

# PROGRESS.

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## WAS A BIG GRAB GAME.

### THE RUSH FOR THE PROPERTY OF W. HAMILTON HEGAN.

He was not trained in business and spent his money not wisely but too well.—The Story of His Career and How the Final Collapse was Brought About.

When Mr. W. Hamilton Hegan returned to St. John on Tuesday the interior of his residence, Mount Pleasant, looked as though it had been struck by a cyclone. The carpets were up, the beds were down; some of the curtains and pictures were gone, and some were in a heap as if ready to go; furniture had been taken apart and some of it had been taken away, and where the cyclonic idea was not prevalent the mildest suggestion was of the moon hour on a moving day. Mr. Hegan had been having an experience and is continuing to have it. For the last nine days he has been the most talked of man around town, and in comparison with his affairs the Manitoba school question has dwindled into absolute insignificance as a topic of conversation.

Mr. Hegan surprised the public by leaving the city a week ago Thursday, and surprised them almost as much by coming back last Tuesday. There was a general impression that he had gone to stay, and he may have had that idea himself. So far as anything has been disclosed, there was no earthly reason why he should have gone as he did, but there was every reason why he should return, if he did not want to be stripped of everything he could call his own. The fact that what he left here was worth ten times the amount of the trifle he owed does not seem to have occurred to him before he started, and he got back back none too soon to have a stop put to what looks like the biggest grab game of the season.

Mr. Hegan has been used to grab games, in which he was the victim, ever since it was known that he had more money than he knew how to spend, not wisely but too well. He has been a shining mark for all kinds of imposition for the last year or so, and has cheerfully consented to be led on every possible occasion. He has submitted to the process as pleasantly as if it were a duty, and this trait of his character seems to have led to the belief that he would as willingly have his property wrested from him in a lump as to allow it to evaporate gradually in the natural order of things. It is one of his great misfortunes that he is altogether too amiable and trustful to be safely entrusted with money when other people are anxious to make him spend.

Until the young man's marriage and accession to wealth, he was commonly known as Billy Hegan. He was the grandson and namesake of Hon. William Hamilton of Dalhousie, from whom the wealth came, and there was some justification in his developing the middle name out of respect to his ancestor and wealth giver. His private cards bore the name of W. Hamilton Hegan, but in commercial life the hyphen was omitted. In this separation of society life and shop life, his course is not without a precedent.

Like many another young man with expectations, he did not learn any vocation or have any business training to fit him to battle with the world. There was a certainty that when he came of age he would have a sufficiency of money which, prudently invested, would give him more than a fair star, and he had nothing to do but wait for it. The amount of his wealth was much less than many supposed. So far, it has been about \$15,000, or at least that amount has been paid over since his marriage at the age of twenty-one. The first instalment, said to be about a fifth of this was paid at the time of the marriage. This marriage was solemnized in the Mission church, of which Mr. Hegan was a member, and the wedding pair went on a bridal tour to Europe. The money was paid in Halifax, John Montgomery, Mr. Hegan's solicitor, accompanying him that far on the journey. The trip to Europe is known to have been a very expensive one, but just what it cost is probably none of the public's business.

It may be said, to Mr. Hegan's credit, that his life has never been a fast one in the objectionable sense of the term. He has not been of vicious or intemperate habits, and the mistake he has made from the first has been of the head and not of the heart.

Returning to St. John, he brought with him several collie dogs and had an idea of going into sheep farming at Dalhousie. He went there for a time, but finally came back to the city and started a commission business under the name of W. Hamilton Hegan & Co.

It was then that he began to branch out and spend money in earnest, and when he purchased a house at Mount Pleasant he set up an establishment which was the talk of the town. The house was finely furnished, and he had very stylish turnouts of various patterns. He bought

everything he wanted and very many things that he did not want. There was nothing mean about his nature, and if he took a notion to anything he paid the price demanded. When he had the cash he spent it with open hand, and when he had not there was no trouble in getting credit. Naturally, people took advantage of him, and persons who had all sorts of things to sell, from all god game roosters to carriage horses, sought him as a likely customer. He had horses and dogs to spare. He also bought a live deer, which came to grief through the dogs. He is said to have paid \$25 for a sea turtle, and had it made into soup a day or two later. One of his latest purchases of live stock was a monkey.

In the latter part of April, Mr. Hegan received a further instalment of his fortune. It was in the form of a bond for £2400 sterling, or in the vicinity of \$15,000. The bond was as good as a Bank of England note, but Mr. Hegan was willing to pay well for having it converted into cash. His solicitor, Mr. Montgomery, acted for him in the matter. The Bank of Montreal paid over the money, less \$2,000 which it held until the bond should mature. Mr. Hegan got about \$9,000. This leaves \$1,000 which it is understood was paid to Mr. Montgomery for his services. Just what these services were does not yet appear. Mr. Hegan has stated that the lawyer charged him ten per cent for getting the bond cashed. Mr. Montgomery denies that he got ten per cent, but when asked if he got ten per cent, he replied that the work he had done for Hegan was worth as much as that. This is what Mr. Montgomery's friends would prefer to believe, for to charge such an amount for negotiating a bond which was virtually equivalent to cash would have been the worst kind of a shave.

Mr. Hegan, after getting his \$9,000 paid up a number of bills he had contracted. Nobody has ever doubted his honesty of purpose in respect to his engagements, but there have been some who foresaw that his spending with such a lavish hand would soon bring his means to an end. Whatever became of the \$9,000, he appears to have had very little cash of late. A week or two ago, small judgments by default were entered against him in the city court. These judgments were paid at once, but it was evident that whatever might be the ultimate resources Mr. Hegan was somewhat short of cash for the present. He did not owe much however. Had he intended to do wrong he could easily have secured credit to a large amount among tradesmen, and could have quietly left them in the lurch. He did not attempt to do anything of the kind, and most of those to whom he owed small amounts gave themselves no concern.

In his efforts to carry on a commission business this summer, Mr. Hegan undertook to handle cherries, getting them from Harr, Short, or Digby. He knew as much about cherries as he did about deer, turtles and other curiosities, and he got in debt to Short to the extent of a few hundred dollars. Short, hearing that Hegan was getting into difficulties, came to St. John to look after his claim. He employed A. P. Barnhill as his attorney.

Failing to secure an immediate settlement, Mr. Barnhill claims to have become alarmed and felt that it was necessary to act quickly. He prepared papers to arrest Hegan and sent for the sheriff. In the meantime Hegan arrived, Mr. Montgomery was sent for, and there was a consultation. Hegan appears to have been badly frightened. Short claimed over \$500, but outside of this the only pressing claim was one for \$19. Had Hegan applied to his relatives these matters could have been settled at once, and there would have been no trouble. What he was advised by Mr. Montgomery is not explained, but he finally offered Barnhill his horses and carriages in satisfaction of his claim. The understanding was that if they brought more than the claim and costs, Mr. Hegan was to have the balance. There were other articles included in the hand-over including a piano which had cost over \$300 and on which A. T. Bustin had a lien for \$105.

The goods thus handed over had cost many times the amount of the claim. To sell them at auction would, however, mean that they were simply to be sacrificed.

Then Hegan did the most foolish thing he could do. Without any reason for it, he left the city and went to Bangor, leaving the lawyers to snatch property worth \$7,000 or \$8,000 to satisfy claims for less than a tenth of that amount. They lost no time in getting to work.

C. J. Milligan had a claim against Mr. Hegan. Milligan had sold him, that week, the right in an identification scheme. This scheme consists of a numbered and registered nickel badge worn on the person, so that if a man is drowned or otherwise killed in a strange city or country his identity can be established by means of the number and his family can send for the body. Whatever may be the merits of the scheme, it was something Mr. Hegan

did not need to own, but he appears to have thought so well of it that he agreed to give Mr. Milligan \$200 for the right and signed a three-days' note for that amount. This note came due the day after Hegan left town and Milligan at once proceeded to attach household effects at Mount Pleasant. Mr. Montgomery, Hegan's solicitor, was present at the house when this was done.

"Where all did so nobly it were invidious to particularize," but among the lawyers and others there was a complete upset of the law and Penates of the Hegan household. The house was tried to them. Mrs. Hegan had gone with her husband, and the unfortunate youth did not seem to have one friend to offer a protest against this wholesale sweeping away of all he could call his own. Curtains and portiers, valued alone at about \$800 were taken down, carpets were torn up and furniture carried away—all for a few hundred dollars, which Mr. Hegan could have raised in an hour had he made known his situation to those allied to him by blood.

A furniture man, who had a lien on some of the goods, heard of what was going on and at once interfered in his own interests. This stopped the work before the house was stripped, but the place was left in a fearful state. The furniture of about every room except the parlor had been taken, and in every room except the dining room the carpets had been taken up. Everything that was valuable and easily handled had been seized upon. In Mrs. Hegan's room, the headboard of the bedstead was leaning against the wall, the footboard was on the floor, while near by was the wire mattress, on which were lying the bedclothes, as if they had been pulled off in the greatest possible haste. The night was enough to make a man weep.

According to Mr. Bustin's story he went to Mr. Barnhill to inquire after his piano. Mr. Barnhill told him he had sold it to a client. Mr. Bustin afterwards found it in Lockhart's auction room and produced his lien, which appeared to satisfy Mr. Barnhill.

Mr. Hegan came back from Bangor, when his uncle went after him. His father had retained G. and C. Coster as advisers on the matter. Mrs. Hegan was very willing to return also, but was advised that it would be well to remain away while the matter of her husband's affairs was such public talk.

Mr. Hegan's idea in going to Bangor appears to have been simply to avoid the troubles which had, in his mind, been magnified to much more than their actual extent.

A good deal has been said about the position of Mr. Montgomery, his advice to his client and his toleration of the wholesale sweeping away of the effects. On these points, Mr. Montgomery should not be judged until his side of the story is heard. So far, he declines to discuss the affairs of his client, on professional grounds. Whatever may have influenced Mr. Hegan, he appears to have been badly advised by somebody.

## WHEN THE MINISTER HAS FUN.

The Question of Whether He Should Play Cards, Drink Wine, or Smoke.

HALIFAX, Aug. 15.—A curious question was asked the other day by a leading citizen. He put it this way: "Can a minister of an evangelical church be a Christian and frequently spend evenings over the card table, with tobacco and wine part of the entertainment, the cleric indulging in all three?" The questioner knew of a minister in this city who thus occupied some of his leisure, and he was agitated to know if he could be called a genuine Christian.

Whether he can be so called or not—whether he is or not—others, or the minister's own conscience will have to answer, but according to present day ways of thinking the indications point in the negative direction. A century ago no fault would have been found in many cases with such conduct. But times and customs have changed. There are not many of the ministers of Halifax who find time to spend in the way the cleric asked about does, and perhaps it is a good thing they have not. The example is not good to the young people who see it.

Smoking, by the way, is a habit that prevails, or did prevail recently, with a number of ministers throughout Nova Scotia. Some of our heaviest smokers are our best preachers, but probably the line should be drawn by ministers inside a combination of all three in one evening—smoking, drinking and card-playing.

## The Railing is Not Safe.

Thomas E. Babn, of Moncton, is missing, and there is a belief that he came to St. John and jumped off the suspension bridge in the night. This brings out the oft repeated suggestion that the bridge railing not only offers an easy opening in such cases, but the timbers are so wide apart that any incautious person may fall through by accident. There is especial danger to children, who may be unattended, and who may look down, grow dizzy and lose their balance. The government should think of a remedy before some accident does happen.

## STRAWS IN CIVIC LIFE.

INCIDENTS SHOWING HOW THE CURRENT IS SHAPING.

A Move to Do Justice to the Harbor Master's Clerk—Director Smith Buys an Oil Cloth and a Ferry Hand Straps It Down—Costly Head Gear for the Police.

The meeting of the common council this week took place too late for PROGRESS to learn what happened, but one of the important matters likely to come before it was a change in the conditions of the harbor master's office.

Several weeks ago, PROGRESS showed how the attempt to reduce the harbor master's salary, had resulted in that official cutting down the already small salary of his clerk. Before the council took action the clerk had \$300 from the city and Capt. Taylor gave him \$250, making the total \$550. When Captain Taylor's salary was reduced to the extent of \$200, however, he to pay his own clerk, he made the latter's salary \$400, so that the clerk actually bore the brunt of the council's reduction. As the clerk did nearly all the collecting, for which the harbor master was paid a commission the ground was taken that the deal was no, a fair one.

Captain Taylor is said to have censured his clerk, Frank Alward, charging him with giving PROGRESS the points in the case. This was not true. Mr. Alward had nothing to do with it. The matter was one of common repute, and there was a general opinion that the clerk was badly used. It was easy to get hold of the facts and they were given through no desire to injure Capt. Taylor, but to have justice done to his clerk.

During the last week the treasury board considered a letter from Mr. Alward, asking for a consideration of his case. The board decided to recommend that hereafter the harbor master, in addition to his salary, received two instead of five, per cent on collections, and that the clerk have three per cent. Also, that the clerk be appointed by the council.

The board of safety this week had a small and silly bill, which it decided to recommend for payment. Chief Clark having dignified two sergeants with the title of captain, without the color of authority for creating such a rank, seems to think that they should be arrayed to correspond with their dignity. He accordingly requested Director Wisely to permit the purchase of three extra fine gilt bedstead caps at the cost of \$12. Two of these were for the "captains," and one for the sergeant who is not yet a captain, but who may wake up some fine morning and find himself one, as any other sergeant may do, if the chief takes the notion. The oldest sergeant on the force goes around with a very common cap, but headgear costing as much as a silk hat costs seems none too good for some of the others. Director Wisely, being an accommodating sort of a man, did as the chief requested. Under the circumstances, the bill was recommended for payment, but it must not happen another time.

When the ferryboat Western Extension was refitted and put on the route, a few weeks ago, it made a fine appearance, with fresh paint and other suggestions of cleanliness and comfort. One of the furnishings specially admired was the oil cloth in the ladies cabin. The city had seemed to be more than usually liberal in that respect, and passengers wondered how such luxuries were obtainable at a time when the cry was for increased economy.

It now appears that the body corporate knew nothing about the oil cloth until it got there. Director Smith had been authorized to fit out the boat, and he did so. Under this authority he purchased the oil cloth at a cost of \$70, without tender, though there is a rule that all purchases exceeding \$50 must be by tender. The director did nothing wrong except to place a most liberal construction on his power to equip the steamer.

Not long after the oil cloth had been laid and the public had ceased to admire it, Tom Sloven, the night watchman, took a vacation and went to Bayswater to teach the Boy's Brigade how to swim. A temporary night watchman was put on in his place, who seems to have been a man imbued with nautical ideas. He had a theory that when the decks were swabbed down with salt water the ladies' cabin should be included. He put his ideas into practice, with most astonishing results. The action of the salt water was immediate and disastrous. The oil cloth was ruined, and it now looks as though it had gone to the circus and got kicked by every animal in the menagerie.

Director Smith made another purchase of \$140 worth of wharf timber, without tender. The timber was needed, it was of good quality and there is no suggestion of anything wrong in the transaction. The only point about it is that the director does not conform to the rules, and does just what he thinks is necessary. The results may be all right, but the principle is wrong.

If he can undertake to do this, others may attempt the same independent style, to the gradual demoralization of all the departments. Perhaps Director Smith, warned by the untimely fate of the oil cloth, may be more cautious in future.

## EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCE.

Manager Harvey's Great Luck in Jumping on a Debtor's Bank Account.

Manager Harvey, of the Bank of British North America, has been in great luck lately, while correspondingly bad luck has attended the head office of an insurance company which has an agent in this city.

The insurance agent in question is unfortunate enough to have been a debtor to the bank for a considerable amount, and Manager Harvey has been keeping his eyes wide open for some chance to reduce the amount of the claim, but until recently he has had very poor success. Not long ago, however, the agent, in accounting with the head office, remitted to it his cheque on a private banker in this city for so much over \$100. He, of course, had funds with the banker to meet the cheque when it should be next here for collection. The cheque was duly received at the head office, and handed to the bank of British North America for collection. In due course it reached St. John, but when the time came for it to be presented and cashed the funds placed to meet it were no longer available for that purpose.

Manager Harvey had gobbled them by a garnishee process, so strikingly simultaneous with the cheque transaction as to lead to the very general suspicion that knowledge of the deposit at the private banker's was due to the fact that the cheque had been handed to the bank of British North America for collection and that if the collection had been entrusted to some other bank, there would have been no garnishee process before its presentation. This may or may not be the case. There is just a possibility that the intention to garnishee was in advance of the receipt of the cheque, that by some intention of special information manager Harvey knew that the private banker held funds of the debtor, and that the garnishee process would have got in ahead of the cheque, even had the latter been sent through some other bank. These are possibilities, and it is to be hoped they will prove to be facts.

If they are not facts, if Manager Harvey did not know of the deposit until its existence was learned through a cheque entrusted to his bank for collection, there has not only been very sharp practice, but what cannot be considered otherwise than a gross breach of good faith.

That the cheque and the garnishee process should arrive at the same time is, at the least, a very extraordinary coincidence. Whether it was that or something else, Manager Harvey seems to have got the rest with both feet in advance of the clients of the bank.

## WAS THE MAYOR FOGGY.

He Impresses Halifax and Threatens to Run Again for Mayor.

A gentleman who returned from Halifax yesterday tells how much pleased the Halifaxians were with Mayor Robertson. They seem to like his style, and his words—to note the report of them that reached St. John—must have been still more pleasing. How much "the inner circle" of the board of trade of St. John will subscribe to his statement about the fog remains to be seen. There seemed to be some surprise here that there was any "inner circle" to the board of trade and at the risk of reflecting upon a mayor who has succeeded in adding to his popularity—in another town—there are members of that body who suggest that the fog Mr. George Robertson talked so much about must have been under his own hat.

In this connection the latest story told about "his worship" is rather good since it illustrates the peculiarity of that particular lump which takes a rather large sized silken tile to cover. He was not too well pleased with the frank and unfavorable criticism of his act in increasing the chief's salary, and he threatens to run again for mayor "just to show these critics that the people of St. John have confidence in him as mayor of the city." What a windfall that would be.

## SINGERS WHO GOT MAD.

They Raised Their Voices Together but Not in Tuneless Song.

HALIFAX, Aug. 15.—Singers are proverbially touchy. Rows in choirs are supposed to be so common that no one pays much attention to them. But men in an amateur opera company should know better than to allow trouble of this kind to arise. And it all came about from a practical joker's work. It seems that two or three days ago W. E. Hebb, who took the part of "Isabella" in the Hispania performance in this city so very acceptably, received a letter signed D. C. Gillis. The epistle advised Hebb, before he again appeared in opera, to have his voice cultivated, and the letter wound up by the statement that he (Gillis) would be glad to give Hebb lessons. Now

Gillis and Hebb are both tenor singers Hebb was in the cast of Hispania, Gillis was not.

On receipt of the letter Hebb went over to the establishment where Gillis is employed, and he went not unarmed, but carried with him a stout cane. That cane was brandished and the two men exchanged remarkable challenges and doubtful compliments. The air became blue with threats. The question was discussed which was the better man in music art, but it became no more than a wordy war. Yet the following day Hebb received a lawyer's letter from Gillis asking him to withdraw some of his statements. Hebb refused to retract and, as far as heard, he still refuses. Shake hands, gentlemen singers, and make up. It was all a joke.

## IT WAS NOT A BURGLAR.

The Learned Judge Forgoes His Key and Crawled in a Back Window.

Residents on the north side of Queen Square were alarmed at a very early hour last Friday morning by a noise in the back yard of one of the neighboring houses, the residence of Hon. A. L. Palmer, late judge of the equity court. Cautious observation developed the fact that a man was in the yard, and undoubtedly striving to gain an entrance into the building. Knowing that the judge and his family were living out of the city during the summer months, the most reasonable theory was that the intruder was also aware of the fact and was striving to effect a burglarious entry.

He seemed to be a pretty bold burglar, for he kicked and hammered around as though he thought all the neighbors were also away in the country. More of them began to wake up, there were whispered consultations as to what ought to be done, and the excitement grew greater every moment.

The moon emerged from a cloud, just as the intruder, having failed to get in one window, came out from the shadow to try another. The alarm changed to astonishment when the supposed burglar was recognized as the learned judge in full evening dress. A few words from him explained the situation. He had come to the city to attend a social function, had gone to the house early in the evening, arrayed himself in his best raiment and gone to the festive scene, leaving his latchkey in the pocket of his everyday trousers. The latter discovery was not made until he returned to find the house closed tight and fast, with nobody to open the door from within. He had, therefore, gone to the rear in order to break into his own dwelling. He finally succeeded.

