do.'

He drew her to him, and kissed her cheek. 'Then let it rest so, my pet,' he said, with somewhat of sadness in his tone. 'God forbid that I should press you to do anything which might endanger the happiness of your future life! We will wait, dear, and love will come with time, I pray, I might have waited longer before I spoke, but we were going to be parted for a little while, and I feared someone else might win the heart I long to call mine. Keep faith and trust with me, Ruth, as I shall do with you; and it is but a little while to Christmas, though it will seem long to me. Kiss me once, Ruth as a pledge between us.'

He took her blushing face in his hands, and lightly kissed her lips. 'My darling,' he whispered, passionately, 'remember, you are the light of my soul. Think of me often, and believe that each week will seem a year till I see your sweet face again.'

The next morning Frank Gilbert left Grosvenor to go to his own place, Blockhurst Castle in Scotland; and Ruth, half proud, half frightened with the secret she held, remained with her people at the Park for still another week before they started for the South.

## CHAPTER II. RALPH RUTHERFORD.

Much as Ruth liked—and, perhaps, a stronger word might be used, for the scene in the old garden had raised feelings in her heart unknown before—Frank, it was not without a sense almost of relief that she parted from him.

She wanted to be alone, to think over all he had said, and to try and realize what love, as he spoke of it, really meant.

The party now at the Park was small, and chiefly composed of elderly married men, who, after dinner, enjoyed their rubber with Sir Samuel, and who mostly seemed rather afraid of Ruth—their wives being present—or paid her outrageous compliments, which she hated.

However, fresh arrivals were expected, and that very day, at lunch, Lady Lyster announced that she might expect Captain Ralph Rutherford by dinner-time.

'His train does not get in till past seven,' she said looking round the table, 'and, as it is sure to be late, we had better say a quarter past eight for dinner. Lord Bradnock, you know Captain Rutherford, I think?'

'Oh, yes,' replied my lord, a red-faced, jolly-looking peer. 'I knew him when he joined the Life Guards. A mere boy, fifty he sent in his papers. He would have got his majority in another year or so.'

'Oh! I like Captain Rutherford extremely,' exclaimed a lady of uncertain age. 'I have met him several times. It was only the other day that he told me he was thinking of going to Spain.'

'Yes; it's the sort of thing Rutherford would do,' remarked the peer. 'They say the followers of Don Carlos are on the move, and there may be a revolution at any minute. He is just the fellow to go there, and get killed in some obscure action.'

Ruth's cheeks went pale, she hardly knew why. She had only met Captain Rutherford twice during the season just over—her first—but of course it was shocking to think of anyone else being shot; and Captain Rutherford, too, who danced so well, and who altogether was so nice.

Captain Rutherford was the last to enter the drawing room before dinner. He shook hands with his host and hostess and some others he knew, but never

seemed to recognize his little partner, as how should he, who had danced with so many debutantes during the last season? But it chanced at dinner that he sat next her.

A portly old gentleman had taken her down, one who considered dinner the most important event of the day, and whose whole time was taken up by trying the quality and the seasoning of every dish. Consequently, for some time Ruth was neglected, and had to sit without exchanging a word with anybody.

Presently she heard herself addressed by name, and she started and blushed a little, recognising Captain Rutherford's voice. 'Surely I am in luck,' he said. 'Are you not Miss Vernale, whom I had the pleasure of dancing with at Lady Bradnock's?'

'Something in the tones of his voice brought that evening vividly back to her memory. She seemed to hear again the very words they had danced to.'

'Yes, Captain Rutherford,' she answered a little shyly, 'I was at Lady Bradnock's ball.'

'Of course, I cannot hope to be remembering all this long time,' he said, dropping his voice. 'But I have remembered our dance you see. There are some things one never forgets.'

Ruth made no answer. She had not the experience to laugh at a pretty speech off, and she felt somehow, that Captain Rutherford had not forgotten.

'I remember, too, it was very hot that night,' he went on. 'How glad one is to get away from London! It was such a pleasant surprise, too, when I saw you in the drawing-room.'

'Did you really recognize me?' she ventured to say. 'Oh! I have a very good memory, and faces like yours, Miss Vernale, if I may be permitted to say so, are not easily forgotten. Not so low but that she could not help bearing: 'All the better for us sometimes if they were.'

Nothing more was said for the moment, but there was a faint flush in the girl's cheek when the captain turned his head to address some remark to the lady on his right.

'Have you been enjoying yourself here?' he asked, presently, of Ruth. 'Do you shoot? No? Then you accompany the guns sometimes, I hope?'

'I have not been out yet,' she replied. 'Well, then, you must come to-morrow,' he said, authoritatively. 'Shooting isn't half shooting when ladies are absent. I suppose you are here with Sir Stopford and Lady Vernale? Has the good aunt put a veto on your going?'

'Oh, no,' Ruth answered. 'But she is too old to go herself, besides not being very strong; so I have no one to chaperon me.'

'May I see to that? I am certain Mrs. Lenton, who is an old friend of mine, will take you under her wing if I ask her.'

'I should like to go,' the girl answered, timidly; 'Only, I must ask aunt first.'

'Of course. Perhaps I can do you a good turn there, too—that is, if you would really like to go. I have met Lady Vernale before today.'

'I did not know she knew you,' Ruth answered, looking up in surprise. 'Oh, yes; I met her several times—very often, I may say—a few years ago, when I was in the service. She was also very kind to me.'

When Ruth went up, with the other ladies, to the drawing room, she was quite sure that dinner had been much less dull than usual.

How nice it was to meet someone one knew, and who could talk about something else besides horses, shooting and eating! Lady Vernale, her aunt, began to question her about Captain Rutherford.

'I did not know that you had met him, dear,' she said, sitting down beside Ruth; 'and I was surprised to see him speak to you.'

'Only met him twice, aunt—once at Lady Bradnock's ball, where he danced with me once—you were ill, you remember, and Mrs. Chapneys chaperoned me—and once when I was staying with Gracie Rich at Twickenham. They gave a garden-party, and he remembered me.'

In one respect at least she agreed with Captain Rutherford—Ruth's face was one not easily forgotten.

'I used to know Ralph Rutherford,' she went on; 'that is, when he was in the Life Guards. He was quite a nice boy, and Ruth that she had not once thought of Frank Gilbert all day.'

'How wicked I am,' she thought, 'and he loving me as he does! I must get into the habit of thinking of him differently now but, after being just like a cousin, if not a brother, all these years, it will take time, I suppose. I wish Frank was dark like Captain Rutherford; dark men look more manly, I think.'

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to, Captain Rutherford, and, though I go out as much as I can for Ruth's sake, it is not very surprising that we have not met. You have been away some years, I understand.'

'Yes; I saw a little service in Peru, and then crossed over to Japan, and lingered about in the East for some time. You have no idea what a charming existence one can lead out there.'

And then he sat down by Lady Vernale and gave her a laughable account of the Chinese and their ways, and of his travels in the East in general.

Lady Vernale laughed, but it was at Ruth he glanced from time to time, to see if she was amused, for it was her he was trying to please and get on terms of friendship with.

It seemed to Ruth to be ridiculously early when she had to retire with her aunt, who was always amongst the first to go to bed, late hours, as she said, not agreeing with her.

When the gentlemen adjourned to the smoking room, Captain Rutherford recalled himself to Sir Stopford's remembrance, and, with Lord Bradnock, they sat late chatting over old times.

At last they dispersed to their different rooms. Ralph Rutherford threw off his coat, and looked in the glass whilst he emptied his waistcoat pockets.

The glass reflected a dark, handsome face, close cropped black hair, and a moustache but a shade lighter.

A tall man, too, well over six feet, but thin drawn and muscular, from campaigning and Eastern travel.

'A real providential find,' he said to himself, as he slowly undressed. 'Fancy stumbling across a girl whose face has been haunting me this three months past, and here, of all places in the world; and then her turning out to be the niece of old Lady Vernale! It's not often in these days that one finds a girl so innocent as she is, and, by Jove! if I could afford it, I might be tempted into marriage. I wonder if she has money. I must find out from Sir Stopford.'

And so, with the enjoyable thoughts of pleasure to come, the captain turned in and went to bed.

## CHAPTER III. BIARRITZ.

Ralph Rutherford was as good as his word. He prevailed on Lady Vernale to let her niece go out with the guns if Mrs. Lenton would take her under her charge, and Mrs. Lenton, also at the captain's request, expressed herself as only too happy to do so.

These two attached themselves to the fortunes of Captain Rutherford, and when the game was counted, had the satisfaction of knowing that their men had made the heaviest score.

There had been a charming luncheon brought out hot from the house. Everybody enjoyed themselves, and Ruth quite forgot her usual shyness.

In fact, Ralph had the knack of getting quickly into the good graces of women he wanted to know.

It was with a sense of shame that, that night, on retiring to her room, it struck Ruth that she had not once thought of Frank Gilbert all day.

'How wicked I am,' she thought, 'and he loving me as he does! I must get into the habit of thinking of him differently now but, after being just like a cousin, if not a brother, all these years, it will take time, I suppose. I wish Frank was dark like Captain Rutherford; dark men look more manly, I think.'

And the last week of the Vernales' visit to the Lysters passed away—passed more quickly to Ruth than any previous week in her existence.

There was so much more to do, she told herself, for, it was not out with the guns Captain Rutherford would come home early and teach her to play billiards.

And then, two or three more young men coming down, one night they had a dance; and Rutherford, who seemed to put every other man in the shade, danced with her more than with anybody else.

The day before she left he found an opportunity to speak with her when none else happened to be near.

charmed Ruth immensely on her first arrival at the French sea-resort. However, the winter season had hardly commenced, and few English families had yet come into residence, so it turned out that the Vernales found no acquaintances there, and therefore were thrown on one another for amusement.

Sir Stopford was perhaps the best off, as he was able to have his whilst at the club. Lady Vernale found the place rather too hilly for her to walk much about in, and therefore Ruth had to take her walks mostly alone.

During these walks, she took herself severely to task for having treated Frank Gilbert very badly, and set to work to remedy the fault as soon as possible by writing to him.

She did not deceive him willfully, but there was a good deal about aunt and uncle, and descriptive matter about the place, and very little about the billiards and the dancing and shooting at Grosvenor Park after he—Frank—had left it.

'He loves me so much he says,' thought Ruth, 'that he is jealous of my very shadow. Poor dear Frank, he is so foolish, and he will get jealous and miserable about nothing, if I write and tell him about every little thing which happens. There was that Major Sportwell who paid me such ridiculous compliments; I am sure I don't care for him in the very least, and yet if I put all the nonsense he talked to me in my letters, Frank would be simply furious.'

So, somehow, Captain Rutherford was mentioned very casually, thrown in as it were, with a half a dozen nonentities, and Frank, reading the letter, never heeded the name of the man he was destined most to hate of all the men in the world.

It was not more than ten days after the Vernales' arrival that Captain Rutherford made his appearance.

It was Ruth who first came across him in the little High Street, and he turned to accompany her to the hotel, to call on her aunt, Lady Vernale.

However, they took the wrong turn and wandered up to the Cote de Basque, and even some little way along the cliff.

There was little said which even Frank might not have heard with equanimity. But when they got back to the hotel, Ralph had made a great stride in his acquaintance with Ruth, for he had assumed all the privileges of an old friend and had not been rebuked.

