

Railway. The 22nd June... VE ST. JOHN... AT ST. JOHN: Halifax and... Tourist tickets... N. B. RY. RATES... CO. Shipping... CO.

PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 420.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE STOLEN DIAMONDS.

THEY WERE REPORTED LOST BUT WERE REALLY STOLEN.

The owner was enjoying a lark and so was relieved of the valuable package—it was finally given up by the female who had originally appropriated it.

What about that seven hundred and fifty dollars worth of jewellery that was found on Brittain street by a police official, is a question that troubles not a few persons about the city. And if all rumors are true the Chief of Police would like a tip or two on the true whereabouts of the big find.

The only information the big find has given regarding the case is a short paragraph which reads as follows:—

"Detective John Ring found a package of jewellery on Brittain street, which he returned to a commercial traveller who had lost it."

All that Chief of Police Clark knows about the finding and returning of so valuable a package, is the little that the police official told him. There is lots more to tell if the finder chooses to divulge what he knows, or if certain women were made to speak.

The jeweller could tell a little more, but of course he has had his experience and has got his jewels and is now away from St. John and its light fingered ladies of Brittain Street house of not a very savory reputation.

There is a story afloat that the official did not have to look for the jewels, in fact the story goes that they were conveyed to his house and handed to him.

The story is to the effect that although some of the daily papers said the jewels were found by the officer, and although the police report book bears an entry which reads: "A package of jewellery found on Brittain street, can be had by owner applying, etc etc" that the jewels were not lost, nor found, but simply stolen from a commercial man who while on a bit of a time was doing the city and was relieved of his bundle in a Brittain street house by one of its inmates.

The story further goes that when the jeweller discovered his loss, he went to the detective and made him acquainted with the facts. The official the story says visited the house interviewed the thief and about midnight the package was handed to the detective. Later the package was taken to the station by the same official and they were booked as "found."

There are now in Dorchester Penitentiary some unfortunate of both sexes for things stolen. How different for these poor wretches had they only "found" the articles instead of stealing them, or better protection might have been given them had they been inmates of a house, of doubtful reputation one house in particular.

Some people suggest an investigation by the Chief of Police. The chief would doubtless do his utmost to get at the facts, but how much the inmates of the house can tell will never be known, as they would hardly tell the truth even on the witness stand.

A Doctor's Escape.

HALIFAX, Aug. 12.—On a recent occasion a respectable and well-to-do grocer on Prince street had occasion to stretch a string of flags across the street from the South-east corner, where his shop is situated, to Duffie's on the north-west corner. This work emblematic of rejoicing, was undertaken in the evening and the bunting floated to the breeze till after midnight. Then its doom appeared, and a strange doom it was. Stranger still, that the man to execute it should be a very prominent north-end M. D., and a friend who fortunately for himself is yet unknown. The doctor's keen eye was attracted by the bunting, and he decided it should come down. It was only the work of a few minutes the taking of it away. The flags were tied up in a bundle, and removed to a neighboring house, whose proprietress keeps very late hours. The woman was surprised to see so much of radiance as the flags brought into her place, but she took charge of the string of flags, promising to hand them over to the owner in the morning, with the doctor's compliments. The grocer did not wait for their slow return, however, but in the early morning "raised hue and cry" for their recovery, his search was successful and the story came to his ears how the North end doctor had removed the flags. The injunction to the fair recipient of the flags to return them in the morning may have been what saved the North end medico from serious consequences, but the shop keeper now has a pull on the doctor. Be careful Dr. —; some of these little escapades may yet cause a big sensation.

A Good Time Anticipated.

The committee in charge of the Grocers picnic are working hard to make their outing to the Isle of Pines on the 18th inst a success. The different features already announced through the press is sufficient guarantee of a good days sport. A four oared professional boat race with the

MADE A SLIGHT ERROR.

AN ARDENT SUITOR CARRIES HIS ATTENTIONS TOO FAR.

He seeks an introduction to a pretty actress and then takes the boat for Grandview—but is hurriedly ejected from her private apartments.

There is a young, or a little past what might be termed a young man, who enjoys a good government position in this city who has a failing for actresses especially if they be good looking and have youth on their side. This gay cavalier is a regular attendant at the Opera House, and is fairly well known, first from the fact that he comes of a good family, and better perhaps because he recently figured in the daily papers in a runaway actress affair. The many patrons of the Opera house, who attended the performances of week before last, remember the daintily pretty little blonde soubrette who danced and sang her way into the heart of the audiences. They might easily recall the gentleman who sat near the door twirling his moustache.

The pretty little soubrette had made many conquests in her day, but it is said this city breaks the record for persistent suitors, and in this line the man of the government position has a good lead to claim the championship. The lady in her professional capacity met many newspaper men, and a few outsiders who asked to be presented. The ardent official was one who sought the soubrette company and he found a friend who introduced him.

The introduction was given and the admiring gentleman saw the lady to her boarding house on Leinster Street. There he chatted at the door and the gentleman became very much interested in the lady's countenance; he asked how many of the company stopped at the house; if she had a good comfortable room and so on. The young lady told all, even to the pleasant room she had on the next floor.

After a little handshaking and a pleasant good bye her escort walked off and she entered the house with a good opinion of her new friend.

After the performance that same evening, and close on to twelve o'clock, while the young soubrette, was preparing to retire for the night, a rap on her room door startled her. Thinking it was some of the other ladies of the company she put her dress on again and opened the door and was most unpleasantly surprised to see her new made friend of the afternoon standing hand in hand. An exclamation pretty near a scream, brought one of the musicians of the company to her way from an adjoining room and the order of bounce had to be indulged in.

The admirer was hastily ejected and the landlady's explanation of how the intruder gained admittance to the house was sought. He said the bell rang and when answered, the visitor said "I wish to see Mr. D.—; but don't disturb him. I will just run up to his room." He did not seek Mr. D.—s room, but went to that of the lady instead. The soubrette was justly indignant and it is needless to say cut her new acquaintance when she next saw him.

THE MEN SAW THE SHOW.

But the Living Picture did not materialize and all were disappointed.

Citizens who had occasion to pass a certain store on Union street near the Opera house a few days ago were surprised to find that the store was about to be occupied but from all appearances it would not be used for ordinary business purposes. The place was fitted up in a manner entirely out of keeping with the ordinary store. Heavy ornate portieres were hung across the front of the store so as to screen the entire place from the gaze of the curious passers-by. A narrow entrance was left at one side and in the alcove formed by the portieres a female figure was gracefully posed. This figure was visible from the street and attracted considerable attention as it fully exemplified the attractiveness of beauty undressed. Attractive cards advertising the famous "Parisian living pictures" and inviting all gentlemen to enter and see them were placed in each window. They served their purpose admirably as they excited the curiosity of all the men that passed that way and the majority of them decided to see for themselves the advertised wonders.

The effect of the cards was augmented not a little by an energetic young man who stood outside of the door and in the usual stereotyped manner invited everyone to come in and see the show as it cost but a dime. In many cases his invitation was accepted and the visitor passed behind the ornate curtains. When he got inside he naturally looked for the pictures but they were not visible. In their stead he was motioned to a number of stereoscopes which were placed around the walls of the room. On looking through the glasses saw views resembling miniature magic lantern views would be seen and these constituted

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SUBSCRIBERS TO THE CARNIVAL WHO ARE STILL IN ARREARS.

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HALIFAX, Aug. 12.—One source of interesting reading when the Halifax carnival was in its infant stage was a list that will furnish list more entertaining reading, and that till now has not been given to the public—the list of those who subscribed but who did not pay up. There are only about seventy five of those names, but as their owners shared in the honor of those who subscribed, it is only right they should now have all the glory coming to those who subscribed but did not pay. The newspapers have had paragraph after paragraph calling on the few who had not yet made good their promises to do so. In addition to that they were waited on by the committee representatives over and over again. Chairman Geldert then talked of issuing writs for the amounts. Last of all, the list of delinquents was handed over to Chief O'Sullivan and blue-coated officers of the law went round soliciting payment. All these means, taken to gather in the duets, failed and their money is still in the pockets of the subscribers. As a last resort, and with the desire that the burden of the carnival may fall equally on all, the names of the delinquent subscribers are published by PROGRESS. Here are the names of the men who, at the beginning of this week, had not paid the money they promised to the Halifax Summer carnival.

- A. B. Sheraton \$5
- W. T. Not 10
- C. E. Rogers 10
- C. W. Morrison 10
- M. J. McDonald 10
- Carlton Jones 10
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- J. Duncan Grant 10
- H. Brown 10
- James M. Power 10
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- A. B. Stickle 10
- W. H. Hamilton 10
- F. W. Drake 10
- Mr. Corneilas 10
- Knowles bookstore 10
- M. H. Ruggles 10
- R. R. Kennedy 10
- Thos D. Spike 10
- J. M. Gabriel 10
- J. E. O'Neill 10
- F. D. Brown 10
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- M. Gaudin 10
- G. Verdi 10
- D. Scott 10
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- S. Smith 10
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- Henry Lovitt 10
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- Thomas Hensworth 10
- J. E. Myers 10
- A. L. Miller 10
- R. J. Waugh 10
- C. J. Kline 10
- Charles Rose 10
- James Isenor 10
- G. A. Cooke & Co. 10
- Thomas W. Walsh, M.D. 10
- A. C. Hawkins, M.D. 10
- S. Caldwell 10
- S. A. Mosher 10
- J. E. Fortune 10
- John Mulrone 10
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HE WANTED BATH FACILION.

An Egyptian Pedlar Caused Excitement In a Certain Saloon.

The saloon, dealt with in PROGRESS last week, was brought to public notice this week as well in another case almost identical with the first one. One afternoon early in the week an Egyptian pedlar called into the place and asked for a glass of beer tendering a twenty-five cent piece in payment. When he asked for his change he was informed there was none and that the quarter was just the amount charged for a drink in this city. The Egyptian waxed wrathful and threatened to break up the furniture, when the proprietress of the place called in a policeman who without enquiring into the facts of the case hustled the unoffending Oriental to the sidewalk and threatened to arrest him if he did not go about his business.

As he had no desire to visit the interior of a St. John jail, the pedlar shambled off apparently quieted but deep down in his heart he vowed terrible vengeance on everyone connected with the dive. In the morning he returned to the place in a half drunken condition and demanded that his wrong should be righted with the threat that if he did not receive satisfaction he would turn the whole place upside down. Again a police officer was called and this time things proved more serious for the pedlar than in the afternoon. He was arrested for drunkenness and taken to the Central station where he put in the night. Next morning he was taken before the magistrate and fined for being drunk and disorderly. As he had not the amount of his fine he was sent into jail for 30 days where he will have plenty of time to consider on the magistrate's decision and wonder if it could not have been modified a little with just as much effect.

HE ENJOYS A JOKE.

Police magistrate Ritchie is after prize fighters again, and this time like all previous times he is after them to the windward, with the stress upon the wind. Several times the magistrate has delivered a few little remarks about what he will do if the principals, backers, sponge holders, if witnesses, of these exhibitions are brought before him, and on any occasion when the chief and his men present a few before him he cracks a joke or two and let's them go.

Burglars in Wall Papers of Mother's King, St.

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prince's lodge and the changing of it into a club house for the association. But with all their good works the Ramblers this season do not seem to have upon them the smile of fortune. The club opened the season with the engagement of the Webbling Sisters, and that show was such a financial failure that the executive found themelves \$100 behind on their guarantee. Then when the carnival came in sight the club hired rooms in which to house visiting wheelmen at so much per head per day, and thereby make an honest dollar or two. This proved a failure even greater in proportion than the Webblings, and the club emerged from the carnival \$40 poorer than when the festivities began. For the past couple of years the annual track sports realized a considerable profit to the club, but the race meet on Saturday was disappointingly small and netted nothing in the way of cash to the Ramblers.

But this vigorous club, with its 300 members, is only in a brief day of adversity. The bright era is sure to come, and the reverse of 1896 will only add more pleasure to the good times when they do come.

LOOKED LIKE A SCANDAL.

Ald. Musgrave Succeeded in Bringing Some Unwelcome Facts to Light.

HALIFAX, August 13.—At Tuesday evening's meeting of the city council one might have heard the proverbial pin drop while alderman Musgrave was unearthing what he considered a good sized contract scandal in the city works department. Ald. Musgrave is not the kind of man who likes sensations he is just the opposite, but he was the author of this one. He charged that Mayor McPherson acting for the works department illegally awarded the contract for hardware supplies claiming that he made the award without the necessary authority of the city council, his second charge was that the mayor awarded it to Black Brothers who were as the aldermen figured it out higher than H. H. Fuller & Co. Thirdly he alleges that the price list kept in the board of works office, and upon which bills were checked as they came in for payment, was mysteriously changed by a sort of film flum process. Ald. Musgrave went at length into the matter, reading the correspondence he had had with the mayor on this subject. Then the aldermen showed how Clerk Reilly, of the board of works office, acting under instructions from the mayor and it subsequently appeared, had pointedly refused him access to the bills, and not only refused him but the city auditor as well. He stated that bills which had been checked on one of those official price lists had been altered, after some people smelt a rat, in accordance with a new price list, it seems clandestinely introduced. A committee of investigations was appointed.

Kept the Crooks at Bay.

HALIFAX, Aug. 12.—Chief O'Sullivan of the Halifax police force, and Detective Power, are filled with a complacent satisfaction because of the way they kept the crooks at bay during the carnival. They did not wait till criminals were actually committed before they began their work but arrested "suspects" in advance, thus terrorizing the advancing hosts of evil. They pulled these people in by wholesale, and created such a panic in the crook brigade that it made no attempt to fleece the public, and Halifax escaped scot free. It was easier sometimes for the police to pull in "suspects" than for the officers of the law to keep them. Such it was in one case at least. Burglar Jales Frantz slipped a handcuff when he was on his way from the august presence of Judge Johnston to the jail; darted along Gratton street, disappeared from view; made his way to the colored settlement, bargained with a couple of negroes to row him across the basin, and when they had done their work he skipped off again leaving them unpaid. Chased during the afternoon by jail officials Frantz made his way to Windsor junction and when night came was allowed to get away as he liked. This desperado's man's actions reflects all the more credit on the Halifax police, who captured him in the first instance. Chief O'Sullivan and Detective Power, with their force of forty men, clearly proved them selves the right men in the right place on this as well as on an other occasion.

A HUMANE SUGGESTION.

A FOUNTAIN OR WATER TROUGH NEEDED IN MONCTON.

The Town is rich in Religious Societies but none seem to take this matter up—The trial trip of the Electric Co. uses much excitement in the Railway Town.

I think it is generally conceded that Moncton offers a good many advantages as a place of residence! In fact I have enumerated them in times past so often, that any circumstantial reference in that direction now, would partake of the nature of vain repetition, so I won't describe any more of the railway city's attractions in the shape of churches, clergymen, doctors, lawyers and undertakers, but merely touch lightly on the many improvements Moncton has adopted from time during the last few years. Block improvements, and asphalt sidewalks of such a quality that the tender soles of young trees force their way through them without difficulty, and grow into stately trees in which the birds of the air roost comfortably, one of the most expensive—for the consumer—water services in the Dominion, a police force utterly invisible to the naked eye, and not always discernable with a telescope, three different brass bands and an electric street railway in full running order.

It goes without saying that the free and independent elector enjoys the privilege of paying the most liberal taxes in return for all these advantages, but it is as public spirited as he should be; he will not complain but rather bless his good fortune for living in so well governed a city.

In fact Moncton is such an ambitious little place that there are few improvements it does not seem able to afford especially when they are of a showy nature; but there are some small matters nevertheless, which the civic rulers do not consider worthy of attention and yet in which this city is so scandalously behind the times, that not only its board of aldermen, but its citizens, individually and collectively have reason to blush for themselves and their city. One of these minor sins of omission is the fact that in this city of churches and benevolent societies where there is scarcely one evening in the week not set apart for prayer meeting, church, Christian Endeavor or some such religious assemblage, there is not a public drinking fountain of any kind or description! There is not even a hydrant with a cocoa-nut shell tapper tied to it, or a pump with a horse trough attached, where man and beast—especially the beast can get a drink when they are thirsty. True there is a rude imitation of St. Ronan's well at the I. C. R. station, "where water clear as diamond sparks, in a stone basin falls"—only the basin is iron. A tin cup attached by a chain invites the weary traveller whose thirst has not been quenched by Mr. Sangster's excellent coffee, to partake without money and without price; but then the station is a long way from everywhere else, and the drinking fountain is quite inaccessible to horses, and all other animals, so it is more of a convenience to the travelling than the stationary public, and therefore scarcely counts; but apart from this there is not a spot in the city where a thirsty horse or dog can get a draught of water in the burning days of summer. Country men and farmers by the score drive from five to twenty miles to the market, and unless they water their horses somewhere by the roadside before entering the city they must go to a hotel in order to get them a drink.

The W. C. T. U. does good work, both by precept and example; the King's Daughters were once well known by their good deeds here; the Y. M. C. A. have felt able to build an edifice which would be an ornament to Montreal or Toronto, and the newly organized S. P. C. A. has done good and creditable work during its short life, but in spite of the existence of all these varieties the horses are still hanging their heads around the market building while their parched tongues lol from their mouths, and the dogs stand in constant danger of hydrophobia from the need of water, all a menace to public safety.

Probably it is the old story of what is everybody's business being nobody's business, and all these excellent societies are too busy to take any active steps in the matter. I know the subject was discussed at a meeting of the S. P. C. A., but the same distemper which paralyzes so many honest efforts, lack of funds, prevented anything from being done.

It remained for one individual, a lady who is well known in Moncton for her good works, to take the matter in hand and really try to work up some enthusiasm over it. She drew up a petition and spent some days taking it around for signatures. The petition set forth the crying need of some sort of public drinking fountain in the city of Moncton, and the sufferings of the horses, utterly deprived of any means of obtaining a drink of water while in the city. This lady succeeded in obtaining some 50 or more names, and the petition was duly presented to the city fathers who deliberated solemnly upon the subject and—did not see their way clear to incurring the expense, and therefore declined taking any action! Economy is an excellent thing in its way and there are numerous tax payers who, finding their taxes materially increased this year, are regretting that the city fathers did not practice more of that virtue last year, in-

PAST THE ALLOTTED TERM.

Mrs. Blizard of McDonald's Point celebrates her 104th Birthday.

Mrs. Thomas Blizard of McDonald's Point, Queen's Co., will to-morrow the 16th of August celebrate her 104th birthday. Last year PROGRESS gave an interview with this old lady at 103 years and she told in a clear and comprehensive manner different phases of her life and also gave a complete account of her ten children living, with the date of birth and age.



MRS. BLIZZARD, SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY.

Since that date there has been no change in the family circle and all those mentioned last year are still well and hearty and will attend the anniversary to-morrow with friends and relatives. Mrs. Blizard's eldest son Oliver Blizard living at the Narrows, Washademoak lake, was born Feb. 25, 1815. John Blizard residing in St. John North end, was born Sept. 17, 1817.

Thomas Blizard also living in St. John North End, was born May 21, 1834. Her eldest daughter Mary, now the widow Mead, St. John North End, was born Oct. 18, 1814.

Sarah, Mrs. Scribner of Houlton, Maine, was born Jan. 11, 1819.

F. Eric E. Mrs. J. M. Hamm, Narrows, Washademoak lake, was born May 12, 1823.

Margaret Jane, Mrs. Geo. Black, St. John North end, was born April 7, 1827.

was old enough to be the mother of them all. Mrs. Blizard was born in 1792 in the parish of Gag town, Queens Co., N. B. Her father was Albert Akery of New York and her mother Lucy Ward of Cumberland. She has been a widow 28 years. She had sixteen children, ten of whom are now living.

Friends and relatives have been attending her anniversaries for the past five years, coming from different parts of the States and Canada. These anniversaries

at a cost of employing an accountant at six dollars a day to audit the city books, and keeping him between two and three months at the task. I suppose the accounts had to be audited; goodness knows they needed it, as the result showed, but apart from the satisfaction of knowing that they were in rather a mixed state the citizens did not get very much for their money, and I think in the long run they would have been just as well pleased if a less high priced expert had been employed and a little of the surplus cash expended on removing the reproach which the absence of a drinking fountain casts upon Moncton. Why I know numbers of expert book-keepers who would consider themselves well paid with the four dollars a day, and others quite as good who think themselves lucky if they can secure a good steady job at five hundred dollars a year.

At any rate the lack of a drinking fountain, but though, for that would be better than nothing—is simply a disgrace to Moncton, and when one considers the small sum it would take to procure one it does seem very extraordinary that the many benevolent societies should show such apathy on the subject, instead of clubbing together, if none of them feel equal to undertaking the work alone, and building some sort of compromise between a trough and a fountain, on the co-operative plan.

Shortly before the witching hour of midnight on Monday, the peaceful and law abiding residents of the quieter suburbs of Moncton who are accustomed to be in their beds before ten o'clock, were aroused from their first sleep by the most unearthly and blood curdling sounds at their very doors. A strange rumbling followed by the frantic clanging of a gong at first led them to suppose that it was the fire engine rushing in wild haste to some fire, but the next moment a succession of will yells shouts and war whoops, exceeding in horror and volume any sounds which had ever disturbed those quiet bye-ways before, brought the awful thought that perhaps the Derivishes had abandoned their position near Donagela, and turned their attention towards the railway hub. Derivishes are always supposed to express their feelings by howling, and nothing but a band of Comanche warriors could have out yelled the mob who seemed to be taking possession of the city.