This is not the first instance of a judge having to break and enter his own premises in the night-time. The present police magistrate was on one occasion sleeping alone at his residence, the family being in the country, when he was called to the door by some urgent visitor in the middle of the night. He went, arrayed in most scanty attire, closed the front door behind him and talked with the visitor in the porch. When he attempted to return, he found the latch sprung fast, and himself locked out. He did precisely as Judge Palmer did the other night—went to the rear and found an entrance, but without arousing all the neighbors.

## WILL NEVER DO IT AGAIN.

Chairman Weldon Promises to be Good and Trustee Jack Will Stay.

Under the present system of holding meetings of the school board with closed doors, the daily papers get only snippets of the business as the trustees want to mention to have. This is why it is mentioned has been made of the fact that at the last meeting of the board Trustee D. R. Jack formally tendered a written resignation of his position as chairman of the finance committee. Two weeks ago, PROGRESS announced that this was his intention and gave the reasons for it. Mr. Jack had refused to certify that R. C. John Dunn was entitled to receive \$200 on account of the Erin street school building, because the board had not authorized such a payment, but had virtually decided not to do so at that time. Thereupon Chairman Weldon procured the signature of Michael Coll, chairman of the building committee, and thus got the money for Mr. Dunn, in utter defiance of all precedent. Thereupon Mr. Jack declared he would resign.

When his letter was read, the other night, there was a desire expressed to have the matter smoothed over. Chairman Weldon said he was sorry for what had happened, and admitted that he had acted hastily. He pleaded in extenuation of his act that Mr. Dunn had been very much in need of the money.

Mr. Jack consented to withdraw his resignation, on the distinct understanding that nothing of the kind should happen again, but that all payments should be made in the regular way, through the medium of the finance committee.

What winged peace again hovered over the portals of the star-chamber paid for by the citizens, from which the citizens are excluded.







Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

WHEN BUYING BUY THE BEST. Bissell's Carpet Sweeper. Sheraton & Whittaker.

THE SCIENTIFIC HOME GARDEN CO.

Wolville, N. S. MOTTO—Theory with practice. Are laying out, under careful survey, SUBURBAN ORCHARD PARK with best attention to landscape effects and setting with Fruit and Nut Bearing Trees...

"Cravenette" A dress that will look well, and at the same time defy rain or dust, would seem to be the ideal after which ladies have been longing.

STOWER'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL. DELICIOUS, HEALTHY & REFRESHING.

NO == Musty Flavor. Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic. A Delicious Beverage, Purifying to the Blood. THE QUEEN. For sale by all reliable dealers.

Mrs. McDonald and her little son are spending a few days in Sackville, guests of Mrs. W. C. Milner. Mrs. Ritchie is visiting friends in Margerville. Mrs. James McKay and family who have been visiting Mrs. and Mrs. D. D. Johnston in Harcourt returned home Tuesday.

Don't be a Dyspeptic. JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. It will nourish you.

A NOBBY TURN OUT.

One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory. A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart. Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride in. Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B.

FORTIER'S Creme de la Creme THE FINEST 10c. Cigar and Cigarette EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. Just Give Them a Trial.

Brainard & Armstrong's PATENT SKEIN SILK HOLDER. INVALUABLE TO USERS OF FILO AND FLOSS SILKS FOR WASH SILKS. What leading Art Embroiderers say of our New Patent Holder. "I think the Holder a magnificent improvement. I use your Silks constantly for my work, and rejoice in this pleasant way to keep them." Miss Josie Jones, 752 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.



ATLANTIC S. S. CO. ARRANGEMENT, SERVICE... COMMENCING July 1st... Atlantic Ry... EXPRESS CO. Forwarders, Shipping... G. RUEL, MASTER, & CO. CEDARS... EXPRESS COMPANY... HOWE, RESTORES THE APPELITE, SOOTHES, CLEANS, AND HEALS THE STOMACH...

HANFORD. Mrs. Geo. M. Young is visiting relatives in St. John. Mrs. J. De Wolf spent Sunday and Monday at the village of the guests of Mr. Sam and Monday. Mr. M. Rountree of Toronto who has been spending a few days here with Mr. F. S. Whitaker left for Fredericton to-day accompanied by Mr. White. Mrs. John Winter of Chicago, and Miss Winter of St. John, are visiting with friends at Sackville. Miss Nellie Giddoe of St. John is the guest of the Misses Peter.

ANGANOON. Mrs. G. H. Davidson, Miss Berta Davidson and Miss Hattie Price attended the social dance in Havelock last Thursday evening. Miss Margaret of Appleton is the guest of Mrs. McNaughton this week. Mrs. T. Fairweather and two little girls of Petticoat are visiting her sister Mrs. C. Smith this week. Master Edgar L. Davidson of St. John is visiting friends on "Apple Hill".

EVANDALE-ON-THE-RIVER. Mrs. J. O. Vanwart's command is the most attractive spots on the river in Evandale. The scenery around is beautiful while the boating, canoeing, driving, whaling, etc., is such that none better could be desired. There is a beautiful drive to a little lake where water lilies are in abundance and a favorite canoeing and boating excursion is down the river a short distance to a beautiful creek that is white with lilies. There have not been as many people here this year as there was last, but all who have come have spent a pleasant time.

KINGSTON. The picnic which was held last week on the grounds of Mr. W. Blair was a grand success; the handsome sum of four hundred dollars was realized, and goes towards liquidating the debt on the new hall. Mrs. Duncan Robinson of St. John is visiting friends in Jardineville, and are delighted to see her looking well. Mrs. Abbott and her little daughter Lou are spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Girvan, and her friends.

THE MAN WHO DRINKS LIQUORS TO EXCESS LOSES HIS APPELITE AND INJURES HIS STOMACH. RESTORES THE APPELITE, SOOTHES, CLEANS, AND HEALS THE STOMACH, AND ALLAYS THAT BURNING THIRST. A TEST PROVES THIS STATEMENT. WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE. K. D. C. CO., LTD. NEW GLASGOW, N. S., AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

CHARCOURT. Mrs. W. B. McFarlane and Mrs. John Thompson left for St. John on Tuesday on a visit during the absence of the Grand Lodge L. O. O. F. Mrs. C. T. White and her brother, Mr. C. D. Davis, have returned from a visit to Appleton. Mrs. K. E. Smith and Mr. John Rank went to St. John on Friday last, returning yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane and Mrs. Carson of Moncton, with their families returned home on Tuesday. They were five weeks visit here with their parents.

WOODSTOCK. [Prognosis is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. L. L. & Co.] Mrs. J. A. Taylor sympathized with them in the death of their youngest child, George Carleton, which occurred on the 15th inst. by a very short but severe illness. Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Jones took a driving trip to Fredericton last week. Mrs. Hugh H. McLean of St. John and her two sons, Wilson and Hugh, and Miss Gillespie of Charlottetown spent Monday in Woodstock on their way to Grand Falls. Miss Mame Allen is visiting in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Bayly returned to Montreal on Friday.

SAKVILLE. Mrs. J. A. McRoberts and daughter, Edith, are visiting in St. John the guest of Mrs. A. A. Conklin. Mr. Hugh Hay of Philadelphia is visiting his son, Mr. W. H. Hay. St. John's Sunday school held its annual picnic today at Havelock. A very large number took advantage of the excursion. Mrs. J. A. McRoberts and daughter, Edith, are visiting in St. John the guest of Mrs. A. A. Conklin. Mr. Hugh Hay of Philadelphia is visiting his son, Mr. W. H. Hay.

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ST. MARY'S. [Prognosis is for sale in St. Mary's at the Drug store of R. D. McCa. Murray.] Mrs. J. A. McRoberts and daughter, Edith, are visiting in St. John the guest of Mrs. A. A. Conklin. Mr. Hugh Hay of Philadelphia is visiting his son, Mr. W. H. Hay. St. John's Sunday school held its annual picnic today at Havelock. A very large number took advantage of the excursion. Mrs. J. A. McRoberts and daughter, Edith, are visiting in St. John the guest of Mrs. A. A. Conklin. Mr. Hugh Hay of Philadelphia is visiting his son, Mr. W. H. Hay.

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EDUCATIONAL. Rothesay College FOR BOYS. RESIDENT STAFF: PRINCIPAL—Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd, M. A., Wycliff College, Toronto. MODERN LANGUAGES AND SCIENCE—Carl Lehmann, Esq., B. A., Honor Graduate University of Toronto. MATH MATICS AND DRAWING—I. E. Moore, Esq., B. A., School of Science, Honor Graduate University of Toronto. CLASSICS—W. A. Fiedler, Esq., B. A., (Upper Canada College) Honor Graduate University of Toronto. ENGLISH—B. A., Honor Graduate University of Toronto. JUNIORS—Ernest Langstroth, Esq., First Class Certificate Principal Normal School. MUSIC—George Coulson, Esq., Boston Conservatory of Music. INSTRUMENTS, BRASS AND REED—C. H. Williams, Esq., City Cornet Band. There will be a Mastron and Assistant Mastron, with a staff of ten servants. There is room for 50 boys. Residence will be provided not more than five vacations this year.

Church School for Girls, EDGEHILL, Windsor, Nova Scotia. PATRONS—The Synods of the Dioceses of Nova Scotia and Fredericton. CHAIRMAN BOARD OF TRUSTEES—The Bishop of Nova Scotia. Members of Board of Trustees resident in New Brunswick. The Bishop of Fredericton, The Very Rev. Deacon, Edgehill, D. D., Hon. Mr. Justice, Hamilton, D. C. L., John B. Forster, Esq., LADY PRINCIPAL—Miss Machin, with a staff of thirteen Government and Inspectors. Capacious New Buildings, with capacity for 100 inmates. Electric Light and Hot Water Heating. Extensive grounds, covering eight acres. Board and Tuition in all English branches and the French language, \$15.00 per school year. Music, Voice Culture, Drawing, Painting, Calligraphy, etc., extra. Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 10, 1895. For application for admission, with Calendar containing full information, can be obtained from Dr. Hino, Windsor, N. S.

Collegiate School FOR BOYS. Windsor, Nova Scotia, 107th Year. H. M. Bradford, M. A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, Eng. (21st Wrangler)... Head Master; with Two Resident Assistant Masters, both English University Graduates, and five non-resident Instructors. SCHOOL COMMITTEE—Dr. Hind; Clarence Dimock; Rev. Dyson Haque; Hon. Mr. Justice Hamilton; R. E. Harris, Q. C., and H. M. Bradford. The Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 10, 1895. For Calendar apply to Clarence Dimock, Esq., or to Dr. Hind, Windsor, N. S.

Mt. Allison LADIES' COLLEGE, Owen's Art Institution and Conservatory of Music. COURSES OF STUDY are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree B. A. The staff consists of 17 teachers in addition to the University Professors. Piano, Pipe Organ, Violin, Vocal Culture, Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping and commercial courses are all taught after the latest and most improved methods. The Owens Art Institution with its magnificent gallery is still in charge of Prof. Hammond, B. C. A., an exhibitor in the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy, London, etc. The Conservatory of Music employs eight instructors at the head of whom is an experienced teacher from the staff of the St. Y. College of Music, who has studied in Berlin under Von Bulow and Josef. Mrs. C. E. Chisholm who has studied successfully for four years, under some of the greatest masters in Germany, has charge of the Violin department. Voice Culture is taught by an accomplished Swedish vocalist, who is a graduate of the Manich Conservatory. Every care is taken to make the school a refined Christian home where lady-like manners and nobility of character shall be cultivated. All applications re-open Aug. 29, 1895. For Calendar apply to REV. B. C. BORDEN, D. D. Sackville, N. B., July 13.

Mt. Allison Academy —AND— COMMERCIAL COLLEGE. The Fall Term of the 53rd Year will begin August 29th, 1895. The Faculty of the Academy is composed of Graduates in Arts who have been chosen from those having had experience and success as Teachers. The Commercial College is in charge of a Graduate of the Ontario Business College who is assisted by other members of the Academic staff. The Principal of one of the best known Commercial Colleges says "Better training can be done in Commercial Work and a broader and sounder Business Education imparted, in connection with Literary Department than in a purely Business School." Boys desiring to secure, at a moderate cost, a sound Classical, Business and General Education should apply for a Calendar to Sackville, N. B. JAMES M. PALMER, M. A., Principal. BISHOP Strachan School for Girls. ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND EDUCATION. 15 Prince William Street. Thorough instruction given in Piano, Singing, Violin, Elocution, English, French. M. S. WHITMAN, Director. School reopens Wednesday, 4th Sept., 1895.

The Rothesay School for Girls. (Formerly the Rothesay Church School for Girls) will reopen 4th September "AT WETHERWOOD," with a large staff of the very best instructors. The principal, Mrs. J. Stinson Armstrong, as Miss L. J. Gregory, is well known from her long connection with the Collegiate or High School, Fredericton. Beautiful, Healthy Location, Pure Water, Home Influences. Numbers limited. Immediate application for prospectus and admission should be made to Mrs. J. S. Armstrong, Principal, or J. S. Armstrong, Esq., Managing Director, at 107, Water Street, Sackville, N. B., or 44 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Continued from page 7

Large congregation; the piece was beautifully rendered.

Miss Pinder and Miss Ring of St. John are in Lincoln visiting Mrs. John A. Adams.

Miss Nellie Coulgan and Mrs. Hume of Norwich Conn. are expected today and will spend two weeks visiting friends here and in Fredericton.

Mrs. Alex. Wisely and Mrs. John Wisely who spent a short time with friends here lately, have returned to Lincoln.

Miss E. H. Pitt of Brooklyn N. Y. is visiting St. John, the guest of her aunt Mrs. Edwin G. Blake.

Mrs. Duncan Robertson is in Jardinville, visiting friends.

Miss Margie Stohard, who has been visiting friends in Kingston for some time, is expected home the first of the week.

Mrs. R. D. Clark and Mrs. E. A. Goodwin and family are spending a few weeks at Ingleside.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith of Annapolis spent a day or two of last week with friends in the city.

Mrs. Joseph Clark of St. George is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Patrick McManus and her daughter, Miss Mary McManus formerly of St. John, but now of Boston, are in the city for a three weeks visit.

Miss Ada Linstead of Norwich Ont., is in the city visiting her brother, Mr. W. J. Linstead.

Mr. R. M. Fowler and Miss Fowler of New York who spent the summer in the province were in the city this week on route for home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Allan went to St. Stephen on Tuesday afternoon.

Col. Massey of Montreal spent a short time in the city this week.

Mr. H. J. Haley and Mr. D. Cochrane left the middle of the week on a short visit to the United States.

Mr. Harry Cole who was injured at Utopia Lake some weeks ago by the accidental discharge of a revolver, has quite recovered and returned to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clements of Halifax were in the city this week, on their way to Prince Edward Island.

Rev. Dr. McTear returned the first of the week on a vacation spent in Cape Breton.

Mr. Charles Knodell left Wednesday evening for Montreal, to reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Henry of Newark N. J. paid a short visit to the city this week.

Rev. Wm. Tippet was in the city for a short time this week.

Miss M. M. Allen of Woodstock is visiting friends in the city.

Rev. James Whitfield of Woodstock, who has been here spending a short time went home this week.

Mr. Guy Bowditch is in Woodstock visiting his aunt, Mrs. C. C. Winslow.

Miss Belle Jarvis of Moncton is staying with friends in the city.

Mr. D. L. Woods was in Halifax for a short time this week.

Mr. Charles D. Short spent Sunday in Sheet Harbour, N. S.

Miss Lillie Taylor left Tuesday for a four weeks visit to friends in Prince Edward Island.

Mr. Tange and Miss Laura Tange of Salem Mass., who have been spending a few days with friends in the North, left on Tuesday for Nova Scotia. They will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomas and little daughter of Canard N. B. were in the city this week, the guests of Rev. E. E. and Mrs. Dady of Duke street. They returned home on Thursday.

Mrs. W. S. Scovil of St. John is in Fredericton visiting her parents.

Mr. H. K. Donohoe paid a short visit to Fredericton this week.

Mrs. Robertson is in Newcastle visiting her brother Mr. Blair Robertson.

Mrs. John McCollum has returned to Newcastle after a month's visit to friends here and in other parts of the county.

Miss Kate Bartlett and Miss Margie Turnbull are spending the summer months at Westfield.

Miss Hattie Prichard is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. S. White at Hampton.

Miss J. M. Lawrence, (nee Hea) who was visiting her E. Evans at Lakeside, has returned home.

Miss Fannie Palmer is journeying "Godhavn" on the river.

Miss Winter of St. John, accompanied by Mrs. John Winters of Chicago, is summering at Smithtown.

Miss Nellie Giesse is spending a short time in Hampton, as the guest of the Misses Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dodd are in Hampton, the guest of the latter's brother, Mr. George Wilson.

Miss Nellie Hunter of Sydney is here visiting friends. She will spend part of next week in Fredericton.

Mr. R. G. Murray spent Sunday in Hampton the guest of Rev. Mr. Young.

Miss Nellie Miles went to Salem Mass., the first of the week to visit her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Hayworth.

Miss Shaw and Miss M. H. Shaw of Main street, spent the past month or two in Hampton and have returned to the city.

St. John—North End.

Miss Lizzie Fivelling is visiting friends in St. Martins.

Mr. Otto Reinicke, of Cambridgeport, Mass., has been spending his holidays at his home on Sumner street.

Miss Florie Smith returned on Tuesday from Grand Lake where she has been spending the last three weeks.

Mrs. H. U. Miller of Douglas avenue is visiting her son in Nova Scotia.

Miss Sarah McKee of Fredericton spent part of this week with her friend Miss Beatrice Wain, Main street.

Miss Annie Purdy has been at Jemseg for a short visit and returned home this week.

Miss Beatrice Ferris of Boston is spending a few weeks with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, Adelaide road.

Miss Devereaux of Dalhousie who has been spending her vacation with Mrs. Wm. McIntyre, Mc Clellan street, left for home on Saturday.

Miss Lillian Hoegg has been the guest of Miss Bertie Forbes for the past three weeks, and returned to her home in Fredericton on Tuesday.

Miss Louie Belyea has returned from a pleasant trip up river.

Mr. Will Small of Malden Mass., has been visiting friends here and returned to his home on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Smith and family have returned from their outing at Utopia.

Miss Shaw and Miss M. H. Shaw of Main street, are making a short visit to Sussex.

Mr. Harry Butcher of Toronto, who has been in town for the past two weeks spending his holidays at his home here.

NYDIA.

BUCTOURE.

AUG. 13.—Messrs. A. Butt, Harris and Humphrey passed through here on Saturday on their way to the "Adawaco" fishing grounds and returned Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith at Master Harold of Moncton are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Coates.

Mr. Goddard of Elgin has taken charge of the principal department of our school and Miss Marie Bourque the primary department.

Miss Celeste Bon, who is visiting friends in Moncton.

Mr. Henry, Hamilton of Moncton spent Monday in town.

Miss G. G. of Kingston, Miss Frances, Miss Gertrude and Miss M. G. of Fredericton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Chandler.

Mr. Charles Hilbert Tupper was in town on

FREDERICTON.

The onces is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Pease and J. H. Hawthorne.

AUG. 15.—The many delightful camping parties which are utilising on the banks of the river in making society events very quiet in the city. Several large parties are up in the neighborhood of "Camp Connor" this week.

Mr. Archie Tibbitts is out at "Beach Knoll Camp," and has a large party up there, and Mrs. Geo. Allen undertakes the arduous duties of chaperone.

Many delightful days are spent in camp or in exploring expeditions about the islands, which are so numerous in that neighborhood, while others visit the rapids or fish and those who are really resting or feel unequal to too much exertion spend many hours swimming in the hammocks of the broad balcony of the camp or under the thick shelter of the widespread beech trees from which the camp takes its name.

Among those who have been partaking of the hospitality of the camp the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Allen, Mrs. Prudence Tibbitts, Miss Wood of Boston, Miss Ida Allen, Miss Racine, Miss Childs of Boston, Miss Crookbank and Mrs. J. D. Hazen, St. John, Miss Hazen Allen, Miss Bartley, Miss Beverly, Mr. Jasper Winslow, Mr. Ralston Womersley, Mr. Jack Schrader of Boston, and other occasional visitors.