In fact, the girl was too happy to mark the subtle change in his manner, and when he was received very graciously by her aunt and Sir Stopford, who happened to be in, everything to Ruth seemed rosy and bright, and she went to bed wondering what the morrow would bring forth.

Now a good deal of gaiety goes on at Biarritz in summer, and in a decorous way in the winter also, but in the beginning of October, season season was over, and the other had not commenced, so there was little to do but to take walks or rides, of which there are a good number around Biarritz.

Good natured Lady Vernale had quite taken up Ralph Rutherford again, and seemed to see no difference between the reckless soldier of fortune and the young cornet of horse in the days gone by, as if three or four evenings a week found him dining with the Vernales, and the evenings he did not come were voted dull.

To Ruth, the evenings they were alone seemed long and wearisome. Her feelings might be compared to one accustomed to be habitually in a brilliantly lighted room, who found himself suddenly left to get along as best he could with no other lights than a kitchen candle.

And yet, so far, it had never entered her head that Captain Rutherford was anything more to her than a very congenial, amusing companion.

The first glimpse—and it was but the faintest glimmer—of light which she obtained of the change which was going within her inner self came quite as a surprise.

The English poet was in, and Lady Vernale, as usual, had the larger proportion of letters.

When Ruth came in from a game of tennis, in which Captain Rutherford had been her partner, her aunt held out a letter towards her.

'It is from Maud Gilbert,' she said. 'Frank is about to take her to Egypt, where he will leave her, so we may expect him here in some three weeks, I should think; at all events, under the month.'

A sudden faintness seized the girl, and for a moment, she groped wildly, as in the dark, for the letter her aunt held out to her.

'My dear, what is the matter?' exclaimed Lady Vernale, anxiously. 'I declare you have no more color in your face than a sheet of paper; and why don't you take the letter? Are you feeling ill, dear? But the few moments had restored Ruth to herself.

### EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

For common ailments which may occur in every family. She can trust what time indorses. For Internal as much as External use. Dropped on sugar it is pleasant to take for colds, coughs, croup, colic, cramps and pains.

### JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Believes Every Form of Inflammation. Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician. No remedy has the confidence of the public to a greater extent. Our book on INFLAMMATION free. Price 25 and 50c. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

### Parsons' Pills

"Best Liver Pill made." Positively cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, All Liver and Bowel complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

### CANCER

And Tumors cured to stay cured. No pain, no blood, no matter how long standing. For Canadian testimonials & 250-page book—free, write Dept. 11, JAMES H. HARRISON, Co., 277 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading

The Mother's Prayer.
Startle forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;

From Unrecognized Heroes.
And what for the man who went forth for the right,
Was hit in the battle and slain of a limb?

Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.
Thousands have the pleasure of knowing
Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, formerly American
missionary at Constantinople.

When I went to the East in 1838,
Commodore Porter was our minister resident
at the Sublime Porte.

It was a charming place for a war-worn
veteran to enjoy the quiet evening of life.
In all that region north of the sea of Mar-

morra, extending beyond the Balkan
mountains to the Danube, the stork is a favor-
ite bird.

Along the north of Marmora,
there are very few tall trees, the stork
builds its nest on the tops of chimneys,

which in the east are always covered,
the smoke issuing from side windows or open-
ings.

The nests are very rude in appear-
ance, about as large as a two-bushel basket.
Sticks as long as your finger are skillfully

woven into them. They are made soft
and nice, with moss and cotton and wool,
or whatever the skillful bird thinks will

make her partner comfortable. The stork
has two long legs, but for some reason or
other generally stands upon one, the other

drawn up among his feathers. I think I
have seen as many as fifty in a row on a
river bank, each one standing on one leg.

When thus standing in repose it is about
three feet high, the chief part of the height
being leg and neck. It stalks over the

fields with an awkward gait, its neck alert,
and its lightning stroke finishes the race of
any snake, lizard, toad, bug or other

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil,
partly digested, and com-
bined with the hypophos-
phites and glycerine. What
will it do? It will make
the poor blood of the anemic
rich and red.

It will give nervous energy
to the overworked brain and
nerves. It will add flesh to
the thin form of a child,
wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowl-
edged as The Standard of
the World.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Commodore Porter resolved that if good feeding
would save the wounded bird he should be
ready for the fight southward when all the

storks would leave. The stork at length
began to use its wing for flying down, but
it was longer in getting able to rise, even

six or eight feet, and nothing would tempt
it to regain its nest. It had lost courage
and confidence, and was satisfied with its
condition, and had evidently formed an

attachment to the commodore.
But now the case assumed another
aspect. A clattering and knocking and

scraping was heard high up in the heavens,
and behold, thousands of storks were care-
ering about, calling out all the storks from

river, brook and seashore, from tree-top
and chimney-top, to prepare for the south-
ward flight. A large body swept down

low over San Stefano, and a deputation of
four alighted to examine the disabled com-
panion. After a time they rose into high

air, made their report and all the storks
went home. Their reappearance for their
final flight was expected in about three or

four days, when they would gather in full
force, and following the solitary leader, they
would take a lofty flight for tropic fields.

Day after day for two whole weeks, the
commodore waited for them, when at
length, they came in gathering flocks, as

able death trap of the terrible Valdes
Glacier. For days did these two wander,
until nature succumbed and they lay down

weary and exhausted, to sleep the sleep
from which there is no awakening.

Their faithful companion clung to them
and the warmth of his body was grateful,
as they crouched low with the bitter ice

laden wind howling about them.
Their scanty stock of provisions was
well nigh exhausted, when one of them sug-
gested sending the dog back to the camp.

This was a forlorn hope, but it was the only
chance they had. Quickly writing a few
words on a leaf torn from a book, they

made it fast around his neck, and encour-
aged him to start back on the trail.
The sagacious animal did not under-
stand, but after repeated efforts they per-
suaded him to go on and he was soon

sw allowed up in the snow, the mist and
the storm.
Two days and nights during which
these men suffered untold agonies. On

the evening of the third day, when all hope
had gone and they were resigned to their
fate, from the drifting and blinding snow

bounded their faithful dog, and close be-
hind him came ready hands to minister to
their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple.
The whole party returned, having aban-
doned their useless quest, and on the last

Topsy going south were two grateful
men and a very ordinary looking dog.
But 'that dog will never want as long as
we two live,' said a grizzled and sunburnt

man.
The Power of Love.
Teurgenieff, the Russian writer says: 'I

returned home from the chase and wander-
ed through an alley in my garden. My dog
had undied before me. Suddenly he checked

himself and moved forward cautiously, as
if he scented game. I glanced down the
alley, and perceived a young sparrow with

a yellow beak and down upon its head. It
had fallen out of the nest (the wind was
shaking the beeches in the alley violently),

and lay motionless and helpless on the
ground, with its little unfledged wings out-
stretched. The dog approached it softly,

and with a sudden alight sprang with a
black breast quitted a neighboring tree,
dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose,

and with ruffled plumage and chirping des-
perately and pitifully, sprang at the opening,
grinning mirth.

She had come to protect her little one at
the cost of her own life. Her little body
trembled all over, her voice was hoarse,



"Appetite

comes with eating." And the hankering for
Pearline comes from trying it. If you're
sceptical about Pearline's washing, try
it on coarse clothes, etc., first—things
that you can't hurt much, and see how
it saves work. Having seen Pearline's
superior work you'll be ready to use it
for fine, delicate, cobwebby things.



ber and lasts a month and a half, the birds
arriving in little groups.
Generally they are taken by means of
nets five metres high, which the natives ex-
tend on cords fastened to poles, in the fash-
ion of curtains gliding on their rods. In
reality the net is double. The first near the
side of the sea is of meshes very large and
loose, but at the back is another net, where
the bird will really come and perch itself in
the folds formed by this net of small
meshes.

There is another method of capture which
is more picturesque. Rows of dried
branches are placed on the shore. At the
foot of each branch is disposed a tuft of
fresh herbs in the middle of which is ar-
ranged an opening which ends in a snare.
The quail, tired by its journey, takes re-
fuge in the branch, then in the bunch of
herbs, naturally, without figuring to itself
that it is going to put itself into a trap
where a native will surprise and kill it.
With these means of destruction, it is not
astonishing that each year more than a
million of these birds are taken.

MERCHANT WRITES.

Mr. Charles Shaw, of Shogomoc,
N. B., Gives Some new Inform-
ation Regarding Dodd's
Kidney Pills.

Best Medicine and Best Sellers He Has
Ever Done More Good Than any Other
Medicine He has Sold—A New Field
for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

TORONTO, Oct. 16.—Mr. Charles
Shaw is well-known as the general store-
keeper at Shogomoc, N. B. Shogomoc is
a small village in York County, and Mr.
Shaw carries medicine in his stock, there
being no druggist. All who know Mr.
Shaw will acknowledge that he is a man
whose word can be relied on, and would
not misrepresent facts about goods in his
store or say what was untrue for the sake
of an extra profit to be derived.

Here is what Mr. Shaw voluntarily
writes concerning Dodd's Kidney Pills:—
"Re Dodd's Kidney Pills I take pleasure
in saying that they are the best sellers we
have got. We buy Dodd's Kidney Pills
by the gross lot and they are better ap-
preciated and have done more good than
any medicine we have ever sold. We keep
a general store and have nothing to make
by saying what is untrue. We would not
be without them. Two of our customers
this summer used Dodd's Kidney Pills for
Dysentery or Summer Complaint with a
perfect cure in both cases. As they are
not advertised to cure Dysentery it may be
news to hear of the virtues of Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills for that disease. They cure it
promptly and are being used as a general
blood tonic with good effect."

THICK-SOLED BOOTS.

Some With Three, Some With Five
Soles, Worn by Marketmen and Others.
The description double-soled would
doubtless convey to most minds the idea of
the thickest-soled shoe or boot there is,
but, as a matter of fact, there are made
boots with five soles, making altogether a
sole an inch or more in thickness. Such
boots are worn by marketmen, as, for in-
stance, in Fulton fish market in New York.

There the floor in business hours is al-
ways wet. Great quantities of fish are
constantly being handled. Excepting those
frozen in winter, the fishes that come in
boxes are packed in ice. They are always
packing fishes here for shipment to the
great number of interior points, away from
the coast, that draw their supplies of salt-
water fishes, and fresh-water fishes, too,
for that matter, from New York, and the
fishes shipped are packed in ice. They
seemed to be forever chopping ice here,
and there are fragments of ice scattered
around and melting; and there's a constan-
t dripping, more or less, from the many ice-
packed boxes handled; and they're always
washing down somewhere to keep the
market clean. So that in business hours
the floor is always wet.

The marketman moves about for hours
on the wet floor, and to keep his feet dry
he wears, it may be rubber boots or the
five soled marketman's boot, whose sole is
thick enough to raise his feet clear off the
floor sufficiently to keep them dry. Into
the bootleg, a convenient place to carry it,
he tucks, when it is not in use, the handle
of the hatchet which he uses in opening or
nailing up boxes of fish.

There is a three-soled boot that is some-
times worn by bootkeepers in the market,
who might have occasion to leave the
office and go out on the market floor to

look after receipts or shipments. Five-
soled and three soled boots are worn also
more or less by marketmen and by men on
shore in various occupations beside market
men. They are worn by men working in
big refrigerators and in cold storage ware-
houses, and in abattoirs. Trunkmen wear
three-soled boots in winter, putting them
on in November and wearing them till
spring.