Some of the more timid of the female citizens shrieked and fainted, while others crept rapidly under the bed, and the more courageous rushed trembling to the windows. Strong men felt round in the dark for their trousers, and ran into the street bareheaded, barefooted, pale, but resolute; while those who were not very strong, and whose nervous systems were unequal to a sudden shock, sat up in bed and advised their wives not to lose any time in finding out what the matter was; and little children aroused from the rosy slumber of innocence and good digestion, sobbed aloud in terror and added to the general confusion. Suddenly a glare of light flashed along the newly laid rails of the electric railway, there was a whirr and a rush and a brightly lighted object all cream color and red crowded from platform to platform with shouting, hollering men tore up the street to the music of a clanging gong! Then the startled natives suddenly remembered that Monday was the night appointed for the ceremony of

opening the new electric street railway and that during the trial trip the car was free to all comers who cared to avail themselves of the company's hospitality. Then they all went back to bed, and resumed their sleep at the point where it was broken off.

I don't know whether the first car to start out over the road was christened with champagne, as I do not think members of the press were invited to the evening ceremony, but the one grand fact remains that the trial trip was made in safety, and except for the trifling mishap of the car running off the track once—without accident, and the long talked of electric street railway is an accomplished fact! The formal opening took place on Tuesday morning. GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

NEST-BUILDING FISHES.

They Are From Japan and Can be Seen Building Homes Under Water. There are fishes that build nests just as birds do. Not long ago some of them were brought to America from Japan, and you can buy a pair of them for a small price at any fancier's now. If he does not have them in stock he will get them.

The purchase is sure to be profitable, because the habits of these creatures are so remarkably interesting, and, unlike gold fish, they will breed in an aquarium or even in a glass globe. They produce three or four broods of young annually, so that the owner is likely to be able to make money disposing of the increase. In the land of the Mikado, to which they are native, they are called paradise fish.

The nests they make are very odd, indeed, being composed entirely of air bubbles. When the time for mating arrives the male fish undergoes a striking change in appearance. Ordinarily he is of a dull, silvery color, but now he exhibits stripes of red, blue and green, with streaks of brighter orange on the ventral fins. Such is the costume in which he goes a wooing.

Later on the female proceeds to construct her family nest at the surface of the water. Swallowing air, she ejects it in the shape of bubbles which are held and made permanent by glutinous capsules from a secretion in her mouth. Having got together in this way a sufficient mass of bubbles she proceeds to lay.

At this stage the female paradise fish seems always to be seized with a strange desire to gobble her own eggs. This she would inevitably do but for the watchfulness of the male, who prevents her, taking the eggs in his mouth and ejecting them beneath the mass of bubbles, to which they arise and find a resting place among them. Sometimes he will conduct his mate under the nest so that the eggs at they are laid may ascend to it. When laying is finished he keeps guard over the nest, attacking the female if she comes near. Meanwhile he busies himself in the making of fresh bubbles to take the place of those which chance to burst.

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This performance is kept up for five days at the end of which the young are hatched out. They cannot swim, but cling like little tadpoles to the bubbles. If one falls to the bottom, as happens now and then, the pap, fish takes it in his mouth and discharges it among the bubbles again. His watchfulness is continued until the little fishes are able to take care of themselves. They grow fast in a glass globe or aquarium, attaining a length of three or four inches. They thrive best on chopped angle-worms, but raw beef cut fine will serve as a substitute. Apparently they are exclusively carnivorous. Care must be taken not to expose them to cold, which quickly kills them.—San Francisco Examiner.

PROGRESS congratulates Mrs. Blizard on the near approach of her birthday. May she live to enjoy many more of them in the same good health she now possesses.

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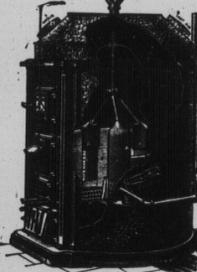


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Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Concert at the Mechanics Institute last Tuesday evening which was in the nature of a complimentary testimonial to Prof. White, was an occasion of unusual musical interest. This interest was caused quite apart from the object of the concert, by the fact that Mr. Jarislav de Zielinski, and Miss Horton, both of whom were said to rank high in musical circles, would take part in the programme. Early this summer circulars were distributed here in which were set forth some testimonials to the skill and talent of Mr. de Zielinski both as a pianist and a composer. At Tuesday evening's concert this gentleman played, among other selections, one of his own compositions a prelude in D—minor also the March of the Dwarfs by Edward Greig and a Scherzo in form of a study by Ethelbert Nevin. To say that the playing of these pieces gave delight mildly expresses the effect. Every listener was charmed and the silence was literally intense while the performance lasted indicating during its continuance the performer's mastery of the instrument, and proving that there was not the slightest exaggeration in the contents of the circular referred to. These selections formed the third number on the programme and when finished were recognized with bursts of applause to which the pianist bowed his acknowledgments. Another number by this gentleman later in the programme, was a Valse caprice, Op. 16 by Genari Karganoff was so beautifully given that the audience would not be satisfied and the artist generously played another selection. There can be but one opinion regarding this gentleman's powers and skill as a pianist but perhaps this skill and cleverness was in no instance better demonstrated than in his accompaniments to Miss Horton's singing. It was a real pleasure to hear them—the instrument clear and distinct, yet always subordinated to and supporting the voice, never by any chance attempting to lead or control or make the instrument conspicuous. This was an object lesson that many musical people who sometimes in concert undertake to accompany singers, should have seen and might well profit by.

Miss Horton's first number contained two pieces 'I cannot help loving thee' by D. G.

Mason, and 'Across the Dee' by Whitney Coombs. This lady is quite young and gives promise of future excellence, though the impression I received, from the first of these pieces, was somewhat disappointing, due possibly to the fact that I had anticipated too much. Another selection however, 'Ever True' by H. R. Shelley, which she sang with violin obligato, was a marked improvement in tune and articulation and it so satisfied everyone that an encore was insisted on, to which the young lady courteously responded.

Prof. White's violin solos to which Miss Godard cleverly played the accompaniments were received with enthusiastic applause. I do not remember the point of a previous concert in prof. of tone, brilliancy of execution and shading, doing anything approaching his excellent work of last Tuesday evening. He never played better in this city. Mr. Lindsay sang one of de Koven's pieces 'Nita Gitans' most acceptably. A solo by Miss Grace Manning 'Ave Maria' by Franz Schubert was tuneful and sweetly rendered and to my mind was second to no piece on the programme although the articulation was at times not a little indistinct. It adds much to the pleasure of the listener if the words of the singer can be easily distinguished. Selections by the Mozart quartette, readings by Miss Ina Brown and a solo by Mr. James Gillespie completed a programme of musical merit. In closing this notice I think it is only fair to say that the audience was by no means as large as the occasion merited. As remarked last week, Prof. White has always been generous in donating his services for one object or another and it would seem reasonable and equitable, that those especially whose interests have been served by him, would rejoice in the opportunity that would enable them to do something in return for favors bestowed.

Much regret is expressed that Miss Gibbs the violiniste, is still confined to her room through serious illness. The last concert at which this young lady played, was the Oratorio of the "Messiah" at Trinity church.

Tones and Undertones.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is reported as being in very poor health. The Whitney opera company have se-

oured Amanda Fabris to sing the role of Princess Altreda in "Brian Bora."

Mrs. Alice May Bates Rice, who is a beautiful soprano and who has been heard in concert in this city, is enjoying her vacation up in New Hampshire.

Carl Zerrahn will conduct a large musical festival at Newport N. H., next week. The affair will continue from 17th, 21st.

Paderewski's physical collapse is so complete as to lead to the cancellation of all the pianist's engagements for at least the earlier part of next season. The player's outlook is a serious one. He is temporarily a nervous wreck.

It is said there are about 15,000 vulgar and stupid songs introduced each year in the Parisian music halls. These halls are 272 in number.

The selection, etc., of the incidental music for Sir Henry Irving's forthcoming production of 'Cymbeline,' has been given to his old friend, Hamilton Clarke.

Mr. Timothee Adamowski, of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will shortly be married to a Russian lady. The prospective bride is the clever pianist, Mlle. Antoinette Szumowski, who was Paderewski's favorite pupil. Adamowski, as a name, gives a Russian finish as it were, to the orchestra—Adams his wife will possibly introduce him to the Russian language.

One of the sopranos of the Mapleson Opera company is a Miss Susan Strong, a Brooklyn girl, who is said to be handsome as well as talented. Miss Strong made her debut at Covent garden last season in a Wagnerian repertory.

Madame Calve, Madame Melba and the De Reszke brothers are earthy and practical enough to stipulate that their contracts for next season in the United States shall read "payable in gold."

Henry Cain, who is said to be the fiance of Madame Calve has just written the libretto for Massenet's "Cinderella" and is meeting much distinction as a librettist. He is distinguishing himself as a painter also and has just won a medal in the Salon in Paris for his painting entitled "St. George and the Dragon."

David Bispham, an American baritone, who has been singing in Wagnerian roles at Covent Garden, London, is coming to the United States next season. He will be heard both in opera and concert. His first appearance will be at Chickering Hall, New York, in December next.

In Madrid recently the audience saw fit to disapprove of the new opera, "La Gran

Feria," and the paid claqueurs did their best to enforce the merits of the piece, until finally the audience, goaded into a frenzy, pounced upon them in a body. Finally the curtain was rung down upon a free fight, which would have done credit to a western mining camp of the overland stage route days.

The directors of the Royal theater in Dresden have decided to abolish the music during the intermissions. On the other hand the opera orchestra is to be enlarged from 95 men to 125, and the number of weekly operatic performances, which heretofore has been five, is to be increased to seven.

A lad named Wittar Peabody who is designated "a phenomenal boy soprano, with a clear bell like voice," is engaged to appear in Keith's theatre, Boston, next week.

The Munich Royal Opera company is to visit London next summer. The conductor of the orchestra will be Richard Strauss.

One of the treasured relics in the museum of the Beethoven society of Bonn is the piano of Beethoven. The instrument was used by him during the saddest period of the last years of his life. A device to counteract his deafness is attached to the instrument.

Arditi will soon celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his debut as a boy violinist.

Carl Halir, the German violinist, will make a short tour in the United States beginning in New York next November. During his stay he will play on the violin known as the 'Red Strad' presented by the City of London to Joachim on his fiftieth jubilee. Joachim has loaned it to his friend Halir for his American tour.

The Castle Square theatre company of Boston, are credited with "a big success" in their engagement at the Grand opera house, Philadelphia. They will return to Boston on the 7th, September.

DeWolf Hopper has booked time at the Tremont theatre, Boston, for next season.

Gerhart Hauptman has completed a four act fairy poem which will be called "The Sunken Bell" and which will be performed at the Deutsches theatre, Berlin, next fall. The principal characters will be a forest fairy and a bell founder.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Ethel Tuxer dramatic company have been playing in Moncton this week and tonight give a performance in Sackville.

The Opera house was crowded to its capacity last Monday evening when Messrs. McAniff and Greene opened their engagement which closes this evening. The opening play bore the classic title "The Bowery of New York" and in this production "the singing comedian Jere McAniff" masqueraded in the role of "Buddy Hogan" a Irish woman who was a ward politician. Another instance of burlesquing the Irish The next play was entitled "My boy Jack" and in view of this production it is interesting to note that this is the first time the McAniff-Greene company, as such, has played in St. John and that in an interview published in a daily paper Mr. Greene is represented as saying "we began by contracting for a new repertoire, written especially for us. Bright modern plays were what we felt we must have, with no trace of musty age and decay." That reads well and in that connection it is quite interesting to note that "My boy Jack" has been seen in this city before, but on the former occasion the play had quite another name, and that Mr. McAniff played the same part exactly as he does in the play now presented under the alias. There is no doubt that Mr. E. E. Rose writes plays—He wrote one for Thos. E. Shea—I think it was entitled "The Wages of Sin," but I very much doubt that he wrote many things he is credited with having done.

Gordon Craig, who is Ellen Terry's son has been playing Hamlet and Romeo in London suburban theatres recently, and has received much favorable notice.

An Australian actress named Helen Kinaird has been engaged by Henry Irving to play the queen in "Cymbeline" when he produces it at the Lyceum theatre, London, next month.

Dion Boucicault junior, is about to begin a professional career in London. He has been an actor and manager in Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, for the past ten years.

George Alexander will play the role of Orlando in a production of "As you like it," at the St. James theatre, London, next season. Miss Julia Neilson will be the Rosalind and W. H. Vernon will be Jacques.

Rose Coghlan has received the manuscript of her new play entitled "Heart-ease." It is by Paul Blouet.

Hoys "A trip to Chinatown" was taken to Australia and played at the Princess theatre in Sydney, for four weeks to the fine business of upwards of \$37,000. Since that engagement closed, the company

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has been in Melbourne where in all likelihood it is gathering the shekels quite as abundantly.

Among the characters which Felix Morris will produce during his next tour in the United States, will be that of the old French actor in 'The First Night,' or 'The Debutante,' as the play is variously called.

A recent Boston paper says that Annie Clarke has returned from Maine and goes to New York for rehearsals of "The Liar."

It is stated that there will be seventy-five people in "The Lady Slavey" company with which the Hollis theatre, Boston, is to be opened next season.

Miss Johnstone Bennett, the somewhat famous "Jane," has joined the Vaudeville ranks and Jennie Yeamans has taken to the roots in New York.

An absurd blunder is related in Tom Moore's "Diary" about Kemble. When performing at a country theatre, he was frequently interrupted by a squalling child in the gallery. Finally, angered by this rival performance, he walked with solemn steps to the front of the stage, and, addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on."

Sydney Rosenfeld is the author of the comedy entitled "Papa's Only Child" and with which Roland Reed will open the Boston Museum on the 24th. inst.

FLIRTATION.

MAZURKA.

By F. LITTLEJOHNES.

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Flirtation - a

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 15

Regular ice-cream soda weather has prevailed during the week.

St. Louis seems to be the favorite climatological convention seat. Up to date it holds the heat as well as the wind record for the year.

LI HUNG CHANG ought to be particularly anxious to visit Boston in remembrance of the famous big cup of tea which her citizens once brewed in that harbor.

As an advance agent of the Bryan circus Mrs. MARY ELIZABETH LEASE of Kansas has made her appearance in New York. Barring the large number of deaths caused by the in-one heat there seems to have been no undue excitement connected with her advent. The people of the great metropolis still pursue the hunting tenor of their way.

The decision given by an English court recently that a bicycle is not a vehicle but a pair of skates is a very important one indeed. Readers of SHAKESPEARE will now understand, or rather get some inkling of why HAMLET was so proud of his ability to distinguish a hawk from a handaw under certain conditions of the wind. The great WILLIAM evidently knew his men.

The meagre reports of the eclipse of last Sunday so far received render it impossible to determine the degree of success attained by the various expeditions. It would appear that the expectations of the perfectly equipped Amherst expedition was frustrated by the cloudy obscurity of the horizon of the island of Jesso. There was another expedition under Prof. SCHAEFFER and it would be extremely unfortunate if both should prove to have been practically in vain.

There is nothing but very vague rumors to support the announcement that Captain General WEYLER had entered into negotiations with the Cuban rebel chiefs in order to establish a truce. Indirectly however, the announcement receives color from the state of affairs in Spain. The troops now in Cuba may be needed to suppress outbreaks at home, or it may have dawned upon the statesmen of Spain that the country will be unable much longer to endure the drain upon its resources by keeping in the field a force of nearly three times the ordinary strength of the standing army.

The reign of terror in Herakleion Crete which cuts a big figure in the newspaper headlines, seems to exist mainly in the imaginations of the managers of news bureaus at Athens and in those of the fugitives from Crete who seem to be their informants. There is a panicky feeling in Crete and as the vendetta has been carried on from time immemorial between the Christians and Mohammedan villages, there may have been conflicts between the opposing factions and many may have been killed on both sides, but it would be a misuse of words to allude to these passages as "massacres."

The special bicycle costumes of which the general use of the wheel by women has caused the fashioning, is likely to bring about a reform in feminine dress that could scarcely have been effected by years of lecturing and illustration on the part of the most ardent reformer. The bicycle costumes now in general use are modest, suitable and becoming. Moreover they are rapidly tending to a change in the outdoor dress of women which is altogether desirable. Women are learning the convenience of shorted skirts for outdoor wear and in business occupations. They are getting accustomed to them and the novelty which once attracted unwelcome attention to such a costume has passed away.

Those interested in coal mining will be particularly interested in the future developments of the process for extracting electricity from coals upon which Dr. JACQUES, an electrician of the BELL Telephone Company recently received a patent. Dr. JACQUES claims to have discovered the long sought secret of transforming a lump of coal into electricity.

At present only about six per cent of the potential efficiency of coal is being secured in the general manufacturing plants in Canada and the United States. If the new process shall prove a success Dr. JACQUES will have enriched the world with a secret of commercial value worth more than would be the power of transmuting charcoal into diamonds.

Lady EMILY TENNYSON, who died a few days ago after four years of widowhood, was wedded to the great laureate a short time before that honor had been bestowed upon him not afterwards as has been said. TENNYSON had suffered from a jilting by a fickle sweetheart early in life as 'Locksley Hall' records; and he waited until he was forty before he espoused Miss EMILY SELLWOOD, a niece of Sir JOHN FRANKLYN of Arctic memory. The married life of the TENNYSONS of over two score years was one of quiet domestic happiness and pastoral enjoyment. The sympathetic companionship was shown to the last. Lady TENNYSON set to music her husband's poem of "Silent Voice," which was sung at his funeral and it was at her suggestion that the Union Jack was laid across his coffin.

France is richer by one new academy. The courts will scarcely be able to invalidate the remarkable will of the late EDMOND DE GENGOURT, by which is created the Academic des GENGOURT of his life dream. A great deal of curious speculation has existed for years as to the names of the lucky annuitants of this semi charitable institution which is in no way a rival of the great academy of the "Forty Immortals." In fact only eight members are specified in the testamentary document. One or two of those included in the list would scarcely be looked upon perhaps as needy literateurs. Nevertheless the foundation membership was almost bound to be a matter of personal whim and the institution bids fair to be a genuine godsend to many a struggling genius in the long days to come.

The Halifax carnival crew committee made an attempt to wind up its affairs on Wednesday evening, but the same trouble exists to a certain extent with them that was found with the Carnival committee—people subscribed who did not pay. The ward 2 collectors are said to have been most unfortunate in this respect their shortage amounting to hundreds of dollars. Ward 3, on the other hand, managed by M. H. RUGGLES is said to have paid up every cent subscribed. The names of these delinquents are not yet forthcoming, but they may before long. Not discouraged by bad debts, however, the committee issued an appeal both for the payment of old subscriptions and the promise of new ones, in order to put a new kick into training this season, and have them ready for whatever contests may be forthcoming next year.

Perhaps it should not be surprising to find that Ecuador is again the scene of active revolution, for the little republic has been accustomed during half a century to stormy politics. Still, since the insurrection of last year had given promise of ending in quiet for a time, these new outbreaks are not very encouraging for the prospects of permanent peace. As late as last October there was a celebration at Guayaquil of the decisive victory gained by the Liberals, the government appropriating 10,000 sucres for its expenses, while a new issue of postage stamps was issued in its honor, a mode of commemoration appreciated, at least, by stamp collectors. But when "ins" become "outs" combinations to overthrow the government may be looked for, and so the condition of stable equilibrium is kept up. The recent estimate of the insurgent strength at 2,000 does not seem to make it very formidable, but the same estimate gives the government forces in the field only 600 more.

The Australian parliament has been investigating the industrial situation, as respects women workers, with the usual results. The hours are too many and the wages too low. It makes little difference what the employment is. The schools for acting and singing are always crowded though they can be supported by the salaries. The trades it is seldom the wage of a comfortable living while to lay by anything is not thought of. The most lamentable consideration, probably, is the slow working of even the reasonable precautions as witnessed the world over. As long as employers and employees are more or less selfish, they will come short of the ideal and the stronger will take advantage of the weaker. The day of righteousness is vainly expected when there are so few who are careful to be just in their relation to others. If women are warring in their duty to one another their efforts to help the oppressed will not go far with the oppressor.

The decision of the British ministry at a recent cabinet council to adhere to its original proposals when the Irish Land bill shall have been returned to the House of Commons, seems to have weakened the landlord opposition to the measure in the Upper House of Parliament and the retreat of their lordships was converted into a rout when Prime Minister SALISBURY made known that "it would be necessary

for him to seriously consider his position" if the government should again be defeated on an important point. The lords certainly did not desire to raise such a storm as that which would follow an appeal to the country on the issue involving their prerogative to nullify the legislation of the Commons, and the implied threat of the Prime Minister to resign has apparently sufficed to restore their Lordships to their senses. But it is not SALISBURY, who really was responsible for the temporary fit of rebelliousness which had seized the House of Lords. It was he, who during the Home Rule debates told their Lordships that their House was an independent legislative body, with revisionary powers which it was their bounden duty to exercise. The Lords had only taken SALISBURY at his word.

MEN TO BE AVOIDED.

Some of Those Whose Room is Preferred to Their Company. Men we don't want to meet:—The man who, having by an accident been thrown once in your company, makes bold to bawl your name out, and to shake your hand profusely when you pass him in the street.

The man who, pleading old school fellowship, which you have quite forgotten, never meets you without trying to extort a five-dollar bill.

The man who volunteers his criticism on your opinions, and points out the worst faults in presence of your wife.

The man who, thinking you are musical, bores you with his notions on music of the future, of which you know as little as of the music of the spheres.

The man who wears a winter hat in summer, and smokes a pipe walking and accounts you as "old fellow" just as you are hoping to make a good impression on some well dressed lady friend.

The man who with a look of urgent business, when you are in a hurry, takes you by the buttonhole to tell you a bad joke.

The man, who, sitting behind you at the opera, destroys half your enjoyment by humming all the airs.

The man who lards his talk with little scraps of French after reading "Passe Par-tout's" column in a Dorchester paper.