The party at "Beach Knoll," has been an exceptionally musical one and many pleasant moonlight evenings are spent with music on the water. "Beach Knoll" guests having among their camping kit, a mandolin, a banjo, and guitar.

Mr. and Mrs. Maunsell left last Wednesday on a two months trip to Ireland.

Mr. J. D. Hazen of St. John came up last week to visit her brother "Beach Knoll" and to visit her children who have been summering with relatives at Oranmore.

Mrs. J. D. McKay last week chaperoned a large party at Pine Bluff camp the camping party having been got up in honor of Miss McKay's guest Miss Ferguson of Moncton. On Thursday evening the hosts of Pine Bluff camp gave a large dance for their young guests which was most thoroughly enjoyed by the party, a stringed orchestra providing the music for the occasion.

Miss Margaret Johnston leaves next week for Sakville academy, where she will undertake a course of study.

Miss Lulu Esty who has been visiting with Miss Pease, returned home on the 14th inst. after a visit to her friends in Cambridge, Mass., who have been visiting with her in Fredericton, and leaves for a trip to Nova Scotia on Saturday.

Mr. Harry D. Creed left for Boston on Monday last.

Miss Sadie Wiley entertained a large number of her young friends at her home last evening.

Miss Annie McKay gave a concert, which was presented on Thursday evening, at which about thirty were present, and Miss Ferguson was the soloist.

Among the visitors at Miss McKay's this week are Mr. Thompson, Miss Ferguson and Miss Kilman of Moncton.

Miss Johnston gave a very large picnic on Friday evening last on the grounds of Old Government House for the benefit of the St. John's hospital. The picnic was taken through Government House. At the picnic the penitents gathered on the beach at the river where a large bonfire had been kindled and told of their ghost stories and sang old plantation songs until the hour of departure arrived all too soon.

Miss Fairly of Sackville, is spending a few weeks in the city.

Miss May Simmons of Boston is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. A. Stewart at Quispes.

Miss Wood of Boston is here visiting her friend Miss Frankie Tibbitts and both are camping at Beach Knoll.

Mr. J. Schroder of Boston who has been spending a couple of weeks with friends in the city, left for home on Monday.

Mrs. Gussing of Cambridge, Mass., is here summering with Canon Roberts and both are at Quispes, near Woodland, the summer residence of the canon.

Miss Childs of Boston who has been spending some weeks here with her cousin Miss Jeannette Beverly, left this morning for home.

Miss Johnston is visiting Miss Beatrice White at the Oranmore.

Mrs. T. C. Brown who has been spending several weeks with her friend Miss Carman, left for home on Monday.

Miss Lily Hoegg has returned from a vacation spent at Lakeside.

Miss E. E. Seery who has been making her home in Antigonish for the past two years, is here for the summer at Quispes at Dr. F. Seery's.

Master Fred Dyer of a Montserrat, who is home after a vacation at Dr. F. Seery's.

Miss C. C. Conner of St. John is visiting her friends at Woodland and Yarmouth on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Esty of Boston are the guests of Mrs. Esty's sister, Mrs. J. Spender.

Miss M. F. Esty of St. John is visiting her friend Miss Jennie Gaudet.

CUCURTE.

DORCHESTER.

[Prognosis is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

AUG. 14.—Mr. J. M. Lemaitre, Fredericton, was in town on Friday; Mr. Lemaitre's friends are pleased to see him fully recovered from the effects of the painful accident he met with some months ago.

The Misses Chapman have issued invitations for a large at home to be held this afternoon from half past four to half past six.

Miss Brown of Fredericton who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. G. M. Fairweather, for the last few weeks returned to her home on Saturday.

Mr. J. D. Douglas and Mr. Albert Hickman, Amherst, are in town this week.

The Misses Bobb, who have been visiting friends in Shediac for the last week, returned home on Friday accompanied by Mr. Lavery of New York, who is the guest of Mrs. Bobb for a few days.

It is rumored that Dorchester is to lose one of its fair daughters in the near future, who will make her home in one of the eastern states.

Mrs. J. L. Harris Moncton, and Mrs. Record Medford, Mass. were the guests of Mrs. Emerson on Monday.

Mrs. J. J. Kerr, Sussex, who accompanied her son Mr. Deane Kerr of Montreal formerly one of Dorchester's "boys" to Halifax, returned on Saturday and is the guest of Mrs. Chandler at "Maplehurst."

Miss Cromton of Mt. Allison ladies college is the guest of Mrs. J. F. Teed.

Another little so-called "surprise party" was given by the young people on Monday evening, who called upon Mrs. Wetmore at her home "Liberty Hall." The Milnes orchestra rendered excellent music and every thing passed with great zest. The "rolling stone" seems to have been set in motion at last, but unlike that of the well worn proverb is rather "new" in the shape of music and impromptu dances. Long may it roll!

Mrs. Perry of Fredericton spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. G. W. Chandler.

Mr. Charles Hilbert Tupper was in town on

THURSDAY LAST ON HIS OFFICIAL TRIP AS MINISTER OF JUSTICE, AND WAS THE GUEST OF WALTER FRISER AT "THE WILLOWS."

Mr. Wm. Morris, who has been visiting friends in town, returned to Windsor on Monday.

A number of young people chaperoned by Mrs. G. M. Fairweather, drove down the shore on Friday and spent the afternoon enjoying the salt breeze. Supper was spread on the grass, and besides the goodly array of eatables the table was prettily decorated with ferns and bright berries.

Thursday evening and Misses Robb gave a small card party for their guest Mr. Lavery of New York. After enjoying a little music, progress was made in conversation, the fortunate one being Miss Flo Palmer, Miss Wess, Miss Constance Chandler, Miss F. Palmer, Mrs. G. Godfrey, Miss Blanche Hamilton, and Mrs. R. Forster, Douglas, Hickman, Payant, Park, Palmer, Lavery, Hamilton and Atkinson.

TRURO.

[Prognosis is for sale in Truro by G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

Miss Miss Mae Riddle who has been visiting Moncton friends has returned home on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Nelson, Miss Blanche Nelson, Miss Beatrice Fuller and Miss Win Nelson returned on Monday from Bass river, where they were guests for a few days of Mr. Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. P. MacIntosh returned on Monday from a very pleasant vacation spent in driving through Kings and Antigonish counties, New Brunswick.

Miss Simpson of the presbyterian hospital, New York, who has been spending six weeks vacation here, returned to her home on Monday.

Miss Simpson made hosts of friends during her stay, and her return to her home in the city is a matter of regret.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1895.

TOO MANY DEADHEADS.

MISUSE OF TICKETS GIVEN TO HALIFAX RIFLEMEN.

Officers and Their Friends Said to Have Availed Themselves of Free Tickets For Junketings—Misconduct in One of the Best Companies Recently.

HALIFAX, August 15.—History of a certain kind is being made pretty fast in militia circles in Halifax. The indications are that some people who are prominent in the service already, will attain yet greater prominence, though not of the glorious kind. There are two reasons for thinking this, which Progress has no hesitation in stating.

The first is the investigation which has been demanded regarding misconduct in Captain King's company of the 66th P. L. F. on Bedford range. It seems this company asked permission for the use of the Bedford range for twelve days that they might camp out. This request, of course, was refused, as it would shut out all other riflemen who might wish to use the targets.

The company was allowed to go upon the range, however, with curtailed privileges and have its camp. No investigation was needed so far, but the cause of trouble soon came. Captain King's is the swell company of the 66th, which makes this all the more remarkable. Residents of the neighborhood complained of the noisy and disorderly conduct of those militiamen. The crisis came one night when the disorder was so great that the authorities of the company had to exert physical strength to secure peace. Weakness was confessed most lamentably at this juncture; after a couple of roisters were arrested by the company men on duty, they instead of retaining a charge of them, and maintaining discipline, took the peace troublers to Bedford, a mile and a-half away, and handed them over to the look-out party of the Liverpool regiment of regulars for safe-keeping.

It is in this action together with the reported misconduct, that the D. A. G. has been requested to investigate. He will find out how much misconduct there was, and why it was that captain King's company so confessed its weakness and inability to maintain discipline that a couple of their prisoners had to be handed over to a guard from another regiment which should have had no jurisdiction whatever in the matter. The case was reported to the caretaker of the D. A. G. This company is composed of lads, at least one-third of whom are below the standard of 18, and perhaps it is not strange that this calibre of men should act as they did, regarding the prisoners. The second reason for thinking that history will be made in militia circles in Halifax, is the use or misuse of free railway tickets on the Intercolonial railway from Halifax to Bedford. In this matter, too, the 66th has a prominent part to play.

This free ticket privilege to riflemen travelling from Halifax to Bedford, and thence to the rifle range has an interesting history. No other branch of the militia force in Canada enjoys a like privilege with the citizen soldiers of Halifax, and hence it should be very carefully guarded against abuse.

Before confederation, when the Nova Scotia railway was being built, an argument in favor of the new enterprise was that the volunteers would be carried to the range without cost. This free transportation was in vogue when the Intercolonial railway came into being, swallowing up the Nova Scotia road, and the privilege was continued, so that for nearly thirty years the riflemen going from Halifax to Bedford for shooting have never been charged for transportation.

BOYS AND WOMEN AT SEA

INSTANCES WHERE THEY HAVE NAVIGATED VESSELS.

Strange and Thrilling Experiences of a Life on the Ocean Wave Where There Were no men to Navigate—Examples of Great Courage and Endurance.

Readers of Jules Verne will remember how the "Boy Captain" brought a ship across the Pacific all by himself. I do not know if nature copied Mr. Jules Verne in this particular, or if Mr. Jules Verne copied nature, but some years ago a young ordinary seaman did navigate a small brig or schooner into the Mauritius by his own efforts. The rest of the crew—officers and all—had succumbed one after another to fever, and in the end the boy had been left alone. He did not waste much time crying over the hard fate that had left him in this predicament, but set to work to save his life, if that should be possible. He succeeded by keeping very little sail on his ship and by taking very little sleep, in saving both the vessel and himself.

The youth of nineteen who, last year, found himself by the death of his superior officers from fever contracted at Batavia, in command of a four-masted bark, and contrived to bring her safely to Melbourne with a mutinous crew, performed a feat scarcely less remarkable and well deserved the substantial recognition his bravery obtained for him from both Lloyds and the owners of the vessel. The ship was the Tralagar. Capt. Edgar died at Batavia, and the chief officer took command. Three of the crew deserted. Next the second officer, who had joined the vessel at New York, trashed one of the crew and was compelled to lock himself in his cabin for safety till, fearful that the seamen would carry their threat into effect to "throw his carcass overboard to the sharks," he asked for and was reluctantly granted his discharge.

Soon after leaving Batavia one of the A. B.'s died. Capt. Roberts was the next victim. Mr. Samuel Norwood, now first officer designate, was compelled to lay up about the same time. He was almost prostrated by fever, and beyond making an occasional entry in the log book he was unable either to take his watch or to assist in directing the ship on her course. He also died six days later, and just before him went Joseph Fall, the ship's carpenter. Capt. Roberts then lost possession of his reason and succumbed shortly before midnight.

Thereupon a young man named Shotton an apprentice just out of his time, who had been acting as third mate, undertook to direct the ship. Hugh Kennedy, the sailmaker, was the only person besides Shotton who had the remotest idea of the duties of an officer or sufficient confidence to undertake the guidance of the bark while Mr. Shotton snatched a few hours' rest from his long and weary duties. One of the seamen was transferred to the poop deck merely for the purpose of taking watch occasionally. His knowledge of navigation was of the most rudimentary character, and the task of sailing the ship to Melbourne seemed hopeless, but Mr. Shotton never lost heart.

Fortunately the winds experienced were not of very considerable force. While there were no prospects of a hard blow, Mr. Shotton clapped on as much sail as he could induce his inert, somewhat refractory inclined crew to spread to the favoring breezes. In the Indian Ocean Daniel Sweeney, the cook, took sick and died. He was the sixth and last victim of the passage. Mr. Shotton then attempted to induce the crew to clean and overhaul the ship and get her in good condition by the time she reached her destination. All his efforts were of no avail. Beyond assisting to sail the ship they would not lend a hand to do more than was absolutely necessary to secure the safe passage of the vessel to port. A day or two after passing Cape Leeuwin—famous cape of storms—the Tralagar was overtaken by a gale, starting from the northwest and setting in the west.

There was only one way, in Mr. Shotton's opinion, to weather the storm, and that was to run before it. Nearly all the hands were ordered on deck, sail was gradually shortened as the gale rose, and the ship scudded before the storm for several hours under the two lower topsails and the foresail. Before sail could be shortened the topsails and the main lower topsail were blown clean out of the bolt ropes. As soon as the wind moderated and the sea fell, the ship stood in toward the Victorian coast, and eventually made the Heads, where the trouble of her young commander came to an end.

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Midsummer Sale

IN OUR LADIES' ROOM.

RIBBED Corset Covers, Ribbed Vests. Cellular Vests, SOMETHING NEW.

Ladies' and Girl's Corsets at 75c. Pair.

All odds and ends of the season's selling now marked at its price to clear, including qualities which have sold and are good value at \$1.25 a pair, now marked down to 75c.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

except give advice. Another striking illustration of woman's capabilities in the steering line is afforded by the case of the bark Rebecca Crowell, which left New York for Buenos Ayres, but became disabled during a severe gale three days after leaving. Several of the spars and sails were carried away, and the Captain and first mate were injured to such an extent that they were confined to their berths the rest of the voyage and rendered unfit to manage the vessel.

There was no other person on board who understood navigation except the Captain's wife, and she undertook the task of conducting the bark to the point of destination. The second mate was a young man 20 years old, able to take the helm, but ignorant of the process of making observations. The Captain's wife, therefore, assumed the command of the vessel, took observations, calculated the latitude and longitude regularly, maintained her place on the poop, and directed the course of the vessel. After exercising control for fifty-eight days during which the vessel encountered violent gales and shipped heavy seas, she conducted the vessel, with its valuable cargo, safely into the port of Buenos Ayres. In this actual impression of "the sweet little angel that sits aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack," the Captain of the Rebecca Crowell was indeed fortunate in his matrimonial venture.

This is one of the very strangest romances in all records of this sea. It may seem strange on the first thought that one of the sailors—not even the second mate—should have been capable of navigating the Rebecca Crowell while the Captain and mate were disabled from working. But very few sailors know anything more of their own work. A terrible story of a crew left destitute or helpless by the loss of the officers was reported last year. The incident occurred on a Liverpool bark, the Montgomery Castle. She had left New York for Java with petroleum oil in cases. On Feb. 8 the wooden bark was wrecked on the coast of Brazil, and a crew left destitute or helpless by the loss of the officers was reported last year. The incident occurred on a Liverpool bark, the Montgomery Castle. She had left New York for Java with petroleum oil in cases. On Feb. 8 the wooden bark was wrecked on the coast of Brazil, and a crew left destitute or helpless by the loss of the officers was reported last year.

The Vega launched a boat and the mate and two hands went to her. They found only eight men on board, most of whom were incapable of work through being injured. The story told was that the master, the first and second mates, the carpenter, and four seamen had been washed overboard and were drowned, and that one of the remaining crew had his leg broken, that several others were injured, that some of the sails and all of the boats were in water, and the compasses (except a small one which was out of order) were destroyed, that the cabins were full of water and the contents (including medicine chest, charts, and nautical instruments) were washed away or destroyed, that the pumps were out of order, that the vessel had nineteen inches of water in her, that there was no one on board to navigate the ship, that they were entirely ignorant of their position, that in consequence of their injuries the survivors of the crew could not trim the yards, and that at night they shut themselves up in the foremast and left the ship to herself. The men were crying, panic-stricken, and thoroughly exhausted and worn out.

Charts, nautical instruments, a starboard light, and medicines were put on board the disabled bark, which had at this time from two to three feet of water over the cabin floor. This was accomplished not without difficulty, because there was a heavy gale blowing. The cabin was quite gutted, and the only place available for the mate to occupy was the carpenter's shop, which was also flooded with two feet of water. There he made a bed up on the carpenter's bench and took his meals in the galley. Having repaired the sails, etc., and attended to the wounds of the injured, the Montgomery Castle followed on after the Vega, the weather all the time being very bad and causing both vessels to roll heavily and ship large quantities of water.

During all this time the Vega kept as much as possible in sight of the Montgomery Castle and signalled to her the course and position every day at noon. On February 25rd both vessels came to anchor in Fayal roads. The Vega, it may be added, earned for her owners and crew the very nice sum of \$5,250 for salvage. Of this, \$2,250 went to the owners; in the mate, who took charge of the Montgomery Castle, got \$1,000; the master who had extra labor to perform, received \$1,000; the sailor (Norsing), who steered the Montgomery Castle, \$250, and \$750 was divided between the crew, the other seaman who went on the boat with the mate and Nordling having an extra share.

A few years ago the ship Inlian Chief was wrecked on Long Sands. The following description of a night spent in the fore-top while the ship was aground comes from one of the seamen: "After the destruction of the boats I took shelter in the fore-castle. Just before 8 o'clock a tremendous sea swept the decks fore and aft and burst right into the fore-castle. We all rushed out and began to wade up the rigging, for the prospect before us was truly appalling. The ship was settling down fast, and every sea now swept right over us, and we saw that very soon there would be nothing left but for us to take to the rigging. "I don't mean to say that I thought at this time that there was any chance of my life being saved, but a fancy prompted me to have a good shirt or two to my back; so I put on two new shirts and all my short-going togs. That cutting, biting north-east wind penetrated to our very marrow, and by the time I got into the top my hands were so numb that I could scarcely feel, so that I had some difficulty in lashing myself to the mast. There we sat, ten poor, helpless creatures, almost in a state of stupor, but, though we were half frozen, there was none of us so paralyzed but that we could fully realize the horrors that surrounded us. The remainder of the crew, together with Capt. Frazer, Mr. Lloyd, the mate, Mr. Frazer, the second mate, who was the Captain's brother, and a fine young fellow, whose name I do not remember—in all, seventeen in number—took to the mizzenmast, and we could see them lashing themselves on the rigging. "When the moon shone out there was just light enough to show the three great masts sticking up out of the water. Every sea that swept over us made the mainmast rock and oscillate so that every minute I expected that it would go by the board. It made me cringe again every time it lurched to leeward, because the chances were that when it did so one of the other masts would follow it. Nobody can tell, and I can't describe what my feelings were as I sat there in the top with nothing but a few shrouds and the frail, shaking mast between me and eternity. How the hours passed I cannot tell. We all sat on, cold and utterly miserable. All we had to do was to care for was, if the end was to come that it might come quickly. I shut my eyes and prayed. "I had been sitting ever so long looking into myself, as it were, when I opened my eyes and looked up. I was startled by seeing a black object coming down the mainmast stay; it came nearer and nearer, and at last I could see that it was a man coming down the stay hand over hand. When he reached us I found it was the mate, Mr. Lloyd. 'What's the matter, sir?' I asked in a hoarse whisper. 'Nothing, my lad, nothing; only I could not rest on the mizzenmast. Somehow I seemed to have a warning that it was not safe. I made room, and then we were a long while silent and motionless. "Presently it grew as dark as pitch, and the gale came swooping down upon us with tremendous violence. The fury of the waves, as they dashed over the ship, I cannot describe. All at once there was a fearful crash, followed by cries and shrieks. The main and mizzen masts had both gone by the board. A minute or two afterward a gleam of moonlight shone out from beneath the clouds. The scene that it disclosed will ever be engraved on my memory. The mass of wreck to leeward, the struggling forms in the waves, and the frantic cries of distress I never can forget. It was a heartrending sight, and the whole period of my life seemed to be concentrated into that one awful moment. You can imagine I was thankful when the lifeboat came and took us off—eleven men out of twenty-nine."—N. Y. Sun.

He Wrote Two Famous Songs.—The four great war songs on the Northern side were "John Brown's Body," "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and "Marching Through Georgia." The first of these was potent in the earlier years of the war. The fourth was ahead of anything else in popularity in the last month of the great struggle. During the middle period "Tramp, Tramp" and "Rally Round the Flag" held the highest place in the affections of the patriots. They are still known and loved and sung. Comparatively few of the present generation, however, were aware before this week that the stirring music of both these songs was written by the same man, Dr. George F. Root of Chicago, who died on Aug. 6, in Maine. This modest musician did more for the Union than a great many Brigadier-

Generals, and quite as much as some brigades.—New York Sun.