As compared with shoes and boots of
the ordinary kind, the number of three-
soled and five soled boots sold is small;
and by such boots are, nevertheless,
articles of regular and steady sale.

A FITTABLE SCRIPPLE.

From Rheumatism—Blistered by Doctors
Till He Didn't Know Himself—South
American Rheumatic Cure Performs a Won-
derous Cure.

D. Desmetels, Peterboro, writes: "For
months I was unable to work, had rheu-
matism in every part of my body. I was
blistered by doctors at ten different times.
My hands were drawn out of shape, my
fingers were distorted, and my wrists
and forearm were double their natural
size. My leg was encased in a plaster case
for four months. I tried South American
Rheumatic Cure; I took two bottles.
Twenty-four hours after first dose I felt
like a new man. One week after I was
able to go to work. Now I am as hearty
and as strong as ever. Sold by E. C.
Brown.

FOOD IN THE ARMY.

Times When a Dinner of Roast Meat was
Counted as a Regal Feast.

"Of course it has been said innumerable
times," said the old soldier, "that fish is not
all fighting; we all know that the greater
part of the time is spent in getting ready
to fight; but it makes me laugh to think of
how, even in the heroic times, the very
commonplace subject of what we had to eat
loomed up.

"In looking over a lot of old army letters
written in the civil war, and returned to
me now out of the family archives, I find
plenty of reference to the food, especially
in the earlier part of our service before we'd
got settled down and used to things. I
find myself here, for instance, after we
had been out only six months or so writ-
ing that I had gone off my feed, and
couldn't eat, and wasn't feeling well at all
simply because for a week we had had no
meat but fat salt pork. Later I find myself
quite restored to health and a glorious ap-
petite by a square meal of roast beef about
which I write as was perhaps natural
enough in those younger days and under
the circumstance, rapturously.

"I don't remember now about that roast
beef, but I suppose we must have had an
oven at that time to bake bread in, as we
sometimes did have when we stayed long
enough in a place to pay for building one,
and were where we could get bricks and
where we could draw flour; and happening
to draw fresh beef as a ration we baked
it in that oven and so had roast beef.

"The fact is that anything good to eat
was a delight, it not a blessing; it certainly
helped immensely the soldier's effective-
ness. Ammunition may be the thing of first
importance to an army, but next to that
undoubtedly is the food. The more I think
of it the more I find that if I had any-
thing to do with fighting an army, I should
at any cost feed the men well."

KIDNEY POISONS.

See the Life Saving and Make Fatid the
Health Fountain—South American Kidney
Cure Cleanses and Purifies.

If the kidneys fail to do their work other
organs become involved; poisons generate
—circulate through, and violate the whole
system. Disease and disaster are as sure
as sunrise if neglected. South American
Kidney Cure acts on the kidneys like
magic. It's a liquid and attacks the sili-
ng parts, quickly stops the spreading of
disease, drives out the foreign substances,
and brings this important organ back to a
healthy normal state. It's a kidney specific.
Sold by E. C. Brown.

"I notice, my dear that our standing
army on the island of Luzon has been
largely reduced."
"O! I didn't see that. What's the
reason?"
"So many of the regulars are sitting
down waiting for the rain to stop."

A CHASELESS TORMENT.

Eczematous Oozing and Irritation Have a
Short Stay After One Application of Dr.
Agnew's Ointment—It Helps Immediately
and Cures Quickly.

C. W. Howard, Peak's Island, Me.,
writes: "Enclosed find 35 cents, for which
kindly send me a box of Dr. Agnew's
Ointment. I have been afflicted for a long
time with eczema, and it has done me so
much good I want to try another box.
The first application gave me more relief
than anything I ever tried. It's going to
cure me outright." Sold by E. C. Brown.

A Lucky Millionaire.

When Menier, the Millionaire Chocolate
King, bought the island of Antioch, it is
improbable that he had any thought of ad-
vertising Chocolate Menier by his action.

But an enterprising press have devoted so
much attention to Menier and his supposed
doings that he must have received thou-
sands of dollars worth of indirect advertis-
ing entirely free. The sale of Chocolate-
Menier is already so enormous—over
thirty-three million pounds per annum—
that it may not appear to need much boost-
ing. However, it is always to those that
have much that much is given.

LOCK-STITCH
TING SHUTTLE.
is specially adapted for Fam-
ore generally used throughout
other machines combined. The
ating shuttle is the perfection
movement being shorter than
ar machine, less effort is re-
tion.
line carries the trade-mark.
Old machines taken in exchange.
DE AND SOLD ONLY BY
FACTURING CO.
NTREAL, P. Q.

ed Ruth immensely on her first ar-
at the French sea-resort.
However, the winter season had hardly
enced, and few English families had
ome into residence, so it turned out
the Vernales found no acquaintances
and therefore were thrown on one
er for amusement.

Stopford was perhaps the best off, as
as able to have his whilst at the club.
dy Vernale found the place rather too
for her to walk much about in, and
fore Ruth had to take her walks most-
one.

uring these walks, she took Frank
rely to task for having treated Frank
ert very badly, and set to work to
edy the fault as soon as possible by
ng to him.

But what of the hero who battles alone,
In battles of thought where God set him down,
Who fought all alone and who fell overthrown.

I tell you 'twere better to cherish that soul—
That soldier who battles with thought for a sword,
That climbs the steep ramparts where wrong has
control,
And falls beaten back by the rude trampling
horse.

Ab, better to cherish his words and his worth,
Than all the Napoleons that people the earth.
Joaquin Miller.

Thousands have the pleasure of knowing
Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, formerly American
missionary at Constantinople. The
following is from a recent article of Dr.
Hamlin, in The Presbyterian Banner:

When I went to the East in 1838,
Commodore Porter was our minister resident
at the Sublime Porte. He was residing at
the time of my visit at San Stefano, about
ten miles west of Constantinople, right on
the shore of the beautiful sea of Marmora.

It was a charming place for a war-worn
veteran to enjoy the quiet evening of life.
In all that region north of the sea of Mar-
morra, extending beyond the Balkan
mountains to the Danube, the stork is a favor-
ite bird. Along the north of Marmora,

there are very few tall trees, the stork
builds its nest on the tops of chimneys,
which in the east are always covered,
the smoke issuing from side windows or open-
ings.

The nests are very rude in appear-
ance, about as large as a two-bushel basket.
Sticks as long as your finger are skillfully
woven into them. They are made soft
and nice, with moss and cotton and wool,
or whatever the skillful bird thinks will
make her partner comfortable. The stork
has two long legs, but for some reason or
other generally stands upon one, the other

drawn up among his feathers. I think I
have seen as many as fifty in a row on a
river bank, each one standing on one leg.
When thus standing in repose it is about
three feet high, the chief part of the height
being leg and neck. It stalks over the
fields with an awkward gait, its neck alert,

and its lightning stroke finishes the race of
any snake, lizard, toad, bug or other
'vermin' on the ground. From kitchen
refuse it selects what suits its taste, and is
bold in claiming it. It has no voice. The
strange clatter of its broad, flat bill is un-
describable. It seems to play rough tunes
to its mate.

Commodore Porter had a stork's nest on
the chimney of his kitchen, a building
separate from the house and connected by
a covered way. The chimney was tall,
round like a column, and very picturesquely
covered by this rough nest. The com-
modore took great delight in watching the
social life of his storks, especially when
they came to teach the youngsters to fly.

# Clark Russell and Kitchener.

Of late years Mr. W. Clark Russell has been living in Bath, his house overlooking a beautiful public park or garden, which, as he is confined to outings in a bath-chair is a great solace to a man who so dearly loves Nature. Although an Englishman from keel to truck, he was born in New York. His father, still alive at a great old age, is Henry Russell, famous as the composer and singer of popular songs of fifty years ago—The Land of the Free, Jim Crow and similar ballads.

America should cherish the memory of Henry Russell, for his songs and stories turned many an honest and capable man's attention to the States, and caused countless scores of them to emigrate. Clark Russell frequently tells the story of how his parents arrived well-nigh penniless in New York and Mrs. Russell sat down on the curb guarding the luggage and waited while her husband hunted for cheap lodgings. Shortly after her boy, who was destined to become so famous, was born. Every reader of Clark Russell's stories is at once impressed with the genuineness of the descriptions of seascapes and the workings of a fine merchantman upon the waters. Not only did Clark Russell go to sea as midshipman and work his way up to second mate on a smashing East Indianman in the days of round the Horn to India and China, and now in his retirement, he is kept up to date and his memory furnished by a knot of old sea-captains, many of them still in active service, who sit around his hearth and yarn through many pipefuls of tobacco. For a wonder—indeed, it is the highest compliment that can be paid a novelist—the practical men of the merchant service are devoted readers of his works, and swear by him.

Before Clark Russell arrived he wrote inoffensive society stories which he has allowed quietly to die. They had a certain small popularity, but the Thames continued to flow water instead of fire. Their author was too fresh from the hard, brutal work and salt-horse of the ocean to see the romance that lay in life a ship board. But one day in the working out of a plot he was forced to deal with a ship and her crew, and when the book was published it began to sell rapidly. Such a contrast betwixt the sale of his hitherto best book and John Holdsworth, chief mate, was not to be explained by mere chance of writing. So Mr. Russell sat down and thought the whole matter out, at last arriving at the conclusion that the secret of success lay in the description of the sea and life upon the sea. Without a day's delay he began The Wreck of the Grosvenor, finished it in an exceptionally short time, and assured that it would be accepted as soon as read, sent it to a popular publisher whom he knew personally.

He had not long to wait for a reply, and it was a crusher. The publisher wrote him a friendly little note to this effect:

"I see, my boy, how matters stand. My reader, whom you know is herself a most popular writer, and knows what the public want, says of your M.S. If you desire to publish a catalogue of ship's furniture, publish this; but if it is a novel you are after, send this M.S. back."

Clark Russell is disappointed, but not a bit discouraged. He at once passed the manuscript into the care of another publisher, the book came out, and as the world knows, had a phenomenal sale. When the edition making up the fifty thousandth copy came out with that fact stated upon it, Mr. Russell took a copy, underlined the 'fifty thousand' and wrote underneath: 'In case you should ever require a catalogue of ship's furniture, allow me to present you with this one,' and posted it on to the publisher's reader. Clark Russell has been responsible for a freshening up of English interest in that beautiful American writer, Herman Melville, of whom Russell has written in English publications most glowing things.

When Kitchener, who is now Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, returned from the Sudan after the annihilating victory of Omdurman, nothing too good could be done for him. His reception was strikingly splendid, and enthusiasm was unbounded. The cause of the outburst was not altogether that he had smashed the Dervishes so

thoroughly. It was to a great extent due to the action of France, and by hailing Kitchener as a conqueror the English people wished to convince the French that Britain was solid on the question of holding the country acquired, and that the little force of hardy Frenchmen then stationed at Fashoda must move on. But an interest was added when it became noised about that Kitchener obviously kept clear of the ladies, that he, in fact cared nothing for female society, and did not shine in mixed company.