The man who spoils your pleasure in seeing a new play by applauding in wrong places, and muttering in stage whispers his comments on the plot.

And to finish with, the man who, when you draw back slightly to appreciate a picture, coolly comes and stands in front of you, and then receding, also treats upon your toes.—Roxbury Gazette.

A SIBERIAN TRICK.

Skobel breaks up the Stock in a Rubber Store. Skobel the Siberian strong man, called at a Fourth street rubber store yesterday to look at some rubber cables he desired for use in exercising the pupils' muscles at his bathhouse, on Olive street. A salesman showed him an assortment, and Skobel, picking up the largest, which were of solid rubber, rounded, about two feet long and an inch and a half in diameter, remarked casually that he doubted whether they were strong enough.

"What?" exclaimed the young salesman, who neither knew his customer nor recognized the latter's muscular development. "Not strong enough! Why, my dear sir, just try them!" "But suppose they break?" "Oh," replied the youth, with a compassionate smile, "we're not afraid of that. We'll take the chances. Try them."

Then Skobel took the two rubbers, and clasping his ends in each hand, with each hand straight out before him, commenced to expand his arms. The rubber yielded gradually, but about the time Skobel's hands were in a line with his body they snapped in the centre and the strong man, shrugging his shoulders, dropped the four pieces on the floor.

The salesman gazed at the fragments in astonishment. "Great Scott!" he remarked at length, "what have I run up against?" "My name is Skobel, the Siberian strong man," replied the stranger. "Have you anything else you would like tested?" "Not by a long way," was the answer. "Don't you know you ought to pay for one or two of these things—cost \$4.75 each?" Skobel, however, held the young man to his agreement. He made some other purchases, but the busted rubber exercise cables will have to be charged to profit and loss.—St. Louis Republic.

Step for Dyspeptics. If dyspeptics will observe caution in regard to taking rest before eating, it will materially aid their digestive powers. It is a good plan for the dyspeptic to take a daily nap. Sleep is food for the nerves; therefore, not only is the daily nap excellent, but early hours should be observed, so that there be sufficient sleep to restore and invigorate the system.

We do not say give up drinking tea, but drink only the digestive tea, which is specially prepared for dyspeptics, and all those with weak digestions. It is absolutely pure, and can be taken without any bad results, when the ordinary kinds would produce instantly the agonies of indigestion.

Bullets Wear Out Rifles. There is one thing which users of the new high velocity of 30-caliber have to consider, and that is the effect of the copper or nickel jacket on the grooves of the rifle, says the New York Sun. A bullet that leaves the muzzle of a rifle at a velocity of 2,000 feet a second is so wearing on the rifling, especially near the muzzle, that the accuracy of even the hardest-bored rifles is seriously impaired in less than 12,000 shots at their most. The lead bullet, or those put slightly hardened with a mixture of tin, do not wear the barrels to the same extent, and the barrels last far longer.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Song of the Acadian Mariner. My heart before me wanders home, Ajar across the dark deep sea; I see the place where'er I roam, The peaceful home so dear to me. I see my Katie neat and trim, My sweetheart ever staunch and true; I hear her sing her own sweet hymn Come home across the waters blue Across the waters blue.

I see the cool white hammock swing, Among the balmy green spruce trees; I hear the songs the robins sing, They reach me on the passing breeze. The poplars by the pleasant water, Look upward to the clear blue dome; I hear the rattle of the leaves, My heart before me wanders home, Before me wanders home.

Last night my sweet the dark wild storm, Came calling through the lofty shroud; And my side I saw thy form, Enveloped in a snow white cloud, I heard thy voice say in its sound Come home dear heart come home to me O home my love my ship's hold, The blue sea wait me love to thee, Wait me love to thee.

When gentle winds our sails unfurl, I dream our little one's at play; I dream I see the blue smoke curl Above the roof at set of day. I see the cradle where she sleeps, The darling of my being here; And there I know good angels keep Their silent vigils from the skies.

All day I hear the dashing spray, I see your bright face on the foam; Though full five thousand miles away, I am with thee my love at home. I linger there when morning breaks Across the fields of waving grain, When soft the summer wind awakes, O sweetheart I am home again. I am home again.

Laurel Walk, August 1896. Her Last Visitor. Across her sky of summer dark and slow It stole, kind heaven never let her know When I had left her, but she thought she had Left her that day, young, beautiful—and mad, A stranded life, when morning breaks Across the fields of waving grain, When soft the summer wind awakes, O sweetheart I am home again. I am home again.

Only love came, with tender voice and hand, And smile and kiss the scarce could understand, And once dear eyes, that now unanswered beam When I look on her, and as if she dreamed Their faces shone and faded. Months and years They met their love in a faded retreat, And found her not, and passed with burdened feet And bitter tears.

She saw them but as phantoms which all hours Thrust on her brain, and yet they brought her flowers And good words, and laid—was it vain? Their unshaken duty on her unshaken face. Months after months, year after year—and then Some fell away; the world had swept them by, And sorrow's friendship with its lingering sigh Came not again.

Her mates found other favorites, some were wives And mothers; into her own she never crept care; her brothers (used to aside to wed And once dear eyes, that now unanswered beam When I look on her, and as if she dreamed Their faces shone and faded. Months and years They met their love in a faded retreat, And found her not, and passed with burdened feet And bitter tears.

Long time the suffering father kept his tears, But failed at length and staid away, unmissed In her he missed so sorely, the calm Of a cradled soul's forgetfulness, the calm That feeds the soul, when forgotten of its own. The mother's love, and with no mate To share her joys, she turned to her child, And breathed her name.

She went alone, weak in, weak out, alone Summer and winter, till her lighted eye Became her babe again, and she grew gray In motherly piety, nor did she care, Nor doubt nor danger where her errand led Said her love's visit, long to bring home Her child. At last one day she did not come, But she was dead.

—Theron Brown in Youth's Companion. A Summer Mist. In filmy skeles of smother That drift about in pensive folds As fits as will, the morning mist, Accurately and sweetly folds. In pensive slumbers and free It lingers on the crystal stream, And seems the gauzy drapery Of some entrancing fairy dream.

I watch it lightly swirl and twist Before the sun in languid ease, Till, by the rosy ripples kissed, It flows sunward by degrees. So round the field it winds and veers Secretly in the water's caves, Till suddenly it disappears, Dispersed to the sky's brightness. —R. E. Munckrick in Harper's Weekly.

Soft dew descending, Twilight is lending The charm of its mystery to Nature's fair scenes. Down in the meadows Shadowy herons stand, While on the hilltops fade Daylight's last beams. Stars softly beaming, Their bright rays streaming Through the pale mist of this balmy-laden night, Not words coldly gleaming, Not words of that only purest delight.

Shadows are falling, Night birds are calling, And in my spirit to Nature's repose, Like balmy winds, they fall. O'er-buried hearts calling, The darkness comes softly the day to enclose. Stanzas. Swirl the shot from my rifle sped To his heart, and he fell in the darkness—dead! I saw my enemy bleed and die. With never a tremor, never a sigh, I shall fear his hand and hate no more. "And now," I said, "is my peace secure; I shall fear his hand and hate no more."

The black night came with a stealthy pace And laid the shadows over his face. Hidden forever from mortal view, And only God and the darkness knew! But what would I barter of good and fair To take the place of the dead man there, As I face the future—the life to be, With God and the darkness hand in hand. —Frank L. Stanton in Atlantic Constitution. The Joy of Art. "How rich this summer scene! This wheat field set In emerald waves before the sun, wide edge How fresh! What music in that tender pludge As mist draws round that hollow like a net! This grass I almost feel, so cool and soft! Almost I scent those flowers and the hedge, The sunlight burning on the hedgerow. Those sun-dashed skies, clouds, hills—how fair! and yet—"

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

HOW SARDINES ARE CAUGHT.

Signs of Their Coming—The Bait—The Nets—The Process Illustrated.

It takes 25,000 or 30,000 men to catch the fish that go into Sardine boxes in France alone the fishermen are employed seven months a year, and one village alone has been known to oil 2,600,000 pounds of Sardines and to salt as many more.

The signs by which fishermen judge of the coming of sardines are floating bunches of algae, the odor from the sardines caught by fish of prey, and birds hovering over the sea. The terns dive straight, with wings close, and the cormorants kiss the water lightly with their bills when these fish are near the surface. It is then the bait is cast overboard.

The bait is generally codfish, roe, mostly from Norway, salted down in barrels for transportation, but soaked in water to make it heavy. It is cast overboard by the barrel—35,000 tons of Norway roe are used in the season. Countless schools of sardines are attracted by it.

Cautiously enough the fishermen all use gill nets from thirty to forty-five yards long and from nine to twelve yards deep. The bottoms are not leaded or otherwise weighted, and they are cast out so that the sardines, in their rushes to and fro for the bait fetch up in the nets and are drowned. When a net gets heavy it is pulled in, the fish are taken out and are cast into the hold. Up goes the sail, and away the boat starts for the shore, where the fish are cured.

There was a time when 12,000 or even 20,000 sardines were taken in a trip by a single boat, but as in the Lake Erie and the North Atlantic coast fisheries the fish decreased and nowadays rarely more than 6,000 fish are taken on a trip. For this fishing 20 foot boats are used with a sharp spear forward and a square stern. They are fast sailers but cranky. Two masts that lean back slightly and two large square lugger sails catch even slight puffs of air and send the boat a-zipping.

At the shore, say from 6 to 10 in the morning, the boats arrive, containing a flock of birds to their roost at night, and are met where the water shallows by men and women dealers holding baskets that carry 500 fish each. The men roll up their trousers, the women their skirts, but many plunge in water up to their elbows if need be to get to the boats. When the baskets are loaded they are dipped to make the fish look fresh, and then they are taken ashore and salted.

At the factories women dress them and the fish are spread side by side with their heads cut off in a thin layer of salt atop of flat rocks. This is the first drying. While the fish are lying on the rocks, huge boilers, filled with the finest olive oil, are placed over the fire and started to boil, when the fish are put in layers on wire screens or baskets and dipped into the oil. Then the fish are put in frames to drip. After dripping they are put in drying rooms and there exposed to the sea air in proper condition.

How Social Success is Won. "I think," writes Ruth Ashmore, addressing a reply to a girl correspondent who asks how to become a social success, in August Ladies' Home Journal, "that you will be a social success, for you are pretty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to look upon, but you must remember every day and every hour of your life that social success is only obtained by continued thought of the value of little things. The little pleasures are really great ones, the little courtesies are keenly appreciated, and the little politenesses are those that will make you not only a lovable girl, but a lady. I think to be a social success you must be that. Reformers can be given to you or to me in woman. Perhaps that is true. But it seems to me that you should also wish to be called a lady. You are a woman by birth, and a lady because of your tact and good manners. There is many a woman truthful and honest, but so lacking in tact that she cannot possibly be called a lady. If, therefore, you wish to have society approve of you you must be ladylike and tactful as well as womanly."

How and What to Drink. Avoid drinking large quantities. Gulping down pints of liquid will not quench the thirst any better than sipping slowly a twentieth part of the amount, and may do much mischief to the stomach. It should be remembered that the sense of thirst is not in the stomach, but in the throat, and water sipped and swallowed slowly will be as effectual as anything in satisfying it. Mineral waters are pleasant and satisfying in the summer, and it is well to drink them while staying away for the summer, unless you are sure of the water supply, which in the country, is often inadequate. Too much aerated water should not be drunk; fruit juices are really more refreshing and wholesome. Lemonade made with fresh fruit, unswetened, and taken in small quantities, will quench extremes thirst.

The Watchword. "Each for all and all for each" is the watchword of the hour. A nobler message has not gone out to the people since the angels sang the song of "Peace on earth and good will unto men!" "Each for all," then each shall be saved from the sins that do beset the soul, and sins of self-seeking selfishness. "All for each" then no man

shall be left to make the struggle alone and single handed, and if "All for each" then each and all shall enter into the larger, nobler service that brings the kingdom of God in the heart of the world.—G. L. Perrin, D. D. "Noblesse oblige." In Athletics. To those who believe in the physical and disciplinary value of outdoor sports, it is not more gratifying to see their extraordinary popularity than to note the better standards which the most far-seeing, enthusiastic, and gentlemanly devotees have succeeded in establishing almost everywhere in the conduct of competitive athletics. Especially in colleges there has been an enormous stride forward in the matter of drawing clearly and exactly the lines of professionalism. To one who is a stranger to the inside of college competitive games it may seem at first thought that the efforts for such strict tests and professional standards are resulting in very hair-splitting arguments, but any one who has realized the dishonorable effects of mixing to the slightest degree the professional spirit with the amateur spirit will need no argument to understand how important it is that the colleges should cease playing on the teams of men who are having their way paid through college, or who are playing for money, or who have ever played for money. A good fight has been made, and has succeeded not only in the East, where these matters have been under discussion for a very long time, but also in the South and West, which have come to the front in athletic competitions so rapidly that no time has been given to prevent their abuses.—From "The World's Sporting Impulse," by Charles D. Lanier, in Review of Reviews for July.

In The Breach. They who are called upon to fill the gaps of life may find the experience at first hard and trying. Cherished plans have oftentimes to be abandoned. Selfish claims must be given up. Different relations have to be formed. Old pursuits have to be modified. Heavy responsibilities must be assumed. New duties must be undertaken. Naturally one shrinks from the task. But where, there is the right stamp of nature, a responsiveness to need, and a trust in God, there is no holding back, hope beckoning onward, and grace and strength proving equal to the duty. Many are the gaps in life to be filled. A father dies and leaves dear ones behind him, or a father and mother are both removed, and orphans must be cared for. Myriads are the gaps made by death in the land. Sometimes they are filled by a loving relative, sometimes by an elder son or daughter, sometimes by an especial friend. However filled, a noble duty is discharged. Some may be better qualified for its performance than others, but he who steps in and does the best he can is entitled to high respect, and shall not lose his reward.

The Tyranny of Temper. "Love is not easily provoked." We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness. We are prone to a mere infirmity of nature, a family falling, a matter of temperament, not a thing to take into very serious account in estimating a man's character. The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect, but for an easily ruffled quick temper or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the saddest problems of ethics. The truth is, there are two great classes of sinners—of it a body and sins of the disposition. The original sin may be taken as a type of the first, the elder brother of the second. Now, society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worst. It's brand falls without a challenge upon the prodigal.

Helping the Fallen. We ought to pray for and help all that we possibly can those fallen away from right living; and charity to those cast away is our bounden duty and the prompting of every merciful heart. Yet no man will say in the face of the history of individuals as each one of us has known them, but that to prevent wrong doing is more in keeping with God's commandments and His glory than even the reclaiming of those strayed from His service.

A Judge's Opinions. Balzac tells of a counselor who had a great fondness for sentences of death. The president of the tribunal with which he was connected having asked his opinion on a case which had just been concluded, he started suddenly from sleep and said that the man should have his head cut off. "But," said the president, "the question is about a meadow." "Then let it be mowed!"—Cornhill Magazine.

Colors from Coal Tar. Coal tar, formerly considered a waste and a regular nuisance to gas workers, is now carefully saved and utilized as one of the most valuable colors in existence. The chemists have extracted from it sixteen shades of yellow, twelve shades of orange and nine of violet, besides shades of other colors too numerous to mention.

A Subject for Lamentation. "You had a fortune a few years ago. What brings you here my man in such a plight, my man?" "Your honor, it was the bargain counter. My wife—"

"Fine remitted. Poor fellow, you may go."

S. Govt Report. King powder

the struggle alone and it "All for each" then enter into the larger, brings the kingdom of the world.—G. L. Per-

ing. "in Athletics. believe in the physical value of outdoor sports, trying to see their ex- arity than to note the hich the most far-seeing, gentlymanly evotes an establishing almost onduct of competi- ally in colleges there ous strid forward drawing clearly and of professionalism. To nger to the inside of games it may seem as the efforts for such professionalism are re- ir-splitting arguments, has realized the of mixing to the aligh- tional spirit with the need no argument to portant it is that the s playing on the teams their way paid through playing for money, or ed for money. A good e, and has succeeded where these matters ousion for a very long the South and West, the front in athletic idly that no time has at these abuses.—From porting impulse," by n Review of Reviews

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"Here is Something as Good,"

Said the clerk in the store. The lady replied, "I've heard that before; "Thanks for suggestion you'll allow me, I hope, "To buy what I want, "That fine FAIRY SOAP."

Best for Bath and Toilet.

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SKIRTS STAND OUT STYLISHLY

NEW CORDED WAKEFIELD Skirt Protector.

Wakefield Leather Binding never wears out. It saves the edges of your skirts, and at the same time makes them flare out. Everybody wears it, and nobody wants to be deceived when they ask for "Corded Leather Bindings."



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Lime Juice Cordial

Is Sweetened to Suit Most Palates. NO HUNTING FOR SUGAR.

Add water, and you have the Best and Most Delicious of Summer Drinks.

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It is clear

that the best soap is the one which drives away dirt, but leaves the skin as soft, smooth and healthy as a baby's. BABY'S OWN SOAP opens the pores, clears away all impurities, but, by its pure, fatty ingredients and delicate fragrance, leaves the skin soft, smooth and sweet. For sale by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Maritime Agent for THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto, Limited, GEORGE P. McLAUGHLIN, WHOLESALE DEALER IN.....

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Agent for LOCHLEANA SCOTCH WHISKEY, our special brand. Try it TELEPHONE NO. 925

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

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

E. G. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces

Social and Personal.

The most brilliant event of the social world this week, and in fact it might be said of the entire season was the marriage of Miss Katherine Edwards Jones eldest daughter of Mr. Simon Jones, and Mr. Francis Underhill Edinburg, Scotland who were united in marriage by Rev. Archdeacon Brightwell at Caverhill Hall, the beautiful residence of the bride's father, at two o'clock last Wednesday afternoon.

The decorations were on a very magnificent scale and surpass anything of the kind attempted in St. John. Every room had its own particular flower and the scheme of color and arrangement was most artistically carried out. The main entrance was decorated with small palms, carnations and other plants, which were placed in the place of work done in willow leaves and ferns. Near the staircase Harrison's orchestra discoursed appropriate music from behind tall palms, ferns and potted plants.

In the dining room, where the ceremony was performed, the decorations were most elaborate. At one end was a large arch covered with small, ferns and carnations while from it, suspended by white ribbons was a very large bell of white and pink asters. White ribbons were stretched from either side of the arch to the door, thus forming an aisle for the bridal party. They were held by the young brothers of the bride, Masters Ernest and Andrew Jones. From floor to ceiling on one side of the room, was a bank of palms, ferns, white and pink lilies and rubber plants, while the mantels were banked with sweet peas, ferns and mosses. Variegated lilies, palms and ferns filled the grate and the whole effect was surpassingly beautiful.

In the dining room the decorations were much simpler but none the less lovely; cut glass bowls were filled with pink and white lilies, ferns and gypsophylla. The bride's table was done in white roses, ferns and trailing vines of stephanotis. The guests were received by Mr. Simon Jones, and Mrs. Keltie Jones who wore a white silk dress with overcoat of white and blue flowers. She carried a pretty bouquet of white roses. Miss White, as Mr. George Jones' fiancee, received with the family and looked charming in a gown of white and pink silk with pink roses.

At two o'clock the bride entered with her father and was followed by her sister Edna Jones, as bridesmaid. In describing brides there seems to be only one stereotyped phrase that does duty upon all occasions and in this instance no exception. The bride looked lovely and graceful in the gown she wore a gown of ivory satin, made in London, the court train of which was four yards long. At each side of the skirt was a wreath of orange blossoms and white chiffon, and the skirt was trimmed with a train of white chiffon, and the skirt was trimmed with a train of white chiffon, and the skirt was trimmed with a train of white chiffon.

The bride was the recipient of many costly presents. From the groom was a diamond and emerald bracelet and to the bride was a bracelet of diamonds and pearls. Her father and brother gave her chiques for large amounts and her mother, Mrs. Murdoch, gave her all the old Keltie silver which forms a magnificent collection. Mr. John Usher, who was present at his son's wedding, gave the bride a diamond necklace; Mr. Anderson gave a presented a solid silver tea service and silver coffee service. Other relatives of the groom gave a dog cart, a broom and horses. The servants in Mr. Jones family presented the bride with three pieces of cut glass, and the brewery employees gave two beautiful bronze statues.

A party of pleasure seekers from the States who visited the city this week include Mr. and Mrs. George F. Durkin and Miss Carr of Concord, N. H., Mr. and Mrs. Osfield, Jr., Mrs. J. T. Maguire and the Misses Maguire of Pawtucket, Mass. Mr. H. J. Stoughton of Boston is in the city paying a visit to his mother and friends. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morrison of Frederick, Mrs. J. T. Morrison and daughter of Kansas City were here the first of the week.

Mr. Eben Burdick and Miss Beskfield of Lynn are visiting St. John. Mrs. M. A. Goodwin and Miss M. J. Smith of New York are enjoying a visit to St. John. Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Mulham of Holyoke, Mass. were here during the week. Mr. G. W. Gannon, M. P., of St. Stephen spent Tuesday in the city. Miss Louise Carr of the city is visiting Halifax friends.

Miss Keenan of New York accompanied by her niece Miss Anna Keenan of this city left last week on a visit to Nelson. Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Holly of Yarmouth visited the city last week. Mr. Justice King, Mrs. King and Miss Austin came in from Robbsey for a day or two this week. Mrs. Victor Gowland has returned from a pleasant visit to Salisbury.

Rev. L. G. MacNeill is in St. John, Nfld., where he is being warmly received by many old friends. Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Rendig of New York are visiting the city. Mr. and Mrs. John MacNamara and family are here to spend a few weeks. Mrs. George Burris and Miss Helena Burris of Worcester, Mass., are on a visit to this city. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Judson and daughter of Gloverville, N. Y., are visiting St. John.