A Pointer for Tourists.—Summer visitors to Canada in search of renewed health and vigor, will find what they need in that great Canadian remedy, Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. It is a powerful flesh and blood builder, and a nerve and brain invigorator. It restores perfect digestion, induces beautiful slumber, and renews both bodily and mental vigor. For dyspeptics, sufferers from nervous prostration or general debility, it is the sure medium of health and happiness. It is sold by all druggists and dealers, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City. Price 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50.

New Railway Signal.—An automatic electric train signal has just been invented for the railway world by Father Devine, S. J., of St. Mary's college, Montreal, says the Star. Its object is to replace the useless bell-rd on moving trains not equipped with air-signals. The ingenuity of the invention lies chiefly in the wire combination. The reversed inventor has three wires extending through-out the end of a train, connecting with bells, buttons and batteries, in caboose and engine cab. One of these wires act as a common return wire for two circuits acting in opposite directions. Between the cars insulated couplers are employed to connect the wires; and the combination is so cleverly thought out that no matter how often cars are turned end for end wires of corresponding names always meet. This new signal rings an alarm bell automatically in both engine-cab and caboose, the moment a freight train breaks in two, thus signalling front and rear trainmen that it is time to apply the brakes.

IT MAKES HOME BRIGHTER. The last glow of sunlight at the close of "wash day," falls on a cheerful home where Sunlight Soap is used. The washing is done and at evening the housewife is fresh, bright and light-hearted, because Sunlight Soap washes clothes so easily, so quickly, without rubbing and scrubbing. 6 Cents Twin Bar Less Labor Greater Comfort. Books for Wrappers. SUNLIGHT SOAP. N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. 28-34 Waterloo St., 65-70 Barrington St., St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Water soft... man knows just... Washing in hard... results so poor... or, whether you... But use Pearl... as easy to wash... with soft water... are just as good... gives more things... of these savings... ine "ads." "this is as good as... never peddled... place of Pearl... LAMES PVLE, New York.

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RIAL... DES.

found he left... old fiddle brought... County Kerry, Ire... are so indignant... expressing the... two weeks ago he... to his wife about... in drums, appre... er bratter and egg... charges on his... closed in a sealed... examined was found... money and a deed... near Clymount, Va... tion was with the... is wondering what... instrument was... he money out, but... again and hung on... tage as a monu-

orties... married Mrs. P. T... Greek lover. W... Agarthodorus Papa... to the New York... andrie Paisios Fer... e New York World... eogonopolis, ac... York Herald. It... Mrs. Barnum's late... those names to put... Boston Globe.

te. charge against this... infernal machine in... or... bicyclist?... ed himself... from his vaca-... says he can recall

AN... RY... ION... NEW ENGLAND... ortland... each, ... ENNIAL... CLAVE... PLARS... BOSTON... each. Agents... NOTMAN, ... St. John, N. B.

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Syrup... REMEDY... arthros, ... infantum, &c... 111 5th day St.

HER ELOPEMENT.

It was a pity that Lila Roberts was not contented with her present home, her piano, her canary, her serene domestic life and the good husband fate had awarded her in the lottery of marriage. She should have remembered the women to whom such a home would have been a heaven of rest, and the merest fraction of a husband an satisfactory allotment.

But Lila desired to live her own life, and not so completely merge it into that of another as to lose her own identity, as she was now in danger of doing. Besides her present mode of living simply meant to her ambitious spirit stagnation. True, she had a certain social position. She visited all the places where young matrons congregated, and her husband compelled himself to call for her and accompany her home, a duty he did not care to have some other man acting as his wife's escort. But the duty bored him and he did not hesitate to let her know it. This spoiled her enjoyment, although he did not intend that it should.

For Fred Roberts did not really plan to make any one unhappy least of all his own wife. He was selfishly following his own inclinations according to his ideas of the eternal fitness of things. Like other fools, he rushed in where angels feared to tread, formulating rules for "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me," forgetting that times had changed since the days of Adam, and that Eve herself must be held responsible for the change.

So Fred's little scheme of representing the universe to his wife did not work. Lila regarded his wishes and immured herself on the domestic altar without complaint, but she did a great deal of thinking and came to look upon her husband as a petty tyrant. She had a gift of music, and before her marriage had played and sung at church societies and amateur theatricals with the hearty appreciation of her father and mother.

But the creed of the young man of the period is that fathers and mothers do not know how to bring up their daughters, and the wife must unlearn all the lessons they have taught. What was charming and endearing in the sweetheart becomes unbearable in the wife. Fred, not to be outdone in wisdom, began the making over process and hoped in time to model Lila into a sort of composite wife when he should have gratified on her budding nature all the virtues which are popularly supposed to belong to perfect womanhood.

When he saw her dissatisfied he said: "You have a good home, Lila. Your time is your own—you have your music—and you have me. What more can any woman want?"

But Lila only grew more discontented with her life of clipped wings, the monotonous routine of long days spent in trying to be something that she was not, and she fretted over the mistake she had made in trying herself down to matrimony, when she might have made a career for herself with her music and other accomplishments. She felt in her soul that in her domestic employment she was taking the bread out of some other woman's mouth. And any cheap girl could have done the work better than she. Even Fred acknowledged that.

So after duly considering the matter, and taking no one into her confidence, Lila made a decision. One morning when Fred was going to business she asked him to wait a moment, and standing on the top stairs of the veranda she pinned a knot of purple and yellow panes in his button-hole. Then because his face was so near she kissed him.

"Good-by, sweetheart," she said, with a little nervous laugh, and he wondered if the neighbors saw them, and if they would think him spooney.

But the incident had another effect upon him before the day was over. That morning he looked into his wife's face and showed him a flow under the pretty eyes, and tense lines about the sweet mouth which he had never noticed before in the perfunctory glances bestowed upon her. It is no loss true than that it is the family physician who usually first calls attention to the ravages of ill health, and he is usually too late.

Lila's panes worried Fred all day. He put them in water to keep them fresh, as he wanted to wear them home; a concession that foretold much good, if Lila had only known.

"Pshaw, I'm as sentimental as a woman," he said to himself. "I daresay it is dull sometimes for Lila—without me. I'll plan a trip somewhere, in business interests, and take her along."

So he satisfied himself, and placated conscience.

Fred Roberts went home that evening with a fresh flower to bloom in his soul, and Lila's panes worn in his breast. He was disappointed to find the door locked and the key under the mat—an occasional thing when Lila visited her parents. He at once felt aggrieved. That was always the way when he had tried to do a noble deed—there was no one to help him. Nor was there any supper for a tired and hungry man—that had never happened before. Then he saw a note in front of the little French clock which had been one of their wedding presents. He tore it open and read:

"Dear Fred: Our marriage was a mistake. Better separation than hatred. Do not try to find me, as it will be impossible, and no one knows where I have gone. Believe me, I shall do nothing to bring a shadow on your name or the one I shall hereafter bear.

"LILA."

Fred went into a fury. The cat fled appalled from the room and the canary ceased to whistle and sing, and became dumb. Had it caught his eye he would have wrung its neck for reminding me of her. When the tempest had abated he went out and began a search for his wife.

The search lasted a year. He placed his business in trusty hands, and pretended to be travelling in its interests. His hair turned iron gray, and became his well. Purpose lines developed in his face and the venerable wore from his character, showing his real substance beneath. Hope never once left him, although in all that year he caught no glimpse of Lila.

A friend who knew him at this period of his career said to him:

"The world is full of women; why compel an unwilling woman to be your wife? Accept your liberty and begin life over again."

"You have never loved," answered Fred.

"I want my wife because I love her."

"It would be more to the purpose if she loved you," retorted his friend, with that brutal candor which friendship permits.

"She does," said Fred, and the two words contained his whole litany of faith.

Fred Roberts visited every town and village where he could gain the slightest clew of his lost Lila, but never by any chance found her. He was quarreled with by angry husbands for staring too freely at their wives, and thrown out of public places for impertinent meddling with strangers. But, in no wise discouraged, he kept up his quest.

The poor fellow grew as thin as a shadow. He had long since both parted with order and anger, and was first walking an arsenal, for he determined that if Lila had eloped the man in the case should die.

But Lila's flight soon became a mere personal adventure in his estimation, much like the running away of a child from its home, and he was only anxious for a chance to forgive and be forgiven.

In this mood he reached a hotel in a small town, where he studied the register and asked questions about the guests—his invariable habit. This time there was a mysterious sick woman, who had her meals sent to her room. He questioned the clerk and learned that she was young and attractive and a lady, but cried a great deal.

If he could only get a glimpse of her. If it should be Lila, aione and ill, he could surely be of much service to her as to prove that he still loved her.

He wandered disconsolately about the halls and at last ran against a waiter carrying a tray.

"Where are you going?" he demanded in a preperatory tone.

"Taking a sick lady's dinner to her," said the man.

"Here," commanded Fred, slipping a coin into the man's hand, "give it to me. Now show me the way," and following the waiter he was shown into a darkened room.

A slight form lay dressed on a sofa, the pale face, scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, was turned from him, but oh, happiness! It was the face of Lila! And she was weeping.

Fred was at best but a bungling fellow, and he bungled now. Smash went the tray, caught in its descent by a table, but making a noise that would have awakened the seven sleepers. Lila sat up with a shock.

"You careless fellow!" she said indignantly. "My head aches so now that I can hardly see—Fred!"

"Lila!" and husband and wife were in each other's arms—where we will leave them, all difficulties being reconciled.

WERE TRUE GENTLEMEN.

The Great Courtesy Which Marked the Lives of Some Famous Men.

Lafayette was remarkable no less for his tact and courtesy than for the stern virtues which made him dear to two nations.

During his visit to Boston on his return to this country, a lady with whom he was dining, brought up the subject of the Revolution, asking him many questions as to the details of its history.

Among them was the inquiry, "Was not the cockade worn at the first by the Americans black general?"

"Yes," was the reply. "We wore a black cockade until the French joined us, and then, in compliment to them, we added the white ribbon."

Lafayette belonged to a time and race that held the fine art of gentle speech as one of the first importance. A lady of his own family who was attached to the French court was distinguished for her courtesy where all were courteous. She was so affectionate to both her mother and mother-in-law, that one day when both were present, the king playfully insisted that she should decide which she loved better.

"I both were dawning, madame," he demanded, "and you could save but one, which would it be?"

"Ah, sire," she replied, quickly, "I would save my mother-in-law, and drown with my mother."

Louis himself puzzled his jailers by his gentle politeness. His children, we are told, enraged their keepers by their mild answers. "They robbed us of our bread," cried Thourat, "and pay us with smiles and bows!"

The fact was, that the ruling class in those days had never been taught to be just to their interiors, but courtesy had been instilled into them from their childhood.

In France as in America, men now are more just than were their forefathers. The rights of even the poorest citizen are now recognized and protected. A more assertive charity, too, is manifested to our religion, but we neglect the minor virtues of tact and fine civility.

The slow, gentle progress of our ancestors, bowing to either side through life, seems to us absurd, but we could add attractiveness to the greater virtues by clothing them with courtesies that grace and elevate even the humblest life.—Youth's Companion.

He Did Dare Drown.

A fat, middle-aged woman, with a voice between a grunt and a groan, sat on a bench at Piedmont with her twelve-year-old boy and watched the bathers splashing and spluttering around the tank. The heat was sweltering, and the boy begged and pleaded to be allowed to go into the water. He promised to pull all the weeds out of the garden, to carry in wood for a week without being told, and to wipe the dishes every night. "No, I'm afraid you'll be drowned," declared the cautious mother, but there was evidence of indecision in her voice. It she had said, "shut up; you shan't," the boy would have known his fate was sealed.

"I'll wash the baby every morning," he added by way of a further bribe.

The fat woman mopped her perspiring face, looked at the crowd, and snapped: "Well, go on; but if it you drown you can't blame me."

The boy was soon splashing and paddling around. He had assured his mother that he could swim a little, and she eyed him narrowly to find out if he had been lying. The boy had got out into deep water, when his head went under. His mother thought it was merely one of the boy's tricks and kept her seat. He came up all right but looked frightened, floundered a moment and then went down again. He was under a little longer and bubbles came up where his head ought to be. Up

he bobbed again, splashing and trying to call for help. He was just sinking the third time, when his mother sprang to the edge of the tank, and shaking her fist at the boy, screamed:

"You, Simon Peter Bates. Don't you dare drown, or I'll skin you alive!"

The boy saw the fist and heard the threat, and with his face contorted with fear, kicked out desperately and kept afloat till some of the bathers lifted him out. The terrible threat saved his life. He didn't dare drown.

BORAX AND ITS USES.

It is a Valuable Article to Have on Hand in Every Household.

The value of borax in the household is not understood as it should be, for there are few articles so generally useful.

As an antiseptic and disinfectant it may be made to take the place of all poisonous preparations of this nature, such as carbolic acid, chloride of lime, and concentrated lye, and has the merit of being quite as effective, and much more economical.

Among the useful places, the laundry, possibly, comes first with the housekeepers for by its use hard water is made soft, woolen garments and blankets readily cleaned, delicate colors washed without fading, dainty lace restored to freshness and stains removed—all without the least injury to the cloth or fabric. In the kitchen it may be added to the dish-water, used to clean all cooking utensils, disinfected from dreadful sickness and odors adhering to pans and kettles. In the dining-room, pantry and kitchen presses, the sprinkling of borax on shelves and floors will entirely do away with the annoyance of ants, roaches and bugs.

For the bathroom and toilet-table, borax is entitled to a place to which no other article can lay claim. For washing the face it is better than soap and if used regularly will keep the hands of even those women who must of necessity do rough work soft and white. As a wash for the hair, borax has long been regarded as the best and most harmless lotion. Borax is an excellent dentifrice, and if used in time will prevent decay of the teeth, harden the gums, and induce a general healthful action of the mouth.

People troubled with sore and tender feet will find great relief from frequent bathing in borax water, which is a cure for corns and bunions.

Borax also has strong medicinal qualities. A little powdered borax snuffed up the nostrils morning and night is an excellent remedy for catarrh. It is as well a reliable wash for sore throat, sore mouth, inflamed skin and weak eyes. Borax will be found a good dressing for burns, scalds, and wounds.—Ladies Home Companion.

The American Quick Lunch.

The prevalence of indigestion in America has been variously accounted for, iced water and sweets being two of the favorite explanations. But, as a matter of fact, it is not so much what one eats as the way in which one eats it which works the mischief, and in America the way is standing affront to the art of gastronomy. For in what other country than America, as a writer in the Critic very pertinently asks, would the legend of "Quick Lunch" prove an attraction to the hungry man?

A foreigner (especially if he were a British workman) would regard it in the light of an insult. A Frenchman will do anything in a hurry except eat, and in consequence his digestive apparatus does its duty. But the average American seems to think that the time spent at table is wasted. Indeed, the writer in the Critic declares that it is the commonest thing to see men boiling their food at a lunch counter, not to get back to business, but in order to loaf about the midway interval.

Even those who enjoy more leisure show a similar disregard for the high art of dining, and an American lady has been heard to say that she thought the nicest way to live would be to go to the party when you were hungry and take a bite of something, but to sit at a table was a sheer waste of time. "Ten minutes for refreshments," in fact, was her idea of rational recreation. Here, at least, is one of the things which we manage better in the effete old mother country. Record breaking is all very well, but it is a bad idea to aim at where speed in eating is concerned. Here, at any rate, the policy of Mr. Gladstone is above reproach.—London Globe.

It Worked Both Ways.

Little Jacky had two apples, which he had saved from dessert. There was company in the room, and one of the gentlemen thought it would be a good opportunity to give Jacky a lesson in manners. So he called the boy and said:

"I see you have two apples, Jacky. Won't you give me one?"

Jacky hesitated, looked rather ruefully at his prizes, and finally offered the smaller one. This was what the gentleman had expected, and he proceeded to expatiate upon it, ending with:

"Now Jacky whenever you have anything to give away, you should always keep the poorest for yourself!"

This might be good manners, but it didn't harmonize with Jacky's desires, so he ruminated over it a while, and then stuck out the other fist.

"Take 'other one, too," he said generously.

The gentleman was congratulating himself on his success, when Jacky stunned him by saying:

"Now, won't you please give me one?"

Old Paintings of Dogs.

Dogs are great favorites with the early painters. In Morando's "St. Roch and the Angel" we see a sweet little innocent-looking Scotch terrier, casting covetous eyes, for some reason unknown to any one but himself, upon the fallen roses. Poodles are very great favorites with many painters, and frequently take an active part in the drama, or, symbolically, assist the principal actors. Thus in Bellini's "Death of St. Peter, Martyr," the poodle and the sheep are asleep. Does this not testify to the calm death of the martyr, who in spite of his skull being clef by a sword, peacefully falls asleep? Synaesthetic animals may also be seen in the "Adoration of the Magi" by an artist of the school of Barocelli; and a delightful little Maltese ter-

rier sits up as one of the principals actors in the "Warrior Adorning the Infant Christ," ascribed to the school of Bellini. Here, too, is a beautiful caparisoned horse, as wise a beast as its master, the Knight—wiser far than the simple-looking serving man who holds him. The rough little terrier pretends not to see what is going on.—Good Words.

OUR REGARDS TO MR. RUSSELL.

The writer of these lines hereby tenders to Mr. W. Clark Russell the assurance of his thanks and appreciation. I have always loved sea stories, and those of Mr. Russell stand at the head of their class. From "The Wreck of the Grovenor" to "List Ye Landmen!" I have read them all. Yet salt water, and the things thereon and therein, are not the only things he knows about; not by many degrees of latitude.

In his last book he makes a sailor talk thus: "I have suffered from the liver in my time, and know what it is to have felt mad. I say that I have known moments when I could scarce restrain myself from breaking windows, kicking at the shins of all who approached me, knocking my head against the wall, yelling with the yell of one who drops into a fit; and all the while my brain was as healthy as the healthiest that ever filled a human skull, and nothing but a mastery of calomel pills to dislodge the fiend," &c., &c."

So much for what Mr. Russell's sailor (or Mr. Russell himself, says; and there are plenty of people who can testify that it is not a bit overdrawn. One fact in particular it helps us to realize—namely, that the life of a sailor does not guarantee good health. Indigestion and dyspepsia—of which liver complaint is a sequence and a symptom—is as common among sailors as among landmen.

One of the latter, however, may now tell his experience. "All my life," he says, "I had suffered from biliousness and sick headaches. I would have an attack about every three weeks. At such times my appetite left me, and I could neither eat nor drink for days together. I suffered from dreadful sickness and cramping, and vomited a greenish-yellow fluid. My head felt as though it would burst. I had a bad taste in the mouth, sallow skin, and the whites of the eyes turned yellow. I was recommended to adopt a vegetarian diet, and did so, but the attacks were just as frequent and violent. I consulted doctors and took their medicines, but was none the better for it. In this way I went on year after year."

Well, we shall agree that there could it scarcely be a worse way to go on, and all came about thus. The overworked stomach put more work on the liver than the latter could do. Indignant and disgusted at this the liver refused to do a stroke more than its proper share. Hence more bile accumulated in the blood than the liver was able to remove. This surplus bile acts as a slow poison—and not so very slow either. The tongue is furred; the head aches and feels dull and heavy; there is dizziness and nausea; cold hands and feet; spots before the eyes; a pungent, biting fluid rises in the throat; constipation; high-colored kidneys; prostration of nerves; irritability; loss of ambition; fears and forebodings, &c., &c.

This is "biliousness" or "liver complaint" in its simplest form. When long unchecked it produces irregular action of the heart, rheumatism, gout, and any, or all, of a dozen other organic disorders. There is no more certain or powerful impulse to misbehavior; suicide and other crimes often resulting.

What to do? To get rid of the poison by starting the skin and bowels into energetic action; then to keep them going at a healthy and natural gait. How to do this? Let our friend Mr. F. Widger, 4, Portland Square, Plymouth—whom we have just quoted—speak on that point.

In his letter, dated March 3d, 1893, he adds:

"To years ago, after all medicines had failed to help me, I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I procured it from Mr. S. Luke, Chemist, Tavistock Road, and began to use it, and nothing else. After having consumed one bottle I found myself vastly better, and by continuing with it I got rid of my old trouble altogether."

We should mention that Mr. Widger is a tailor and out-fitter at Plymouth, and well known and respected in that community. He permits us to use his name out of gratitude for his recovery. The potency of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup over liver disease is due to its ability to cure indigestion and dyspepsia, which is (as we have said) the cause of liver disease.