This report reached the ears of the Queen, who is nothing if not a motherly woman. All her life Her Majesty has taken keen delight in making up matches for the ladies who surround her. Hence her consternation when she learned that her latest victorious General disliked ladies, and showed no disposition to bind his sword to his waist with an apron string. At an early date Kitchener was summoned to Windsor to see the Queen. Immediately after the formalities had been got through with and when Her Majesty had succeeded in placing her distinguished subject perfectly at his ease—a difficult task usually, but the Queen is an adept at performing it—Her Majesty suddenly said: 'I hear that you do not care for any women. Kitchener actually blushed, even though his cheeks were burned by the sun and the hot winds of the desert. At length he stammered: 'I assure Your Majesty that you have been misinformed. There is one woman I care greatly for.' The match making light came into the Queen's eyes and she eagerly asked him if he would mind telling her whom the one exception was. 'With pleasure,' answered the General; 'the one exception is Your Majesty.' The Queen slightly threw up her hands and enjoyed a hearty laugh. No woman has caught Lord Kitchener yet.

### FUR GARMENTS AND BOAS.

Executive Decoration one of the Features of the Season's Display.

Fur garments and novelties in fur neckwear are out in full bloom in the shops, and if the variety shown is really a good illustration of what is to be worn, then no one need hesitate about making a selection. All sorts of cap-lets, collarettes and boas figures in this department of dress in a bewildering array of combinations.

Two and even three kinds of fur are worked in together, and with the addition of heads, innumerable tails and feet, the effect is quite as easily imagined as described. The question of what not to have becomes the one for consideration very promptly after a few moments' reflection. There is much to be said in favor of these little novelties, as they can furnish warmth, and if you purchase one made of only one kind of fur, it gives an air of elegance to your costume.

Combinations in fur are stunning in the coat department where the broad flaring collars are of fluffy long-haired fur, chinchilla, sable or fox, on the baby lamb and seal skin coats. In the smaller things for the neck, the mixtures have a patchy appearance. Some of the first-class furriers will tell you that they are making very few of the collarettes and little capes, boas being in better style. The long round boas are coming in again, huge in size as they are made of beaver and fox, and the muffs, round and plain, are proportionately large. In fox, a muff with a head at one end and a fat bushy tail at the other, is one of the novelties. Another fox muff has a head directly in the centre of the front.

Again we see the combination of velvet and lace on coat revers, and appliques of black cloth worked in on the body of broad tail coats; but this is simply a fad to promote the season's scheme for excessive decoration, and add more expense where there is enough already. Embroidery of any sort, in fur, is never more than a passing fancy as it is wasted elegance in the first place, and very poor taste in the second. A knot of cream lace, or a jabot of soft lace at the neck or on the muff, is always a pretty addition, but the special crease which supplants the lace this season is the use of chiffon plaitings with a tiny ruche on the edge, all matching the fur in color. Wherever lace might be used for frills, scarf ends and edgings, the chiffon is substituted, brown chiffon for sable, and gray for chinchilla.

Pretty little shoulder capes are made of beaver colored velvet shirred around the back and down on the shoulders to give them shape. The edge is finished with a band of silver fox, below which falls a tiny plaited frill of chiffon matching the velvet in color. This has a narrow ruche on the

edge and long scarf ends of chiffon, also finished with a ruche, tie in front. Sometimes these ends are accordion plaited, and again they are simply a full straight scarf with rounded ends, trimmed all around. A pale blue or pink chiffon frill may be substituted for the more sombre color on the inside of the neck. A prettiness and muff of chinchilla outlined with gray chiffon frills are the daintiest things among the fur novelties. The stylish coat shown in the illustration is of breitschwanz with chinchilla collar, and one of the Eton shapes with a full front is made entirely of chinchilla. Breitschwanz in its natural gray color is used this season for evening wraps, one specialty being a long cape with a shaped frunce, lined throughout with pink satin. Pink chiffon frills with cream lace decorate the inside of the collar, cover the revers and trim the front edge, and a hood draped formed of folds of gray mirror velvet is carried around the shoulders.

### A FOOT-B TRAVELLER.

That a trip on an ocean steamer may prove a dangerous journey, even when the weather is fair, is shown by a story told in Chamber's Journal. It concerns a young Englishman, of whose folly and its consequences the writer was an eye-witness.

It was the Englishman's first trip, and he gradually found himself drawn into a game of poker with three or four professional sharpers. The men were most presentable in manner and dress, and older travellers than their victim might have been deceived. He played, and played again. They knew how to draw him on, allowing him often to win, but getting him in deeper with every game. At last, one afternoon, only twelve hours from New York, he found himself almost penniless. Of the hundred pounds with difficulty scraped together by his father to give the son a start, only a few shillings remained. The young man sat staring at the card-table. He was ruined, hopeless, and among strangers. Presently there dropped into a seat by his side a quiet-looking man who usually sat in a corner of the smoking-room, and who at once tried to give the young Englishman a hint to 'go slow.' The advice had been laughably resented. Today, however, the stranger found the youth in a different mood. In a fatherly way he drew from him his story, and then spoke encouraging words. A little later that same quiet-looking man joined a party of elderly men on deck. He explained to them the young man's situation, and in a body they sought the sharpers. One, a Westerner, who had been appointed spokesman, attacked the gamblers, who were still laughing among themselves at their success in 'cleaning out the Britisher.' The spokesman did not believe in preliminaries.

'You men have cleaned out that young Englishman of every cent he has,' he exclaimed. 'I don't say you've swindled him, but I have my own opinion, and I think, and so do we all, that you ought to refund.'

There was a storm of vituperative rejoinder, to the effect that the game was a square one, and if the other fellow had lost so much the worse for him. Then the quiet man stepped forward, and looking hard at the leader of the gang said, 'Joe, pay up,' and that was all he did say at the moment.

The effect was magical. The sharper glared at him, then turned pale, and muttered, 'It's you, is it? I didn't know you.' 'No, I didn't suppose you did,' was the reply. 'I've grown a beard since I saw you last. Now pay up quietly, or—'

'All right,' was the quick response. 'I'll do what's fair.'

With that he handed over a roll of notes and some gold saying, 'There's ninety pounds. We got a hundred, but we've spent over ten on drink and cards.'

Needless to say the Englishman was delighted to get back so much of his money. He vowed he would never touch a card again. It is to be hoped that he kept his vow.

The quiet man was a kindly detective, who knew the gang and the leader well, and they equally well knew and feared him.

### The Whipping Schoolmaster.

John Hawtrey is still remembered as one of the famous whipping schoolmasters of England. He achieved his reputation



## FREE BOOK ON CATARRH

(WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS)

Showing how this loathsome disease originates. How treacherously it affects the Head, Throat, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, R. wels, Kidneys. Telling about Dr. Sproule's treatment.

If you have Catarrh of the Head or any organ  
**YOU NEED THIS BOOK.**  
DR. SPROULE, B. A. (formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service) English Specialist in Catarrh, Will send It To You Free On Request. Address 7, 9, 10, 11 & 12 Duane St., Boston.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

No man ever sees another man sharpening a lead pencil without thinking to himself: 'That's a clumsy way to do it!'

The Solemn Bore—Have you ever reflected that there will be no more time? 'The Busy Man—I haven't any now.'

'Why do they say poets are born not made?'

'They wanted to put the blame on some one who can stand it?'

'That yachting course would be doubly dangerous for bicycles, wouldn't it?'

'Why so?'

'Because of the split tacks.'

'Have you ever played football? she asked.'

'No,' he replied, 'but when I was a cowboy I was once run over by a herd of stampeded steers.'

'That Baltimore woman who gave her pet monkey a first-class funeral must have been greatly attached to the animal.'

'Yes, it probably gave her a regular monkey wrench to part with it.'

'May the best boat win?' exclaimed Mr. Bloomfield.

'No, I don't,' replied Mr. Bellefield.

'Why not?'

'I say, "May the better boat win."

She—What a proud, haughty bearing Mrs. Forterly has. She was born to command.

He—Yes, indeed. Even the instructor at the golf links treats her as an equal.

Bill—When Dewey's men were at sea they used to say: 'Let's go and sink a couple of battleships.'

Jill—And now they're ashore I suppose it is: 'Let's go out and bury a couple of schooners.'

Suburbanite—Today is one of the happiest days of my life.

Towne—Ah! Married or divorced? Suburbanite—Neither; I put the lawn mower in the cellar for the winter this morning.

Saw Him Just in Time.—If you are tired, sweet, he murmured, 'rest your dear head—on the back of the car seat.'

For a cynical looking man of middle age doubtless married was watching them from the other side of the aisle.

'I see,' said one tiger cub to another, 'that is claimed millions of the city's money are wasted.'

'How absurd!' exclaimed his companion. 'Why, there isn't one of us in the whole wigwam that doesn't know how to use his money.'

It is remarkable how loyal to the big town those Chicagoans are. I went to a wedding the other night where a Chicago man was the bridegroom and right in the midst of the ceremony he suddenly and loudly introduced Chicago's motto: 'What is Chicago's motto?'

'I will!'

A young man of Ellsworth, Me., allowed himself to be mesmerized by a travelling hypnotist recently and lay for 24 hours asleep in the show window of one of the principal stores in the city. For the service he was to receive \$10, and the sleeper awoke to find his poll tax for the past 8 years paid.

'You've no idea how grateful I am to you,' she said after he had proposed.

'Grateful?' he exclaimed. 'Am I to understand, then, that you accept me?'

'No; hardly that,' she replied. 'But I have now had more proposals than any other girl in our set, and I can't tell you how that pleases me.'

'They tell me,' said the man who had stooped over to see the mammoth corn crop, 'that prosperity is making things bum in Kansas.'

'They tell you right,' responded the man with the hoe: 'that's Lucy, for instance. I told her I might be able to buy a piano and she been humming ever since.'

'I don't know how to prepare that dish, ma'am,' said the cook.

'Well, never mind, Mary,' returned the mistress. 'I'll prepare it myself.'

'If you do, ma'am, I'll have to quit.'

'You'll have to leave me? Why?'

'Well, ma'am, the rules of the Amalgamated Union of Cooks do not permit a member to remain in a place where non-union labor is employed on any part of the work. If you're going to do anything in this kitchen while I'm here you must get a union card.'

## A WISE WOMAN

Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. Valuable information on this subject will be found in my book which I will be pleased to send entirely free to any lady, sending me her name and address. It's a

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written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems. I am sure you'll be delighted with it.

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Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from  
EVANS & BORN, LTD., Montreal and  
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Frills of Fashion.

'To be devoted to "just one girl" is the fad of some women just as it is of many men, but it is not a good principle, as a woman of experience will tell you. In the first place the influence is very narrowing, and one misses the opportunity of studying and learning human nature, which in itself is interesting from a psychological point of view, as well as valuable for developing one's own character, and making the wheels run smooth. And then, in the second place, there is the possibility that one may lose the girl, and then if you have had other friends whom you have neglected they may not be cordial in receiving you when you fall back on them. And the possibility of your losing her is not unlikely.

She may get married, or go away, or die. If she dies, why, of course, 'it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all,' while if she goes away it is possible to maintain that charming though distant association that comes of letter-writing, but if she marries, alas, that is worse than parting. This shock comes to a girl friendship when one of the girls marries, and the other one does not, it is a wrench to the unmarried one, for not only does the young wife start into new interests, which break in upon their former cherished congeniality, but there is a transfer of confidence which well-nigh breaks the heart of the girl friend, who may be beset with many business cares, for which she has always found relief in the kindly sympathy of her confidante.