Hon. Geo. E. Foster was a guest of Mr. J. Douglas Huxley last Saturday. Professor Collinson left last week for New York via Yarmouth. He was accompanied by Master Charles Gregory one of his music pupils. Mr. Frank Curran has returned from a prolonged trip to Belfast, Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred New March of Boston are here for a short visit. Mr. Robert E. Squire of London, Eng., is among the strangers in the city. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Oochran of Melrose, Mass. are visiting the city.

Mrs. G. Widdington and Mr. Howard P. Widdington of Boston spent Wednesday in the city. Mrs. Thomas F. Robertson of Los Angeles, Cal., in the city Tuesday evening and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Robertson, Rockland Road. Mr. John McAllister of Campbellton was in the city this week. In the issue of April 11th last under Frederickton social news there was a mistaken reference to the Robbsey School for Girls, Netherwood. The item stated that the Misses A. and L. Taber were at home, the school at Robbsey being closed on account of measles. They had left Netherwood for the Easter holiday and there were no measles or sickness of any kind, other than colds, among the Robbsey pupils during the year. Good health and happy home life as well as scholarship are the aims of the management. [CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.]

Something New....

For us; that is, the manufacture of FLANNELETTES

These Goods are now being delivered to the leading Wholesale Houses of the Dominion.

We guarantee them SUPERIOR to any shown at the same price, either of Home or Foreign manufacture.

A TRIAL ORDER to your wholesale house will convince you of the value of these goods, both as to Quality and Color.

If you have not yet seen our complete range of samples, write your nearest Wholesale House for them at once.

WM. PARKS & SON, Ltd., Saint John, N. B.

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

A Cool Suggestion.....

"Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice is, without exception, the king of summer drinks. Cooling, fragrant, and delightfully pleasant. It should be on every table during the hot weather, and is always to be had where summer drinks are sold. No other drink is so wholesome and refreshing.

It can be taken with plain or aerated water, claret and soda, or spirits of any kind.

If a Lime Juice Cordial is required, "Limetta" will be found the finest article of its kind on the market.

Sleep, Sound and Refreshing visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

Illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat standing next to a large box of Indian Woman's Balm.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph...

Aug. 12.—In spite of the extreme heat of the past two days...

Miss Kate Washburn gave a shower party at the cottage of Miss Clara Barnard...

Mr. Herbert Allen left on Monday for Rumford falls.

Mrs. Walter Bradlee has returned from Toronto and with her family...

Mrs. Bolton has gone to Grand Manan to join her daughter Mrs. F. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis are occupying the cottage owned by Mayn Marcell...

Miss Beaulieu of St. John is the guest of her friend Miss Florence Mitchell.

Freddie Pope MacNichol has taken a cottage at DeMonts...

Miss Annie Whidden of Worcester, Mass., is visiting her father...

Mr. George McLeod of St. John was registered at the Windsor during this week.

Mrs. George E. Sands and R. D. Rosa are visiting St. John this week.

Mrs. C. H. Smith of St. John is the guest of Mrs. E. G. Vroom this week.

Mrs. Samuel Wade of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. John Ryder...

Mr. and Mrs. John Farris, of Lowell, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard T. Farris.

Mrs. J. T. Whitlock has been visiting St. John this week.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Lora...

Miss Jesse Peabody youngest daughter of Steven Peabody...

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. Allison Connell, Mrs. E. B. Wood...

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young at family have returned from Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Clarke with their family are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clark...

Mrs. John F. Grant, Mrs. J. J. Morrison and children, Miss Hannah Marks, Miss Grace Stevens...

Mrs. Edwin F. Frowis of Princeton college, New Jersey, was in town this week...

A very pleasant and happy affair was the presentation of a purse of money to Rev. W. C. Goucher...

Mr. George J. Clarke was in St. Andrews yesterday on professional business.

Mr. J. T. Whitlock has been visiting St. John this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence of Stratford, Ont., are spending a few days in town...

Mr. J. Parsons of the Bank of Montreal, who recently came to Moncton to take the place of Mr. C. E. Willis...

Miss Mabel Norfolk of Springfield, Mass., spent a few days in town last week.

Miss Cooke returned last week from Halifax where she spent several weeks with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. Allison Connell, Mrs. E. B. Wood...

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young at family have returned from Nova Scotia.

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The Woman's Bicycle Columbia In strength, lightness, grace and elegance of finish and equipment Model 41 of the famous...

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. We appoint but one selling agent in a town, and do not sell to jobbers or middlemen.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT I WAS CURED OF A SEVERE "COLD" BY MINARD'S LINIMENT...

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT I WAS CURED OF A TERRIBLE SPRAIN BY MINARD'S LINIMENT...

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT I WAS CURED OF A RHEUMATISM BY MINARD'S LINIMENT...

Cool Soda Water With Choice Fruit Syrups. Cherry Ripe Peach, Red Messina Orange, Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple...

Spring Painting. That well-known Painter and Decorator, Cornelius Gallagher.

Ferguson & Page 41 KING STREET Have a large stock of Silver Novelties, suitable for small presents.

HEALTH GOOD DIGESTION. RICH, PURE BLOOD. INDIGESTION. The methodical, thorough, in which the only digester of a prominent mill owner and merchant and the youngest son of the proprietor and editor of one of our weekly papers will be the principal agent...

It certainly spoils half the pleasure of a boating trip of any kind when the dampness or crushing ruins the style of your once jaunty suit. This never happens when a Fibre Chamol's Interlining is used because no amount of moisture, creasing or hard usage can take the stiffness out of it. Skirts and sleeves made on it have all the style and grace of the first day of wear right through the whole season. These points, as well as its extra light weight, have made it the only popular interlining for all kinds of outing suits.

Flexible glass was shown at the court of Casimir IV, King of Poland, by an Italian in the year 1645. Out of Sore - Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, fever, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trifling ailment, but its prevention is worth a pound of cure, and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Beale Upton who has been visiting friends here has returned to Parrboro accompanied by Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Vaughan who will pay her a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair and child of this city have been visiting Parrboro recently.

Mrs. Howard McAllister of Canada, who has been visiting city friends has returned home.

Miss George Angherton, Mr. Claude Angherton, and Mr. Norman Loane of Woodstock, came to the city on their wheels, and returned home by train.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Harding are spending a few weeks at Mrs. Wicks in Dubu.

Miss Edith Baldwin and Miss Beale O'Brien of St. George, who have been visiting here have returned home.

Mr. J. M. L. Fraser and Mr. J. D. Campbell, spent a few days in Parrboro recently.

Mrs. W. L. Blair returns today from St. Stephen where she has been spending a week with Mrs. Frank Blair.

Mrs. Herbert Street has returned from a visit to out of town friends.

Mrs. Howard McAllister of Canada, who has been visiting city friends has returned home.

Mr. Alexander Cullin of St. Stephen was here for a day or two this week.

Messrs. George E. bands and B. D. Ross of Canada have been visiting the city this week.

Mrs. C. H. Smith is in St. Stephen visiting Mrs. E. G. Young.

Mr. J. T. Wallcock of Canada spent a day or two here lately.

Mrs. Sinclair and the Misses MacLaren are in St. Andrew, staying at Mrs. Keays.

The "Algoquin" society column of the St. Andrew's Beacon mentions the following St. John people this week:

Mrs. Robert Morris Hazen, of St. John, N. B., with her two fair and pretty daughters, are among Miss Sprague's guests this summer and are quite an addition to St. Andrew's circle.

"The arrival of Mrs. John H. Thomson of St. John, N. B., was earnestly looked for by many friends at the Algoquin. She came at last on the 4th inst., with her son and daughter, who are both recognized as a very clever and most interesting.

Among the St. John people registered at Kenney's, St. Andrew's, this week are: Mrs. W. F. Best, Mrs. W. C. Purves, Harold Purves, Andrew W. Robb, R. O. E. Mitchell, A. C. Jardine, W. B. Stewart, Allan Haskins, Richard Sullivan, D. M. Doherty.

Mrs. Henry Horton spent a week lately at Indian Island on her way to Natick, Mass., to visit her daughter Mrs. Louis Whitney.

Miss Lillie Parkhurst gave a little outing to the Park on Thursday last week to the members of her Sunday school class; she was assisted in entering her young guests by the Misses Ferguson and Cunningham. The afternoon was pleasantly spent in playing games and a delightful tea was served.

Those present were Masters Murray, Lorne MacLaren, Freddie Hunter, Frank Nelson, Sydney Hyde, Harold Parker, Blake Ferguson.

The Misses Knottell of the city are enjoying their annual visit to Bridgetown as guests in the family of Mr. George Hoyt.

Miss Mabel Gooding is in Bridgetown visiting Mrs. Norman Ramsey.

Miss Parkhurst leaves next Tuesday for Toronto where she will spend a week or two with her sister before proceeding to Chicago on a two or three months visit to her sister Mrs. J. Henderson of that city. She will also visit relatives in St. Thomas, Ont., Detroit, and Jackson, Mich., before returning to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Crosby of Boston, spent part of this week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hosmer of Fitchburg, Mass., are in the city.

Mrs. Randolph of Fredericton is spending a few days in St. John.

Mrs. J. Fegan of Bowdon and her baby daughter Edith, are visiting Mr. John Spears, St. James street.

Miss Gertrude McDermott intends leaving shortly to take a course in nursing in the Victoria hospital, Fredericton, this week.

Miss Margaret Ritchie left last week to visit friends in Fredericton, after which she will go to Woodstock to attend the carnival.

Mr. J. McPart and of Houlton, Me., is in the city visiting his mother.

News of the sudden death from heart trouble of Mr. Hugh Cunningham, which occurred at his home in Lynn, Mass., on August 4th, was heard here with deep regret. Mrs. Cunningham was visiting friends in this city when she suddenly succumbed. The funeral was very largely attended. Among the many floral tributes were from knights of pythias in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Tompkins of Brooklyn, N. Y., are visiting St. John.

Mrs. Randolph and child of Fredericton are visiting St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Fowler of Moncton are spending a few days in the city.

Dr. A. F. Smith and his daughter Mrs. H. L. Nelson of New Haven, Conn., have been visiting the city for several days.

Mr. J. Frazier Gregory gave a pleasant picnic on the St. John River last Friday, the steam launch "Crickle," taking the merry party to the Cedars where a delightful excursion was spent. Among those invited were, Mrs. Judae Waters, Mrs. Jack Robertson, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Retner, Boston, Miss Beale Boisford, Boston, Miss Lulu Bonnell, Miss Florrie Waters, Miss Robertson, Miss Edith Small, Boston, Miss Murray, Miss Olive Murray, Mr. George Robertson, Mr. F. Miles, Mr. George Boisford, Boston, Mr. Clarence Bonnell, New York, Mr. W. Ribner, and Mr. J. Frazier Gregory.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Akerley of Fredericton, are visiting Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin at "Chatworth," River bank.

Mrs. Edward Milroy and children of East Boston, are the guests of her aunt Mrs. B. Kimball, North end.

Miss Baxter is visiting friends in Fredericton.

Miss M. McLaughlin is visiting her cousin Miss McCreaney of Fredericton.

Miss Josie Ritchie has returned from a visit to Kings Co. friends.

At six o'clock Tuesday morning Mr. John A. Bauer, of Messrs. T. McAvity & Sons, was married to Miss Annie M. Stirling at the latter's residence, Castle street. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. W. W. Rainald, was witnessed by only the relatives and very immediate friends of the bride and groom. After the wedding breakfast the young couple left for Halifax by Prince Rupert.

The week just past has been a very gay one for private picnics, parties and although the weather was not the best, the outings were not in the least wanting in pleasure. One picnic party that went early in the week to a pleasant spot on the Loch Lomond road was gotten up in honor of Mrs. Geo. T. Higgins and Miss Annie Harrison. Mrs. Higgins having just returned from an extended visit to her father Mayor McLaughlin of Warden, P. Q., and Miss Harrison being now on her annual visit to relatives in this city. About forty young folks chartered the "Tally Ho" and other conveyances, and after an enjoyable two hours drive picked up base and entered into all sorts of games. A game of football between Misses captured by Messrs. Ritchie and Carr was a feature of the day.

A most enjoyable time was that given by Mrs. E. Le Roi Willis and Miss Jessie Chaston on Wednesday afternoon at the Lyceum. The event was a private picnic and country dance and to say everybody had a good time would be putting it mildly, they voted it the event of the season. Several buses and private carriages went to one of the picturesque spots, on the Loch Lomond and entered in for a day's fun. Games of ball, boating and other amusements made up the afternoon outing, and after a sumptuous repast at seven o'clock dancing was in order. Good music was furnished on a violin and guitar and about ten numbers were given. The party returned to the city shortly before two o'clock.

Among those present were Mrs. Ethel Rot Willis; Messrs. Ethel Chaston, Beale Chaston, Harris, Brown, Beale Massey; the Misses Fowler; the Misses Price; Ida Lays; Alice Warlock; Beale Foley; Nellie Vaughan; Miss Crockett; St. Stephen Miss Westmore, Miss McCluskey; Thompson; Stewart, Powers, and Messrs. W. McCluskey; J. D. Chaston; Elly Chaston; W. Kennedy; R. Sharp; W. Millican; J. McVane; G. Dixon; A. McLaughlin; G. Day; G. B. Price; Geo. Price; H. Johnson; H. Barton; E. McKay; B. Dale; W. Clarke; W. Robertson; H. Anderson and others.

The Ethel Young Company closed a very successful and enjoyable season last Saturday evening. During the entire two weeks of their stay the deepest interest was taken in every performance and the keenest appreciation shown of the company's very evident desire to please their patrons. "Camille," which was not new to a St. John audience by any means, was played on Friday evening and Miss Tucker revealed herself in an entirely new light. Her work throughout was beyond criticism and the breathless interest of the audience was sufficient proof of the impression made. Her gown which was made in St. John, was marvellous of beauty in fit, finish and general detail. Mr. Melton's Armad Deval revealed that gentlemen in an entirely new light, and in this role he was perhaps seen to better advantage than at any time during the engagement. The general support was excellent. On Friday night Miss Tucker was presented with a lovely bouquet of white roses, pink carnations and maiden hair fern, tied with pink ribbon and on Saturday afternoon a magnificent shower bouquet of pink and white roses tied with white ribbon, found its way to the stage also. St. John theatre goers were delighted to learn that the company will return on September 7th, when they will open with a special matinee at the Opera house.

Miss Mammie Miller gave a delightful picnic at the park last Monday afternoon and in the evening a boating party was held on the lake. Refreshments were served and the occasion proved a thoroughly enjoyable one. Those who enjoyed the outing were: Misses Reynolds, Miss N. Driscoll, Misses Haskett, Misses Lizzie Hayes, May Collins and Ada McDonald, Messrs. J. McAuliffe, S. Brown, Britain, Irvine, Sand, Murphy and McLean.

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Hammers.

The quality of the substance which strikes the string affects the quality of the tone.

That's why we take so great pains to put the best substance in our hammers.

The hammers in the Pratte Pianos are expensive because it requires twice as much material to make a hammer of the same size as in other pianos, and that material is more expensive too. But the result warrants the expense. It secures a quality of tone, sympathetic and expressive, instead of the harsh or muffled tones produced in other pianos.

We can show just what we mean to any who are interested enough to call and examine.

The best hammers, the best tone. Those are favorable points in the Pratte Piano.

Pratte Pianos

1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Represented in Halifax by THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., Corner Granville and Buckingham Streets.

Miss Gilkin has returned from her visit to Halifax.

Mr. Cecil Brock of Omaha arrived in Kentville on Wednesday on his home here.

Mrs. Charles Smith and Miss Kathleen Smith have returned from their visit to Waymouth.

General Ruggles of Washington D. C., was in Kentville Wednesday, this is his first visit to Nova Scotia. He goes to Halifax to join his wife and daughter on a trip to Cape Breton.

Mrs. George Dodge left home from her visit to Margareville.

Mrs. E. J. Warren and daughter of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting her cousin, Miss Minnie Fyke.

Mrs. J. E. Sherrard and daughters of Wolville spent Saturday in town.

Mrs. Wickwire and her visitors, Misses Lovett and Moore, spent Sunday in Parrboro.

Mr. D. Seely and Miss Grace Seely of St. John have been the guests of Mrs. T. W. Harris for a few days.

Miss Violet Campbell has returned to her home from Parrboro.

Miss Thorne left for Ottawa on Saturday.

Mr. E. Hart Nichols, who has been studying law with W. F. Shafer since vacation began, left Kentville yesterday. During his residence here for two years he made many warm friends whose good wishes will follow him in his study and practice of the profession he has chosen.

Mrs. F. Newcombe gave five o'clock tea to a number of her lady friends last week.

On Friday week a garden party for the congregation of St. James' church was given at the rectory. About sixty were present and a very enjoyable time was spent.

PROPOSALS for sale in Richibucto by Theodore Graham.

Mr. H. H. Parlee who spent his vacation in King's and Westmoreland Counties returned here by train this morning.

Mr. Henry Walker returned from Campbellton today.

Mr. George M. Ryan of H. M. Postal service was in Hartcourt today.

A marriage in which one of Hartcourt's most popular bachelors will take a part will be celebrated about the eighth proximo. A well known conductor on the northern division of the I. C. R., will be the fortunate man.

Miss Nellie Humphrey returned home to day after a visit of three weeks in Moncton.

Mrs. Hepburn and Miss Crawford returned to Chatham on Friday.

Miss Jessie Miller returned to Chatham today.

Mrs. James McKay who was visiting her sister Mrs. David D. Johnson for the past three weeks, returned to St. John on Saturday.

Mr. E. J. Hatfield of St. John is in town this evening.

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NIAGARA'S NEW BRIDGE.

It will be One of the Wonders of the World.

The new metal arch-bridge at Niagara Falls will be noteworthy in two respects. The new bridge is to be built over the old suspension structure, without interruption to the traffic on the latter. The span from end pier to end pier will be 810 feet, making it the largest span in the world.

The suspension bridge now in use which has been familiar to all visitors, to the great natural wonder for forty years will be kept in place until the new arch is ready, as it would be impossible to construct false works over the Niagara gorge to sustain a structure of this class.

The span will have a rise of 150 feet from the level of the piers at the skewbacks to the center of the ribs at the crane of the arch which point is 170 feet above low water. The depth of the trusses is 26 feet, and they will be 68.75 feet apart. The bridge will carry one floor, 46 feet wide, divided longitudinally into three parts. On the middle portion, which is 22 feet 9 inches wide, will be two trolley tracks. Each side of these tracks will be a roadway for carriages 8 feet wide and outside these, raised 6 inches from the level of the way will be footpaths.

The construction of this remarkable span is from plans of L. L. Buck, engineer of the new East river bridge between New York and Brooklyn, and the author of the plans by which the railroad suspension bridge at Niagara was replaced by an arch bridge.

The approaching or flanking spans will be 190 feet long on the American side and 210 feet on the Canadian side. The total metal in the new structure will be about \$4,000,000 pounds. Every confidence is expressed in Mr. Buck's ability to carry out his plans. The replacing of the railroad bridge by another without an hour's interruption of business was one of the engineering feats of the decade.

Those who have not seen the great structure at Niagara which it is intended to displace will hardly realize the stupendous character of the undertaking. Imagine the task of displacing the simplest sort of bridge without interrupting traffic, and then add about 1,000 percent to the difficulty. This will give something of an idea of what confronts engineers and builders.

In an undertaking of this nature the slightest error might be productive of infinite disaster. Every measurement must be accurate to a hair's breadth. Every portion of the great arch must perform its particular share of the great combination and will be one of the marvels of the world.

All that is done must be accomplished quickly, for in affairs of this nature time is, indeed, money. Every man who can be utilized will join the army of construction. Perhaps no work of recent years has required, or will yet need, more skilled labor. In fact in bridge building it is becoming unsafe to utilize labor of any other class. The bridge, when complete, will in truth be a work of genius in point of construction, as well as point of conception.

The work of preparing the material for the great structure has been in progress for some time, as little can be accomplished in an enterprise of this nature until the preliminaries are complete. When the effort of placing the different parts of the bridge in position is begun, Niagara will be one of the busiest of busy places.—Railroad Gazette.

THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

Antiquity and Romance of its Literature.

One Breton investigator has affirmed that Welsh was the Language of the Titans, while another has explicitly stated that it was the mother tongue of Saturn, Jupiter and the other principal gods of heathen antiquity. Upon so obscure a point, we may, perhaps, be allowed to retain our doubts; nor are we called upon to bow with absolute deference to the conclusion arrived at by a more modern Cymric scholar that the scheme of Dante's "Divina Commedia," is due to Celtic sources. No one, however, would dream of contesting that to the Cymric branch of the Celtic race we owe the origin of the Arthurian legend.

We do not know whether it will be one of the duties of the Welsh university to endeavor to revive the real, unadulterated Celtic literary traditions, and to purge and purify them from the accretions due to foreign influence. We should be disposed to say that Celtic scholarship will be more beneficially and more successfully employed in collecting the indications of the influence exercised by the Celtic spirit over the English language, English romance and English way of thought during the very period when it was supposed to have been repressed, if not wholly destroyed. Criticism, too, will have abundant work on its hands in seeking to separate the authentic from the spurious in the alleged writings of the earlier Welsh bards.