Every house on the land, and every ship on the sea, should have this remedy as a necessary part of their stock and stores. Perhaps Mr. Russell may recommend it in his next book. But no "musketry of calomel pills." Oh, no.

A Warning to Smokers.

For some time past certain dealers have been selling inferior brands of tobacco when "T & B" is asked for, thus not only trading on the reputation of the manufacturers but also injuring the sale of the article.

The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co., of Hamilton, have taken the matter in hand and intend prosecuting the offenders.

Smokers should be careful to see the "T & B" stamp on each plug as to gain extra profit, unscrupulous dealers tear the tag off other brands and say it is "T & B" and "just as good."

Water Baker & Co. Limited.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES in this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Caution: In view of the fact that the labels and wrappers of our pure cocoa and chocolate are made in our own factory, and are printed on each package.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WATER BAKER & CO. LTD., DORCHESTER, HANTS.

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes. Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

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# Sunday Reading.

## PERILS AT SEBASTOPOL.

Major Main Has Interesting Memories of Some Striking Scenes.

"Why am I writing these recollections?" I ask myself. My answer comes from God's Word. "Whoso offereth me praise glorifieth me." I desire to offer praise and to glorify him. It is not written in that portion of his Word where so many of his mercies are recorded. "Oh, that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!" This, therefore, is my reason for writing the following pages. For no other purpose than to praise God would I write.

It was midnight, June 17, 1855, before Sebastopol. The regiments for the assault were paraded noiselessly in their camps. The writer marched with his to his appointed place in the trenches. The signal was given for the attack, and the regiment advanced. When the assault was over, lying on a camp-bed, his body pierced with five bullet-holes, and not a bone broken, the writer spoke plainly of God's great mercy that day to him.

It was an awful morning! A dreadful scene! One over which devils must have rejoiced, while angels wept. I have often thought since, if this daring devotion and courage there and then displayed were only exerted in the service of God, what wonders we should see! But yet it is easier to rush on to an assault, and even to death, than to confess Christ.

Some time ago, after lunching at a railway refreshment room, I wished to give a tract to one of the waitresses, but felt a timidity in doing it. For ten minutes I hesitated. At last, just as the train came in, I went to her and said, "You would hardly believe that an officer who went through the assault on Sebastopol was afraid to offer you this tract. But I must now give it to you." I need hardly remark that she received it, and thanked me with a smile.

God was not only merciful to me on the morning of the battle of Sebastopol, but to many hundreds more in our army. Apart from the known fact that not a shot in several hundred fired ever takes effect, the mercy which watches over every field of battle—His mercy—was especially shown to the British army that day. As it tends to his glory, and to the honor of a brave and good general, who did not receive from his country the credit he deserved, I take pleasure in recording the following fact. I had been visiting the trenches, when I met Lord Raglan. I was leaning on the arm of a sergeant of my regiment. He noticed my wounds, spoke very kindly, and asked me how they were getting on at the front. I told him in schoolboy language, "Threatened." I did not know at the time who he was, but was much struck by his kind face, his calm manner, and his empty sleeve.

He left the trenches, stood out in the open for a moment or two, and then spoke somewhat thus to one of his aides-de-camp, "It's no use; no troops could live under such a fire as this. I never saw anything like it in the Peninsula." Little did I then think that that noble disregard for his own reputation, and thoughtfulness for the lives of his men, saved, under God's mercy hundreds of our soldiers from a useless death on that morning. Now I see that this was so.

The French assault, had failed before ours had begun, for the French did not wait for the signal. Ours was made, and failed. The attack was meant to be a surprise, and this not having succeeded, further assault, was at that stage of the siege useless. Nevertheless, the French general ordered a second assault, and many more hundred lives were sacrificed at the altar of vainglory. The English general, by God's mercy, would not order the assault to be repeated, and thus, as the trenches were crammed at that time with fresh troops, hundreds of our lives were spared. I was day spared. I asked the sergeant who it was that spoke to me. He replied, "Lord Raglan, sir." I honor the memory of Lord Raglan, as a good soldier, and I praise God who gave him grace that morning not to cover defeat under a heavier loss of life than was, alas! unavoidable.

To my mother's prayers I believe now that I owed my many merciful escapes that day. She left me for the presence of God when I was three years old; but I believe that, in answer to her prayers, His love guarded me then, as it has since drawn me to himself. I shall never forget your mother's prayers, wrote an old friend to me lately, "so humble, so spiritual, so fervent."

But I fancy I hear some unbelieving heart whisper as it reads this. "Were there no sons for whom a mother's prayers were offered whose bodies were lifeless beneath that Redan?" Doubtless many, my friend; but you are such a mother, I would say, wait until we enter the glory to see whether your prayers were not answered. No one can tell what may pass between a soul and its God in the solemn moment preceding an assault. Remember, it is written, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Acts ii, 21)

No one can indeed tell what passes between a soul and its God in the anticipation of a possible death. How earnestly I prayed that night before lying down to rest! and so did I very dear friend and brother officer who fell afterwards at the second assault. I did not know how to pray; but I cried to God, and He heard me: for He does not despise the prayer of the humblest sinner who approaches him in the name of His son. I asked for the preservation of my life and for courage in battle. Wonderfully were my prayers answered.

So thoroughly was I preserved from fear, that I now remember every act in that awful tragedy as if it was yesterday. The enemy of man has in our days, by a masterpiece of cunning, got most men to disbelieve the truths concerning him set forth in God's Word. He has destroyed his own individuality. It is a pleasant theory, for time, to the careless man of the world, but it will prove to have been a terrible delusion in the fast-approaching eternity. No one who has been obliged to lie down on a field of battle, and see what goes on, can doubt that there is a devil.

Soon after I left the trenches my legs were paralyzed by a bullet striking my left hip. As I lay on the ground I watched the scene. Why were these men killing each other? They had never any quarrel. They would have preferred to have met in peace. But they could not help themselves! What is the explanation of this scene of blood? Only one can be given: "an enemy hath done this." A mighty spirit of evil. An enemy of God and man. This enemy, Satan, is called by the Lord, "the prince of this world." (John xii, 31; xvi, 11.)

Satan has blinded men to glory war, and to sanction manslaughter under the plea of "balance of power" or any other "political necessity." There is no intention in this narrative needlessly to record personal adventure. Human life has enough sensation in it, and needs not sensational writing. O for the time when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and they shall learn war no more!—Christian Herald.

## WHERE BLINDNESS IS NOT.

The First and Great Lens of the Christian Soul is Abundant Faith.

The first great lens of the Christian soul is faith—a faith like that which Abraham had, who, though he dwelt in a desert, lived in constant view of "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." As Thomas King once eloquently declared, such a faith glides the horizon of our being with a heavenly glory.

The statement of our text is daily verified in the case of those who, in the absence of this faith, experience a pitiable blankness and barrenness of soul. In the absence of faith, the body weighs us down; we are helpless prisoners in it. We forget our native realm and come easily to believe that the grave is the goal of life. Every argument that can be brought for immortality is of little avail. Even the resurrection of Christ is a wonderful story to a thorough sensualist, whose aspirations have never reached beyond pleasure and the present; whose meditations, sent forth like doves from the floating ark of life, have never brought back a green and budding promise of that solid land.

To feel a conviction of immortality we must live for it. Let any one firmly believe that the soul is permanent and live from that belief, and soon existence will seem permanent, too—the world becomes the veil of a brighter glory that lies behind it; the condemnation of unbelief is lifted off, since the mind, conscious of its own rooted being, does not wait for immortality "but is passed from death unto life."

Such a faith renews the youth of one who obtains his visions of life through it. "They tell me I am growing old," said the great Scotch preacher, Dr. Guthrie, "because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's feet upon my forehead and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore; but they are mistaken; that is not I. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not I. This is the house in which I live, but I am young—yonger now than I ever was before."

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understood, as only a poet breathing the spirit of devotion could understand. The secret that made sure the gladness of every day. Whoso begins the day with God and starts the pilgrimage of every rising morn with an upward and heavenward gaze is sure to find hope and courage quite sufficient for the days requirements. Mornings without any thought of God are apt to find noons full of hard places and difficulties and nights of anxious care.

## STRANGE RELIGIOUS SECTS.

Singular Beliefs Which Have Given Rise to Some Remarkable Customs.

At different times some very remarkable customs have been practised in the name of religion, both by heathens and Christians says Tit-Bits. The followers of Mahomet, for example, have always had a reputation for bloodthirstiness in the course of their efforts to conquer the world; but perhaps the sect called Assassins, from whom the modern word assassin is derived, have been amongst the most cruel. They had large settlements in Persia and in Syria, and existed for about 200 years—during the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries.

The chief of the sect was called the Old Man of the Mountain. All the members were trained in absolute obedience to him, holding themselves ready at any moment to proceed to murder any person that he might point out. It was customary to give to these murderers an intoxicating draught when they were about to execute the chief's commands, called hashish, made from the leaves of hemp. It is from this that the word assassin is derived.

The Thugs was an Indian sect with customs not unlike the Assassins. With them the great object was to kill by stealthy means, and the stories that their skill in approaching and slaying their victims unobserved was perfectly extraordinary. The name is derived from a Hindu word, thag, a deceiver. Every victim was counted as a sacrifice offered to their Goddess Kali. It is not known how long they existed. They were found in active operation when the English conquered India, but it was not till 1810 that measures were taken to exterminate them. It was some twenty or thirty years after this date that they were ultimately crushed.

The Zanzibians were followers of a man named Zanzibee, who collected a body of adherents in Syria in the year 585. They were called Christians, though they held the belief that baptism was not to be performed with water but with fire. Carrying this belief into practice, they used red-hot irons, with which they branded and burnt their converts.

The Shakers were a notorious body. It may not be generally known that they have existed from the time of Charles I. At that period they had a struggling existence, and ultimately fell out of a notice, but some years after, about 1750, they were revived. England did not offer them a congenial home, so they emigrated to America, where they flourished more vigorously.

About twenty-five years ago they tried to gain a footing in England, and settled in the New Forest. At the end of 1874 they were ejected from their cottages for neglecting certain payments, and their sufferings in the winter weather called out much sympathy.

Ten years later they became notorious, but why it is not clear, for their sufferings were simply the result of a refusal to work for hire, they were less pitied. Their leader in these days was a Mrs. Gilling, and when she died (in 1886) the community gradually broke up. The name of Shakers was derived from the dancing and convulsions that formed part of their worship; they denounced marriage as sinful, and held many strange views.

Amongst those who have been content to hold peculiar views without making themselves notorious by their customs, we may note the Abecedarians, who looked upon all worldly knowledge as sinful, because it was supposed to result from a refusal to study of spiritual things. True to this principle, they would not even have the alphabet taught, and from this their name, which is formed from the first four letters of the alphabet, was derived. They all disappeared 300 years ago.

A certain Scotch lady, Mrs. Buchan by name, gave herself out as the woman spoken of in the book of Revelation, as being "clothed with the sun and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." She promised to conduct her followers to the new Jerusalem, but she died in 1791, and the sect was dispersed.

The notorious sect of Mormonites began in the following way. Early in this century a clergyman named Samuel Spaulding wrote a religious romance in imitation of the style of Scripture. It came into the hands of a man named Joseph Smith, an American of New York State, who said he had had a wonderful vision of the angel Moroni, and later on, declared that he had received the Book of Mormon from Heaven written on gold plates. This was nothing more than Mr. Spaulding's religious romance, and in practice polygamy is said to be quite the exception. Yet the sect is a very curious product of the 19th century.

Our High Heritage. How readily do we enter into the full possibilities of our high heritage. They who have learned to live on the heights have been the prophet souls of all ages and all races. The multitudinous voice of humanity has uttered itself through them. If

we must know humanity we must interpret it at its best. What these are, all humanity may be. The ideal man is the actual man. It is for all men to become. The Ought that moves one man to the thrill of a nation is essentially the same kind of the Ought that impels the lowliest deed in the obscurest corner of the world. If one human soul has come into being without a tendency toward goodness, toward the right, the true, and with hope to at length reach a divine destiny, then the universe is a failure. There is a place where God is not, and infinite goodness, infinite justice is a myth. Morality may not be possible in ant and bee, and beaver and dog, but ethical principle is there. "Striving to be a man, the worm mounts through all the spires of form." Not that a man is recognized, and that there is a conscious reach toward him, but because back of worm and clod there is the same persuasive power that impelled man to be man, that led him to lay hold of the forces of the universe and compel them to serve him.—Isa. C. Habin.

## So We Depart Hence.

What I aim at is this: "To live in Christ;" to be Christ in the world, to be like Christ, to be of Christ, to be in Christ's stead, to show Christ's presence, to do Christ's work. This is the great object of life, and often I think I would be glad to live on, and on, and on, and on—live for the world's sake, to live for the purpose of doing a little more good in the world; but if God sees fit to say we have stood in Christ long enough, come up higher, there will be no anxiety, no fear. We are willing to depart and be with Christ if we are joined to Him, indissolubly, in body and soul; and the great secret of not being afraid to die is to have Christ in the heart, and be working for Him. And if we live for Him, we know that we shall live with Him hereafter. Death loses its terrors; we shall be willing to go hence. Care, anxiety, suffering, we must have here, and we shall be willing to be released from them to depart. The word "depart" signifies to set out, to sail, to let go. It is as if a vessel were fastened to the dock; the cable is firmly bound to the shore. Just loose the cable, unfasten the sails, set the vessel free; the winds are bearing it out into the open sea. Here we are now, working, toiling, but if God will let the cable unloose, we shall sail out into the wide sea of eternity.—Bishop Simpson.

Christianity is Broad. I am a Christian and must needs look at things from a Christian point of view. But that fact should not hinder the broadest observation. Christian scholars have for centuries admired the poems of Homer and will never lose interest in the story of Odysseus, the myriad-minded Greek, who traversed the roaring seas, touched many a foreign shore and observed the habits and customs of many men. Will they be likely to discard the recently discovered Acedonian hymns and Assyrian penitential psalms? It is probable that men who devote studious years to philosophy of Plato and Aristotle will care nothing about the invocations of the old Persian Avesta, the Vedic hymns, the doctrines of Buddha, and the maxims of Confucius? Nay, I repeat it, I am a Christian, therefore, I think there is nothing human or divine in any literature of the world that I can afford to ignore. My own New Testament Scriptures enjoin the following words as a solemn commandment: "Whatever things are true, whatever things are worthy of honor, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise exercise reason upon these things."—Professor M. S. Terry.

## A Message From God.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. . . . Bless the Lord; O my soul." Psalm 103.

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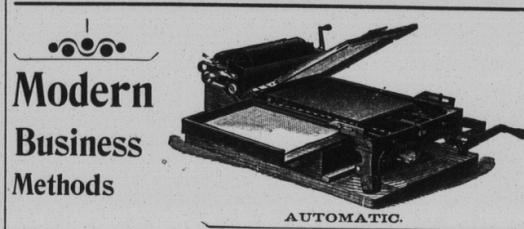
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## POSSIBLY NEVER HAPPENED.

The Story of a Trick Played by the Prince of Wales When a Youth.

Albert Edward Prince of Wales is perhaps the most popular man in England. This popularity is due to his love of sports and all many traits which are particularly commendable in the eyes of the average Britisher. As a youth, his audacity and appreciation of a joke, either as a perpetrator or victim, were well known.

One of his early escapades resulted in her Majesty the Queen footing a bill for broken crockery and wrecked furniture which the young Prince caused in the house of one of the lesser members of the nobility. A rather elderly Countess, whose quick temper and sharp tongue drove even her servants away from her, advertised for a footman. The Prince, to whose ears tales of the peculiarities of the old lady had come, resolved to teach her a lesson. He therefore presented himself in disguise at her ladyship's house and applied for the position of footman.

The Countess had just finished her breakfast, and pushing her chair back from a table, instructed the servant to bring before her the applicant. The Prince was therefore ushered into the room. The Countess looked him over from his feet up. Apparently pleased with the appearance of the Prince, she said: "Let me see you walk."

On the snow-swept steppes of Russia the wires are sometimes snapped like thread by the rapid flight of flocks of wild geese. The poles are cut down and made into firewood by the nomad tribes of the Caucasian districts, and the cunning inn keepers of Georgia seek to boom their post-horse trade by deliberately creating faults in the wires. In certain parts of the mountainous regions of Asia the maintenance of the solitary line involves no little personal risk and hardship to the staff hands. Communication is often cut off by avalanches in the mountain districts, and the work of repairing after a snowfall of five or six feet is no light matter.

These mountain stations are provisioned with several months' supplies before the winter sets in, as the staff will be in touch with the rest of the world by the wire only until the spring weather opens out the passes. In these supplies are always included a liberal allowance of books and games wherewith to relieve the monotony of the tedious winter exile.

## A Wrinkle to Prevent Wrinkles.

In repairing or altering cotton clothing, it is reasonable to find that the machine stitching has shrunk, drawing seams, hems, etc., into puckers. The teacher of dressmaking in one of the largest educational institutions in the country taught me to overcome this by soaking the spot of thread overnight in a glass of water, then standing it where it will dry, and it is ready for use. She also told me to oil colored thread, thoroughly, with machine oil, to make it stronger and have it work up easier. Try both these ways, and see if you are not pleased with the result.

## Quick Change of Heart.

Deacon Skinnem—I can't tell you how blessed I am in my son now. You know I always had trouble in getting him to go to church, out of late he has been going willingly, not only on Sundays, but on week-days. He never misses a service, and I

HOW WHEELS ARE MADE

THE PROCESS IS AN ELABORATE AND COSTLY ONE.

Many Bicycle Factories Have Sprung Into Existence in the Last Few Years. The Plant a Large One—Why Prices Have Not Declined to Any Extent.

There are several hundreds of thousands of bicycle riders in this country, and a majority of them have each paid something close to \$100 for his or her wheel, but not one in a thousand of them knows anything about the making of the wheel or the why and wherefore of its costing so much.

Just how the bicycle is made is a mighty interesting question if the process can be seen in one of the large factories, where great care is taken to turn out only absolutely perfect machines.

There are 126 good-sized wheel manufacturers in this country today, and it all the small concerns are considered 300 would about cover the total number. The total number of wheels turned out during 1895 would amount to 500,000. At an average cost of \$76 to the buyer, this means \$37,500,000; figures which show that the bicycle craze is a very substantial thing viewed in a monetary light.

Of course this does not cover the total expenditure of the nation in bicycling. There are a dozen or more little articles like lamps, repair tools, costumes and other accessories which would swell the total to \$50,000,000. Besides making millions of the manufacturers, this sum supports an industry which gives employment to thousands of breadwinners. The manufacturers are inclined to claim, however, that there is no great money in the making of wheels, and a tour of their shops combined with their arguments will almost make the novice believe that they are telling the truth.

Still the fact that the number of factories is constantly growing, and all seemingly prospering, for the failure of a bicycle concern is rarely heard of, is good proof that there is a mint of money in the business. Where there are 300 factories in the country today, there will probably be 450 at this time next year.

One of the reasons that the prices of wheels have not declined to any extent is the incessant race between the competing concerns to produce the strongest and at the same time the lightest machine. Here are some facts which will better explain the matter: All mechanical products have what is called the safety factor. Thus in the great high-pressure modern guns the safety factor is twenty, or, in other words, the gun is made twenty times stronger than the strain to be put upon it.

Ordinarily guns have a safety factor of ten; boilers have six, bridges five and other mechanical products about four. The bicycle of the old style weighed sixty pounds; the high grade machine of today weighs eighteen pounds and the safety factor has been reduced to 1.25.

With the narrow margin, the various parts of the bicycle must be absolutely perfect and capable of standing exactly their proportion of the whole strain. There are 500 parts in the bicycle, counting each spoke separately, and the 150 and odd miniature steel balls in the bearings. The rivets of the chain, the links, nuts and bolts number 138 separate pieces. The old saying of a chain being only as strong as its weakest link holds good in the bicycle.

Any little imperfection in any of its parts might cause an accident and do much to hurt the name of the maker. In one of the factories visited there was a machine which had been made expressly for the purpose of testing the various parts of the bicycle. This machine was kept in constant operation, and was about the hardest-worked thing in the place. As rapidly as the other machines turned out spokes, rims, sprockets, frames, etc., they were brought into the testing room. Each of these parts had to sustain a strain that had been figured out to a nicety. This machine could make a tension or compression of from a few ounces up to 100,000 pounds. When the full power was turned on its great jaws could tear apart a 10-11 bar of steel as easily as a child peels a banana.