But there is, however, a chance for a broadening, humanizing influence. This the business girl, from her unrelieved contact with the world, comes presently to realize, and then in her turn the young wife and mother, clinging to this old support, would monopolize as before the interest and sympathy of her spinster friend, the bachelor maid.

But when the matron also is broadened to meet the exigencies of the case, the friendship is a stronger and a bigger one than it ever was before.

The habit of the hunting woman is of far more importance to her than are ball gowns or street costumes. She spends most of her days in the country, and as much time as she can on horseback, and the cut of her 'safety-skirt' and the fit of her smart little coat are of paramount importance to her and to her tailors. (Single and double-breasted coats are worn by the hedge-jumping women of Hempstead, and velvet collars and silver buttons, inscribed with the hunt club's monogram, or a hound's head or some other device, brighten up the sombre severity of many of the habits. Some of the coats fit closely in front, but are semi loose in the back, like a man's morning coat. A smart English coat is double-breasted but tapers to a single-breasted shape at the waist, causing the figure to look very slim, and yet allowing a handsome sweep to the lapels. Vests are not worn much by the hunting women, but pretty ones of light blue, yellow, dotted with white and bright scarlet are shown by the tailors.

Here's another story of a recent happening which proves conclusively that woman is woman for aye. It is particularly amusing because the heroine is the woman in charge of a popular paper which has long the leading woman's periodical in America. A woman who has travelled in the east and who has friends in the Orient, by means of whom she gets much interesting material about the eastern woman, a short time ago submitted to the woman in charge an article, and with it some pictures of Turkish women. These were examined critically and apparently with growing disapprobation. Finally the oracle spoke:— 'Really, Miss Blank,' she said, with displeasure; 'really, I think these pictures must be very old. I notice that the method of dressing the hair is very old-fashioned, extremely old-fashioned.'

One of the prettiest models for new bodices has the front straight from the shoulder line that begins at the base of the throat before the collar curves round to the front. Each front is furnished with small tabs in its own material, or in velvet, traid, cloth, etc., according to the character of the dress, and these buttons down upon a white front in silk, muslin, chiffon, or in some striped or checked material. This is usually gathered in at the collar, but allowed to blouse slightly over the belt in front of the waist. A pretty mid-season dress is in russet brown cloth, with this arrangement carried out in sulphur cloth upon the bodice. The tabs are in the brown cloth, which is stitched in black round all its outlines. Another gown is of

One Dose

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And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

fancy tweed, the front being of poppy red chiffon, with black velvet tabs and a high black velvet collar. A third is in mauve-faced cloth, with a pale pink front and a lace scarf folded twice round the neck.

The women who are interested in the problem of domestic service, and it goes without saying that their name is legion, are eager spectators of the experiment which is being made in Chicago to substitute men for women in the work of the household. It is really nothing new, for many a family of well known prestige in the community who formerly employed "help" of this nature have long since dispensed with it, for the reason that women would work cheaper, and the men would drink. But the argument for reviving the men's service is that they will not be so touchy and impudent as the women, though as a matter of fact few mistresses would dare assail any man, servant or not with the vituperations with which they frequently make for another woman. A temporary reinstatement may have the result of developing a much-needed dignity in both "parties."

The most interesting departments in the shops these days are the fur rooms. Women who lack the courage or the money to buy a fur coat look with envy at the smart jackets and luxurious capes, and prize them wistfully, while the woman whose check book is equal to it orders with the air of a princess.

Much sealskin is to be worn this season, and the demand for fur coats is greater than it has been for many years. This is owing to the fact that fashion is as near a standstill as she ever comes as far as outdoor garments are concerned, and the woman who buys a fur coat this season can rest assured that she can wear it for 2 years at least without having it remodeled, and it is an Eton affair she will probably be in fashion 5 years hence, as sleeves are small to stay and the very short jacket is too great a favorite to be easily dismissed.

The reign of the curling iron is at an end in many homes, and kid bigodics, papers and little metal pins, unsightly and grotesque but not injurious to the hair, have taken their place. The beauty cultist does not believe in even nocturnal unloveliness, so while preserving her hair she preserves her appearance by wearing a coquettish little nightcap.

These bonnets do not are almost universally worn in France. They are made of lawn or silk, fit closely to the head like an infant's cap and tie under the chin with ribbon strings. That they are becoming to a pretty face need hardly be said, and they are a great improvement to any head disfigured by curling pins, papers and other Topsy-esque ornaments. The daintiest of these caps are made of white muslin and have rosettes of ribbon at either side, like the national Dutch headdress.

One woman who suffers from neuralgia has found what she calls an ornamental preventive of her malady. Her nightcap is of soft, quilted silk, made rather loose and full, like a hood, and keeps her head so cozily protected that she declares she can sleep with her windows open all winter without fear of aches and pain in her head.

A young woman, young enough and untravelled enough to be dazzled occasionally came from Europe recently on a very big ocean greyhound, whose length, it seems, is not her only unusual feature.

'One simply could not be seasick,' said this appreciative passenger. 'The table appointments were so pretty, they gave one an appetite, and that, you know, is death to mal-de-mer. Fancy being thousands of miles from any land and dining from china so beautiful that it reminded you of Sevres, although it wasn't Sevres, and crystal so fragilley pretty that your wine tasted like nectar. The things to eat were good, too, but not better than on the French ship, in which we went over, but it was piquant to see so much luxury and daintiness so far from land. The silver table service comprised several thousands of pieces. Think of it! Even the pretty fluted finger bowls were of silver.'

It used to be a fashionable fad in days long gone by to head a letter with the year

date in Roman numerals. That fad got a death blow in 1888, when it took just thirteen letters, 'MDCCCLXXXVIII.' As a matter of fact, there were very few people who could properly write that date.

Last year was nearly as bad, for it took 9 letters, 'MDCCCXIX.' Now, things are going to change if any person will take the trouble to look into it. After this year it will be easy. In 1900 the letter fad will probably be revived, for it can be written 'MCM.' After another century and a year passes by the date will drop down to 2 letters, 'MM.'

French women do not practise law or medicine, but they are excellent business women and the widow who does not know how to carry on her husband's business after his death is an exception among the lower middle class.

Women in France can also be enrolled as Freemasons if they choose, not only having lodges of their own but being members of lodges open to both sexes. One lodge, whose members are men and women, has for grand mistress a lady named Mme. Georges Matin. This lodge is only 6 years old and numbers already 200 members, two thirds of these being women.

Perhaps the inducement to French women to become Freemasons is that they are entitled to wear the same gay insignia as are the men, but their alleged reason is that it prevents husband and wife from drifting apart.

DRESSMAKING IN YEARS TO COME.

What is prophesied for it by a woman who makes her own clothes.

'I believe,' said the woman who makes her own clothes, firmly, 'that there is a future for dressmaking.'

'Um! Well, rather, as long as there's a woman,' observed the tailor-made girl.

'A future,' went on the W. W. M. H. O. C., with the air of a Columbus bent on a shorter route to India, 'a future that is yet undreamed of. I've thought the thing out, and made investigations, and I am convinced that the possibilities of dressmaking haven't even been hinted at by modern modistesses. The woman who establishes the new era will some day be recognized as one of the great benefactors of her race.'

'Sounds like a paper at a woman's club, doesn't it?' put in the frivolous woman. 'Or an advertisement,' added the business woman. But the golf girl struck her palms together and called softly: 'Go in, go in, McGuinness!'

'My idea is like this,' pursued the W. W. M. H. O. C., as she mounted and adjusted her skirts. 'You know, every one of you, that a woman is simply helpless as to the fashions and her dressmaker. She can't influence or change them any easier than she can get to the moon. Take the present fashions in skirts. That laced up, tight-fitting arrangement at the back isn't becoming to one woman in fifty, and besides, it requires the wearing of a bustle. Now to my personal knowledge, hundreds of women make a solemn vow when they laid down their bustles after that they would never wear such a senseless deformity again, not if every other woman in creation did it. They made similar vows when the trained skirts went out a few years later, and yet here are the same women wearing sweeping skirts and bustles with the best of them, and looking like frights into the bargain. They have to do it or go without clothes. Their dressmakers work these styles in on them gradually, and you all know the folly of trying to argue with your dressmaker. She can make you feel like a relic and an idiot in just one glance, and after that you'd be glad to wear the Brooklyn Bridge or the Dewey Arch if she considered either of them the correct thing.'

'There is just one alternative,' she continued sadly, 'and I took it as you all know. That is, make your gowns yourself. I hate to advise any of you to try it. I shouldn't have attempted it myself if I'd known the sacrifices and mental sufferings and hard work there was in it. And there isn't any reward for this sort of heroism, nor any hope of reward. It's just plain martyrdom. But since I've undertaken it I'm bound to stick to it, and I'm learning heaps about the making of clothes. I can tell you.

'This is all preliminary to my big idea, and is just to show that there are plenty of women eager to slip the bandage of the dressmaker. They are the women to back the new school for designing costumes which I foresee. My idea is that dressmaking should be elevated to an art, a fine art. It will take a great artist and some money and lots of time to do it, but it can be done for women are ready for it, and if anybody wants to try it I'll furnish a list of patrons out of my own acquaintances to keep one establishment going perpetually. The human form is really beautiful if it's

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Household Linens.

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for machine-made goods.

Irish Linen: Real Irish Linen Sheetting, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46cts. per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 61cts. per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 6cts. per yard.

Irish Damask Table Linen: Fish Napkins, 70cts. per doz. Dinner Napkins, 2 1/2 yards by 8 yards, \$1.32 each. Kitchen Table Cloth, 2 yards square, 40cts. Towels, \$1.08 per doz. Monogram, Crest, Coat of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special attention Club, Hotel or Mess Orders).

Matchless Shirts: cut, \$3.50 the half doz. (to measure 46cts. extra). New Designs in our Special Indian Gowns, Oxford and Unbreakable Flanne for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with best materials in Neckbands, Collars, and Fronts, for \$3.38 the half-dozen.

Irish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs: The Cambrics of Robinson and Cleaver have a world-wide fame.—The Queen. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—Sylvia's Home Journal. 4 1/2 in. x 7 1/2 in., 50cts. per doz.; Ladies', 60cts. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 75cts. per doz. Handkerchiefs.—Ladies', 60cts. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 75cts. per doz.

Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs: COLLARS—Ladies', from 84cts. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 4-6 old, all new, shapes, \$1.18 per doz. CUFFS—For Ladies and Gentlemen, from \$1.42 per doz. "Surplus" Materials to Westminster Abbey and the Cathedral and Churches in the Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and economy."—Court Circular.

Irish Underclothing: trimmed Embroidery, 47cts. Nightgowns, 84cts. Combinations, 91cts. Undies or Colonial Undies, \$10.50 trial trousers, \$25.99 infants' Lingerie \$12.00 (5-1-18).

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(Please mention this Paper.)

let alone and not twisted and bumped out artificially. The lines are long, curved and graceful. Did you ever notice the fine free movements and perfect poise of the immigrant Italian women? Well, clothed according to my theory, that sort of woman would look like a goddess.

'No I don't advocate women floating around in Greek clothes with bare or sandaled feet. But I do maintain that the choosing and designing of what we wear should be as much a matter of art as the decoration of the rooms, or the building of our house. We employ skilled artists to design our buildings, to paint our pictures, to fresco our walls, even to furnish our homes and lay out our gardens, but for personal adornment we give out the job to sewing women, or fashionable dressmakers mere mechanics when measured by the standard of art, who have neither the training nor ability to perceive the real significance of dress. And the result is that our clothes are pieces of fashionable botch work, the contemplation of which would drive an artist into Bloomingdale. There was a similar grotesque period in American art house decoration and landscape gardening, but we are getting out of that now and there is no reason why we should remain so hideously clothed.

