

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 24 1899.

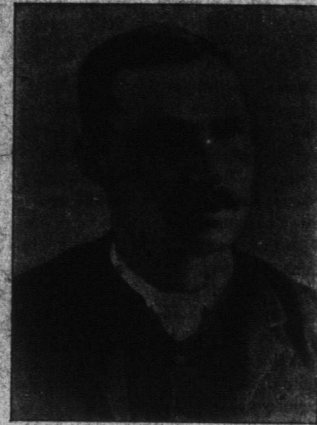
PRICE FIVE CENTS

## A HANDSOME FAREWELL.

THE FRIENDS OF MR. R. J. WILKINS WISH HIM HAPPINESS.

As he departs from the ranks of the Bachelor, Present him and his Bride with a handsome Farewell and tell them how they should be.

It is not often that so popular a bachelor leaves the ranks as Robert J. Wilkins and his departure from them this week was made the occasion of a pleasant gathering in the City Royal when about sixty of Mr. Wilkins' friends sat at the festive board



ROBERT J. WILKINS.

with him and recounted many of the happy times they had spent together and gave him plenty of advice for the future. There were scores of his friends who were not notified because it seemed to be impossible in the short time permitted the committee to think of all who would have been pleased to be there and it had been possible there is no banquet hall in the city that would have held the crowd.

As it was when Ald. John McGoldrick took the chair with Mr. Wilkins on his right the long tables in Mr. Clark's restaurant were filled. Ald. White was in the vice-chair and Deputy Mayor Macrae presided over the second table.

After some light refreshments had been disposed of Chairman McGoldrick made a happy speech proposing the health of the guest of the evening, Mr. Wilkins, and presented him and his future bride with a very handsome parlour set as the contribution of a few of their friends towards their new home. The alderman proposed the toast in admirable form and Mr. Wilkins' response was brief but clever. Then the cheers that were given were not in any way half hearted and the song, "For he's a jolly good fellow" added to the tributes that was flattering to a man even so popular as "Bob."

Then the list of social toasts began and Mr. John Walsh was the first man to bear the brunt. He did not know what Dr. White meant when he began to speak of the successes of married life but he had a fairly good idea when reference was made to the man whose house was painted a bright green during his absence on the morning of the 12th of July by the workmen of Mr. Wilkins, whose guest he was in Sussex. His youthful heir came in for recognition in connection with the toast and by special request Mr. Walsh told the story of how the practical joke of the groom had alienated for a time the affections of his orange friends.