In the first year of the century there was published the "Myrryrian Archeology of Wales," a collection of the most celebrated works in Welsh literature from A. D. 500 to A. D. 1400, under the editorship of Mr. Jones, Mr. Edward Williams, known locally as "Edward of Glamorgan," and Dr. Owen Pughe. But though seventy-seven poems are there described to Taliesin, Mr. Stephens considers that fifty-seven of them are demonstrably spurious, and that only twelve of them are probably genuine—that is to say, belong to the age to which they are attributed. Few scholars, however, would be prepared to make so bold a challenge to the assertion of Rieu that the sixth century was the golden age of Cymric literature, though its first epoch is usually taken to start from still remoter times, and to extend to the date of the Norman conquest. But it is not till the second period that we come across the Chronicle of Caradoc, a somewhat dry record, recalling in its general scheme the more famous Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. To the same period belongs the chronicle of

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Sunday Reading.

THE DEACON'S TENTH.

Ye see the elder had preached a most powerful sermon on Christian givin', in which he took what I called purty strong ground. Among other things, he said we'd ought to do as much for our religion as the old Jews did for theirs, an' while it was all right to lay up for a rainy day, an' to get ahead if we honestly cou'd, we should set apart at least one-tenth of our income as the Lord's money.

'Now, I think the elder went a loettle too far,' says I to my wife, Huldy, as we was drivin' home from meetin'. 'Givin' is well enough, but I get 'most tired a hearin' these ministers forever a dinkin' about it.'

'Waal, Lyman,' says Huldy, 'why don't you try givin' a tenth—try it for one year anyhow.'

'My!' says I, 'as if I didn't give more'n that now; I two shillin', an' fifty cents, every time I turn around, to say nothin' o' the contributions to big objects. If I get home with a dollar in my pocket I think I'm a lucky fellow.'

'Then I'm sure,' says Huldy, with that queer little smile o' hers that she sometimes has, 'it'll be a real savin' to ye to go into systematical givin' yer tenth.'

'Now, I hadn't any idee of doin' it, an' keepin' a reckonin' of what I contribute—in fact, I thought that verbe about lettin' yer right hand know what yer left was a doin' was rather agin it, but somehow Huldy has a cool way o' takin' things for granted, an' though the mildest of all women, she generally manages to carry her pint.'

Next mornin' I see her a makin' a book out o' some sheets o' paper, and ruin' 'em off, and stitchin' on 'em a pasteboard kiver an' on the outside she writ in big letters that was as plain to read as printin', 'The Lord's Money.' This she handed to me an' said nothin'.

That very week I got pay for my wheat; it is an uncommon good crop; it came to six hundred dollars. I was a settin' by the fire a countin' it up with some satisfaction, when Huldy jest stuck under my nose that book, 'The Lord's Money.'

'What's that for, Huldy?' says I. 'Why, for the tenth,' says she.

'Bless my soul!' says I, a wriggle an' a twistin', that would be sixty dollars; I can't stan' that.'

She didn't say anything, but set a watchin' me an' I knew it warn't no use a dodgin' her, so I took six ten-dollar bills, all crisp an' new, an' laid 'em in a pile.

'Yes, yes,' says I, a tryin' to screw my face into a smile, an' to act as if I'd been a calkerlatin' all the way through to give 'em.

Ye see there was an awful sight o' old Adam in me. I jest set there a begreidin' that money. I most wished the wheat hadn't come to so much. Then I happened to remember what the elder had said in his sermon—that it would be a mighty hard wrench on us at first to give a tenth—that when the fingers had got crooked up a gaspin' this world's goods, 'twas hard to get 'em straightened out, but that when we'd become used to this way o' givin', we'd enjoy it an' be blessed in it as much as in prayin' an' readin' the Scriptures. A thinkin' on that sermon, I made up my mind I'd double my subscription for the elder's support, an' that would jest take the sixty dollars.

As I harvested my crops an' sold 'em, I was astonished to see how the Lord's pile grew, an' I had to think it over middlin' sharp to know where to invest it so 'twould do most good, an' I was gettin' over the wrong a little until my interest money came due. The year before old Uncle Nat had died, an' most unexpectedly had left me five thousand dollars. If the legacy had dropped down from the skies I couldn't have been more surprised. Now I had three hundred a comin' in from it, an' it most killed me to take thirty on't, an' put it aside for the Lord. I couldn't help whinin'.

'Now, Huldy,' says I, 'don't ye believe the old Jews deducted their taxes afore they laid by their tenths?'

'I dunno,' says she; 'we might read up Leviticus an' Numbers an' Deuteronomy an' see.'

'Bless my soul, Huldy,' says I, 'I'd rather pay the whole thirty dollars than waste through all them dull books. An' then,' says I, a thinkin' hard, 'accordin' to what these agents that come around beggin' say, I s'pose it would be a good speculation to give to the Lord. They tell about throwin' out crackers an' omein' back leaves, an' show how them is blessed in their baskets an' in their store that bestow their goods on the poor. Anyhow, I've made up my mind to try it.'

'Now, Lyman Tubbs, don't ye go into this tenth business with no such worldly motives. If ye do ye'll be worse than Ananias and Sapphira, who was struck dead at once. Not but that the Lord has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' an' 'prove me now herewith,' but if ye undertake to drive a sharp bargain with him, ye'll find out that he'll git ahead of ye every time. No, he's given us all we have, an' I'm thinkin' he'll ask us some mighty

close questions about the way we've used it.'

Huldy didn't very often preach, but when she did her sermons were what I called p'inted.

Time passed on, an' I got used to givin' my tenth. I didn't squirm over it as I did; in fact, I got kinder raised, an' to feelin' liberal. I didn't sell so much as a turkey without puttin' aside tithes o' it.

It happened in the summer that my wife's cousin Silas an' his family came to see us, an' I supposed he'd never heard o' such a thing; but Silas says, says he, 'I've done it ever since I was converted. I aim two dollars a day, an' every Saturday night I jest lay aside one dollar and twenty cents, an' I pray over it; it's sacred; it's the Lord's money.'

'Don't ye take yer livin' out o' it first?'

'Yer what?' says Silas, amazed. 'It's jest so much I aim, an' the ability to aim comes from the Lord, an' I jytfully give back to him the little part.'

'But,' says I, 'ain't that kinder risky? Ye might be took sick, or yer work give out; I should be a little farsome.'

'There are the promises,' says Silas; 'My God shall supply all your needs, an' 'Lo, I am with you.' They are all ye an' amen.'

Waal, if I didn't feel small after that, I had simply givin' a tenth of all I'd sold an' grumbled over it at that, an' there were all those broad acres that had fed us, an' those big trees in the woods that had kept us warm—blessin' upon blessin' that I hadn't counted, an' here was Silas with nothin' but his hands, an' yet so willin'-hearted an' doin' so much. When I carried him an' his folks back to the city I felt as if my waggon box full o' things, an' I jest filled it with a givin' directly to the Lord.

One day the elder an' his family was over to our house, an' we was talkin'. His son Fred was a playin' with my Thomas—they was awful good friends—an', says the elder, 'if I had as much money as ye have, Deacon Tubbs, I'd send Thomas to school, an' ask the Lord to make a minister o' him.'

'Bless my soul!' thought I, 'that's the last thing I want him to be.' Ye see I had other plans for my boy, but I said nothin'. My next neighbor, old Mr. Hodges, had a son who went to the city an' studied law, an' got to be a judge, an' comes home in his big carriage once in a while to visit the old folks, his wife an' children dressed to fits, an' seem' them I had a natural hankerin' for Thomas to turn out like that. I was a sayin' this to Huldy when the elder's folks was gone.

'Now, Lyman Tubbs,' says she, a lookin' at me with them great, earnest eyes o' hers, 'would ye really like to have our Thomas jest like old Mr. Hodges's son—a breaking the Sabbath, he an' his boys, a shootin' ducks an' a drinkin' an' a playin' cards? Be ye a deacon an' a member of the church an' not feel as if 'twas bigger business to persuade men to forsake their sins an' to love the Lord Jesus Christ?'

Ever since Silas was here my mind has been dreadfully took up with somethin' he he was tellin' me. He said some good christin men hired rooms in the worst part of the city an' made 'em bright an' attractive, an' was a singin' hymns an' a preachin' to the folks, all without money an' without price, an' some such work as that is what I'd been a wishin' my boy could do, an' jest then Thomas came in an' stood beside his mother. He had the same hair as hers, an' the same brown eyes, an' somethin' told me that if he took to preachin' he'd be one of the convincin' sort, for I must say that nobody's words ever took hold of an old sinner like me as Huldy's does.

Well, my tenth money grew; half the time I didn't know what to do with it. I was over to the elder's one day an' he was a tellin' me of a school near by which he thought would be a good place to send our Thomas—he'd noticed how crazy the boy was for books an' learnin', an' the minister said he'd a cousin a livin' jest out o' the village that would take good care o' Thomas, an' board him, an' he'd be under good Christian influences.

'What do ye say, Huldy?' says I, as soon as I'd got home.

'I'd like him to go,' says she, 'an' for the elder's boy to go with him.'

Sure enough he should, an' that would be a Thomas for the rest o' my tenth, an' as Thomas an' Fred was awful good friends; they was like David an' Jonathan, an' what think there was a revival that, jest like a big wave, struck that school, an', in fact, the whole community, an' both the boys was converted, an' you can't think how I felt, so glad about it, an' kinder streaked, too, for I knew it weren't none o' my doin'; I'd been such a poor, good-for-nothin' Christian all my life, it was enough to set my Thomas agin' the Lord.

We got the good news on Saturday mornin' an' in the afternoon was the covenant meetin'. It was jest about a year from the time that Huldy handed me the 'Lord's Money' book. I remember how I got up in the meetin' then and talked not, because I'd anything to say, but bein' a deacon, I felt as if I

ought to an' told the brethren I hadn't made no progress, an' all that—jest what I commonly said. How could I talk that way now when I'd had a year o' such uncommon blessin', an, with Huldy beside me a cryin' for jys because our Thomas had been converted. No, I couldn't keep from breakin' down, an, thankin' the Lord for his goodness to me an' mine, an' I knew that givin' my tenth—though it had come so begrudgin'ly had been a help to me. I warn't such a small, waspish critter as I was afore.

The next year I was man enough to divide my tenth with Huldy, an' each good times as we had investin' it. Now, Huldy was great on what we call the 'Inasmuch charities'—Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one o' the least o' these, etc. She was always a findin' some bed-ridden woman to help, or crippled child, or some other case of need, while I couldn't hardly sleep o' nights a thinkin' o' the great West, with the foreigners a comin' into it, an' of the poor freedmen of the South, or of the great heathen world that so needs the gospel. We'd spend hours an' hours a talkin' to each other, an' we did so we'd get nearer to it, an' we did so we'd get nearer to it, an' we did so we'd get nearer to it, an' we did so we'd get nearer to it.

'I's now been a good many years that we've been a tryin' this tenth business, an' I wouldn't go back to the old better-akeler way o' givin' for anythin'.'

Huldy has jest been to the city to see the children, an' she came home with her face all aglow. Our Thomas an' the minister's Fred, who married our Mary have gone into business together, an' are doin' a first rate; but that isn't the best of it; they've started a mission in the wickedest part o' the city, and Huldy said it did her old soul good to hear those young voices a tellin' their poor, ignorant ones of the love of Jesus, an' to see them a listenin' a comin' into the kingdom.

As I'm a clovin' I've got this much to tell you; if you want to be a happy christin you must let your prayin' and 'gospelin' an' givin' go together, an' I will say that Huldy never did a better thing for me than when she gave me 'The Lord's Money Book.'—The Examiner.

A Holy Messenger.

In the name of common sense and of immortal souls let those who have nothing but doubt and uncertainty to proclaim from their pulpits step down and out: for the world is crying out for reality and for bread, not for negations. And such negative, such cipher men give clearest proof and they know not the Saviour of men, are not taught of the Spirit of God, and know not His power in their hearts and lives. They have never heard the command, 'Preach the Gospel that I bid thee,' nor the warning, 'Add thou not unto His words, lest He prove thee, and thou be found a liar.' Every true messenger of God to man must be as Paul—a witness of mighty truths of God's revelation and of blessed realities in his own experience (Acts xxvi., 16-18). No other has any mandate from the Master to man.—Rev. S. A. Dyke, Toronto.

THEY DESERVE PITY.

Safety and Life Depend Upon Paine's Celery Compound.

We must sympathize with, and pity the poor, weary and jaded sufferer whose life is made miserable and almost unbearable in the hot weather.

The healthiest of us have all we can do to withstand the enervating effects of scorching days and sweltering nights. The sick mortals—heaven help them!—must suffer increased agony during these hot days.

The troubles that bring low the majority of people at this season are nervous prostration, nervous debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, and a host of troubles that result from impure and poisoned blood.

The above troubles attack men and women because their supply of nerve force is almost exhausted. Loss of this nerve force and feebleness is at the root of nearly every case of sickness.

A true nerve medicine is what is needed if health is to be restored, and the dark past avoided. Paine's Celery Compound is a perfect and unfailing restorer of nerve force and power to the weakened and debilitated system. It quickly cures prostration, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, indigestion; it cleanses the poisoned blood and gives new life and permanent vitality and strength.

Paine's Celery Compound com'nees the most efficient alteratives, laxatives and diuretics, and soon restores the sick one to complete health. Today it is earth's most reliable medicine; it is made for your special case, poor sufferer, and its use will implant that state of health you are so earnestly longing for.

As there are vile liquid imitations sold in many places, insist upon your dealer giving "Paine's" the kind that cures.

Established 1780.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink.

It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

HE IS NOT A DRUNKARD.

Robert Barr Denies the Story That He is an Incurable Drunkard.

Mr. Robert Barr (Luke Sharp writes from London, Eng., in reference to the startling story published recently about him in the Canadian Press:—

'I should be sorry to have my many friends in the charming towns of Ridgeway, Morpeth, Highgate, Duart and round about believe that I was a drunkard and been sent to the inebriate asylum. There is not a word or a suggestion of truth in the outrageous story, which was started a few weeks ago by the New York Sun.

'This villainous lie comes to me at a most inopportune time, as I was never so busy in my life before. I had of late been now being set up at the Oxford University Press, the most notable printing establishment in the world, and as the book is to be dedicated to Dr. James Smison, whom you all know, I am going over the proofs with some care. Another book of mine has just been purchased by Sir George Newnes for one of his publications, and it should be finished before the snow flies. Nevertheless I shall go over to New York and see the Sun for \$100,000 and I think they will find me the most sober drunkard they ever tackled. If you get up a hall in Ridgeway, and give the proceeds to some charity, I will run up there from New York and give you a lecture free on temperance.'

"SAVED MY LIFE."

It is no Hopeless Wall, but Testimony with a True Ring to it for the Great South American Cure.

WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS.

RHEUMATISM.—The Great South American Rheumatic Cure is safe, harmless, and acts quickly. Given daily to Sir-George Newnes for one of his publications, and it should be finished before the snow flies. Nevertheless I shall go over to New York and see the Sun for \$100,000 and I think they will find me the most sober drunkard they ever tackled.

KIDNEYS.—'I believe it saved my life,' is the positive testimony of Mr. James McBrien of Jamestown, Huron Co., Ont., in speaking of the miraculous cure of a complication of kidney troubles by the Great South American Kidney Cure. This gentleman was so severely affected that his physician had to attend him daily to relieve the urine from him. The first dose gave him relief, and half a bottle cured him completely, dissolving all obstructions, and helping to strengthen the parts. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific and it does all that is claimed for it every time.

STOMACH AND NERVES.—Two thirds of all chronic diseases are due to disordered nerve centres. Cure the nerves and you will control the disease. South American Nerve has proved this thousands of times. It is a powerful nerve builder and, in cases of acute indigestion and dyspepsia, has effected marvellous cures. Geo. Webster of Forest writes: 'For a number of years I suffered greatly from nervousness, twitching of muscles and sleeplessness. I tried almost every known remedy without relief. I was induced as a last resort to try the American Nerve. The first bottle benefited me, and five bottles cured me. It is a grand medicine, and I owe my life to it.'

'Ta-ra-ra!' Brought Her Back to Life. A devoted woman of a fashionable's Back Bay street was recently sick, as her family and friends believed, unto death. She had made her preparations and was daily awaiting her end with patient resignation. Her hours of suffering were chased by the glimpses of the unseen world that came to her, and one day she called to her attendant, who was grouped around her in hourly anticipation of her demise: 'Oh, that heavenly music! Don't you hear it? Strongly impressed in spite of themselves by her fervor, they strained their ears to catch the harmonies of heaven, when a cyclonic burst of sound from a street organ, manipulated by an Italian across the street, swung full into the rollicking measures of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," accompanied by a tambourine. There was a moment's silence in the sick room, then an involuntary burst of laughter, in which the sick woman joined. From that moment a reaction set in, and today she has the prospect of years of life before her.—Boston Home Journal.

Cheap and Dangerous Toothbrushes. An operation for appendicitis upon a patient living in the States revealed the fact that the disorder was due to the presence of tooth brush bristles. 'Cheap tooth brushes,' remarked the Albany surgeon who had charge of the case, 'are responsible for many obscure throat, stomach and intestinal ailments. The bristles are only gined on and come off by the hair in many places, insist upon your dealer giving "Paine's" the kind that cures.'

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

SOME MISTAKEN SACRIFICES.

For People Who Did Not Appreciate their As They Should Have.

A certain woman, with a small income and a large heart, has a family of impetuous cousins—mostly girls, of the type that cannot earn their own living and let themselves down helplessly upon the nearest available benefactor. She worried over them last winter considerably because she was sure the necessities of life were running low in their little house, and she finally gave up the Christmas presents to her own family and sent the cousins a check instead. Two weeks later she met two of the girls at a tea—they always go to everything—and to her amazement each wore a handsome gold buckle at her waist.

'Dear Cousin Jane,' one of them said, effusively, 'we were so grateful for your gift! We have gotten them through your kindness.' Cousin Jane's feeling, as she thought of her home Christmas sacrifices for these adornments—battered to make a Roman holiday, as it were—can be imagined.

She could sympathize with another friend in New York who gave up going to hear Patti, with her second daughter, in order that she might send the money for three tickets—\$15—to relatives who, she knew were much straitened by the business crisis and in a social need of ready money. What was her surprise to hear, next day, that three of the family had treated themselves promptly to Patti on receiving the check. 'It came just in the nick of time,' one of them said, appreciatively; but, of course, Mrs. — could not feel it as providential a happening as they seemed to do.

Three gentlemen, one of them wealthy, meeting at the sea shore last summer, happened to discuss the needs of an old classmate and each pledged himself to aid towards a generous gift. The recipient, when last heard from, was enjoying the Atlanta Exposition, and his three benefactors were a trifle sore over the affair, which had cost them some troublesome economies.

We all know such cases. They are both absurd and disheartening, and yet, since true charity is more blessed to the giver than to the receiver, and since it takes all sorts of people to make a world, generous minds will go on giving to the end of the chapter and will not lose it after all.—Harper's Bazar.

GOLD OR SILVER.

You'd Give All You Have of Both to be Restored to Health—Dr. Agnew's Great Cures are Specific Cures for Specific Affections.

HEART DISEASE.—Relief in thirty minutes in most alarming cases of heart trouble. A strong statement to make for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, but it is borne out by the testimony of thousands who today proclaim themselves snatched from the grave by its wonderful curative powers. If the heart flutters, palpitates, tires easily, it indicates heart disease. Be warned in time. Use this surest and quickest cure; Stephen N. B. writes: 'I was troubled with very severe pains in the heart, pain in the side, and shortness of breath. I became completely exhausted with the least exertion. Doctors said my case was a hopeless one. I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. A few doses gave me permanent relief—six bottles entirely cured me, and today I am well and strong as I ever was. I think it the best medicine on earth for heart trouble.'

CATARH.—It goes right to the seat of the trouble, attacks the disease, removes the cause, cleanses out and heals the parts, quickly and permanently. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder does this, and it's no hearsay. The slaves who are freed from this loathsome malady, by this positive cure, are singing its praises day in and day out. 'I am 80 years old. I have had catarrh for 50 years. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured me, and I look upon my cure almost as a miracle,' says Geo. Lewis of Shamokin, Pa. A simple cold in the head may be the first step to chronic catarrh. Stop the cold and prevent the catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is harmless and easily applied.

PILES CURED IN THREE TO SIX NIGHTS.—Dr. Agnew's ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from 3 to 6 nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

TEN CENTS CURES CONSTIPATION AND LIVER ILL.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliouness, Indigestion and all liver ills. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

A Nice Point.—The Lady Eryntrude.—'Well, I certainly do not intend to go another yard!'

The Lady Dorothea.—'And I certainly intend to go on!'

The Fair Cyclists E. and D. (together).—'Which do you intend to do, Major?'

(The Major, an accepted authority on etiquette, hasn't the faintest idea.)—Punch.

Football Championship for 1896.

The knowing ones are speculating on the football possibilities of the season. Ottawa is not likely to retain the honors of the championship, as Queen's will put in a team sure to smash all records. It is often the case that very slight causes will lose a victory. It is stated that a painful corn made useless one of the best American players.

It follows that no team can hope to win this year that neglects to supply its members with Patman's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, and painless remedy for corns.

A voice comes from the Colonies: 'Oh, by your lives, oh, send us wives.' A voice then back responsive files: 'Oh, by the powers, take ours, take ours'—The Canadian Gazette.

mer Outing... 16 oz. Bottle \$1.00.

the Car Fare... was once caught in a my people experience ting into a convynsance n not having the monecy

ambibus into which enanced his fare, and his pockets, discover- change. The driver What did you get it may?'

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frances, sir, I don't on my own ac- and Table.

SAVE HER UP.

PERIENCE OF MRS. F. ST. PIER.