'But you would have to found a school of art for your dressmaking and educate a new set of artists,' protested the tailor-made girl.

'Of course we would, but isn't it worth it? Besides a regular course the school should teach the history of costuming, the national garb of the different countries and how and why they were adopted. It should give a place to all the leaders in the dress business, from Mother Eve and King Solomon down to Beau Brummel and Worth—to all the men and women, in fact, who have tried to make clothing express something. The study of individual should be one of the important subjects and this could be done by having regular models for instruction. The height, size and complexion and temperament should determine the kind of dress to be worn. Then the character of gowns should be considered, whether for morning, evening, street, theatre or office wear, or for out-door sports and games. This would influence the color (texture and style. After that the gown should be worked out on a distinctly artistic basis. That means on the basis of health, comfort and beauty. An artist will insist upon a consistent picture, and you can't harmonize beauty with a pinched-in waist and a boiled-over figure effect such as dressmakers adore.

'There is a chance in this for the highest, art instinct, or genius, or whatever it is that makes a great picture great. The moral effect would be tremendous. Clothes are capable of making over a woman's whole character. If she is badly dressed she is so conscious of it that she can't be anything else. She acts at her worst and creates an unhappy atmosphere that has a depressing effect upon all her associates. But to study her and idealize her, as portrait painters do, and fit her with a gown expressing the result of it, is to raise her to that ideal or toward it. Added to the con-

sciousness of being enveloped in a costume expressing something more than a check and a colored fashion plate, she would enjoy the freedom of a natural waist, room to breathe in, the power of stretching up the arms or wriggling each toe separately in her art boots—and what woman wouldn't be better for it, morally and spiritually besides being a new woman physically?'

Then the tailor made girl, the frivolous person, the business woman and the golf girl nodded solemnly at each other and repeated: 'Yes, it would be a great thing.'

Notes of Fashion.

Automobile red, which is a pretty, rich shade of garnet, is a fashionable color for cloth gowns, and if it is dotted over with small squares or polka spots of velvet in black or of the same color, then it is promptly stamped as new.

The species of necktie, easily copied by amateur fingers, is nothing more than a three-inch-wide length of crisp colored taffeta, hemmed by machine on both edges, cut in arrowhead points at either end and there garnished by three to five rows of closely set and gathered bebe ribbon of white or mix-colors. The newest four-in-hand is also wrought from taffeta; the portion about the collar is tucked or corded into stiffness, while the ends that flow from the small knot are abnormally large, and while the tie proper is of crisp taffeta in one tone, it must be edged all about with a narrow Paisley pattern ribbon or a border of half-inch-wide fls fringe.

Small suede leather bags in gray and tan, with silver, gilt and steel mountings, are permissible for women to carry in the street. They are round at the bottom, and only just large enough to hold a handkerchief, some change and possibly some little trifle; but they are a great convenience all the same. The close-fitting skirts with no pockets have precipitated these, no doubt.

Velvet flowers, both large and very small are one of the features of winter millinery, while still another which has been handed down from the summer is the use of tulle on velvet hats. There are rosettes of tulle, or the order is reversed and tulle, striped and checked with bands of velvet of the same color, is used for the foundation of the hat. White tulle and white wings are the dainty trimming on a pale gray felt hat.

Appropos of belts is the fact that many of the pretty French gowns round down at the waist line in front, or rather the belt drops a little to give the graceful dip. This accentuates the effect of the straight line from the neck to the hem of the gown, which is now fashionable.

Wide silk gauze scarves to wear about the neck, and to throw over the shoulders with evening dress, are shown in great variety in the shops. There are some with wide Persian colored borders on the ends, others with knotted silk fringe or frills of ribbon for a finish; but all the dainty light colors are represented.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 70, Eighth Avenue, New York.

## The Perils of a Correspondent.

In speaking about the element of danger in the life of an active newspaper correspondent, I had a great deal to say about war-reporting. The mere fact that a reporter takes the greatest chances with his life when in the company of soldiers might easily lead to the thought that soldiering is more dangerous than reporting. It does not begin to be so dangerous. There is an English war-artist who has experienced more than two dozen campaigns, and therefore has seen more of war than any military officer or private in Christendom. Pryor and Villiers among the artists, Knight and Williams among the writers, are all many times more used than any soldier to the roar of cannon, the flash of rifle fire, the crash of opposing forces, and the sight of the dead and wounded on the battlefield. Since it has come into fashion for the correspondents to ride out with reconnoitering parties, to take part in small skirmishes, and to get as close to, or as deep into, the main battles as they can, the life of the correspondent has become extra precarious. In one of the great London dailies the other day I read this comment upon the life of a British soldier:

"Mr. Wyndham appears not to have seen any active service, but that is true of most soldiers; and the private who gets as much as six months' campaigning during his years in the army is fortunate indeed. Nearly the whole of every soldier's time is simply spent in routine—washing, dressing, cleaning, bed-making, drills, guard and meals. It is a necessary and highly improving routine, but apart from the sentiment of the thing, here is almost as much romance and excitement in a housemaid's life."

Since every word of this is true, how startlingly it presents the contrast between the deadly, dull, mechanical routine of the average European soldier and the almost meteoric, continuously hazardous, ever-straining career of a great reporter of today!

When I told of the unlooked-for number of Englishmen who are forever clamoring to be sent to report whatever war either goes on or is merely threatened, I did not mean by inference, to leave my own countrymen in any less advantageous light—if love of risk and adventure be a thing that glorifies a man. When the war between the United States and Spain broke out there were more candidates for the spurs of fighting correspondents than ever were seen or heard of in the world before. Those who were chosen and who went to the front or to the various camps numbered hundreds and doubly as many were disappointed. I recommend every prospective journalist to read the account of Mr. Frederick Remington of his experiences in the campaign before Santiago de Cuba if he wants to know the reverse side of the picture which allures so many men. The article appeared in Harper's Magazine for November, 1898. The reality of campaigning in a hostile climate, without the rudest comforts or the necessities of life, is set forth with naked candor. It was such a change from the excitement of marching behind a band, amid the plaudits of the multitude, in streets festooned with bunting, that many a man who had no lack of valor was none the less sick of his experience.

Adventures With Sharpshooters and Sou-danese.

A good story about two well known correspondents has drifted from Santiago into my note book—a mere phrase, by the way for I keep no diary. When the two first met in that war they were within range of the Spanish sharpshooters, but this they did not know. Both were stout men—noble and easy targets for the enemy, especially as the yellow road on which they met threw their dark form into the boldest relief.

"Why, Hello!" said one.  
"Hello,—" the other replied.  
"Where are you going?" the first to speak now asked.

Crack! Crack! two shots rang out. Ping! Ping! sang two bullets as they spat the road.

And the brave correspondents—what of them? Each one, by a common impulse, flung himself face down upon the road and rolled off its edge into a deep ditch of mud and water.

"Killed them both!" the sharpshooters must have said joyfully to one another, for that was how the extraordinary conduct of the two men must have explained itself.

A companion story to that—and a better one—was told me by Frederic Villiers when we were on our way to Japan in 1894. He was talking of his experience in one of the early Soudan campaigns, and

he said that on the morning in question he was taking an Englishman's constitutional through on horseback, on the desert. Suddenly he saw two mounted natives circling like eagles about to swoop down upon their prey, in the distance. It was he who was their intended prey. When they thought themselves close enough they began to fire their guns at him. He hesitated for a moment, then turned his horse's head toward them, jabbed in his spurs, and rode furiously at them. His only weapon was an empty pistol, but he brandished that ferociously, and raced like a madman straight for them. It was now their turn to hesitate, but after a moment they caught the reverse of the contagion of his courage and fled like frightened rabbits.

However, the truth is that most persons exaggerate the dangers of war to a correspondent. Sometimes they are unavoidably great and numerous to every person engaged in the farthest confines of the field of battle, but more often the greatest dangers are those which the correspondents make for themselves—especially now that they fancy themselves called upon to jeopardize their usefulness to the public and to strain the conditions laid down for non-combatants—on which, alone, they are admitted to an army.

Narrow Escapes From Unexpected Dangers.

My own experiences in war have been too slight for me to class myself with the brave fellows who follow it for a livelihood, and yet my calling has had its own frequent excitements in many and varied fields. The moral I have drawn from my own experience is that the greatest dangers always show themselves where they are least expected. The only man who ever tried to shoot me was a companion at a dinner table. He was a Southerner—a South Carolinian—and was incensed at my singing—but no; this would not be extraordinary: anyone might reasonably show displeasure at that. On the contrary, he was angry, not at my singing, but at what I sang. It was the national air of his country and mine, but he said that unless I sang the "Flag that bears a Single Star" he would kill me when he had counted three. I felt myself as good as dead, for I did not know either the words or the tune which he demanded. He leveled his pistol, counted one, two, three, and was about to say t-h-r—when the man who sat nearest to him disabled him with a blow and saved my life.

At another time when Frederic Remington and I were on a deer-hunting trip in West Virginia we fancied that we had a Pullman car to ourselves, and sat cozily together in the smoking room, enjoying the mountain scenery. Like an apparition, but of what Shakespeare calls 'too, too solid flesh,' there appeared between us a raving, frothing maniac, wild-eyed, excited and stalwart. He began by asking Mr. Remington if he thought he was crazy, and with regret I record the fact that my friend said he had never seen a man more evidently sane.



**CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS**

**SICK HEADACHE**  
Positively cured by these  
Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

Substitution  
the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

"Of course," the maniac replied, "I'm sane as can be, but I'll kill my wife before they get me back in the asylum again. That's all I want. I'm going for her now, and I intend to cut her into mince-meat because it was she who had me put away. I've just escaped from the asylum this morning, you see."

We agreed with all of his opinions and approved of all his murderous projects until we came to the first station, which happened to be the one at which we were to alight. Then we left him to hunt up the porter in charge of the car. And all that day we shook the West Virginia woods with laughter as we thought of the porter alone in that coach with the madman, frightened out of his five senses, and perhaps looked up in his little linen closet.

Close Calls on Land and Sea and Glacier.

It is the unexpected that always happens, and he who misses death in a dozen wars may find it in a brick that topples from a chimney when, at his home, he fancies himself most safe. There can be nothing more prosaic in the way of extended travel in these days than a trip on a Cunarder across the Atlantic, and yet, less than a year ago, when I stepped out of the door of the smoking-room aboard the Etruria to see the appearance of the weather before turning in, a wave which swept the deck like lightning caught me and carried me away. First it wrestled with my knees while I held on to the knob of a door. Then it seized my waist and threw me straight out at right angles to the door, to which I still clung. Finally it wrenched me loose and carried me away. Fortunately, the water lowered in depth as it ran, and therefore it was not able to lift me over the ship's rail. Instead it hurled me against a great iron block in the stern of the ship. My feelings remain the most notable feature of the affair in my recollection, for the taste of death was strong upon me, and I did not mind it—so surely does Nature almost always prepare us with tenderest mercy for even our most shocking endings. This whole occurrence lasted less than sixty seconds, and yet it left me so exhausted that, as I sped along to what I thought was certain death, I lost all fear and care. I realized that I was lost, that I had no strength left with which to make a futile fight for life among mountainous waves in inky darkness, and with a warm, balmy, comfortable feeling of resignation I regarded death kindly; indeed, I would not have put out a hand to save it off. I have a home and wife and children, and I am no callous man about these treasures, yet I never gave them a thought.