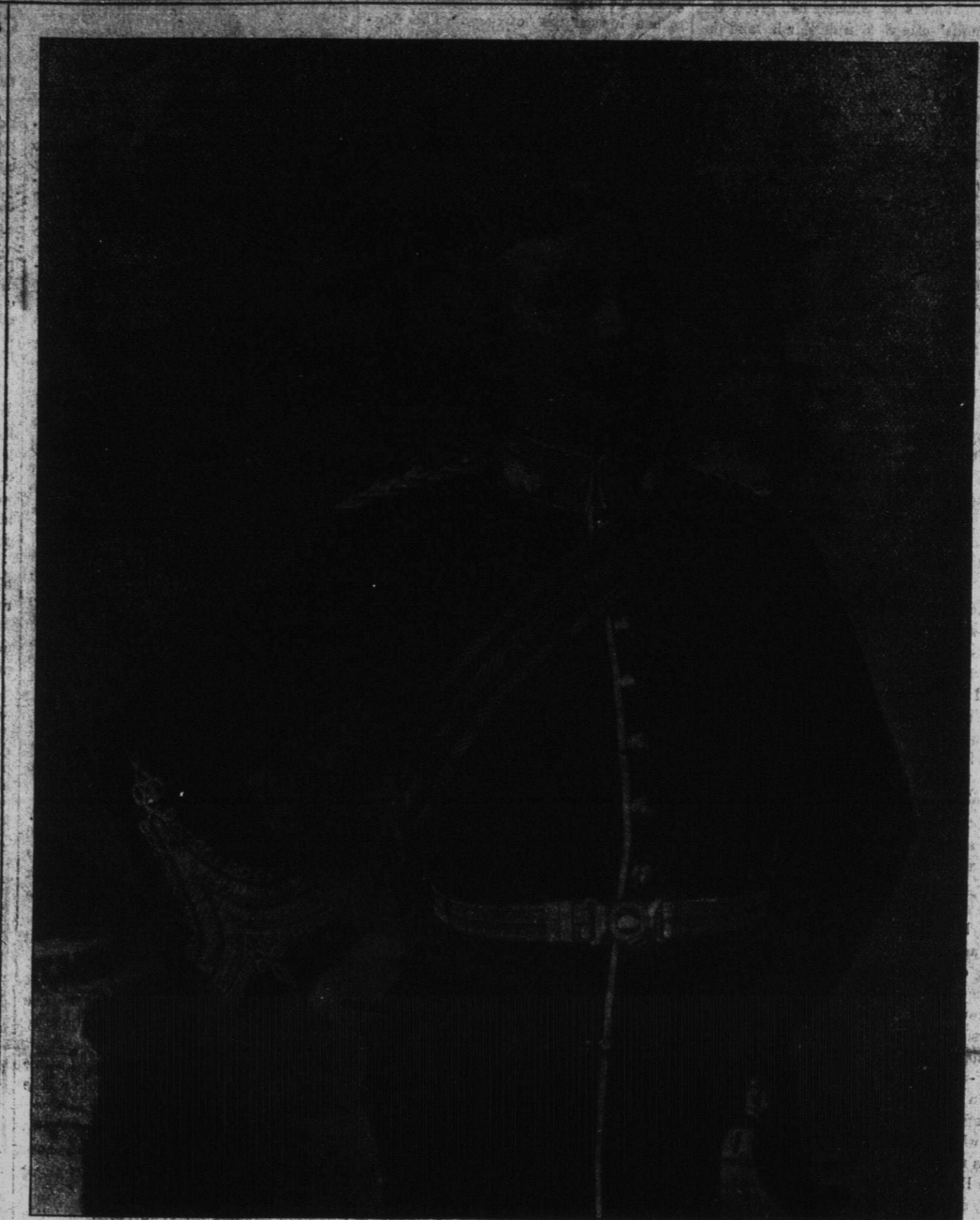
The song of Jack Powers that followed was altogether in keeping with the occasion and rendered as only he can.

The city fathers, of which body Mr. Wilkins was a former member, brought in deputy mayor to his feet and in a witty and laughable speech he pictured the past successes and future triumphs of the prospective groom whose proverbial good nature carried him through the jests of his friends. The "Private Stih" of "Danny" Dins proved as popular as ever and Messrs Finn, Morrison, Burke and Hatheway found occasion to make many felicitous remarks in a reminiscent vein, respecting the groom when responding to "Our Mercantile Interests." The happy knack of making appropriate remarks in a pleasant way is possessed by Mr. Finn whose after dinner speeches are always enjoyed by those who hear them. Mr. Wm. Walsh talked about his old time friendship with the groom of the evening and sang about "Silver Balls" the chorus of which was well known to the party. Then "The boys of St. John" followed and with a lot of names were mentioned in connection

with the toast, Messrs. Hunter, Dawson and Powers were the principal talkers. Mr. Hunter sang a song too which was as funny as it was original. R. C. John Dunn's speech was full of conditional promises that he would follow in the footsteps of "Bob" when June resolved us again. The entertaining feature of the evening was the song of "Jim" Lambkin who became acquainted for the first time with many of those present. He can talk and sing and made an impression that will ensure him a great welcome at any gathering in St. John.

There was a talk from the mayor who arrived about this stage and Messrs McKelvie and Kelly and others contributed to the speakers of the evening. Then the Chairman, in speaking of absent friends, paid a glowing tribute to an associate upon the committee, Mr. W. A. Quistco to whom in a large sense the success of the gathering was due.

"And Lang Syne" was the finishing touch of the social affair which was pleasant in every way. Few men get so spontaneous a send off as Mr. Wilkins enjoyed. A great practical joker himself he must have appreciated an effort in the same direction on the day of his marriage. When he went to the issuer of marriage licenses to get the necessary permit he was gravely informed that there was a large petition there praying that no permission be given him to dissent the rank of bachelorhood as he was not responsible for his actions!



LIEUT. COL. H. H. McLEAN.

Lieut. Col. McLean sails this week for England as commander of the Biely team. This is not the first time that the hockey has fallen to a St. John man but to no one before more popular in military circles.