Each spoke has to stand so many pounds, the frame must do the same, the rim, the chain, the sprockets, hub, the front fork, pedals, cranks, handle-bar and even the ball bearings must show that they are absolutely right. The coasting ability of a bicycle depends upon the "true" character of the bearings. To show how finely they are measured it will only be necessary to say that in one shop there is a machine which makes all the parts "true" down to one-tenth thousandth of an inch. This is getting bicycling down to a fine point, but the race for precedence among the big makers is fierce, and seemingly out of keeping with the general hilarity of the sport.

The plant of a big concern represents an outlay of \$600,000. Bicycle machinery is a comparatively new thing and it costs a great deal of money. Improved machinery is constantly being invented, and, as soon as its utility is proved, it is introduced in the plant of the big concerns. The old dealers say that the new men have a certain advantage over them because they can begin with the new machinery without tying up a lot of money in machines which the march of improvement has made useless.

Six hundred men is the usual number employed in the large factories. Some of these are now running twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four with two shifts of men, and turning out the parts of 100 bicycles a day. This, of course, is an exceptional case, but it goes to show what a big thing, in a commercial way, the bicycle has grown to be.

It takes thirty skilled mechanics, each

skilled in a different way, to turn out the complete bicycle, aided by the most improved machinery. The big machine shop is divided into a dozen different departments. In one of them spokes are cut out of the bars of steel. In another the steel tubing used in the frame is cut. The making of the rim is still another department in an interesting process. Sheets of steel four feet wide and twenty feet long are run into the cutter, which slices them up with nice accuracy into the required widths and lengths. Another machine curves each strip, and a third bends them into the required shape for attaching to the rubber tire. The ends are then grazed together. Castings have gone out of date for the fastening of joints, brazing being the method largely used now. When this has been done, holes are made for the spokes and then the rim passes on to the department where the spokes are adjusted.

The sprocket wheels are first cut in circular form out of sheets of steel, and then piled up in heaps of a dozen each. Another machine handles one of these heaps at a time, and it only takes a few seconds for its sharp teeth to make the notches on which the propelling chain works. When each part of a machine has been finished it usually passes into the polishing and nickel departments, and from there to the general assembly room. Here they are put together by experienced men, and from this room the completed machine appears. Everything is done with such mathematical accuracy that any of the parts will fit any machine turned out of the same grade and style. The woman's machine is a difficult thing for the maker to produce and keep up to date, for the reason that the improvements are being made at a rapid rate, as the needs of the woman bicyclist are better understood.

Saddles are turned out by the new machines at a terrific pace. One machine cuts the leather into assorted sizes, and these are passed into another machine, and when they come again into sight they are complete. The hub, washers, spoke nipples and all the other small parts are handled separately by skilled men. Outside rubber concerns usually make the rubber tires, but the mechanical parts are fitted in the bicycle shops. There are four mechanical contrivances in each tire, and these are put through the same careful test as the others.

After a visit to a few of these shops it is an easy matter to understand why bicycles are not cheaper than they are. There is a rare chance, however, that they may be cheaper, as a concern has just started with the intention of using seasoned hickory in place of the steel tubes now used in the frame work. This will make a light machine and will bring the price of a first-class bicycle down to \$10, providing, of course, that the scheme is feasible.

POWER IN FLIGHTS OF BIRDS.

Is Exemplified in the Case of Swallows, Humming Birds and Others.

How wonderful and beautiful is the power of flight, and yet from the smallest insect, that is tossed about by the gentle summer breeze to the great golden eagle that is capable of carrying a young lamb to his eyrie all are masters of the art. A large portion of the living animal world has wings and can use them. When watching a swallow's infinite power upon the wing one feels like rephrasing the cry of Richard III, "My kingdom for a horse," to "My kingdom for a pair of wings." Perhaps among our most common birds the swallows are the most graceful and skilful of flight. Before a rain along our country roads the barns and white-bellied swallows are always to be seen cutting the air in graceful curves, now skimming the roads, now rising abruptly to sail over the stone wall, and float out across some neighboring meadow. They love the sea and wing their way over its surface with marvellous skill.

The chimney-swallows surpasses in the power of endurance even the swallows. Uncanny birds they are, far more like bats. Their flight is not graceful as the swallows', but in a way more erratic. They rest only in the chimneys or hollow trees, even gathering the twigs for the construction of their nests while on the wing. Their life also is taken when on flight—in fact the chimney-swallows' life is spent in the heavens. "Perpetual motion" must be their motto, for but a few moments out of each twenty-four hours are spent at rest in the chimney's sooty depths. This opposite of the swallow's and the swift's flight, one may say, is that of the kingbird. Jerky, spasmodic, ungraceful, as it is in the extreme, and yet powerful; for the kingbird among crows certainly deserves his name. As all true Tyrannidae he is an expert fly-catcher, and is very dexterous and often absurd in pursuit, tumbling over himself in his burry catch some dainty insect.

The monotonous undulations of the gold-finch, each rise and fall in the flight accompanied by the notes which resemble "considerable," give the bird an original, if not a pleasing flight, and to me he brings to mind the two extremes of the season—summer undulating over the sunny meadows and in winter over the snowbound fields. When a robin crosses the sky so one can really see his flight, he is one of the few birds that look as if they really were going somewhere. Direct, even, and steady as the characteristics of the flight when really on the wing with some distant point in view. The erratic and wonderfully rapid flight of the humming birds is marvellous and the human eye can only vaguely follow their winding course; such strength of wing for so tiny a body seems almost incredible. Their migration southward from New England, extends to South America. The phoebe's flight is very like that of the kingbird's, and his tumbling when in pursuit of insects are almost identical, but his long flights do not denote such power, nor, I think, such rapidity. The wonderful feats of the carrier pigeons have become famous and the distance that they cover in a given time is hardly to be believed. Each downbeat of their wings looks as if they were flying in a denser atmosphere than air, so much power is shown. The bird's crazy movements in the evening twilight are absurd, full of plunges, turnings, twirls, radings and tumbles, and yet they seem

to know where they are going, and most certainly do. The movements of a hawk or eagle in the upper air are graceful and magnificent. What must the sensation be of sailing about so easily in the heavens? Rising and falling, sailing and gliding—diving down with frightful speed, and yet the whole body in perfect command. The osprey plunges into the sea and rises with a fish; how keen the eye that directs such swoops!—Boston Transcript.

A Lady Who Was Badly Deceived.

Unfortunately She is Unable to Obtain Redress.

A Warning to Thousands of Others.

When troubles gather thick and fast; when anxiety and alarm prevail in the home; when the faces of friends look sad; when death is even starting the victim in the face, it is cruel and heartless to deceive the helpless one.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Neary, of Port Williams, N. S., will ever remember her trials and tribulations with the vilest class of deceivers; and had death claimed her, they would have been morally responsible. 'Tis indeed a pity that the law does not reach such cases of deception.

Mrs. Neary, however, has good cause to rejoice, notwithstanding the fact that her life was in peril. While lying helpless in the midst of danger, she found what she had been looking for—a medicine that would bring relief and cure. After her many failures with deceptive pills, preparations and prescriptions, she heard of Paine's Celery Compound; she used it, and to-day a new woman.

Surely Mrs. Neary's experience is a strong and forcible warning to thousands who are now vainly trying to obtain health and new life from the various common medicines of our day.

Mrs. Neary's testimony regarding the powers and virtues of Paine's Celery Compound is strong and extremely encouraging for all sick and suffering men and women. Mrs. Neary writes as follows:—"I have much pleasure in testifying to the beneficial effects of Paine's Celery Compound. I suffered for about five years with chronic dyspepsia and weakness of the heart. I had tried several different medicines, but all to no purpose. No relief came until I used Paine's Celery Compound, which helped me at once, in fact it saved my life.

"I cannot recommend Paine's Celery Compound too highly, for I believe it to be the very best medicine ever prepared."

Worn and Meaningless Phrases Can be so Vitalized as to Charm.

Indulgence in social fibs grows apace into a habit. The conscience of the average person acquires these little subtleties of immorality, but the use of them renders social intercourse even more incinerate than it need be. Let a woman pause to think and she will be astonished when she takes to noting how many of these little fiblets she resorts to and without which she would do very well, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. There is that phrase "oh, no, I'm sure"—could anything be more foolish? Way miss the chance to make a hit by substituting for this idiosyncrasy an apparently sincere and grave "It will give me much pleasure." The phrase has at least the air of meaning something and of being originated for the occasion. Then there is "Quite well, I thank you," gabbed off in unhesitating response to an unheeded question. Try saying it as though it meant "Thank you for caring."

Sometimes the unexpected vitalizing of a worn and meaningless phrase on the lips of the one just introduced is what arrests the attention and gives an expression of individuality and sincerity before three sentences have been spoken. Often a serious and sincere reply to a gabbled catch remark will at once set the talk running along lines of interest. Try it! When he says to you, "Pleasant weather we are having," perhaps when it raining, in proof that he wasn't thinking of what he said, you can return gravely, "I like the rain, too," this with an air of unflinching and quite unaffected sincerity. And, behold! the topic of the weather, so threadbare, will be an interesting one inasmuch as it starts you to some sort of argument and exchange of opinions, instead of empty phrases.

The not-at-home fib is one that is difficult to avoid at times. It is often the general way of denying one's audience, for the disappointed visitor is left the option of believing circumstances and not your un-

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THE RIBBON GONE FOREVER DISCARDED THROUGH AN A.W.P.

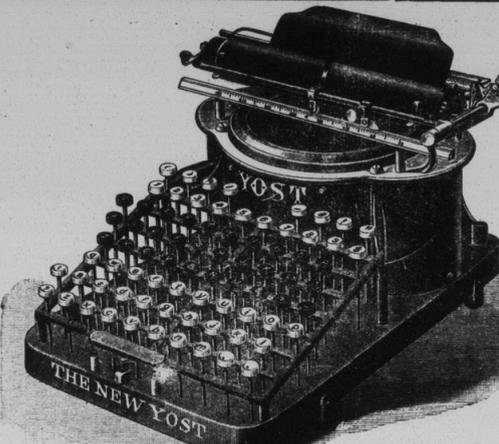
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Design, Workmanship, Principles, Results.

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UNEQUALLED IN

Construction, Beauty of Work, Alignment, Speed, Clearness of Letter Press Copies

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YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

ALL KINDS OF TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents

Messrs. R. Ward Thors, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown; F. E. L. Dr. W. E. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office of Sydney, N. S.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; S. C. Chase, Barrill & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Charlton Ketchum, Woodstock, N. B.; F. J. Gogan, Folter, N. B.; H. F. McLatche, Campbellton, N. B.; R. B. Murray, Springhill, N. S.

willingness prevents an interview; but many times a candid excuse sent to a friend would meet the case much better. Let the maid say, "Mrs. S.—is so sorry, but she is ill to see any one to-day, and hopes you will call again soon," or something like that.

"I beg your pardon," is another phrase too really pretty to be spoiled by careless use. Don't fire it off on every occasion, and when you are really sorry about something say so. "I beg your pardon," said with moving sincerity, is absolutely startling, just because of its hackneyed use. She is a wise girl who takes to studying phrases and sets herself to give new life to them in her usage. She will find her social career advanced wonderfully without extraordinary wit or beauty to help.

Wedded in American Style. The first wedding of Celestials after the American fashion that ever occurred in Chivatown, San Francisco, was celebrated a few days ago. The bride-groom was Fong You, a wealthy merchant, and his bride was Soon Fong. The only oriental feature of the wedding was the costume of the principals and many of the guests. The bride was gorgeous in brocaded silk and gold embroidery. The wedding was in the groom's house, and every detail of the ceremony was after the most ultra-fashionable American style.

The Reason why. Bigley—There goes a man whose hair turned perfectly white in a single month. Tagley—Some great sorrow? Bigley—Nop. He stopped dyeing.

She was too precious. She—Have you ever loved another? He—Yes, of course. Did you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?



BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS CURES DYSPEPSIA, BAD BLOOD, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS. B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common people to the most scrupulous one. BURDOCK PILLS act gently yet thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

How Foolish You are

to make up costumes with perishable interlining

Fibre Chamois

will not only give the stylish suit you desire, but will keep your shirt and sleeves in their original graceful outline till the garment is threadbare. It is so easy to get the damage when the dampness will not injure its stiffness. But don't expect these good qualities in imitations. Find the red label with the name and number on every yard of Genuine Fibre Chamois. No. 10 is the light weight, No. 20 the medium, No. 30 the heavy.

In Black, Brown, Slate and Cream. All Fast Colors.



CAREFULLY MADE

from pure Castile, delicately perfumed,

BABY'S OWN SOAP

is the best and most agreeable Soap you can buy for either Toilet or Nursery.

N. B.—A standard make and a ready seller, Baby's Own Soap gives but a small profit to retailers. DON'T ALLOW them to sell you an inferior brand on which they make more profit.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Manufacturers, MONTREAL.

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THE PRODUCT OF... 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE. The Handsomest and Best Working Cooking Apparatus ever made in Canada. No guessing as to heat of oven. Thermometer in door shows it exactly. Every cook will appreciate this feature. Oven ventilated and cemented top and bottom, ensuring even cooking. THE McCLARY Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER. If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

A Pure White Soap.

Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes. It leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

Sea Foam It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE. BY BRIDGE SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

It is a self-evident fact that we cannot all be slender and graceful, and even those amongst us who are, cannot manage to remain so, indefinitely. Flesh is a thing which has a most inconvenient way of distributing itself as it is almost certain to settle just where it is least desired, and where it will look the very worst. No woman however sylphlike her form, ever objects to growing a little stouter when that means a lovely neck and arms, and a perfect bust; but unfortunately these advantages are sure to be counterbalanced by a deposit of fat about the waist and hips, which go far towards marring her figure, and further still towards ruining her temper. Perhaps it may sound like exaggeration to say so, but I do not know of anything more calculated to sour a woman who has always taken an innocent pride in her trim figure, than the sudden discovery that she is growing stout, and soon expect to develop into her special horror, a fat woman.

It is not so bad at first, because her friends congratulate her on the improvement, and envy the soft curves which have replaced her two meager out lines, and she is naturally pleased. But by and by, when her husband or her brothers begin to tease her about her weight in the specially aggravating manner that only "our own" can use; and old friends who have not seen her for two or three years remark—"How fleshy you have grown! Why I scarcely know you!" the aspect of affairs begins to change wonderfully, and the victim of too much flesh is apt to take a gloomy view of life, and make herself and her relatives very miserable.

Sometimes she suffers from too much flesh she seeks relief in the various "Anti-Fat" preparations so liberally advertised; and then her troubles have indeed begun, and she is liable to end perhaps with her former slender figure, a ruined digestive apparatus and broken health, as well.

The fact that so many different medicines for reducing flesh, are made and sold, shows that excess of flesh is a common ailment, far more common than it used to be, and statistics carry out this inference, as I believe corpulence, especially amongst women, is very largely on the increase in America, and also in Canada. It is impossible to go anywhere without noticing that the fat woman seems to be everywhere, and as she takes up twice the amount of room that her more slender sisters, the public should be quite as much interested in the best method of reducing this too large majority, as the stout woman herself.

There are remedies which are not only efficacious but perfectly harmless. But these methods all require time, persistence and a greater amount of patience than most women possess, together with a knowledge of the cause of obesity, in order to apply the remedies intelligently.

One of the commonest causes of a too great accumulation of fat, is lack of exercise of the proper kind, combined with too much of what is called "fuel food" that is to say of heavy and heating food. Unfortunately there is no royal road to slenderness, we grow stout almost imperceptibly, and we must get rid of our extra flesh in the same manner. Some women seem to think that all they need in order to regain their girlish proportions, is violent exercise, such as walking or cycling; but this is a great mistake, as the exercise required to reduce flesh is the kind which brings into play a certain set of muscles which are the least used, and where, in consequence the adipose tissue has collected. These almost invariably consist of the abdominal muscles which are scarcely used at all in walking; and consequently it is towards these muscles that special attention must be directed.

It is scarcely necessary to say that exercises of these muscles should begin with the simplest, and most gentle motions, otherwise the results will be most disastrous to the health of the subject.

Exercises should not be taken within an hour after light meals, or two hours after heavy ones, and the best time is just before going to bed, as there is then nothing to interrupt the circulation; but just before the midday meal, is also an excellent time for practice. The clothing worn during the exercises should be of the lightest, and loosest.

The fish-redding movements should begin at the extremities, and the overburdened trunk muscles be approached in a very guarded manner.

The following is a safe, and simple formula of exercises for any stout woman to pursue.

First, is simple respiration exercise consisting of standing with chest well raised; raise the arms slowly during inhalation until they are shoulder high and in plane with the shoulder blades; lower during exhalation, and repeat ten times.

The second movement is a shoulder blade and arm exercise. Raise the arms shoulder high still in plane with the shoulder blades; and from this position rotate the arms by turning palms upward. Make this movement resistive by using the shoulder muscles with vigor but not too rapidly. Repeat this also ten times.

The third is a foot movement, and consists of walking slowly forward on the toes, with the chest well raised; pause between steps until a good balance is attained.

Fourth—stand with the feet far apart; place the hands upon the hips with the thumbs spread backward. Bent slowly forward from the hips keeping the face raised in the usual position. Make the hands as far as possible, while keeping the spinal muscles tense. Hold this posture for four or five heart beats. Repeat five times, and increase at discretion to twelve.

This concludes the exercises for the extremities, after which the movements may be localized to the abdominal muscles.

The fifth exercise is a repetition of the first respiratory one. For the sixth, assume a recumbent posture; place the hands behind the neck with the finger tips touching, and the elbows resting on the floor. Extend the feet, and raise slowly until nearly three feet from the floor; hold in this position for four or five heart beats and slowly sink to its former position, taking care that the motion is really slow, and the feet not allowed to drop suddenly. Repeat eight times. When this has been persistently practised for weeks, it may be made more vigorous by increasing the number of times the motions are repeated, or a slightly different motion may be substituted. For this, raise the same distance and carry it slowly outward, and downward, after doing this twice rest a few minutes and repeat. It is not safe to raise both legs at the same time, until the muscles have been prepared by simple exercises, and it should never be attempted by a beginner even one in the most perfect health while it would be likely to prove disastrous to anyone with light, or abnormal heart action.

The seventh position for exercise is far from being an elegant one, but I am afraid it is necessary all the same. Assume a sitting position astride a chair the face to the back of the chair, and the toes looked around the chair legs to keep firmly braced; the hands on the hips, thumbs to the back. From this position twist the body from side to side slowly but vigorously, breathing freely meanwhile. Repeat this also eight times.

For the eighth exercise, the same recumbent position as in the sixth, is required; bend, or extend the ankles ten times holding each position for three or four heart-beats.

The ninth exercise merely consists of retaining the same recumbent posture and breathing deeply to give the chest and abdominal muscles full play. These exercises may seem almost too trivial to be of any benefit, but, as I said before, the greatest care is necessary at first and when once the muscles become hardened to the work more violent motion can be safely undertaken. But the above are safe for all women and sufficient also.

I really believe the day has come at last when woman can literally follow that excellent piece of advice—"Put your money in your pocket." For a long time she has been contented to put it anywhere else, mislay it frequently, and when out of doors carry it held at arm's length in her purse as an invitation to anything that comes along. But this is changed now, and it is stated with authority that the real tailor-made suit—the one made by a tailor—contains no less than seven fully developed pockets.

Naturally everyone will be anxious to know just where these convenient receptacles are placed, so as to be within reach, without interfering with the fit or hang of the gown. Well, they are distributed after this manner; two for the skirt four for the outer coat, and one for the bodice of the suit. All these pockets but one, are made of solid twilled silena with double seams, the exception being a small V shaped pocket let into the right hand back seam of the skirt just within convenient reach of the right hand. This is meant to hold a handkerchief only, since it is the one place where the square of cambric can be kept in safety, and so that it will not be soiled by the lines of a well made and properly fitting gown out of shape. It is usually made of the same material as the skirt, to be as inconspicuous as possible.

The second important pocket is in the front of the skirt, and placed just at the angle and depth of the right hand pocket of a man's trousers. The top buttons over, or not, just as the customer prefers. Its special mission is to hold a lizard skin pocket book, or a little purse for car-fare, bunch of keys, or the new pocket rings women are using now, on which are hung a knife, glove buttoner, pencil, bachelorette pin-cushion, and memorandum book.