I once had a taste of nasty adventure upon a glacier in British Columbia, but the tale of that is not pertinent here because when I had it I was seeking what I got—an experience. But when, at last, I reached the moraine at the side of the glassy monster, my relief on feeling the great rocks beneath my feet was delicious enough to pay for my previous shock twice over. And then—then—in the very triumph of my new-found security I stepped upon a rock of the size of a farm laborer's hut—and it began to roll over under me. It had been delicately poised upon a point of its surface, and my comparatively little weight was sufficient to start it anew upon the destructive course it had begun perhaps before the dawn of human history. I ran to one edge and then to another, and finally I lay down upon the monster, when for my good fortune, it came to another protuberance and rested again. So there was nothing in that adventure after all—though I rank it among the most terrible I ever experienced, simply because it came immediately atop of a wild and exhausting moment of greater danger.

Captain Abern's Terrible Slide.  
But with the knowledge of an adventure of my friend, Captain Abern, of the United States army, it does not become me to make much of any mere flirtation with danger. Captain Abern was leading an exploring expedition in Western Montana, and when one night he pitched his camp in the mountains, he walked out upon a glacier that lay on his route to see how he should dispose of his force in crossing it. It was after sundown, and the surface was hard and crusted and rough, so that it was evident that his men, mules and horses could cross as easily as any to follow any trail that led to where they were going. The captain saw below him, down the sloping, icy plane, a great crevasse or fissure, capable of engulfing his entire little band, but so favorable were all the conditions that he was able to walk down to its menacing edge and stare into its darkening, icy depths.

On the next morning he and his men breakfasted and then made ready for the continuance of their march. The captain was the first to step from terra firma to the surface of the great river of ice. Lo! all the conditions of the glacier as he had found it on the previous night were changed. The surface was melting, slippery, with a shallow coating of water, and more insecure than polished plate glass. The captain pushed ahead a few feet, and then his boots slipped and he found himself flung face down, and flying along the sloping field of ice. He tried to dig in his toes and to catch himself with his finger-nails, but every effort was futile, and down and down the slippery mass he heaped like fury. From the instant that he began to slide he thought of the crevasse, and all his effort was put forth to save himself from falling into it, for that meant certain and speedy as well as awful death. With the maddest energy he dug in his toes and scraped the ice with his fingers, but he still shot on and down, until—at last some protuberance offered itself and his motion was arrested. He found himself clutching a knob of rough ice with his toes at the edge of the crevasse. After that he had to exercise his wits to direct the ignorant men in his command from cannonading their own bodies down upon him and forcing him as well as their own brave selves into the gaping jaw of the glacier. At last, following his commands, they rescued him. And what do you think was the first thing he did when he was back safe in camp? He called for a looking glass. He says he wanted to see whether his hair had turned white. He saw that it had not, and then—if I remember aright—he fainted!

## Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE. Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills  
Cure a Disease hitherto regarded  
as incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians. The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

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## BEYOND COMPARISON

There is Nothing in the World to Compare in Curative Value With Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets for Dyspepsia.

Vegetable pepsin is the most valuable constituent in the pineapple. Barring the digestive juices of the human system, no other article or product has the power to digest all kinds of food, except vegetable pepsin. One's general health would be amazingly improved if he could eat a pineapple a day, but hardly one person in a thousand could do so because of the trouble and expense of getting them when out of season.

Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets have all the virtues of the ripe fruit—they are largely made up of the precious pineapple acid. They cure dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

A Test For Cigar Smokers.

"I have a customer who thinks he smokes twenty-five cigars a day," said a New Orleans dealer. "As a matter of fact he smokes about three eights of that number. The other five eights represents what he gives away, lays down partly smoked and a generous disregard for 'butts.' However he is firm in the conviction that he smokes more actual tobacco than any other man in New Orleans and a boast on the subject in my store yesterday led to a curious bet.

He declared to begin with, that he

Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable.

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better.

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of.

"If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you would not know me.

"I am agent for P. O. Vickey, of Augusta, Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize.

"Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere.

"The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

G. O. ARCHIBALD.

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

could smoke three ordinary cigars in half an hour, and a bystander remarked that no man alive can smoke even one cigar continuously, until it was consumed, without taking it from his lips. "Boah," said the twenty-five day gentleman, "I do that right along and think nothing of it. I'll bet you a box of perfectos you can't do it right now," said the other and in half a minute the wager was made. By its terms the cigar was to be consumed in steady, consecutive puffs and not removed from the lips until burned to a mark, one and a half inches from the lip. A clear Havana, Colorado maduro in color, was selected for the test and the smoker took a seat and began.

He puffed like an engine for about two minutes and accumulated something under half an inch of ash, and then he began to wobble. He shifted the cigar from side to side, pulled slow and fast, and seemed to have difficulty in getting his breath between the draws. At any rate he kept moving his head to avoid the smoke and finally got to coughing. I could see he was in torture, but he stuck to it until he got within half an inch of the mark. Then he jumped up suddenly, threw the cigar away and walked out of the store. I paid the bet and charged it to his account, and he told me last night that the very idea of tobacco made him sick. It is not unlikely that the affair may lose me a good customer.

"I doubt whether it would be possible for anybody to smoke even a moderately strong cigar through in the manner I have described.

Joshua Hay—Hullo there, Rubie! Waal, did y' see Dewey down 'Nu Yorrick?"

Ruben Smiley—Naw; I missed him, but seen suthin' jes' es god—wuz th' dummond-est lookin' wagus that kerried th' horses tress erlong with it, b'gosh! He'd gum tress an' a rudder. I sat th' faller whair th' horses wuz an' he set, "Why, under the sette y' Rubie?" Called me by name an' I didn't know him f'm Adam, nuther. But that wagus wuz th' dadburndest thin' I uver ride in.

"It's a great pity," said the convicted burglar to his counsel, "that you couldn't have made that closing speech of yours at the opening of the case."

"I don't see how that would have improved matters," said the advocate.

"It would, though," exclaimed his client; "then the jury would have been asleep when the evidence came on, and I'd have stood some chance."

## PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using

CALVERT'S  
CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

64, 12, 18-64, and 18 1/2 64. Tins, or

CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

64, 12, and 18-64. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

BALD'S CASE.

or 5 Months. Locomotor Ataxia.

Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co.—I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

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"He puffed like an engine for about two minutes and accumulated something under half an inch of ash, and then he began to sputter. He shifted the cigar from side to side, pulled slow and fast, and seemed to have difficulty in getting his breath between the draws. At any rate he kept eaving his head to avoid the smoke and finally got to coughing. I could see he was in torture, but he stuck to it until he got within half an inch of the mark. Then he jumped up suddenly, threw the cigar away and walked out of the store. I paid the bet and charged it to his account, and told me last night that the very idea of tobacco made him sick. It is not unlikely that the affair may lose me a good customer.

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(Continued from page 14.) with me, and I feel quite well now." "My dear girl, at your age have no business to feel giddy," replied the aunt; "but it is that tennis which has done it, and you must not play again for at least a week."

Ruth bowed meekly to the rebuke, took the letter from Frank's mother, and made pretence to read it, but all the while she was wondering what would happen when Christmas Day came round.

Frank had asked her to try and read her own heart by that time, and the day of his departure from Grosval she quite thought that she was beginning to understand the difference between love and friendship; but now, all in a second, she recognised the fact that she had got no further.

"How often had she thought of Frank, either by day or night? Hardly once lately. Neither did she look forward expectantly to his coming.

"What can be the matter with me?" she thought. "I used to like so the time when Frank was with us, and now, somehow, I don't seem to care at all. It all comes from his asking me to love him, when I suppose I don't; at all events, I don't love him any more, or any differently, than I used to. And then—and then, in those days I hardly had any other company, and now there are others who seem to like taking me about just as much as Frank did."

But it was the writing to Frank which became Ruth's chief bugbear. She found it so difficult to find anything to say, and it was a bore, too.

Why should Frank want her to write so often? It was so impossible, in a quiet like Biarritz, to find matter to fill up the orthodox four sides of note paper. He ought not to expect it, and so the letter got put off from day to day, and each one grew shorter than its predecessor.

CHAPTER IV. THE LION ROCK. Towards the end of the month, the great autumn storm began to rage.

The white crested waves rolled, in majestic procession, in from the Atlantic, and great sheets of foam, torn from the water, were carried clean over the rocks, and fell in the streets of the little town like masses of sponge or jelly.

It was no weather for Lady Vernale to go out in; but Ruth and Ralph Rutherford used to linger along the coast path and out by the old harbor for whole afternoons, watching for the largest waves which would rear their heads many feet in height, and then, with a bellow of seeming rage and determination to destroy, would throw themselves upon some mighty rock, and rush up it in a whirl of boiling water, only to retire sullenly, leaving their sturdy antagonists dripping with little white streams, which rushed down each crack and gully in its surface, whilst the air would be full of wind driven clouds of spray and foam.

One afternoon, although it had been blowing great guns, Ruth's aunt had ordered a closed carriage, and carried her niece off for a ride, much to the latter's dismay.

However, as Fate willed it, as they got out at the hotel door, on their return, it was to find Captain Rutherford waiting for them.

"How courageous of you to go out, Lady Vernale!" he exclaimed. "Now you are here, do you not think you might venture as far as the edge of the Square? From there you can see the sea dashing itself against the Lion Rock, and it is really a glorious sight."

Lady Vernale lifted her hands in horror. "Not for worlds!" she exclaimed. "Not even for diamonds would I expose myself to the savage wind and those clouds of sea-spray, with which half the town is being drenched. Look at those great bits of foam, like high jelly-fish, which are flying about yonder!"

"Thank you, Ralph," she added, having again fallen into the way of calling him by his Christian name, "thank you, Ralph, but I am too old to find any pleasure in watching storms. You may take Ruth, if you like, and she fancies she can stand the wind; but, if you do, be very careful of her."

Ralph looked at Ruth, who laughed gaily, and declared that, of all things, she would like to go.

"Don't stay out to late, dear," remarked her aunt, as she passed through the swing doors, into the hotel, "and don't forget, Ralph, that you dine with us to-night."

"I am so glad you are able to come with me and see it," exclaimed the captain, as they walked down to the end of the square.

keeping under the lee of the house. "It's really more splendid than ever this afternoon, and, what's more, it will be high tide in half-an-hour, just as the sun will be setting. We ought to get the rainbows on the spray this evening."

"And they are lovely, are they not?" cried the girl. "But we ought to call them by some other name than rainbows. How would sea-bows or spraybows do?" "Capitally, I should think, but look there!"

They had arrived at a point which commanded a view of the great Lion Rock, now completely surrounded by a roaring, hissing tide of water, which seethed under the rustic bridge that joined it to the mainland, whilst against its seaward face the great waves beat, sending up spouts of white water forty feet in height and more, the returning wave drawing back with sullen anger, only to reform with its next following fellow and rush back to the attack.