By inflammation of on the verge of the body Backed With through her, Rheuma in Good Health.

the town of St. Pie, of the happiest homes of Quebec, and the happiness is the ice-ent-coffered through the Pink Pills. Mrs. Eva was restored, and she allowed—Like a great me, my husband and the States, in hope our condition, and us. About a year ago bright little boy, but he had I was attacked sh developed into man- ings. I had the very best of medical treat- inflammation left get better, but weaker. I

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'Now, Lyman Tubbs, don't ye go into this tenth business with no such worldly motives. If ye do ye'll be worse than Ananias and Sapphira, who was struck dead at once. Not but that the Lord has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' an' 'prove me now herewith,' but if ye undertake to drive a sharp bargain with him, ye'll find out that he'll git ahead of ye every time. No, he's given us all we have, an' I'm thinkin' he'll ask us some mighty

As I harvested my crops an' sold 'em, I was astonished to see how the Lord's pile grew, an' I had to think it over middlin' sharp to know where to invest it so 'twould do most good, an' I was gettin' over the wrong a little until my interest money came due. The year before old Uncle Nat had died, an' most unexpectedly had left me five thousand dollars. If the legacy had dropped down from the skies I couldn't have been more surprised. Now I had three hundred a comin' in from it, an' it most killed me to take thirty on't, an' put it aside for the Lord. I couldn't help whinin'.

'Now, Huldy,' says I, 'don't ye believe the old Jews deducted their taxes afore they laid by their tenths?'

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NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX DISCOURSES OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

What Mr. Thomas O'Hagan Thinks of the Future of Canadian Literature—Canada Does not Encourage her Literary Light—Massey's July Magazine.

Contract the modern Asmucy and somewhat exhaustive style of journalism,—that, in its fullness of detail leaves little to the exercise of reflection or imagination,—with the meagre record of prominent events a hundred years ago. We have just been filled with the repletion of the press, ament that excellent man, Governor Russell, of Massachusetts; therefore we read with a more curious interest the following brief, dignified and suggestive paragraph from the Ladies' Magazine, London, December 20th, 1784: "This day the remains of the much lamented Dr. Samuel Johnson were interred in Westminster Abbey. The procession, consisting of a hearse and six with the corpse, and ten mourning coaches and four, set out from Bolt Court, Fleet street, a few minutes after twelve o'clock being followed by several gentlemen's carriages, most of the company in which were in mourning. At one o'clock the corpse arrived at the Abbey, where it was met by Dr. Taylor (who read the funeral service) and several prebendaries, and conducted to the Poet's Corner, and laid close to the remains of David Garrick, Esq. The principal mourners on this solemn occasion were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Edmund Burke, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Coleman, and the deceased's faithful black servant. There were present beside, Dr. Priestly, Dr. Horsely, General Paoli, and other distinguished persons. A great concourse of people were assembled, who behaved with a degree of decency suitable to the solemn occasion. This choice bit of reporting was by the late James J. Fields pasted on a fly leaf of an old edition of one of Johnson's books; and has been by his wife, Mrs. Annie Fields, republished in her interesting volume, 'A Shell of Old Books.'

It is true, as some respectable authority would have us believe, that the public newspaper follows the popular will and fancy,—i. e. the golden bait of a swelling subscription list,—with the accuracy with which the swallow follows the track of the fly? Is it an admitted fact that, in the mind of the publisher, the chief end and aim of the journal which controls is to make money? Such is the allegation of the Pastor of Plymouth church, and the Editor-in-Chief of "The Outlook," in his Baccalaureate sermon at Harvard college: "The press of to-day," he declares, "is not actuated by the true purpose to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He outlines the whole method of editorial procedure, and shows how the record of subscribers modifies the utterance of the popular journal. Dr. J. M. Buckley, of "The Christian Advocate," New York, comments there upon: "It is true, it is a terrible truth; it means that when the country is going down the press accelerates its progress. And as the human race always descends more rapidly than it rises in morals and refinement, and the vicious are generally more ready to pay for stimulants than the righteous for help on the upward grade the aid given by the press is less than the impulse received from it when the trend is downward. It means, too, that a single minded press will always have to contend with those who set their sails to catch a paying breeze. We shall be interested to see what the press will say of this charge. The maker of it says: 'The press is a looking-glass. . . . But there are looking glasses and looking-glasses. He certainly is not condemning the "Outlook." By the press does he mean the Metropolitan daily press? Perhaps discussion will enable the public to discern between the amenable to this pointed and penetrating criticism and those who are not.' Such discrimination certainly is vital to any success in the effort for turning the tide of such an abuse. After all it seems to be an issue with men of personal integrity and public spirit, and those destitute of them, or rapidly becoming so.

"Tents In The Wilderness" is the title of a book of delicate ensembles, that by its neatness and purity, and the unaffected sweetness and sincerity of its literary expression, should invite attention of all lovers of the beautiful and the good. The thirteen brief lyrics, signed alternately "D. W." and "J. B. K." are by friends, fellow-citizens, ministers of the same church, and residents of neighboring towns in the state of New York, where they are well and appreciatively regarded for their personal excellence of character, as well as for their poetic merit. The writer from whom the first selection is given, lives in retirement at Cranston; and wherever it is known, the name of Dwight Williams is as sunlight and fragrance. Rev. James B. Kenyon, the author of several volumes of verse, is in active service as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Syracuse, and is yet in his plenitude of effluence and vigor as author and preacher.

THE LAND OF PROMISE. O Land of Promise, When I come to thee, And fold my tent, And pass the gates forever satisfied, One thought supreme be mine, O where is He Who came and went, And went to himself, though long desired?

He is the light of those o'lestial hills, Whence weary eyes Look up to visions of ascending rest, And where the everlasting balm distils In sacrifice, Poured from His hands who loved us first as I best. And where are they who loved me in despite Of my poor ways? I know He loved them, for they followed Him. And caught the beauty of His meekness quite, And gave Him praise Untill I saw Him through the vistas dim. I'mine be least of all the graved white stones, More joy to me That my sweet comrades in the dusty way Shall be more beautiful in their white throats, Than I may see My King's own beauty in the perfect day.

THE LILIES OF THE SUMMER FIELDS. The lilies of the summer fields Spin not through golden hours of ease, Yet such its grateful income yields In fragrant ministries. So may these lowly lives of ours How'er the changeful seasons run, On others shed, as do the flowers, A silent benison. May we as fountains be whose brink Love brims with blessing rich and sweet Where fasting spirits come to drink, Where toil may bathe her feet. Lord, evermore thy word is sure— With us the needy still have we; O, teach us that who serves the poor, He serveth also Thee.

The booklet is issued from the University Press at Syracuse. The master is dead; let us build him a monument. This is what we are doing,—this is what we plan to do. In this day we are exceedingly busy with bronze and granite and marble; let the work be an expression of our reverence; we cannot fail of some nobleness while we revere, even if our hero have blots on his escutcheon. Erect the beautiful, the majestic, and stately form; remove the unsightly heroic that has been made grotesque; let it not deface a park or label a man if the caricature does bear the name of a Bolivar, a Grant or a Washington. Let benevolence, and art, and memories of human greatness, commingle, and let a poet's monument or the celebration of his birthday, be an occasion of human kindness and the doing of gracious deeds. Over all the earth the songs of Robert Burns are sung: over all the earth flies the memory of his glorious sorrowful youth,—for in his youth he died, and in his youth he lives forever; over all the earth are hearts that beat quicker at his utterance of his name, and the earth is dotted with the monuments of the singer and his songs. Still the love of the world does not forbid their multiplication; but let them be expressions of the mercy that he showed, and the charity that he felt. Now the centenary of his death has come; not an event belauded with rejoicing, yet we celebrate it,—and a new corner stone is to be laid. The idea is one to give him pleasure, if he is conscious of what men are doing. Build the tower in his daisy-field and by the furrows where ran the plough sacred to song; it is not a tower of pride, built by the unbrotherly, to tempt Heaven rather a beacon of invitation, and a tower whose strength shall shield the aged and defenceless poor. There lay his relics and memorabilia there build the cluster of cottages, where the good and hapless may grow comfortably old, like his "Bonny Jean"; the while they bless his memory, weep over his woful years, and cherish the gospel of human kindness. And if Westminster's poet's shrine—as well it may (and why not long before?)—is to furnish a niche for the Magician, who was also a lover of his kind, why not consecrate that with benevolence? Open the doors of the Abbey; let the meaneat, who love the fame and name of Scott, pass between its walls, and look up at his sculptured face;—not to wealth and ad lettered elegance be the exclusive palm of that day. Then, in the name of him who spread the liberal board of Ashstiel and of Abbotsford, let the tables be laid, and let the wynn and alley and hedge and highway send their hungry delegates in, till art and the memory of song become a benediction, and with the honor that men pay to man the heavens themselves may become better pleased.

We find the following tribute to pre-eminent Scotland in the temperate, carefully considered pages of John Fiske. It occurs in his "Beginnings of New England," where he is exhibiting the similar elements at work simultaneously in the old and the new lands. "Nowhere has Puritanism with its keen intelligence and its iron tenacity of purpose played a greater part than it has played in the history of Scotland. And one need not fear contradiction in saying that no other people in modern times, in proportion to their numbers, have achieved so much in all departments of human activity as the people of Scotland have achieved. It would be superfluous to mention the preeminence of Scotland in the industrial arts since the days of James Watt, or to recount the glorious names in philosophy, in history, in poetry and romance, and in every department of science, which since the middle of the eighteenth century have made the country of Burns and Scott, of Hume and Adam Smith, of Black and Hunter and Hutton and Lyell, illustrious for all future time."

The can be no question that Gilbert Parker's romance, "The Seats of the Mighty," is the work of a masterly hand. The drawing of such characters as Doltire, Gaborde, and Alix, can be performed by

no other than one worthy the succession of Scott or Cooper. Second only to these, are the portraits of Wolfe, Montcalm, Bigot, and Vandreuil, and the battle-scenes on that monumental plateau where the Red Cross was exalted and the Lilies were humiliated. For ourselves, we meddled with it, and then, as if it had been a thing of enchantment, we could not easily lay it aside till we had finished the story. The children of our household took to it as readily as their breakfast. A sturdy, red-faced, sandy haired, brainy, sonnie Scotch chiel who came to us from a school near by, bent his brow over it and would scarcely lift it till the last page was reached. There is strength and dignity in the style, more than ease or familiarity; and a broader, racier humor would have relieved the chilling fear and horror of the constantly changing situations of the story. We could have wished for a Major Dalgitty, of Drumhwaick, to have made himself as pleasantly ridiculous as in "The Legend of Montrose," for the gloom becomes oppressive and the strain burdensome. But the story ends triumphantly, to the reader's satisfaction; love is crowned and malice is defeat d. The constancy of Alix appears, the celestial light of long benighted dungeons, and the angel guide to lead her beloved captive forth. This stirring book is Canadian in subject, substance and authorship, and should make a strong appeal to the Canadian public, while it does much to remove the unjust reproach of the question sometimes asked: "Our Canadian Literature—what and where is it?" We have found it objected to our author that he has not mentioned his obligation to the "Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo;" but it may be conceded that, whatever the materials with which he wrought, he found them brick and has made them marble.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan has a letter in the Week (July 24th) on "The Future of Canadian Poetry," lamenting the cheapness of praise and the dearth of pudding. Politically, Canada does not consider the poet at all, except to object to him; whatever his status as a rhymist, his rhymes are no reason why a consulship, a secretary's post or a college chair, should be bestowed upon him;—quite the contrary, Mr. O'Hagan thinks. May there not be some truth in all this; or, are there some of us who are sore-headed, whose eyes are so placed that we see askew? "If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight; 'a country which in its highest places makes difficult by cheapening the literary art. Mr. O'Hagan says: 'Praise is a beautiful thing, very consolatory, but not quite a tonic, and totally unfit as a regular daily diet for even the gods. A writer in a London journal said recently that Canadians were proud of their minor poets. Why should they not? The Canadian choir of singers, with Roberts, Frechette, Tappan, Carman, Campbell, the two Scotts, and E. Pauline Johnson, at their head, have the sweetest and truest voices heard to-day in the New World of song. But we have a duty greater than that of being proud of our young Canadian poet's. What is that duty? It is to manifest practical appreciation of their worth. There is scarcely one of our young Canadian singers who is possessed of sufficient of the world's means to give him the slightest security in his literary labors.' This being so, we may expect much sorrow, and good work. The writer thinks the gift of the 'divine afflatus' is not so sure a passport to governmental or scholarly promotion, as the professional habit of annotation.

"Scale of poets dead and gone," what consideration might you not expect were you back in the body! The thorns in your former pillows, more noticeable than down, would be replaced by roses. We will sutter a little, on your account. Mr. O'Hagan seems slightly in error on one point, for he says: "There are twelve or fifteen universities in Canada. How many of our most gifted poets hold chairs in them? Not a single one, if we except Charles G. D. Roberts, who is [was] professor of English and history in King's college, Windsor." Does not the writer know that he is now author, sole and professional, relying on his pen, with a success we know not of, but which we hope entirely justifies his apparently heroic understating.

"Massey's Magazine" for July is named a "Canadian National Number," and exploits the Dominion by the aid of some of the ablest pens, in a patriotic spirit, yet wisely and decently moderated in expression. The opening article on "The Pro-

pective Province of Newfoundland," renews an old-time pleasure we had in the writings of Dr. Harry, in the days of "The Maritime Monthly" and of "Stewart's Quarterly." The article is gracefully written, and abounds in intelligence. Principal Grant of Queen's university gives a "Historical Sketch" of "The Origin of Dominion Day; the author's name a guarantee of literary excellence. Sir Charles Tupper, Bait, gives account of the celebration of "Dominion day in London," on several occasions when himself and son were present; while the frontispiece of the number gives a section of the table where the guests were assembled, with Lord Aberdeen, "the Governor Designate," in the act of responding to a toast. P. McArthur discourses on "Dominion day in New York"; and Hon. G. W. R. as on "Dominion day at Home." Duncan Campbell Scott furnishes the fiction of the number in "John Greenlaw's Story." "The Olympic Games at Athens" by Albert C. Tyler; "The President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts," by M. J. Sanborn "Canada's National Game" by John P. Roche; and "A Chat About Lawn Tennis," by Scott "Griffen," are timely, interesting articles. One of the most noticeable things in the number is William Wilfred Campbell's fine "Ode to Canada," which in spirit and movement is stately and noble. The other poems are: "The Secret," by Alice S. Deletombe (an Ohio lady); "Retrospection," by John Stuart Thomson; "Early Golden-Rod," by E. P. Wells; and Theodore H. Rand's verses on the "Bay of Fundy": "Deep Bay, broad-breasted and brave! Oh rocked in thy swaying arms! Beneath the hidden sun, A foam-bell toll' on thy wave I drift again 'mid thy charms To splanz-like Blomfiere. O Fundy, deep-breathing sea, Regal in power and rimmed In hollow of His hand, Captive to beauty, yet free, Sleep now, thy Basin is brimmed In fair Acadian land! The magazine is profusely and richly illustrated; and by the special character of its contents, as well as by the intrinsic excellence, and the enterprise of the publishers, it makes a strong appeal to the Canadian public. PATERFEX.

RENTING MOUNTED ANIMALS. Almost any Animal May be Hired, From a Squirrel to an Elephant. Mounted animals and birds are rented for a great variety of purposes, and almost any animal or bird may be hired. The fur-bearing animals are rented principally to furriers for use as show pieces. Many furriers buy show pieces, but there are others who prefer to rent them, thus getting a new or different show piece every season. Sometimes a large number of animals, from the smallest squirrel to the largest tiger and lion, are rented together, for the decoration of a show room; and birds in large numbers and in great variety from humming birds to peacocks, are sometimes rented for similar purposes. Animals and birds both are rented for theatrical uses. A stuffed dog was needed in a play. Just the dog required was found at the taxidermist's. There may be a play with a scene in it in which a hunter comes in with a fawn over his shoulder. The fawn can be hired at the taxidermist's. It may be that in some play an eagle alights upon the stage; an eagle may be hired. In plays depicting circus life, if a parade forms part of the representation, the wagons can be filled with lifelike stuffed tigers, bears, and other animals, such as might be found in a real circus. And bears, elephants, and various other mounted animals are at one time and another used on the stage. Mounted animals are rented for various civic displays and parades and for ballroom decorations and other uses. Tigers can be hired for political processions. For a presentation of Little Red Riding Hood a wolf can be hired. Swans are rented and all sorts of birds. Sometimes a dining room, on the occasion of a game supper, is decorated with all kinds of game birds. Lecturers hire mounted animals. Lecturing on natural history to a school, for example, the lecturer might have upon the stage a caribou, an elk and a deer, to show the difference between them. Mounted animals and birds are rented for various photographic purposes. A bear, or an eagle perhaps to be photographed for a trade mark, or a parrot, to be held by a child. The live bird would not keep still; a stuffed bird will. Birds are rented to artists to draw or paint from. For fish store openings, big porpoises, sharks and sturgeon are rented; and crocodiles and alligators are rented to leather and shoe stores. The cost of renting mounted animals and birds is much less proportionately for a

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longer than for a shorter period. The charge for show pieces is a certain percentage of the value, graduated according to the length of time for which they are taken. For a single day a big tiger could be hired for \$10 and a small tiger for \$5; a middling-size elephant for \$25 a day; a big grizzly bear for \$10, and a small grizzly for \$5. An eagle, for a single occasion, one or two days, would cost \$8 to \$4. A squirrel could be hired for a day for 50 cents, a wolf for \$3, a parrot for 50 cents, a humming bird, or a robin for 25 cents, and an ostrich for \$8 a day.—New York Sun.

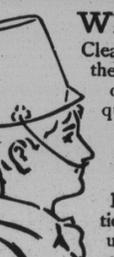
Whittier As a Boy-Shoemaker. Among the traditions of Whittier's youth is one describing him as a shoemaker in his paternal home. Quite recently I saw an allusion to this matter in the Transcript, I think, followed by the statement that there was evidence extant of the Poet ever being engaged in that ancient occupation. In the memoir of William Lloyd Garrison by Archibald H. Grimke, Mr. Garrison's story of his first introduction to Whittier through the incident of receiving Whittier's first poem for the Free Press Garrison's first paper, is given in quotation marks and purports to be in his own words. Garrison does not say that he saw Whittier at work on the shoemaker's bench, but that the poet rider who brought the letter containing the poem, stated that he dropped the letter near the door of Garrison's office. "and that it was written by a Quaker lad, named Whittier, who was daily at work on the shoemaker's bench with hammer and lap-stone, at East Haverhill." Garrison's account of his first visit to Whittier says that when the young poet was called to the interview with his visitor, he "came into the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden."—Granville Fernald.

A Strange theory. Probably the oddest idea ever for a moment entertained by a scientist was that of John Cleves Symmes concerning the condition of the interior of our globe. Symmes was a jurist, a scientist—or, as the French would say, a "savant"—of international reputation, an explorer "on his own hook" and an all round man of letters, yet one would think that some of his ideas must have originated with the king of Bedlam. He believed, and lectured before learned college societies in support of his views, that the earth consists of from five to seven hollow concentric spheres, and that at the poles there is a round opening entirely through each of the several spheres. According to this queer theory these spheres are placed one inside the other, like a nest of crockery ware, with an open space of a few hundred miles between each. Furthermore, he believed that both the inside and the outside of each of these bubble-like spheres are inhabited, which would give not less than 10 and probably 14 "theaters of action." Instead of the one habitable surface with which we are all acquainted to a greater or lesser degree, Symmes lived for many years near Newport, Ky.—St. Louis Republic.

The Wisdom of Experience. Aunt Sabina—"Berthy, don't you have none of these here flirtatious young fellows that propose as soon as they call half a dozen times. They ain't no kind of partners for life." Bertha—"But some of them are very nice, auntie." Aunt Sabina—"Never mind that, Berthy. I've lived long enough to know that the hollo-went and windiest things is most liable to pop."

What to do with Milk Pails! Clean them with Pearline. You can't get them so thoroughly sweet and pure in any other way. Besides, it's easier for you—quicker, more economical.

"The box and barrel churn are not hard to keep clean. A little hot water and a little Pearline will clean any churn or do away with any bad odor."—The Dairy World, Chicago. Perhaps you think that some of the imitations of Pearline, that you'd be afraid to use in washing clothes, would do just as well in work like this. They wouldn't hurt tinware, certainly. But they wouldn't clean it, either, half as well as Pearline—besides, "don't play with the fire." If your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. JAMES FYLE, New York.



WOMAN and HER WORK.

The members of that well known literary institution, the Yagabond's Club of London have paid a graceful compliment to their fellow workers of the opposite sex, in the dinner given lately to distinguished literary I dies.

Stranger still, the fashionable bachelor took up the hobby and became quite as eager in his search for something new in cushions as his feminine rival, and no more acceptable Christmas or birthday present could be found for him than a sofa cushion of some new and strange variety.

With reference to my remarks of last week regarding the wreck of the "Drummond Castle" I see that all England seems striving to express the gratitude her people feel, to the gentle Bretons for the pious care bestowed upon England's dead at the time of the wreck.

I feel sure these humble folk must feel deeply gratified by the prompt recognition which has been accorded to what was in their eyes, I have no doubt, but the simplest and most spontaneous of christian duties.

An inexpressible touching feature of the funeral service, and one which will appeal to the hearts of all mothers, was the tenderness with which the body of little Alice Reed, the youngest of the victims, was born to the grave.

The sofa cushion craze which seemed to be undergoing a period of eclipse for the past year or two, has revived wonderfully of late and bids fair to take a new lease of life, though under somewhat changed conditions.

But now all this is changed, and very little of the original had remains—except the cushions—in the first place the number of cushions required to form a collection, has increased to such an extent that a sofa, or even two sofas proved unequal to the task of supporting the burden, and therefore the luxurious if rather cumbersome divan came into existence and became a feature of every properly constituted drawing room.

tion, has increased to such an extent that a sofa, or even two sofas proved unequal to the task of supporting the burden, and therefore the luxurious if rather cumbersome divan came into existence and became a feature of every properly constituted drawing room.