The belt buckle is a feature of all stylish costumes with which a belt can possibly be worn. It comes in all manner of designs, but a filigree of sterling silver in a graceful design, is perhaps the favorite, and then come enamel. The latest design amongst the pretty, but not too expensive buckles, is of filigree silver set with imitation tourmaline. The real stone is much more expensive than it used to be, hence the imitation. Such a buckle fastening a belt of white silk is very fetching indeed. Filigree silver is also much used in combination with enamel. One new buckle displays a deep blue enamel heart framed in filigree silver, and of course when one comes to those triumphs of art in which the jeweller has allowed his fancy full sway without regard to expense, the designs are dreams of beauty and luxury. Many of them consist of enamelled flowers studded with gems. One, which was considered handsome enough for an engagement present (to a New York belle, represented a wild rose in pink enamel, with natural looking curled petals glistening with diamond dew drops. This exquisite flower was attached to a ball of pale pink silk. Belt buckles of yellow gold twisted into the form of a coiled snake, with eyes of precious stones, are also amongst the choicest examples of the goldsmith's art.

Of course there must be something novel in the shape of belts to go with these smart buckles, and one very novel one is of tan suede, with a clasp composed of a large initial letter in silver, gold, or oxidized metal. Another new, though attractive design is an exact imitation of a green lizard the head of which forms the clasp.

Some very odd combinations of color are seen this season. Few people would think of venturing to dye all chromatic laws by attempting to extract harmony from such a combination as dark blue, and pale violet, but this was one of the combinations in a New York dress recently. The skirt was of blue silk with the front gores flowing open at the foot; forming inserted box plaits, and closed on the hips with jet passanterie. The blouse bodice was also of blue silk covered with black net striped with fine jet gimp. The waistband was also formed of silk covered in the same way. Enormous puffs reaching to the elbow composed the sleeves, over which flared deep fan-like pieces of violet velvet. The violet velvet also appeared in the collar, and in a sash which held the fullness of the bodice in place just below the bust.

Amongst the useful and durable dresses for mountain wear, yachting, and outing generally, navy blue serge is as usual well to the front? Somehow it never seems to go out of fashion, and now there are some very pretty combinations of color used, to brighten these costumes.

A pale cream color and white, are contrasts frequently employed in trimming them. Perhaps the largest number are made up with the short, jaunty coat so popular this season, but there are plenty of exceptions showing both close fitting bodices, and blouse waists, the former made with a box plait down the back, and a full, soft vest of white lawn trimmed with lace.

The butter colored lace, and the yellow it is the better, forms an odd and pretty contrast with the sheer white dotted or plain muslin it is used to trim.

Gray linen is a very favorite material for summer wear, partly because it is serviceable, but more I fancy because it is fashionable. A pretty gray linen gown worn by a blonde recently had a plain, but very full skirt, the bodice was plain and tight fitting in the back, and a belt of white moire fastened it closely at the waist. A collar and cuffs of thin white lawn, a white sailor hat, and a white parasol finished a cool, and dainty looking costume. Another striking linen gown was black, with a white muslin collar dotted and edged with black embroidery. Of course it looked very much like half mourning and I am doubtful about its washing capacity, but then it was distinguished looking and stylish, and that is everything in these days.

Household Helps.

There are two things which the mistress of a house should never be without; these are cement for glass or china, and strong paste, which can be made at home as follows: Make a pint of flour paste in the ordinary way, and while hot stir in thirty grains of corrosive sublimate which has been rolled to a fine powder. This will keep any length of time if well covered; it is poisonous, and must be kept away from children. This answers well for mending wall-paper, while for broken china the following is an easily-made cement: Dissolve an ounce of gum-arabic in as much boiling water as it will absorb, then beat it up with plaster of Paris to form a thick cream. Applied with a brush it is most effectual in cementing broken pieces of china or glass.

Do you know that a handful of screw-eyes, assorted sizes, are worth their weight in silver for kitchen use? Try screwing one into the end of your bread board and your ironing board, your brushes, brooms and other cloth set. Put one at each end of your kitchen wall, on ironing day stretch a stout cord between and iron what a convenient place you have to air your clothes. When the wooden handle comes out of your favorite saucepan lid, do you know that a screw-eye screwed into a cork on the inside makes an admirable substitute? —Women's Era.

Gowns for a Fete.

A pretty gown for a fete is of dotted Swiss in a pale soft blue shade. A huge collar is edged with butter colored valencienne and the sleeves are draped and very large. Yellow satin ribbon, a creamy butter color to match the lace, forms bretelles and is around the waist; there is a broad belt of the ribbon which flutters loops at the back finish the gown. White gloves to the elbow, a white chiffon parasol and a chiffon hat trimmed with pale satin butternuts add the finishing touches.

For Women to Know.

That cran cheese, home-made currant jelly and fresh unseasoned water crackers are fashionably and most acceptably served with crisp lettuce leaves with a French dressing. The combination of flavors is to many tastes a very pleasant one.

That new gloves should never be put on hastily, nor while the hands are very warm and moist.

That the custom of writing "present," "addressed," "kindness of" and "favored by" on letters sent by private messengers is said to be going out of fashion. The name of the person, the street and number are now all that is usually written.

That the best kind of laundry aprons is made of rubber cloth, or of blue or brown denim. The former is to be preferred because it best protects the dress against a wetting.

That mildew may be removed in the following manner: First by brushing off any loose mildew, then rubbing in common salt, afterwards sprinkling liberally with powdered chalk and moistening with clean, cold water. After this dry slowly in the open air, rinse, and if the marks are still there repeat the process. It may be necessary to do this several times, but in the end the spots will be removed.

That when anything has been spilled on the stove or milk has boiled over and a sud-docking smoke arises it may be dispelled by sprinkling the spot with salt.

That little bags of orris powder are considered among the daintiest devices for perfuming bed linen and underclothing, and are more popular just now than lavender in the most luxurious houses.

That if one wears old, loose kid gloves while ironing they will save many callous spots on the hands.

That tincture of myrrh dropped into the water is an excellent wash for the mouth and throat; the proper proportions are ten drops of myrrh to a glass of water.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THIS WEEK WE OFFER

**400 Pairs of Misses' Fine Kid Button BOOTS,**

Regular Price, **2.50,**  
Price for this Lot, **1.48.**

This is another line of J. & T. Bell's whose entire stock we purchased at a large discount and is one of many we intend offering at less than manufacturers cost.

**WATERBURY & RISING.**

61 King,  
212 Union.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

**Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA**

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.  
Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

**R.I.P.A.N.S**

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

**"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex"**

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four table-spoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists.  
Prepared by the  
A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,  
136 St. Lawrence Main St.,  
Montreal.  
Price 75 cents.

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**

On and after MONDAY, the 24th June, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**

Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Pictou and Halifax.....	7.0
Accommodation for P. du Chene.....	10.1
Express for Halifax.....	10.1
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	10.1
Express for Sussex.....	10.1
Express for St. John and Montreal.....	10.1

A Pullman Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.0 o'clock and Halifax at 7.0 o'clock.

Half Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.10 and Halifax at 18.40 o'clock.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted).....	5.00
Through express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....	8.00
Express from Sussex.....	8.30
Accommodation from P. du Chene.....	11.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....	15.00
Sleeping car passengers from Sydney and Halifax by train arriving at St. John at 5.00 o'clock will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7.00 o'clock the morning of arrival.	

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are headed by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.  
Railway Office,  
Moncton, N. B., 20th June, 1895.

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AS TO CHOLERA THIS YEAR.

It Exists in Many Countries, But will Not be in America This Season.

For another year this country may be regarded as safe against the cholera, says a New York paper. Up to the opening of the month of August it had not appeared in any country of western Europe, and the autumnal weather will prevent it from approaching the European ports with which New York is in communication. The Health Officer of the port, who made all preparations early in the spring for dealing with immigrants bound either from the infected districts of Russia, believes that any danger which might thus be incurred has fled away, and, though the Jewish Russians are yet closely inspected upon their arrival at Quarantine, the inspection is rather for general sanitary purposes than for any apprehension of the cholera. Advice upon the subject have been received from all over the world by the authorities of the Marine Hospital service, and Dr. Wyman believes that it there ever was any ground for fear, there is not now the least. Dr. Roger S. Tracy of the City Health Department, when interviewed by a reporter, gave it as his opinion that there will never again be a cholera scare here like that of 1893, and that there is safety for the city so long as sanitary laws are well enforced and wholesome water is abundantly supplied. Even if a few infected immigrants were to reach Quarantine, there would be hardly any danger of the disease becoming epidemic, for the means of stamping it out are at the command of the governing powers. The health authorities of Germany, France and England are now confident of their ability to deal with it promptly and successfully. The Germans have this year had experiences even more satisfactory than those of last year, and have been able to guard their country by methods as scientific as they are easily applied. During the present year, and up to this time, cholera has existed in European Russia, Arabia, India, China, and Japan. It is unfortunate that trustworthy statistics concerning it cannot be obtained from Russia, or from any of the other countries in which it exists, with the exception of Japan. It ravaged several of the western Russian provinces last summer; it did not entirely disappear last winter, and it has been epidemic since the early spring season. During the month of July it has prevailed largely near the territory of Austria, and also, to some extent, in the Viennese provinces, on the confines of Prussia. It is said to be of an unusually malignant type, and its victims are speedily carried off. In order to keep it out of Germany, the Berlin Government has established a "sanitary cordon" along the frontier, and all travelers from Russia are again this year, as they were last year, subjected to a most rigorous inspection. Austria also has made some provisions for guarding the border, but it is much less complete than that made by Germany, and there has been many cases of the disease in Galicia and Bukovina. The cholera appeared in Arabia, on the borders of the Red Sea, early in the spring, brought there, as in other years, by the Mohammedan pilgrims from India to Mecca. Alarming accounts of its fatality were sent out in the spring months and up to June, but nothing has been heard of it for some weeks, and its ravages have doubtless been allayed. All the efforts made during the past two years by the International Sanitary Commission to induce Turkey to adopt the precautionary measures by which its backward power might be checked have been unsuccessful. From that part of India in which the cholera is nearly always epidemic there have been reports this year similar to those of other years. The permanent headquarters of it are in the valley of the Ganges, and it is from there that its infection is carried into other countries. It is only from the British East Indian records that any knowledge of the number of cases of it can be obtained. There can be merely guesses as to the extent to which the disease prevails in China. In the despatches there are occasional references to its existence in the Liao-Tong peninsula and in the Kingdom of Corea, and there is every reason to believe that it has been very destructive in these regions. It was by the Japanese soldiers returning home from the Liao-Tong peninsula that it was introduced into Japan a few months ago. From the trustworthy statistics that are kept by the Japanese authorities, it is learned that up to the close of July there had been 3,500 cases of the disease in Japan, more than one-half of which had proved fatal. This fatality may be regarded as part of the price paid by Japan for her victory over the Chinese, but the price was greater yet, for many of the Japanese soldiers who are yet in China have fallen under the disease. It has recently been epidemic over a large part of the Japanese empire. In some other countries besides those here mentioned, including Mexico and Cuba, there have been cases of cholera during the year, but it has not been epidemic in any of them. It has been estimated by good authorities that the average yearly number of deaths from cholera world over is close upon a quarter of a million. It is now known that in Russia alone last year there were nearly 100,000 cases of the disease, about 45 per cent of which proved fatal, but the ravages of the disease among the Russians are light as compared with that among Asiatics. Very likely it has been as widely prevalent in western Russia, eastern Austria, and Turkey this year as it was last year. The Governments of these countries do not desire that the accurate statistics of it shall be published, and the official reports given therefrom to the world are always wide of the true mark. Business and professional men who suffer from tired exhausted feelings consequent upon mental effort will find in Hovey's "Sarsaparilla" and stomach tonic a sure conservator of the vital energies, relieving brain life, restoring vigor and energy and muscular vigor, renewing the blood, restoring lost appetite and aiding digestion. "I have spent thousands of dollars and been in the best hospitals of France and America, and the most for calabar," said a gentleman recently, "and have never received so much genuine relief as I have from a twenty-five cent bottle of Hovey's Sarsaparilla Cure. To correct a sour stomach, or cure a sick headache, Hovey's liver pills are without an equal."

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RIPPED BY A SWORDFISH. Sport for Hardy Fishermen on the Margin of the Gulf Stream. Not many days ago the mackerel fishing schooner Centennial of Gloucester scraped a costly and curious acquaintance with a huge swordfish in the waters of Cox's Ledge at the southeast end of the island. Mackerel were running lively and the Centennial's crew had done a great day's work harvesting plump, striped beauties by the acre with its mammoth 81,000 ocean seine. At night the vessel was hove to, with her big seine boat, bearing the net, attached to the schooner and running free astern. The tired sailors slept soundly. None heard any unusual uproar in the night, not even the bow watchman, peering dead ahead through sea mists. At daylight, however, he noted that the heavy seine boat had been capized, and that it lurched weightily on its thick towing line. He piped all hands on deck. Great was the regret and concern of all, for the valuable seine the mainstay of their industry had gone aboard and was evidently lost. Gloomily, but quickly, the sailors rigged the boat and then they discovered that a swordfish had charged the boat and had driven his serrated saber plumb through its stout side. So terrific, indeed, had been his onset, that, apparently, he had flung that boat squarely out of the sea, twirling it in the air, like a shuttlecock, and it had come down bottom up and was partly submerged. The bottom of the boat is of solid planking, but the swordfish had driven his sword through it as easily, it seemed, as if it had been of paper. But after he had delivered the thrust the fish had been unable to withdraw his blade, hence with a mighty wrench he had shaken himself free from the craft, but his sword was broken. The point solidly fixed in plank and sheathing, protruded more than six inches above the bottom of the craft. The Centennial crew, of course, had no idea they would ever set their eyes on the lost seine again, yet not more than thirty minutes later the schooner Spectator, which had been fishing on the same grounds the previous day, hailed them, saying they had just picked up the Centennial's net. It was so badly torn, however, having been sliced in a score of places by the swordfish's jagged blade, that the Centennial fishermen started for Gloucester to have it repaired. In the past five seasons two fishermen of Block Island waters have been mortally injured, and half a dozen others severely hurt by wounded sword fish, whose blades were driven through their cockle shells with the speed of a rifle shot. In one instance the sword went through the bottom of the boat—the crew did not even know that the monster was approaching them—slid through its middle seat of plank as easily as if it was a pasteboard, and was buried more than two feet in the body of an unhappy seaman. The man survived his frightful wound for only a few hours. In two other instances in Block Island waters swordfish have even attacked fishing schooners and smacks, and driven their sabers straight through planking three inches thick, the sword each time sharply broken, and the fragments remained so tightly imbedded in the opening it had made that no water leaked into the vessel. The swordfish season in these waters has been a wonderfully fine one. Big fellows have been harpooned in the past month in waters not more than ten or fifteen miles from the southeast end of the island, and the greatest fishing is done along the margin of the gulf stream, thirty to forty miles southeast of here. In fact, swordfishing, thrilling and dangerous sport though it is, is a prime diversion of visitors to Block Island. There are not fewer than a dozen regular swordfishing boats here, whose owners earn a good living, and besides the sailing craft the trim steam yacht Ocean View cruises all the time on the swordfish grounds. A dozen more active swordfishermen hail from Rhode Island and Connecticut seaports, notably a little fleet from Stonington and Noank hamlet.—N. Y. Paper.

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THE MISSING CARD. Cook Swallowed It with A Chew of Tobacco and Won the Money. When Denver was but a small place it was the rendezvous for many skilled players says the Philadelphia Times. There was a banker there at that time by the name of Cook who had an abundance of cash and who could handle the cards like an expert. Jerome B. Chaffee, at one time United States Senator from Colorado, with two or three others who used to play with Cook a great deal, concocted a little scheme by which they figured they could have a great deal of fun at Cook's expense, and at the same time get a champagne supper out of him. So Chaffee and his companions, who had plenty of money, and who had suffered financially by being caught in a good many jackpots that Cook had opened, arranged among themselves that the very next time they played with Cook they would show him a truce he would not forget in a hurry. The scheme was to open a pot, and if Cook stayed, to deal him enough cards to make six in all, and if he stayed on a pair he was to get four aces; then when the pot had reached a goodly size to call him, make him show his six cards, have the laugh at his expense, and after giving him back his money out of the pot, make him set up the champagne. It generally made Cook very mad to lose a pot of any considerable size, and they knew they made this a large one his wrath would know no bounds. The day at last arrived, when they were all together in Cook's office and Chaffee suggested a game of poker to while away the afternoon, which was a stormy one, Cook readily assented, little dreaming of the good time that was to be had at his expense. The cards were dealt and several hands played around, when at last Chaffee opened a jackpot on three kings. Cook played on a pair of jacks and called for three cards. He got four aces. It then dawned upon him that at something must be up, but he did not quite grasp the situation. Chaffee called for two cards and bet the limit. Cook raised him, and they had it back and forth. The others dropped out after several rounds just to swell the pot. The betting continued until at last there was an even \$10,000 in the pot, when Chaffee called him and made him show down his cards. Cook threw four aces and a jack on the table and started to rake in the pot. The one who had dealt objected, stating that he saw Cook have six cards in his hand. The others at once insisted that they had him have six cards. "Prove it, then," cried Cook. "I did not deal; you dealt, and if you gave me six cards, where are they?" Chaffee and his companions at once inaugurated the most rigid search for the missing jack. They looked under tables, in drawers—everywhere a card could possibly get. They made Cook dinoboo, which he did without objection, and subjected him to the most rigid examination, but the card could not possibly be found anywhere. This was a stunner. Cook had not even moved during the game and they were sure of the six cards, but where was the other Jack? At all events it was not to be found, and Cook asserted that he had but five cards and expressed the greatest indignation at their doubts, and hung on to the money like grim death. To say the would-be jokers were crestfallen would be putting it mildly. It was not so funny as they figured it would be. They went out and gave vent to their feelings by first swearing and then laughing at the way Cook had turned the tables on them. Cook, as he used to relate afterward with great glee, got the six cards all right, but under cover of taking a chew of fine cut tobacco of which he was very fond, got the extra jack in his mouth, chewed it to a pulp and swallowed it, tobacco and all. He said he guessed he could risk swallowing a chew of tobacco and a little pasteboard for \$10,000, even if it did make him sick. At any rate he thought the other fellows were sicker than he was.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla. CURED BY TAKING. "I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as Free from Eruptions as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cal-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

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Glycerine. Having just purchased 10 Tons we can offer low. The market is advancing and now is the time to buy. We will book orders for October delivery.

EVANS & SONS, Montreal and Toronto. EPILEPSY. Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. ROSCOE, 35 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

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OLIVE... This... further... ing is... crow's... West... spring... had th... and be... carried... His att... many r... of gra... bird to... the fr... ad... until... him, he... two in... three-q... record... to Bal... were of... to the... as show... as noth... low... him by... him. M... come w... Mr. Ar... to the... served... Oliver... ing eye... seeme... kindly... reply, a... head lo... know... more th... of all... ceived... crows... up and... More in... bowing... y poli... season... For the... dressed... the wo... But re... time O... but wit... even to... salutatio... outstre... and un... "Hu... Then... intellige... time... he for... was be... he rep... progress... those d... titie so... greedy... the dis... waiting... proper... good m... ter hab... the bir... the pus... don't!"... Now... young... be... self... this w... master... the gro... run at... had sho... product... where... abound... ed out... mens o... every... Olive... to walk... to catch... and wit... "No... this O... liberty... made to... what fo... "No, y... As h... fortune... that wo... and say... in the... yards... where... proud... Oliver... gait peo... people... litter a... in, an... And so... old bo... the tow... Then... disapp... and was... disapp... some c... bed's r... served d...

OLIVER IS A WISE CROW.

STRANGE TO SAY HE IS ABLE TO TALK LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

This remarkable bird is the wonder of a town in Massachusetts—He is bigger and handsomer than the average crow and has bright ideas.

This story of a crow that can talk, and furthermore seems to know what it is saying is told by the New York Sun. The crow's name is Oliver, and his home is in Westfield, Mass. Three years ago last spring a citizen of the town, Mr. Arnold, had the fortune to capture a baby crow, and being something of a bird fancier he carried it home and raised it by hand. His attentions to the bird included a good many remarks as well as a liberal supply of grain, meat, and table refuse.