Ruth looked for some minutes in silence. "It is beautiful!" she exclaimed, at length, "and now the sun just tips the Lion where the grass is. Oh! Captain Rutherford, don't you think we might venture out there? Fancy, what a magnificent scene there must be from the top!"

Ralph seized eagerly at the chance. "But at all events they would be alone and for some days he had been watching for an opportunity of speaking more openly.

Still, the waters boiled within a few inches of the timbers of the bridge, and the floor was every few moments swept by some larger wave, although not nearly so exposed to the fury of wind and waves as the other face of the rock.

"You will have to chance a ducking," he said. "You will have to run across when there is a lull."

Ruth laughed. "What fun!" she exclaimed. "But we shall be more sheltered, once on a rock than here. Do you not see how the spray is driven right over the head of the Lion?"

A few minutes' sharp walk brought them to the end of the bridge.

Every moment almost now, the waters were swirling across its plank flooring, for the tide was yet rising. It was only during great storms that it reached its present height.

Ralph was about to turn and warn the girl that she would never cross dry-shod and would probably be drenched, when she sprang from his side, and ran lightly across between the influx of the waves, though a second after she stood on the Lion Rock, the sea again trothed across the path she had trodden.

The planks were hardly uncovered when Ralph followed Ruth's example, and reached the other side nearly, if not quite, as successfully as she had done.

"Thanks for a good lead over!" he exclaimed. "How well you did it! I see you have a quick eye for chances."

"Let us come and see the sight now we have got here," cried Ruth, her face flushing with excitement and the exposure. "Do you think we could get as far as the little seat? From there we could look right across the bay to the lighthouse, besides seeing what I may call our own waves burst at our feet."

A sloping path, little wider than a sheep track, wound round the great, lion-like head of the rock, which was covered with grass, scorched brown and yellow in summer, but now once more green again.

Along this now slippery path Ruth insisted on leading the way, though a slip might well mean death, as it would result very likely in a slide down the wet, glassy turf, ending in a plunge into the roaring water beneath.

However, no such mishap arrived, and in a couple of minutes they stood outside the niche in which the seat was placed, just where the path widened out into a standing point, three or four feet in breadth.

From nowhere could they have obtained a better view, and in few places along that jagged coast could they have enjoyed it without a soaking; but here the wind bore the spray away to the left, where it flew in sheets over the further side of the lion's head.

For some minutes neither spoke, for Ruth was carried out of herself by the wild grandeur of the scene, and Ralph Rutherford was satisfied, for the longer she stood there the better it suited his purpose.

The approaching night was closing in, and every moment the white-crested waves and the masses of breaking water loomed whiter and whiter against the darkening sky.

At their feet thundered the breaking billows, making sometimes the solid rock actually tremble; and all around, the waters trothed and hissed among the lesser islets and half-submerged rocks; whilst away before their eyes stretched the deep bay, in the centre of which two rocks, one low, the other tall and arched, were continually lost to sight, swallowed up by the huge seas.

Beyond these, again, was the lighthouse point, and here the great Atlantic swell burst in thunder, threatening to climb the cliffs and demolish the building.

Presently Ruth shivered. "It is splendid, is it not, Captain Rutherford?" she exclaimed; "but it is quite cold, and see how dark it is getting! I think I will go back now."

He made no objection, and this time led the way.

At a bend in the path, he suddenly stopped, and half turning, pointed significantly to the bridge.

"It will be impossible to recross. Miss Vernale!" he exclaimed. "See, the waves completely cover it, and there is a great piece of the railing torn away; the whole structure may go at any minute."

What Captain Rutherford said was true, and Ruth saw it was.

Still, she wished to make a try, and got across; but her companion resolutely refused to let her attempt it.

"It would be madness, Miss Vernale," he exclaimed, "and I am in a way responsible for your life. We must wait till the tide goes down, indeed we must!"

There was nothing else for it; and, after waiting where they had halted some considerable time, wet and cold, they must retrace their steps to the sheltered seat, where at least they would be out of the driving showers of spray.

"How long shall we have to stay here?" the girl asked.

He shrugged his shoulder. "I am no waterman, he answered; 'but I fancy that some two hours will see the end of our captivity perhaps less. How sorry I am that I let you come here at all! It was all my fault for not thinking of the rising tide.'

"Don't blame yourself," she replied; "it was all my fault, and, although very cold, it is surely I am thinking of more than myself. She will be so dreadfully anxious."

"Anyhow, we can't let her know that we are safe. But, Ruth, do you not think you had better sit down on the seat; you will find it less exposed than standing here."

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before unknown. "Do you love me, dear?" he whispered, clasping her still to his heart.

"Yes," she whispered back. "I am sure I love you, Ralph."

"Dearest," he went on, "look down into your very soul and tell me if there is any, or has been any, you have ever loved but me."

"Never," she answered readily; "no one but you."

And now you know my love for you," he said, "do you love me enough to give up all the world for me—to fly with me to Spain, and there be married? I only ask it, for I know your uncle, as your guardian, would never consent. Think of a life of excitement, love and pleasure! If by any chance the peace holds, we will go to sunny Seville, and there dream away the time among the roses and the orange flowers which there always blossom. If the revolution bursts out I will be by your side every moment I am at liberty. Think, Ruth, of your happiness and joy, and then think of the months and months we must otherwise be separated."

"But why not tell uncle and aunt all?" Ruth pleaded. "They like you and love me. They will give their permission for me to be your wife after a little while. I know their good hearts so well. Give me—"

"A kiss," he broke in. "My darling, I could drink the nectar of your lips forever! But it is not as you think, dear. I have only enough to keep you more or less as a lady in England, whilst in Spain we should be as millionaires. But Sir Stophrod will not look upon me in that light. You are his ward, and he is bound to see you well married as long as he has the care of you. And I cannot lose you now—now that you have whispered back my love. Ruth rise superior to false pride, your false ideas; be my wife at once, directly we cross the border, and for your own, and my own, sake, seize the present moment of happiness and do not risk your uncle's refusal and the certain long delay."

She trembled still, but the cold was forgotten. "You frighten me, Ralph," she murmured. "It is all so sudden."

"Sudden to you perhaps, dear, but not to one who has loved you like I have, and been always lonely and discontented when you have been out of my sight. But come, and tell me how much you love me, whisper it in my ear that you will never, never love anyone else, and that, before to-night, you had never learnt what real joyfulness of heart is."

He drew her still closer to him, and she, with her head on his shoulder, murmured half inarticulate words of love in reply to his whispered questions.

The storm still raged, but they never noticed it; the moon peeped from between the rugged, flying scud above, and they still whispered on—not even the blood-red flashes from the light house broke in upon their mutual love.

Time sped on, propelled by golden wings, and when at length Ruth broke from her dream, and entreated Ralph to go and see if the passage of the bridge was practicable, he found the boards clear of the water, and though loose, strong and firm enough to bear their weight.

To BE CONTINUED. The Newspaper Train.

Mr. Fletcher Robinson describes in Cassell's Magazine how the London papers are sent to the provinces: It is an animated scene. The train has a passenger coach or two tucked away in the front and rear; but it mainly consists of long cars, four of which belong to the great Smith firm of bookstall fame, two to Her Majesty's mails and one to the railway company itself.

there is an air of expectancy about "Smith's," and a whisper runs round that a great daily paper has not arrived. The station master walks up and down trowning, while the guard grows uncomplimentary remarks to the newspaper men.

The cars are now so loaded with their tons upon tons of paper that they have sunk on their springs a good foot below the level of the other coaches. Anxious faces peep from the open doors of one which is reserved for the late arrival. Hurrah here it comes at last, with four or five red-faced men pushing behind the high-piled barrow.

In with it, what speed you may. All aboard! The whistle of the guard finds an answer from the engine, and the great train rushes off into the darkness on its far northern journey.

FACTS WORTH CONSIDERING. Paine's Celery Compound

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At this time we simply give a few facts in connection with the use of Paine's Celery Compound that would prove interesting to all who are looking for new health and vigorous strength.

Paine's Celery Compound encourages and strengthens the kidneys, and enables them to cleanse the blood of waste and poisonous matters that are the direct cause of drowsiness, melancholia, depression of spirits, wasting sicknesses, blood diseases, headache, and that general "run down" condition that opens the door to organic diseases of the heart, kidneys and stomach.

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American Locomotives in Sweden. There has been considerable newspaper talk about the twenty locomotives which the Swedish railways recently purchased in the United States. A Stockholm newspaper began by saying that from a business point of view the transaction was a failure, because the American engines were defective in material and workmanship. The article got into German newspapers, and certain dealers in American machinery say their business has suffered in consequence.

The Director-General of the State railways explains that the ten freight locomotives landed at Gothenburg have proved so good that on the nine boilers tested up to date only one rivet had to be put in. On the ten tank locomotives which have arrived at Stockholm the frame work, cylinders, cranks and the like are irreproachable, but faults have been found in the riveting of the boilers, which work has to be done over again. For this reason about \$20,000 of the purchase money has been retained, with the consent of the American firm.

The builders say that this fault is owing to the hurry in the delivery, and the Director General shows by figures that the purchase of the locomotives has proved a good business transaction, inasmuch as it would cost about \$18,000 to build here a locomotive of the same weight which in America has cost \$19,000. The objections against the purchase of the American locomotives may therefore, says the Director General, be considered unjustified.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the Tennessee judge. "Yes, sir," replied the witness. "What sort of a reputation has he?" "Reputation? Why, first class." "What has he ever done?" "Done? Why, your honor, he killed four men in Texas with three shots, and there isn't a man in this country who can whip him in a fair fight."

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At the Lion's Feet.

The boy in the tweed suit peered opposite to the Board of Trade building and glanced up at the large bronze lion that stands upon a pedestal, twenty stories above the pavement, one of its fore feet resting upon the very edge of the cornice, the other slightly raised.

a ship in a storm. But with his arms extended to balance himself, the man stepped from rung to rung, confidently but carefully—so carefully.

Below him, for four hundred feet, was nothing but thin air and then a pressed-brick pavement. But the man did not see the pavement, nor yet the white faces gazing up at him in awed silence; he saw only the end of the ladder, but a few feet distant, and he walked steadily forward.

And those below, with hushed breath, made never a sound, but watched, with straining nerves, that wee black speck move slowly across that treacherous bridge and safely stand at last on the roof of the Board of Trade building.

Then the tension relaxed, and a cheer, long and loud, arose—a cheer which sounded faint and far off to the man on the roof, who quietly dragged the ladder after him, allowing it to slide along the edge of the cornice until he reached a point immediately above the pedestal upon which the lion stood. Then he lowered one end and, quickly descending, stood beside the gigantic metal figure.

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Wash, Pictou and Halifax 7.26

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D. FOTHERING, Gen. Manager. MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

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There are thousands of people in Canada with very limited resources who are always well and neatly dressed, but never in debt for the new dress, costume, cape, or jacket, suit or overcoat.

BORN.

- Colchester, Oct. 9, to the wife of Hugh Boyd, a son. Yarmouth, Oct. 4, to the wife of Geo. Foutis, a son.

DIED.

- Truro, Oct. 8, James Dixon 72. Antigonish, Colin Macdonald 66. Sussex, Oct. 10, A. Jane Smith 27.

MARRIED.

- New York, Oct. 10, E. C. Trappell Hunston to Isabel Moore. Montreal, by Rev. B. G. Cousins, Edward Hodge to Elizabeth.