For first mourning, cashmere, henrietta cloth, and nun's veiling are still the chosen materials, with dull silks for trimming after the crape has been laid aside, or by those who consider crape unhealthy.

English crape is more fashionable than ever for trimming handsome first mourning costumes, and sometimes almost half the dress is composed of it.

A handsome first mourning dress is of Henrietta cloth with the skirt trimmed from waist to hem with gorge-shaped bands of crape. The bodice is largely composed of crape and has wide cape-like epaulets over the rather small sleeves.

A pretty dress for second mourning is of silk canvas and black and white striped taffeta silk. The silk forms the sleeves, and the plain bodice over which is a sort of low necked sleeveless guimpe in blouse shape, of the canvas. The skirt is plain, made loose from the foundation and slashed at the hips to a lining of the striped silk.

For the hottest weather dresses of pure white with black trimmings are permitted even in the deepest mourning; lovely gowns of mull and pure white batiste, with the skirts bordered only with a deep hem, or three deep tucks are made for mid-summer wear; no frill or flounce of any kind is permitted with these white mourning dresses, their absolute plainness, and the black ribbon stock collar and belt worn with these, forming the sole line of demarcation between mourning and festivity.

Time to Call a Waiter. Guest (accusatory)—"The cheese seems to be active; it has already reached the far end of the table." Host (startled)—"Waiter, stop the cheese!"

waist like at the outside, and very often but little below the shoulder. A widow's veil may be a little deeper and sometimes reaches to the knee, but the shorter ones meet with more approval, and instead of the heavy and unhealthy crape, or the scarcely less cumbersome nun's veiling of past years, the very lightest of materials are chosen for summer wear.

A rather thick quality of silk muslin with a dull finish is one material much used by widows. Another favorite texture is a soft silk canvas of unusual fineness, and lightness of weight, which is scarcely thicker than the muslin. Both of these materials are made up with a hem-sticked border an inch and a half deep, or a hem the same depth of English crape.

It seems to be a well established rule that all bonnets accompanying long veils shall be small and close fitting, and except a facing of either crape, or the veil material no trimming is used, the veil completely covering the rest of the bonnet.

For widows who have passed their youth the veil is arranged in the simplest and plainest manner. One square and is taken divided equally in the middle and then drawn over the bonnet crown in flat, close plaits, these are pinned down at the sides with either pins, or plain slide brooches of dull jet. Young widows have the veil draped more elaborately, but after the first few weeks of mourning the veil is not allowed to hang over the face, the custom having been pronounced a most unhealthy one, by all physicians.

People who have particular dealings with venomous insects imported from the islands make the same claim. A local fruit importer said yesterday: "Very frequently we receive consignments of bananas and pineapples packed in dried grass and leaves. In taking the fruit from the boxes it is not uncommon to find a big centipede crawling along the stalk between the bananas, doing his best to get used to the California climate."

"Tuesday afternoon I was opening a box of bananas and pushed my hand through the straw to get at the stalk. I felt around for a few seconds and thought I could feel something moving around on the back of my hand. I had often heard of the presence of centipedes in fruit shipments, so I carefully withdrew my hand, so as to make as little commotion as possible. Imagine my surprise and alarm to see a five-inch centipede slowly crawling up my arm. I was about to strike it when a fruit packer, standing near by, warned me to make no attempt to get rid of it, but to let it crawl off at its leisure. I had forgotten the fact that they were not poisonous, and I know now that it would sink its claws into me and send its powerful poison through my blood."

"I looked at it with fear and trembling, but did not dare to move a muscle. It lifted its head and seemed perfectly satisfied to remain where it was. I could hardly restrain myself from making a quick motion and shaking it off, but my companion warned me again and again to keep quiet. All I could feel was a tickling sensation. The tickling increased, and I was almost ready to faint with suppressed excitement. Finally the centipede looked up at my sleeve and slowly made for it, moving all the legs in unison. For a moment by this time was unbearable and I feared I would be unable to remain calm until the thing got entirely off. My flesh seemed to shrink away as the horrible creature proceeded, but in a few more seconds, every one of them seemed to be crawling over my clothing, and with a motion quicker than I was ever known to make before I routed it with a stick and sat down, perspiring from head to foot. It was the most thrilling experience I ever figured in, and it made me sick the rest of the day."

"My companion began to laugh as though he would die of merriment, but I saw nothing particularly humorous in the situation. "You are crazy," he said, "to get frightened over a little thing like that. Do you not know that Hawaiian centipedes are not poisonous? I told you to keep quiet just to see how long your nerve would last. If the thing had sunk every claw into your flesh it would have only caused a little swelling and nothing more. I have had several of them strike me, and apply a little ammonia or salt water, and cure it up in half an hour."—San Francisco Call.

German Has Devised a Method for Preventing It. A German engineer has devised a method for preventing the noise made by trains in passing over iron bridges that may come in for consideration. He puts a decking of one and a quarter-inch planks between the cross girders, resting on three-inch timbers laid on the bottom flanges.

On the planks a double layer of felt is laid, which is fixed to the vertical web of the cross girder. At the connection with the girder a timber-covered joint is placed on felt, and the whole is bolted to the

We Study the Foot



And the result is a perfect fit with all that the words imply. Its a situation, not a theory, that confronts you in the Shoe question, and the situation can't be made too pleasant for what's inside of your shoes.

We also make a study of prices, and beyond a doubt the LOWEST PRICES being quoted in St. John for GOOD SHOES is at our store.

61 King and 212 Union St. WATERBURY & RISING,

RIPANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.

HIS NERVE WAS THERE. This sort of Centipede Was Harmless, but He Didn't Know It.

The Hawaiian Islands are almost as well off as Ireland. St. Patrick drove all the venomous insects and reptiles out of the green isle, but the Hawaiians claim that the reptiles and insects left on Mr. Dole's domain are in no sense of the word poisonous.

People who have particular dealings with venomous insects imported from the islands make the same claim. A local fruit importer said yesterday: "Very frequently we receive consignments of bananas and pineapples packed in dried grass and leaves. In taking the fruit from the boxes it is not uncommon to find a big centipede crawling along the stalk between the bananas, doing his best to get used to the California climate."

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On the planks a double layer of felt is laid, which is fixed to the vertical web of the cross girder. At the connection with the girder a timber-covered joint is placed on felt, and the whole is bolted to the

tom flange. Four inches of slack gravel cover the decking, which is sloped toward the center of the bridge for drainage purposes.

A layer of felt is laid between the timbers and the planks they rest on, and the iron work in contact with decking and ballast is asphalt.

This method is found very satisfactory in reducing the noise of passing trains, and it is to be hoped that its principle will soon be largely adopted in this country. Already the fact that some consideration is due to one's neighbors in the matter of piano practice and other domestic noises is becoming recognized, and quite a trade has sprung up in the 'de'ar'ening' materials.

Of these, probably the most in request is mineral wool, a layer of which is placed under the floor, in the walls, and over the ceiling if need be. In a room thus surrounded the most rabid musician can do his worst without interfering in the least with the peace of mind of the rest of the inmates of the house.

Another easily-handled material which forms an effective dam for the vibration of sound waves, and which is not open to the objection which mineral wool presents, of turning powdery, is a quilt composed of long, flat blades of sea grass, which cross each other at every angle, forming innumerable air spaces, which give almost perfect conditions for outliving both heat and sound.—Baltimore American.

"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 Prolapsus 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 tablespoonfuls 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. Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leshchitzky Method," also "Synthetic System," for Beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. E. WHITLOCK

Advertisement for a product, possibly a thread or fabric, with a circular logo and text describing its quality and availability.

Advertisement for BLANC-MANGE BENSON'S CANADA PREPARED CORN. Includes a recipe and a testimonial from Mrs. J. J. McDonald.

Advertisement for Millinery, Dress Making, and Mrs. J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

Advertisement for Beef, LAMB, MUTTON, VEAL, Ham, Bacon and Lard, Turkeys, Chickens and Fowls, Vegetables. THOMAS DEAN.

OTHER SHOULD the House

ill occur to the inmates of every very lameness, every pain, every itis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, cough, influenza and neuralgia.

the Liniment

son, Family Physician. Children are subject to croup, necessary is to give them a dose, and throat with your Liniment, bed, and the croup disappears as R. A. PEABODY, Rockport, Tex.

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Constructed and

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ange theory.

best ideas ever for a money scientist was a theory of symms concerning the interior of our globe. st, a scientist—or, as they, a "savant"—of infion, an explorer "on an all round man of old think that some of the originated with the to be believed, and lectur-college societies in supat the earth consists ofollow concentric spher-voles there is a round each of the sev-

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of Experience. ertly, don't you have cautious young tellers as they call ha' a sh't no kind of part- e of them are very ew mind that, Ber- enough to know that diest things is most

LEISURELY BICYCLE RIDING.

The Only Way to Get Enjoyment out of the Exercise.

The easy, graceful, moderate, leisurely style of bicycle riding is coming into vogue and practice, particularly with ladies. On the most popular cycling roads in this city and county may now be seen, any fair day, numbers of ladies, alone or accompanied, riding along easily, at a pace of six or eight miles an hour, and either enjoying the landscape or chatting pleasantly. This fact is really a matter of great importance, and from the standpoint of good health and reasonable physical exercise it is both noteworthy and a source of satisfaction.

Bicycling is comparatively a new exercise. Although there have been wheels and wheelmen for a quarter of a century, it is only within four or five years that the pastime has become so popular as to be almost universal. And like every new exercise, it has been done to excess, and is only now beginning to be properly utilized and made a reasonable pleasure. The little child that has just learned to walk cannot make his little legs go fast enough to keep up with his desire to get to some place and by the way to walk more; it is green, and to take such exercise as is both healthful and pleasant. Bicycle exercise has scarcely passed the childish, the rushing, the scorching era, but it is approaching the more graceful and less impulsive stage. The impulse to spin over the ground on a wheel is as irresistible, at first, as the toddler's desire to fairly leap from one point to another, and everything is forgotten but the exhilaration and new excitement. It must be something like the sensations of a little bird the first time he tries his wings. But, as already suggested, ladies and gentlemen who ride the wheel are learning that there is a keen delight in riding easily, gracefully and leisurely. It affords pleasure which "scorching" can never give. It permits conversation, it shows observation and appreciation of beautiful scenery. It develops love of nature as well as both muscle and lung power. It does more; it prevents redness of face, shortness of breath and superfluous perspiration. The leisurely rider does not get tired; for a nice, easy pace may be continued hour after hour without fatigue, and after a ride of this kind the rider is refreshed and feels that the exercise could be continued indefinitely.

There can be no doubt of all this, for ladies and gentlemen who are fully competent to speak testify to the pleasures of riding at a moderate pace. Moreover, having overcome their early impulses to rush from one town to another or to "chase miles" in order to establish a record of no avail to them after it is made. There will always be "scorchers" and young beginners, and these will continue to ride as if a cyclone were after them; but ladies and gentlemen generally are surely adopting the leisurely pace and are enjoying it to the fullest extent.—Elizabeth (N. J.) Journal.

The Pomaks of Rhodope.

Who on earth, or what on earth, are the Pomaks? Is the question which will suggest itself to most of those who glance at the heading of this article. The Pomaks are Bulgarians who have adopted the creed of Islam, but retained their own language. With their native speech they have preserved certain usages and customs of their own race, thus affording to the ethnologist admirable field for speculation as to the extent to which a change of religion, unaccompanied by other influences, can modify the ingrained characteristics of a nation.

There are Pomaks in many parts of Bulgaria, but the Pomak territory par excellence lies in the widest, remotest region of the Balkan peninsula, in the heart of Rhodope, a terra incognita to the European traveler, and known only by report to the neighboring races; in ancient days the haunts of the frenzied Bacchantes.

Of that wild root that tore the Thracian hair in Rhodope, when woods and rocks had ears to rapture, till the savage clamor drowned both harp and voice— and in later times the inaccessible retreat of fierce, fanatical mountaineers, who scorned for centuries the rule of Turk and Christian alike, and bravely resisted every effort to bring them into subjection. It was only quite recently that a Bulgarian force succeeded in occupying the remotest portion of the Pomak territory assigned seven years ago by the convention of Topkane to Eastern Roumelia.—Fortnightly Review.

A \$15,000 "PEBBLE."

The largest block of stone ever quarried is probably the one just obtained at Fourmies, Belgium, by a civil engineer named Lafitte. This block measures about 10,800 cubic feet, and its weight is over 7,900,000 pounds, or 3500 tons. As it stands now in the quarry this "pebble" is worth about \$15,000. After it has been cut up it all represent a considerably larger sum, and is sure to furnish work for about forty stonecutters for the next three months. It was quarried by means of a hand saw worked by a twenty horse-power engine, and was broken from the solid rock by a charge of 112 pounds of powder, which was allowed to drop into the crack made by the saw. It is stated that this block of stone now holds the record, as far as size and weight are concerned, and will probably continue to hold it for some time to come.

A Little Misunderstanding.

"Sir, your son's performance on the French horn is execrable. It will drive every body from my house. You told me he was a teacher."

"I did not. I said he was a tooter."

Consumption and lung troubles are the cause of fully one-third of the mortality in America. Prevention is better than cure. If you catch a cold take at once some of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. It is a sure cough cure.

The right or moist of food sometimes cures you, that's because your vitals. Hawker's liver pills cure biliousness and all bilious ailments.

Not what we say, but what the people say, that Hawker's Cathartic cures.

ADAMS' Ginger Beer

FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST.

RECIPE.

Adams' Ginger Beer Extract, - one bottle Fleischman's yeast, - one-half to one cake Sugar - - - - - two pounds Cream of tartar, - - - one half ounce Lukewarm water - - - - - two gallons

Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling, cool and delicious.

The ginger beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 cent bottles to make two gallons.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS

The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS

For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

CLEAN TEETH

and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

"SANITAS"

NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT.

Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain Linen.

FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c.

HOW TO DISINFECT. A valuable copy of the book giving simple directions how to disinfect in cases of cholera, typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., will be sent free of charge to any applicant on receipt of 10c. in stamps or cash.

HOW TO DISINFECT. THE SANITAS CO., Limited, ENGLAND.

A pushing Agent wanted in each Canadian City.

AGENTS WANTED

for the only complete CARPET STRETCHER and TACKER.

Draws your weight with the Carpet. No stooping, no pounding fingers, or getting down on the knees. Operator stands upright to stretch and tack carpet. Sample sent free on receipt of \$1.50. Every machine guaranteed. Send stamp for circulars and terms.

E. A. GIB & Co., 106 Queen St. East, Toronto, Canada.

BICYCLES

KENWOOD, RATHLER, CRESCENT CRAWFORD and SPECIALS NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

We sell everywhere. Get our prices and catalogue free.

T. W. BOND & SON, 168 Notre-Dame St., Toronto

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS.

Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. Write for particulars.

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY.

10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 Lamb's Tongues.

At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Cafe Royal,

DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets.

Meals Served at all Hours

Dinner a Specialty.

WILLIAM CLARK, Proprietor.

KINSHIP OF PEARS AND APPLES.

Both Have Flourished in Many Nations and Since Early Times.

An observing fruit dealer of South Water street, says the Chicago Record, is partly of the opinion that the pear and apple are related. The main thing that has a tendency to make him believe that the two are kin is that each has essentially the same structure.

His study brought to light that the form of the pear and of the apple, although characteristic enough, was not by itself sufficient to distinguish them, for there are pears which cannot by form be distinguished from apples, and apples which cannot by superficial appearance be recognized from pears.

The chief distinction between the two fruits, however, and one which makes him think that the two fruits are of separate families is the occurrence in the tissue of the pear fruit, or beneath the rind, of clusters of cells, filled with hard, woody deposits, constituting the "grit." No such formation of woody cells takes place in the apple.

It is thought that the pear was derived from one of two old types, the Northern common in Canada and the Western Asia. In England, however, where the pear is sometimes considered wild, there is always a doubt about the matter. Some think that the pears which are considered wild are but the produce of some seed deposited by birds or otherwise, which has degenerated into the wild, spine-bearing tree known as the 'pyrus communis.' The cultivation of the pear extends into the remotest antiquity. Traces of it have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings; it is mentioned in the oldest Greek writings, and was a common thing with the early Romans.

The apple, according to pomologists, is the most widely known, most extensively cultivated and most generally appreciated fruit. It is now being cultivated in countries where, 20 years ago, the thought of raising one had been an absurdity. It now is common in Canada, the United States, India, China and New Zealand. It has established itself in the extreme northern part of frigid Norway and the hottest countries of South America. In Norway and other cold countries the fruit takes the form of crabs, small, knobby and good for nothing.

The cultivation of the apple extends from the period of Roman occupation in Great Britain, but the names of many varieties indicate a French or Dutch origin of much earlier time. In 1688 Ray enumerated 78 varieties in cultivation in the vicinity of London, but since that time the number has grown to more than 2000.

Electric Light and Colors.

Storekeepers know that the electric light is almost as good for matching colors as daylight, but they generally use the arc light. The light given by an incandescent lamp is often little less yellow than a gas flame, and this leads some people into error. A daily paper complains that yellow and pink cannot be distinguished by electric light that heliotrope assumes a pinky hue, and that many delicate green tints of shade are quite lost under the light of the modern illuminant. Pale blue is also lost some of its glory, but green is vastly improved. Bright crimson tones well if artistically and effectively toned down and some shades of primrose are especially beautiful. Whites, it is said, are mercilessly shown up, and the complexion that is not of nature's making becomes flat and ghastly in the truthful light. For this reason the electric light is not popular with many people, but the knowing few and some shades of primrose are especially beautiful. Whites, it is said, are mercilessly shown up, and the complexion that is not of nature's making becomes flat and ghastly in the truthful light. For this reason the electric light is not popular with many people, but the knowing few and some shades of primrose are especially beautiful. Whites, it is said, are mercilessly shown up, and the complexion that is not of nature's making becomes flat and ghastly in the truthful light.

Then the Audience Smiled.

"Yes," said the irrepressible interviewer to a little lot of admirers, "I have hobbled with most of the celebrities of the day. I have shaken hands with Mr. Gladstone, dined with the Marquis of Salisbury, taken wine with the Duke of Devonshire and chatted with Mr. Chamberlain about his orchids. I have met some royal dukes and some states of his friends of the world of the wealthy. I have interviewed most of the celebrated divines, statesmen, scholars and athletes." "But you have omitted to mention," said a quiet voice somewhere behind the crowd, "that you have had the extreme honor of being kicked out of his house by a certain noble boxing man."

And then the audience— but see heading.

The World's Beer Mug.

A French statistician has become interested in the question whether more wine than beer is drunk on the globe. He figures out the annual production of wine in the whole world at 3,510,000,000 gallons, while 4,860,000,000 gallons of beer are annually brewed. The consumption of beer is, therefore, 1,350,000,000 gallons larger than the consumption of wine. The largest beer consumers are Germany, with 1,296,000,000 gallons of beer, and England with 1,269,000,000 gallons. Then comes the United States with 999,000,000 gallons, Austria with 378,000,000, and France with 270,000,000 gallons. Curiously enough, little Belgium consumes almost as much beer as France and is next in order.

Don't Blame the Girl.

There has been a deal of worrying about the fact that the young women of this country prefer single to married life, but perhaps the dear girls are not so much to blame after all. There are 8,000,000 men over 30 years of age in the United States who have never married, and, as man proposes, the preference of so many men for bachelors life has much to do with the number of single women.—Rochester Herald.

And he followed it.

"One kiss," he said, before I go?" The girl knew what she was about, and said to him, "the rule, you know. In kissing is, 'three times and out.'"

If?

If you want to preserve apples, don't cause a break in the skin. The germs of decay thrive rapidly there. So the germs of consumption find good soil for work when the lining of the throat and lungs is bruised, made raw, or injured by colds and coughs. Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, will heal inflamed mucus membranes. The time to take it is before serious damage has been done. A 50-cent bottle is enough for an ordinary cold.

50 cents and \$1.00

Scott & Bowna, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

Fine Lithographed Signs

For Advertising

Made in Eight Colors.

Designs and Styles to order.

Prices upon application. You may see samples of our work in this line at any hardware store in our own signs advertising "CRESCENT" Enamelled Ware or send your name and address and receive Sample free by mail.

The Thos Davidson Mfg. Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers, Montreal.

TRAFALGAR INSTITUTE

(Affiliated to McGill University),

Simpson Street, Montreal,

FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION

OF

YOUNG WOMEN.

President.....REV. JAS. BARCLAY, D. D.

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The Institute will re-open on

Tuesday, 15th September.

For prospectus and other information apply to the Principals, or to

A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, 22 St. John Street, Montreal.

HOTELS.

HOTEL ABERDEEN,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

New Office, Prince William Street, Near Post Office.

Passenger Elevator and all modern improvements, including ordinary and therapeutic baths. Rooms all large and airy.

Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Jersey dairy supplies. Germ proof water filters. Convenient sample rooms for commercial travellers.

Terms, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day.

G. R. PUGSEY, E. M. TREMPER, Proprietors.

THE DUFFERIN.

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

E. HAROLD WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern luxuries. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

T. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. All modern luxuries. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

PROFESSIONAL.

A. G. ELAIR, G. G. RUEL, A. G. ELAIR, JR.

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BARRISTERS, ETC.,

49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

GORDON LIVINGSTON,

GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Collections Made. Residences Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

Choicest Liquors.

The very best brands on the market can always be obtained from the undersigned. The finest wines and good imported Cigars.

For Sale at Reasonable Prices by

THOMAS L. BOURKE,

Water Street, St. John.

AMERICAN RAILROAD BUILDERS.

The Railroad Development of China Attracts the Attention of Capitalists.