The results of good and abundant food, as shown in his physical development, are as nothing when compared with what followed his attention to Mr. Arnold called him by name whenever he went to feed him. Naturally Oliver soon learned to come when called. When the bird came Mr. Arnold always said "Hello" to him. The bird at first did not pay any attention to the salutation, but eventually it was observed that when Mr. Arnold said "Hello" Oliver cocked his head, and with a knowing eye gazed at his master. Next Oliver seemed to understand that "Hello" was a kindly greeting that merited some sort of reply, and so at the sound he bowed his head low, elevated his wings slightly, and uttered up and down. To the man who knows crows this action of the bird means more than it does to others. It shows first of all that the bird had very properly received a masculine name. The female crows do not bow their heads and tetter up and down under any circumstances.

More interesting still was the fact that this bowing and tettering is done among male crows only when they wish to be extremely polite—that is to say, in the nuptial season when they are striving to win mates. For the crow to bow and tetter when addressed was to prove that he understood the word as a salutation. But pleasing as this was things more remarkable followed. One day at meal time Oliver not only came at the call, but without giving Mr. Arnold a chance even to pucker his mouth for the usual salutation he began to bow and tetter with outstretched wings, and said distinctly and unmistakably: "Hello-o!"

Then he said it again, looking up intelligently the while, and then a third time. Mr. Arnold was so astonished that he forgot to reply to the salutation. It was because Oliver wanted a reply that he repeated the word, as afterward appeared. Having mastered one word, progress to a sentence was rapid. In those days of youth Oliver had an appetite so voracious that he was guilty of the greedy habit of trying to grab food from the dish in which it was brought without waiting for it to be transferred into the proper receptacle. Mr. Arnold, like a good master, desired to teach Oliver better habits at the table, and not only pushed the bird from the food, but also said as he pushed: "No, you don't! No, you don't!"

No goodness had so firm a grip on young Oliver that he learned the remark before he learned to behave himself properly. He proved it in this way: On a certain occasion his master desired to pick him up from the ground. Oliver was then allowed to run at large with wings unclipped, for he had shown a disposition, from his first introduction to civilized victuals, to remain where cooked meat and boiled potatoes abounded rather than return to the sprouted oats and wringing entomological specimens on which he had formerly lived. Like everybody else born in Massachusetts, Oliver found the paths of liberty pleasant to walk upon, and when Mr. Arnold strove to catch him Oliver skipped beyond reach and with a curious jerk of his head said: "No, you don't!" And from that day to this Oliver has not only preserved his liberty by skipping whenever an attempt is made to catch him, but he also says, in what folks believe to be an angry voice: "No, you don't!"

As has often happened in Massachusetts, fortune came to Oliver with fame. A bird that would bow politely when addressed, and say "hello!" became a welcome guest in the yard of the neighbors. Very nice yards, by the way, are to be found everywhere in Westfield, for the people are proud of the beauty of their town. When Oliver came walking with the ploughman's gait peculiar to crows across the lawn the people took the chances of his making a litter and tossed various kinds of food for him, and strove to make much of him. And so it happened that Oliver forsook his old home and became a citizen at large of the town.

Then a new freak was noticed. Oliver disappeared every day soon after nightfall and was seen no more until daylight. His disappearance having attracted attention some curious people strove to find the bird's roost, but to this day it has never been discovered. Another peculiarly observed as winter came was that Oliver was

going to brave the cold weather. The ordinary crows migrate from Westfield, but with a well-filled stomach under his glossy winter suit Oliver cared not a cent for meteorological reports, no matter whence they came. Moreover, it appeared that Oliver's fortune and education had effected his character remarkably in one of the distinguishing traits of crows. Crows are gregarious. Everybody has seen them in flocks of fifty and a hundred, and some people think they have seen a thousand at once on a pleasant fall day just before migration. But Oliver had developed under good fare and education just as Bostonese develop. He became exclusive. Wild crows might come to town and alight in the abundant shade trees of the street and lawn, but Oliver would have none of them. They might say in the crow language that a cyclonic area had been noted in the North West and that this would be followed by variable winds, a rapidly falling temperature, and occasional snow squalls, but Oliver either listened with a stony glare in his eye or made some remark that was certain to impress upon the savages the fact that a great social rift lay between him and them, and that he certainly would not cross it. Some citizens will tell the traveller that Oliver also made a reply that his new-found friends of the unfeathered biped race could understand. They say he replied when wild crows cawed, "I don't care." But this is an exaggeration. He did, indeed, learn to say the words at about the time of crow migration, but the soberer relations of the story of Oliver say he was never known to use words to any human beings.

As spring came on, when Oliver would be one year old and the wax days that bring the first of the migrators were at hand, the knowing ones said that there were influences in spring sunshine that would melt the Boston ice that had gathered about Oliver's heart and made him exclusive. It was all very well to live in town and live high and ignore poor relations in the fall; but when spring came even a Bostonese crow would find something attractive in the voice of a lady crow calling from a distant hillside, and while Oliver might not forsake the town he was likely to take an outing. And when on an excursion he meets the most exclusive society young men he has been known to flirt with milkmaids. That any attentions Oliver might pay to a lady crow would receive immediate and kindly attention none doubted, for had not Oliver a spread of wings almost two inches greater than any crow the books tell of, and was not his tail three-quarters of an inch longer and the gloss of all his plumage irreproachable and his politeness simply perfection? Certainly Oliver would get married and rear a family of young crows with marvelous intellects, the prophets said. But, alas! for all these speculations. The sunny days when the melting of the snow bared the southern slopes came on apace. The crow family came with them and gathered on the bare slopes to hunt for the early grasshopper and the last fall's larvae. And they sat on leafless tree tops, the males on one limb and the females on another, and the males bowed and spread their wings and tettered. Oliver saw all this and the others saw Oliver. It is guessed that more than one young lady crow ignored the honest lout who spread themselves hoping to win favor, ignored them in order that she might look at the glossy dandy sitting in the maples or straddling across lawns where the wild ones dared not go; but all in vain. Oliver cared not a whit for even the choicest of the wild belles. Nor has he in any of the three years of his life taken a mate or in any way associated with his kind. He is as likely to remain the sleekest and best groomed of male crows, and the only wilful bachelor known to the race.

And as a bachelor he has developed at least one characteristic of kindly bachelors among human beings. Oliver loves his drum. Having reared none of his own, his heart goes out to little ones of another race. He knows the hours when children go to school and when they leave it, and wherever children are gathered together Oliver may be found in the midst of the group. And such romps as the youngsters have with Oliver! Not only does the bird dance nimbly and race about the play yards, but he can do almost as many tricks as a versatile actor on a variety stage. From a handy perch he will call attention by a scream, and then after nodding and bowing will yap like a cur, yowl like a cat, and squeal like a pig, and, in about the middle of every noise to be learned in the limits of the town, and of the children especially, scarce need be said. And with strangers who scarce need be said. And with strangers who come there he is soon as great a favorite as with home folks, for he distinguishes strangers from old citizens, and pays special attention to them if they give him the least encouragement.

He has developed a couple of tricks that are sometimes as exasperating to his victims as they are amusing to those who know what he has done. Oliver can distinguish lovers from married folks, apparently, for he has been known to follow lovers stealthily, as they sought a quiet retreat, and there most inopportunistly shout his deep "hello." It is not related that any matches have been prevented, but many a young couple have been separated temporarily by the rude inn of the bird. Worse yet, Oliver has the habit in these days, when the thermometer ranges high and the sun rises early, of haunting at the break the projecting eaves found above second-story windows. From these he peers into the rooms below and shouts his "hello," to the exasperation and sometimes to the great embarrassment of the inmates.

The Mule's Misfortune. An old darkey lived in the South who was a great barterer, and it was very hard to beat him on a trade. It seems he had sold a mule, guaranteeing him faultless. The purchaser shortly after came back in a great rage and said: "Look here, you rascal, that mule you sold me is blind in one eye; you assured me he had no faults."

"Dat's right, sah; dat mule hab no faults. If he an blind in one eye dat an misfortune, not his fault."—Harpers Young People.

Lot's Wife. Would dissolve into tears could she see the Windsor Table Salt. So pure, so sparkling and so uniform. Soluble and never cakes. Ask your grocer for it.

QUEER STAGE EFFECTS.

INGENUOUS DEVICES IN WHICH ART RIVAL NATURE.

How Real Water is Shown in the Drama—Thunder and Lightning by Artificial Means—Production of Snow Storms—Scenes in Which the Actors Swim.

A large proportion of the plays produced in the theaters at the present time, (especially dramas, melodramas and spectacular productions), would be failures if it were not for the stage carpenter. It even requires exceptional ability to be a stage-hand, i. e., one of the men who move the scenery between the acts—"setting the scene," as it is called in technical language. As one of these men said, "if we should drop out and substitutes be brought in to take our places the performance couldn't be given."

One of the most realistic scenes on the stage is a snow-storm. The show is paper, cut by hand (machine-cut paper has been tried but it does not answer), and costs \$18 a barrel. The paper snow is packed in a wooden box about six feet long and two feet wide at the top. The box is covered with an "apron." The box is fastened to an iron bar and when turned with a crank, the apron drops, allowing a small quantity of the snow to be released. The lime-light thrown upon the scene has the illusory effect of a snow-storm over the whole stage. Sometimes a big instead of a box is used, the paper being allowed to fall slowly out at one end. A more recent method is to use salt, because it glistens like snow and is easy to clean up. In one play where there is a snow scene and the ground seems covered with snow; there are little heaps of it in the street with ruts made by passing wheels. This illusion is made by using a large canvas carpet, painted a dirty white, and stuffed with cotton batting into billows and small hillocks. The snow hanging on the lamp-posts is cotton batting thickly covered with salt to make it glisten.

The stage moon is a lime light lamp placed in a box called the moon box, the roof of which has a circular opening. The moon can be reflected from the wings (or sides) to any part of the stage; or the box can be placed in a frame and moved upward on a grooved ladder. The sun is produced by a similar device.

When forked lightning is wanted an irregular cut is made in a scene behind which a man stands, burning powdered magnesium, in the same manner that photographers pursue in making flashlight photographs. A large sheet of hanging sheet iron, well shaken, will make very respectable thunder. This is an old-fashioned device. Another method is to drop an iron ball into a box where it strikes a sheet of iron and, rolling down an incline, strikes projecting pieces which produce the rumbling.

The sound of rain is made by turning upon a bar a large wooden drum over which the finest silk is drawn. The drum contains small shot or fine pebbles. Within the last fifteen years there has developed what actors call the "tank drama," or plays in which a tank of water, or a river, is the principal feature. A scene in one of these plays is extremely realistic. It is the river Thames rippling in the sunshine. Suddenly a storm comes up. The rain (real water) pours down, the lightning flashes, the heavy roll of thunder is heard in the distance, people hurry and scurry across the stage, some with umbrellas, some without, boatmen run rapidly along the river, and the whole scene is a startling and truthful representation of a May shower. Gradually the rain ceases, the sky becomes brighter, and the sun beams from behind the clouds.

In the mechanism of this scene the principal feature is a tank. When the play containing this scene was produced at the Academy of Music, in New York city, the tank covered nearly the entire stage. It is a permanent stage effect, the stage floor being removed, and the tank fitted in its place. It is made of zinc, is about two feet deep and covered with rubber. It is filled with water and the stage flooring is made into sections and placed over it; when it is time for the tank scene the sections are removed.

A difficult piece of stage mechanism in one play is a Dock Scene. A double stage is built about six feet above the floor. This is accomplished by having a dozen platforms, which can be folded up when not in use, and, when needed, are shoved on and fastened together. In front of these are representations of piles. From the sides the prows of ships lean over the pier. The tide, which seems to flow out from underneath the pier, is made of three thicknesses of painted gauze. The outside strip is stationary. Behind this and a little higher is a double row made by a continuous ribbon revolving around a cylinder at each end. The cylinders are turned by a crank, thus giving the water a steady movement. The stage-hand at the other hand shakes the gauze constantly which gives the appearance of ripples. When a man is seen struggling in the water, or a dead body is being washed to and fro, the actor playing the part lies on a small car, or sofa, placed on the stage back of the pier, and pulled to and fro by means of a rope fastened at each end of the car.

For a swimming act the car is swung on a pivot in the middle so that the slightest movement will set it going. It is said that an actor who was playing in one of these tank dramas in the West was suddenly discharged. He was very much surprised. "Can't I play the part?" he asked the manager. "Oh, your acting is all right," the manager replied, "but the trouble is you can't swim. We want a swimmer in this role." When an actor has to dive into the river and disappear he has

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previously put on a rubber suit, and he plunges into a hole in the tank called the pocket, which is to the tank what the ordinary trap-door in the stage is to the stage. It is about five feet deep, the bottom and sides being lined with zinc and carpeted with rubber. The lime-light is so arranged as to show this pocket very plainly to the actor so that he can fall overboard or dive in this deeper water without injuring himself.

The use of real water in plays is not, however, an entirely new feature in stage mechanism. In 1860 water was used at the Bowery theater in the melo-drama called "The Cataract of the Ganges." The cataract came from a faucet and trickled wildly along a painted wooden box, and emptied itself into a basin on the stage. At another theater the waterfall was placed in a glass case up among the painted crags where a red light was thrown upon it. Just as long ago a book of real water was seen rippling in the sunlight. A fat boy sitting on a rustic bridge used to fall into this real book to the great delight of the audience. Later on, in another brook scene, the actor fished up a live frog.

Lime-light, gauze netting, tinsel, and linen, are the secrets of stage water. At one theater not long ago, there was shown a river gliding, for some distance, at a level along a mountain, then dashing down the rocks and flowing away in the distance. This effect was produced by setting gauze netting in the scenery and painting it to represent water. Silver tinsel struck here and there in the netting gave a sparkling appearance. Thin linen sheets, placed on rollers, were moved like a panorama behind the netting, while the powerful lime-light made the illusion of real water complete.

A rain storm, a regular downpour of water comes from a perforated iron pipe, hung in the upper part of the scenery. This pipe runs across the stage from side to side, being held in position by ropes. The pipe is connected with the fire-plug in use at the theater, and the water can be made to descend gently or with great force, as the faucet of the fire-plug is turned on or off.

A saw-mill scene is another remarkable illustration of stage realism. There is the representation of a real mill, with a real buzz saw which cuts real wood. In fact there are three saws in motion but only one of them has anything to do with the play. The saw is operated by a 12-horse-power engine placed behind the scenes and the engine is supplied with steam from a boiler in the cellar of the theater. The villain after fighting with the hero of the play, places him on the mill carriage, which moves along the logs, and sets the machinery in motion. The heroine, bursting open the mill door, appears upon the scene in time to push the hero off the carriage when he is within six inches of the glistening steel. To prevent an accident to the actor the stage carpenter so places and bolts a large piece of steel as to prevent the carriage moving beyond the point when the heroine is to come in and rescue the hero. The whole episode is quite blood-curdling, and the mechanical part of the scene is well contrived, such theatrical representations must appeal to a low order of intellect.

Some of the greatest spectacular plays ever produced have been put on the stage in this country within the past twenty years, and in many of their features, have shown the ingenuity of the stage carpenters. From six to twelve hundred persons have been engaged in these representations. The scenes in ordinary theaters are seldom over fifty feet in width; in these large spectacles the scenes average from 300 to 485 feet in width, and the space required for the performers range from 250 to 425 feet. An elaborate scene in a theatre will require about 150 square yards of canvas; the scenes in the play of "Nero," produced three or four years ago, required 3,500 square yards of canvas and as many as 30 artists were simultaneously employed for one month in painting a single scene. At the spectacles produced at Staten Island some

years ago, the scenes were found to be of such colossal size that it was some time before a plan could be devised to move them conveniently and with sufficient rapidity for the action of the play. It was finally found advisable to them upon endless circular railway tracks, the first time such a plan had ever been tried, and it proved to be successful. The Roman monarch's palace, a structure 300 feet wide by 60 feet high, in which were nearly 400 actors who were taking part in the royal revels, was moved a distance of 300 feet in the presence of the audience.

Electricity has been used very successfully in modern stage realism. In the opera of "Orpheus and Eurydice" the infernal regions were pictured with such effect as to compel one critic to remark that they were "the best infernal regions ever seen on earth." What appeared to be smoke ascending from the bottomless pit, whether Orpheus goes in search of Eurydice, was caused by a large lamp, like a stereopticon operated with the electric light. The light passed through slits of colored glass and was made to appear like ascending clouds by the skilful mingling of different hues and the manipulation of the slides. In the play of "The County Fair" there is a great horse race scene which is worked by electricity. There are real horses and jockeys and there is all the excitement of a genuine horse-race; but the whole effect is brought about by mechanical means. The horses run on small platforms which are placed over steel rollers. The platforms themselves do not move until the man who operates the scene touches a button, when the platform, with the horse on it, is moved further along the stage. In this way one horse is allowed to gain on the other, and the audience is kept in a great state of excitement. The scenery at the back is set in motion by another electric motor, while the fences in front of the horses run on wheels, and the combined effect is a perfect picture of a great race.

The kiln in "The Middleman" seemed to be a real, live coal fire, for the actor would replenish the same every now and then as it seemed to get low. As a matter of fact the furnace was made of wood, lined with brick. Over wire-netting sheets of red and orange gelatin were placed, and over a second wire-netting lamps of broken colored glass were scattered. When a row of incandescent lamps inside the net were turned on there was the appearance of a real fire, which could be made dim or bright by regulating the strength of the electric current.—Geo. J. Manson in N. Y. Voice.

Was Sure of Him. When Rudyard Kipling was 12 he went on a sea voyage with his father. The elder Kipling became every sea sick and went below, leaving the youngster to himself. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he called out, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he let's go he'll drown."

"Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

Easy to Forget. Fortune Teller—you may in time make a good income, but you will never be rich. Young Man—Eh? Why not? Fortune Teller—You are not saving—you are wasteful!

Young Man—My, my—I'm afraid that is true! You have a wonderful gift! How did you know I was wasteful? Fortune Teller—You have just wasted 5 shillings getting your fortune told.

Decided to Fight. Professor Blackie had a large share of pugacity in his composition, and a curious instance of it is given in this same account by himself. "As a boy," he said, "I was always antagonistic to school fights; pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, say-

ing to me, "Will you fight me?" "No," I replied, "but I will knock you down," and immediately did it, amid great applause.

BURIAL OF A TRAPPIST.

Solemn Offices and Simple Committing of the Body to the Earth

The burial of a Trappist is a peculiar and solemn ceremony says an Exchange. Immediately after a monk is dead the body, dressed in the monastic robe, is stretched on a simple board, the head covered with the cowl, and then taken to the monastery chapel. There the body remains until the day of interment, four yellow wax candles burning all the time, and all the monks in turn reciting the prayers of the liturgy, night and day. On the day of burial the prayers for the dead or a requiem mass are chanted, after which all the monks form in procession to follow their brother to his last resting place. During the funeral procession, psalms are chanted in the mournful tone peculiar to the Trappist order. When the cemetery is reached more prayers are recited and then the body is slowly lowered into the grave, not in a coffin, but simply dressed in the monastic robe worn during life. A monk then goes down into the grave to cover his dead brother's face with the cowl after which the officiating priest slowly throws a shovelful of earth over the body. Two other monks do the same, and then the grave is filled up in the ordinary way. After the burial, the procession returns to the chapel in the same order. The Trappist cemetery is always placed in the interior yard of the monastery, so that the dead monk always be in view of the living, and as soon as one monk is buried, another grave next to the one just filled is at once partially dug up, that each may see the place where he may possibly be laid below long.

On Board a Yacht. Young Lady—Do you recognize them, dear? They are waving to us, are they not, and passing a spyglass? Older Young Lady—Perhaps they are waving their hands, and they may be passing something around, but I do not think it is a spyglass.

Charles K. Huchings.



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ON A HARD ERRAND.

The directors of the First National Bank of Serepta had sent for me to come to their room. I could think of only three reasons for this unusual summons—1 was to be discharged, or to have my salary raised, or to have it cut down.

might go first. Looking back, I saw him spring up to follow. During the dark walk to the hotel he kept close behind me, until I began to grow uneasy.

off as soon as he saw me, and both he and the clerk looked me over with great ferocity. He had evidently been making a complaint against his room-mate, as I intended to do against mine, and the superiority of his clothes had drawn the superficially-observing clerk to his side.

of the answer that caused him to think twice about her. He studied her furtively and found the study interesting. She attended strictly to business and he saw that she was intelligent and reliable.

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DECEASED.

Halifax, Aug. 7, Clara Smith, 8. Waverly, July 14, Ethel Bryant, 11.

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