Charles Denby, United States Minister at Peking, the capital of China, reports to his government that the close of the war with Japan was looked forward to by foreign capitalists as the date from which China was to depart from her traditional policy as to internal improvement and development. It was anticipated that this government would enter upon railroad construction, mining and naval and military systems of great magnitude. While the views of the most enthusiastic have not been realized, and China has shown a cautious conservatism, there has been no want of progress. The railroad from Tien-Tsin to the vicinity of Peking has been authorized, and is now being rapidly constructed. Great extensions of the line from Tien-Tsin northward into Manchuria have been determined on, and will doubtless soon be undertaken.

As to the general problem of railroad construction, the Chinese Government stands committed to the policy of using Chinese money only. An imperial decree has authorized the formation of native companies for the construction of lines in the south. It is not believed, however, that this policy will avail for lines of any great extent, and it may be predicted that China will resort, eventually, to the aid of foreign syndicates.

The railroad development of China has attracted the attention of American financiers and builders of rolling stock and equipment. Many agents of American firms are now in this country awaiting the adoption of some definite plan by the Imperial Government. At least two combinations of American capitalists, represented at Peking, are prepared to build and equip from beginning to end any railroad system which China may desire.

Heard None of His Own Opera. The great French composer Anber, the writer of "Fra Diavolo," "Crown Diamonds," and about fifty other first-class operas, was a peculiar genius in more than one respect. He never heard a performance of one of his own operas, which, of itself, is a thing without parallel in musical history. He would never allow anyone in his presence to mention death, or allude in any way to matters that might recall what to him was the most awful of all subjects. He was wealthy and lived in the utmost luxury in Paris, and when at last he died, while the city was in the throes of the war with the commune, preparations were made for him an elegant funeral. But a mob came along during the ceremony, scattered the mourners, took the body out of the hearse, threw it into the ditch, and led off the horses to draw cannon. It was a singular end to a life of luxury and aesthetic ease.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Australia's Orphan.

Australia has no orphan asylums. Every homeless child is a ward of the state. The Charities Commission organized in behalf of homeless children maintains a temporary home in which children are sheltered until homes in private families can be found for them. The state pays the board of the child and clothes it, and a Committee of Inspection keeps an eye on the child. The child is sent to school by its foster parents, and from the time he is 18 years of age a certain sum per year is deposited by the state in trust for him, so that at 18 years of age he becomes a self-respecting citizen, with a small capital to start him in life.

Galvani's Discovery.

It is to the wife of Professor Galvani of Bologna that is due the credit of having discovered the electrical battery which bears his name. Some skinned frogs lay upon the table, and noticing a convulsive movement in their limbs she called her husband's attention to the strange fact, who instituted a series of experiments, and in 1791 he laid the foundation of the galvanic battery.—Philadelphia Press.

A Literary Surprise.

"Who would a thought it!" exclaimed the old man, rapturously; "here's John turned out to be a writer for the papers."

"Do tell!"

"Here's a fact! Here's a paper what says he sells cheaper than I, cheaper, and they just can't beat him on flour, and his name signed to the whole piece!"

Professional Inaccuracy.

"But how do you know he is a sign painter?"

"Because he wrote a sentence in which there were six apostrophes, and he got every single one of them in the wrong position."—Boston Transcript.

A Lawyer's Bakery.

Sir Walter Scott called one day at the office of Joseph Gillo, an Edinburgh lawyer, "Why, Joseph," said Sir Walter, "this place is as hot as an oven!" "Well, and isn't it here that I make my bread?" retorted Gillo.

As He Saw it.

Yeast—Your landlady says that you are behind with your board."

Crimsonbeak—"Well, she's dead wrong. I'm ahead. I owe her \$45."

"Mary Gable must inherit her gift of talking." "Yes she gets it on her mother's side."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I WAS CURED OF A SEVERE COLD BY MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Oxford, N. S. R. W. HEWSON.

I WAS CURED OF A TERRIBLE SPRAIN BY MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yarmouth, N. S. FRED COULSON.

I WAS CURED OF BLACK EYEDNESS BY MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Inglesville. J. W. ROGERS.



A YOUNG... MONTREAL MILLINER

WRITES: "I was starting in business last year and wanted to find out what thread was the best to use, tested all the leading makes. Repeated trials showed me that none combined the

Strength, Smoothness and Freedom from Kinks found in

CLAPPERTON'S THREAD

—Most older hands knew this long ago and insist on getting "Clapperton's."

STAINED GLASS

Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal

Write for catalogue R.

STEAMBOATS.

1896 1896

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED),

For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route Between Nova Scotia and the United States. The quickest time, 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS

Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

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

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and the Dominion Coach Lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

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

Steamer "ALPHA"

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, returning, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, at 5 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from

President and Managing Director, W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent

THE HALF-BREED.

As for the other trouble—we are men, not children, Clavering! Suddenly, fiercely, Clavering turned upon him. 'Why do you say all this now? Would you have me now go back to the thick of the fight, as you call it?'

Clavering gave him but little opportunity to put questions. His surprise had been less demonstrative than his friends'; but a twitching of the muscles of the mouth denoted that this meeting had not quite left him unaffected. He began to question Carhart himself—rapidly, a little nervous, scarce waiting for his replies. He was traveling? He had come with a view to making some study of the Indian settlement still taking up the farther slope of the mountain? A sketching tour? And so he still kept these things up?

With the life of the natives, he had adopted their mode of dress and something of their gait and manner. This seemed to Carhart to have been done out of a sort of bravado—as a species of flaunting assurance that he was amply content with the changed conditions of existence he had chosen. He had aged in these five years. There were on his face bitter lines and hard lines, that silently spoke the disappointment he would have doggedly denied. Carhart saw that however much he might regret the rash step which had led him to leave his native England and the world, and bury himself in these mountain wilds, he would never open his lips in confession of his mistake.

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SOUNDS IN THE STILL NIGHT.

The Mysterious Noises Which Interest Timid People. What would not be revealed were a census taken of the men in any large city who have been awakened by the sound of a thief of the night cutting the screen away from the kitchen door and then seeing a hole in the woodwork so as to enable him to thrust his hand through, shoot the bolt and then break in to revel in a midnight debauch of crime? How many men of this particular city have held jingling debates with themselves on the wisdom of getting up and uttering a loud, protracted and resonant whoop, as compared with the more discreet plan of lying still and fearfully permitting the robber to rob? And the cats in the back entry, battling at the iron garbage cans for what feasting lies in fishbats and day-before-yesterday beef do they not a single wot as to the horror that they are generating in the parlor bedroom just forty-five feet away?

The dictionary definition of a window sledge says nothing of concealed weapons, jimmies, dynamite or gags. And yet the l. a. m. window blind is a creature which goes about its business armed cap-a-pie for treason, stratagem and spoils, to say nothing of offences more common, and consequently more dreaded. Given a window blind which does not just fit the opening, and which in a sobbing way rubs against the vertical sides of the casement; given also the hour of Marco Bozzaris, and, in addition to these gifts, given a plain common, earnest civilian, embraced in the arms of slumber up to the time when the rubbing begins, and there is a combination which will drive Mme. Tassaud distracted, fill Chateaufort with indignation, and make hair of the Circassian and the general sort the proper and correct thing. A common yellow window blind which sells ordinarily for forty-three cents, or for twenty cents on bargain days, can bully the Spanish inquisition out of its boots when it comes to terrifying mankind. The doorlock, which takes a notion to rattle back into its proper place after having been turned too far earlier in the evening, knows its business also, and its who is justly proud of its sweet dream of peace with horrible pictures of sudden and extemporaneous death. In the case of the lock which, having been turned too far back, later releases itself with a sharp click, allowing the bolt to take its natural position, there is no manner of doubt. The half-awake flat-dweller, who is not only ample reason to believe that his good and comes from the lock—because, in fact, it does come therefrom. Then rises into rapid prominence this query: "What sort of man is it who is letting himself into this holy and virtuous flat?" Of course, he is a large, bulky man, with chloroform in his possession, and bearing a great burden of deadly weapons. He has come to get everything in the flat, from the folding bed to the napkin rings, and is going to perform with many strange firearms if necessary to achieve his object. Perhaps, after all, the ill-fated man, and the greatest criminal of the age. More midnight alarms have been caused by it than by almost any other inanimate malefactor, although the pantry door, which, standing ajar is pushed open or is closed by the pag dog out on a meandering expedition, is a decent second.—Chicago Record.

TO EDUCATE THE CASH GIRLS.

A New York Dry Goods Firm's School Room and Lessons. There will shortly be started, in one of the largest dry goods stores in the city, a system whereby the little cash girls can, during certain hours each day, receive instruction in such branches of education as are taught in the ordinary grammar schools of New York. The idea is a new one in this city, although it has been in operation for some time past in Chicago, where it has been very successful. The hours devoted to study will be so arranged as to interfere as little as possible with the daily duties of the girls, and at the same time will allow them ample time for recreation. As the system is in operation in Chicago

some of the girls go to school from 8:00 until 10:30 o'clock, while others attend during the afternoon; thus they are always enough cash girls ready to attend to the customers and clerks, while all have an equal opportunity for attending the school. Not only has the system of holding a regular school in a large dry goods store out west improved the girls who work in the store, but it has shown a tendency to bring them more nearly together. Competent teachers will be employed to instruct the girls, and so far as may be practicable, the regular school system in vogue in this city will be adopted. As now planned, this new school room will be a light, airy room, located probably at the top of the big dry goods store, high above the dust and dirt of the city traffic. Books, blackboards, desks—everything, in fact, which go to make up a well appointed school room, will be found ready for use, the entire expense being borne by the firm. The girls will relieve each other during the day, so that each one will receive about five hours per day.

A member of the firm said, in speaking of the matter: 'I do not anticipate any difficulty in proving to the school board that we can trust with the education of the girls. We have been very successful with a school started in connection with our Chicago house, and I can see no reason why we should not have equal success here. The girls there are apparently glad of an opportunity for combining the earning of even a small wage and obtaining an education. They are diligent at their studies and very painstaking. These little ones willingly give up some of their evening hours to learning their lessons and writing their exercises for the next day, and the results prove that by far the greater number make better progress in our school than in the ordinary public schools. The incentive of being able to earn even a little to help out their mothers at home is a great inducement to those wishing to get on in the world. This school is not only a good thing for the children, but incidentally is a good thing for the firm. We get our regular reports from the teachers, and those girls who show a willingness to help themselves in turn helped by us and promoted from one grade to another. We shall have our own commencement exercises at the end of each term, just as do the public-schools. Besides the ordinary branches, we shall teach music to such of the girls as have any talent in that direction and also such that they have an annual summer outing.'

When the next legislative committee comes down from Albany on a junketing trip, and incidentally to correct abuses of the labor under healthful conditions, they will probably experience a new sensation when they are ushered into a pleasant, well ventilated school-room and see the erstwhile pale faced little drudges transformed into bright student children, in whose lives a new happy influence has been kindled.—New York Herald.

HUMPHREYS'

- No. 1 Cures Fever. No. 2 " Worms. No. 3 " Infants' Diseases. No. 4 " Diarrhea. No. 8 " Neuralgia. No. 9 Cures Headache. No. 10 " Dyspepsia. No. 11 " Delayed Periods. No. 12 " Leucorrhoea. No. 14 " Skin Diseases. No. 15 Cures Rheumatism. No. 16 " Malaria. No. 20 " Whooping Cough. No. 27 " Kidney Diseases. No. 30 " Urinary Diseases. No. 77 " Colds and Grip.

BORN.

- Dalhousie, July 30, to the wife Arthur Troop, a son. Moncton, Aug. 6, to the wife of J. Godard, a son. Truro, Aug. 6, to the wife of M. Dawson, a son. Amherst, Aug. 6, to the wife of R. Barker, a son. Fairview, N. B., Aug. 7, to the wife of John MacAloney, a son, boy and girl. Upper North Sydney, Aug. 1, to the wife of John Allan, a daughter. Middleton, July 31, to the wife of George M. Moore, a son. Melbourne, N. S., July 30, to the wife of Harry Allan, a son.

DIED.

- Annapolis Royal, July 28, Dorothy B. Bishop, 63. Morris, Aug. 1, Mary, wife of Allan McDonald, 90. Halifax, Aug. 3, Captain Angus C. Campbell, 80. Campbell Settlement, Aug. 1, John Campbell, 80. Salsby Brook, July 28, Bartholomew McGee, 55. Great Village, Aug. 1, Capt. John Congdon, 72. Englishtown, C. B., July 29, Annie McLeod, 63. Lansdown, N. S., July 29, Gilbert Burke, 68. Halifax, Aug. 8, Capt. Angus C. Campbell, 78. Millstream, July 31, Charlotte Patterson, 85. Charlottetown, Aug. 4, John Stanlake, 75. Erb settlement, Aug. 2, Frederick Erb, 74. Caledonia, Aug. 4, John McPherson, 70. Halifax, Aug. 6, Clara L. Leymour, 19. Springdale, July 31, Olive Hawkes, 17. Hampton, Aug. 4, Richard Smith, 66. Halifax, Aug. 7, Andrew Sear, 57. Pictou, July 31, by drowning, Alexander, aged 21, John 14, Donald 10, only sons of John Brown. Denver, Colo., Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of the late Geo. and Elizabeth Foster, of N. S., 31. St. John, Aug. 7, Clara, youngest daughter of John and Sarah McDermott, 18. Brooklyn, N. S., July 31, daughter of George R. and Catherine Gardner, 11. Halifax, Aug. 5, Urs, E. daughter of William and Robert Adlington, M. D. Carleton, N. S., Aug. 5, Edith E. child of Isaac and Mrs. McKenna, 3 weeks. Shubenacadie, July 29, Edwardina A. A. wife of E. L. Tink, 9 months. St. John, Aug. 6, Bessie, child of Thomas C. and Agnes Fox, 19 months. Woodstock, Aug. 1, Mrs. McDonagh, widow of George McDonagh, 72. St. John, Aug. 9, Hazel Irene, child of William and E. L. Tink, 9 months. Halifax, Aug. 9, John S. son of Robert and Janet Patterson, 7 months. Moncton, Aug. 7, Miriam, daughter of Mathew and Adelaide Lodge. Sherbrooke, Aug. 7, Margaret McPhail, widow of John McPhail, 60. Wallace, N. S., July 31, Donald B. son of Colla and Cella McLean, 63. Richmond, Aug. 9, George R. son of Rufus Currier, 8 months. Fraser's Mills, July 19, Mary, daughter of John McDonald, 88. Kingston, Aug. 6, Gertrude I. widow of Dr. Adino Faddock, 56. Sunny Erie, July 24, Milton A., son of Thomas McDonald, 24. Lunenburg, July 25, John, son of the late Michael Slatery, 18. Melvern Square, July 24, Frederick Burton Mackenzie, 19. Big Island, C. B., Jessie, wife of William McDonald, 82. Brookton, N. S., Aug. 2, Matilda, widow of Henry Godfrey, 74. St. John, Aug. 6, Annie M. G. wife of Israel V. Jackson, 50. Jacksonville, July 28, Mary A. wife of Frederick Estey, 50. St. John, Aug. 9, Catherine M. widow of James L. Edie, 50. D'Acouze, C. B., Aug. 6, Agnes, wife of B. F. Bourne. Brookton, Aug. 2, Matilda, widow of Henry Godfrey, 16. Yarmouth, July 31, Sarah, wife of Henry G. Parish, 57. Edinburgh, July 15, Rev. Robert McFair, M. D., 82. Bescom Settlement, N. B. July 31, Edward Bescom 62.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RIISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. This Paste, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn the cloth. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

- Stellarton, July 21, to the wife of James Peckham, a daughter. North Sydney, July 24, to the wife of W. Thompson a daughter. New Glasgow, June 27, to the wife T. F. Conard, a daughter. Weston, July 23, to the wife of Fred A. Sanford, a daughter. Liverpool, Aug. 3, to the wife of Rev. Mr. Ball, a daughter. Moncton, Aug. 3, to the wife of Charles McHugh, a daughter. Amherst, Aug. 3, to the wife of Ernest Miles, a daughter. Digby, Aug. 10, to the wife of L. K. McLaren, a daughter. Little Brook, July 22, to the wife of J. D. Lombard, a son. Moncton, Aug. 2, to the wife of Jos. Wortman, a son. Sussex, July 29, to the wife of Fred Radcliffe, a son. Prospect, Aug. 1, to the wife of Willard Sanford, a son. Somerset, Aug. 2, to the wife of Randal Hillyer, a son. Berwick, Aug. 2, to the wife of Gordon Bryden, a son. Chatham, July 23, to the wife of F. A. Danman, a son.

MARRIED.

- Shelburne, Aug. 6, by Rev. Dr. White, Rev. Charles DeW. White, to Ethel Estelle Ross. Ludlow, Me., Aug. 3, by Rev. A. E. Ingram, Geo. B. McNeil, N. B. to Mary E. Sanford of N. S. Moore's Mills, July 28, by Rev. Isaac Howie, Walter M. Grimmer to Gertrude Douglas. Folsheim Mountain, July 31, by Rev. J. A. McKenna, Barkley M. Langille to Ella M. Bailey. Charles Harbor, N. S., July 18, by Rev. A. M. McNeil, Allan Nickerson to Addie Crooks. Liverpool, N. S., July 31, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Capt. Amos McNeil, to Jennie Hilton. Mount Stewart, P. E. I., Aug. 1, by Rev. A. C. McLeod, George Bishop to Ella Court. Fremont, Nebraska, July 14, Ernest E. B. Jack to Miss Faber all of Fredericton, N. B. Bridgetown, N. S., July 11, by Rev. Jas. Sinclair Joseph Sullivan to Jennie McDonald. Kouchibouctou, Aug. 4, by Rev. F. Patterson, Robert Jackson to Lillian Hendley. Charlottetown, Aug. 3, by Rev. Dr. Morrison, Ronald B. Steele to Mary Laferriere. Grandville, N. B., Aug. 1, by Rev. A. M. McNeil, W. Longley to Emma M. G. G. Farrarboro, Aug. 1, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Howard Clark's Harbor, July 19, by Rev. A. M. McNeil, Reuben Penny to Sadie Atkins. Annapolis, July 29, by Rev. B. Moore, Lincoln F. Downing to Ida M. Grant. Bridgetown, Aug. 4, by Rev. John Cameron, Fletcher H. Bent to Mary Schofield. Halifax, July 29, by Rev. M. Campbell, James L. McLean to Ethel J. Childs. Wolfville, Aug. 3, by Rev. Joseph Hale, Charles Taylor, to Ida M. Freeman. Westville, July 22, by Rev. H. Cumming, Gerald McNeil to Ethel Campbell. Halifax, Aug. 5, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Seymour Lewis to Minnie Hobley. Salisbury, July 29, by Rev. J. C. Steiman, Lovell Lewis to Bessie Melvin. Halifax, Aug. 10, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Allan Fraser child to Christine McIntyre. Truro, July 22, by Rev. A. L. Guggle, George E. Bentley to Ida Crowe. Lunenburg, July 29, Howard Guerrier to Zilda Campbell.

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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 22nd June, 1896, the Intercolonial Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes 'Trains Will Leave St. John' and 'Trains Will Arrive at St. John'.

Accommodation from Salsby, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted) 6.00 Express from Moncton and Quebec (Monday excepted) 6.00 Accommodation from P. E. I. to Salsby 12.00 Express from Salsby to P. E. I. 12.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou 12.00 Express from Salsby to Pictou 12.00

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Summer Tourist Tickets

Now on sale to points West, North West, and on Pacific Coast.

SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS

On sale to local points on Atlantic Division.

For Tour Book and all other information enquire at our Office, Chubb's Corner, at station.

D. MONTGOMERY, District Pass'g. Mgr. Montreal. A. H. NOTMAN, District Pass'g. Mgr. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after 3rd July, 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railroad will run daily (Sunday Excepted).

Royal Mail Steer. PRINCE ROBERT.

Leve. St. John at 7:00 a.m., arrive Digby 9:30 a.m. Leve. Digby at 10:30 a.m., arrive St. John, 1:00 p.m. Leve. St. John at 1:30 p.m., arrive Digby 4:00 p.m. Leve. Digby at 4:15 p.m., arrive St. John, 6:45 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Leve. Halifax 4:15 a.m., arrive in Digby 10:15 a.m. Leve. Digby 10:30 a.m., arrive Yarmouth 1:20 p.m. Leve. Yarmouth 1:30 p.m., arrive Digby 4:10 p.m. Leve. Digby 4:15 p.m., arrive Yarmouth 6:10 p.m. Leve. Yarmouth 6:30 p.m., arrive Digby 9:00 p.m. Leve. Digby 9:05 a.m., arrive Halifax 4:00 p.m. Leve. Yarmouth 4:00 p.m., arrive Digby 6:40 p.m. Leve. Annapolis 7:00 a.m., arrive Digby 8:30 p.m. Leve. Digby 8:45 p.m., arrive Annapolis 6:00 p.m.

Buffet Parlor Cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth on the Pictou Branch.

Close connections with trains at Digby, making a double daily service between St. John, Halifax, Yarmouth, and all intermediate points on Dominion Atlantic Railway. Tickets on sale at the Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-table and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

Table with 2 columns: Route and Rate. Lists various routes like 'To Wolford, Hampton and intermediate points' and their corresponding rates.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Monday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, over the Central, Quebec and Lake St. John, over the St. Lawrence, Quebec and Lake St. John, over the St. Lawrence, Quebec and Lake St. John, over the St. Lawrence, Quebec and Lake St. John.

B.B.B. FOR THE BLOOD. Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood. In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B. No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores, ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action. In this way the sick become well, the weak strong, and those who have that tired, worn out feeling receive new vigor, and buoyant health and spirits, so that they feel like work. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

And the artist sighed.