Lieut. Col. Hugh H. McLean was born at Fredericton, N. B., on March 22, 1854, and educated there. Lieut. Col. McLean is a barrister-at law and has practised his profession since 1875, when he was called to the bar. He commenced his military career in 1870, when he joined the 71st Bata. as a Bugler. After passing through the various ranks of corporal, sergeant, etc., he was appointed ensign in the same battalion. In 1875, on removing to St. John, he was gazetted ensign in the 62nd Bata. "St. John Fusiliers"; promoted Captain May 6, 1876; appointed adjutant January 19, 1877; promoted major October 2, 1885; and Lieutenant-colonel commanding September 2, 1897. In 1878, when a war with Russia was imminent Capt. McLean raised a company of 100 men for active service in the field and forwarded his application to the Imperial Government. As the war did not take place, the Imperial authorities declined the offer with thanks, conveyed through the militia Department. At the time of the Northwest Rebellion, 1885, a provisional battalion of 14 companies was raised in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island for service in the Northwest. Capt. McLean was appointed adjutant of this battalion. Unfortunately for Col. McLean, the battalion was stopped at Sussex, returned home and disbanded, owing to the suppression of the Rebellion.

Among those who were present and invited to be present at the Cafe Royal to honor Mr. Wilkins were the following gentlemen:

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Ald. McGoldrick,  | Andy Hunter,       |
| J. McKelvie,      | E. Wogan,          |
| Jan. Kelly,       | John Kelly,        |
| Wm. Clark,        | J. Killen,         |
| Chas. Jackson,    | John Walsh,        |
| Wm. Colker,       | Bruce Caldwell,    |
| John Connor,      | Mayor Best,        |
| Captain Ferris,   | N. Cameron,        |
| Dave McQuerry,    | D. Byles,          |
| T. Woodrow,       | R. Ash,            |
| Wm. Doherty,      | Frank Foster,      |
| Ald. Colwell,     | Ald. Wain,         |
| Ald. Allan,       | Ald. Mann,         |
| M. A. Finn,       | D. Day,            |
| W. McQuade,       | H. McKewen,        |
| J. Lowry,         | John F. Morrison,  |
| T. Cronin,        | D. C. Quinn,       |
| R. LeBel Willis,  | W. A. Quinn,       |
| John Collins,     | E. S. Curtis,      |
| T. O'Leary,       | Wm. Knox,          |
| T. Fred Powers,   | Chas. Galtier,     |
| Harry Hopper,     | Alfred Debris,     |
| R. S. Jackson,    | W. C. Godwin,      |
| Gilbert Tracy,    | D. W. McQuade,     |
| Edw. A. T. Deane, | W. F. Harrison,    |
| T. C. Godwin,     | John Allen,        |
| Wm. Wallace,      | John W. Watson,    |
| Chas. Troop,      | J. B. Lambkin,     |
| R. C. J. Dunn,    | W. B. Quinn,       |
| E. Trivie,        | A. J. Blair,       |
| Thos. Gilliland,  | W. H. Hatheway,    |
| Thos. Bell,       | R. L. Johnson,     |
| Dr. W. Sherr,     | Mr. Ferguson,      |
| John Barry,       | John J. Armstrong, |
|                   | Chas. Notman.      |

Invitations Made, Received, Sent out, June 17 Waterloo.

## TURNED TABLES ON HIM.

MRS. DR. CURRIE WIFE OF A FORMER FREDERICTON DENTIST.

Applies for a Divorce in Boston and Gets it. While Her Husband had an Application Before the Fredericton Court, Which She Defended Years Ago.

BOSTON, May 22.—An event happened in Cambridge this week that will be a great surprise to many people in Fredericton and St. John and that forms the culmination to quite a story of marital unhappiness. In the superior court of Middlesex county sitting at East Cambridge Mrs. Willard A. Currie brought proceedings for divorce from her husband on the ground of desertion and the case being uncontested the divorce was granted, the case requiring only a few moments for the judge to dispose of.

It will be remembered that a year or two ago Dr. Willard A. Currie, a dentist, formerly of Fredericton, brought suit for divorce from his wife in the divorce court of New Brunswick on the ground of adultery. Mrs. Currie contested the case and there was a long continued fight and very damaging evidence was produced on both sides. W. Vanwart was counsel for Dr. Currie and Geo. F. Gregory appeared for Mrs. Currie and both were engaged at great expense taking depositions in Boston.

It appeared that four or five years ago Dr. Currie left his wife and went to Fredericton Mrs. Currie was unable for some time to ascertain his whereabouts but finally she located him in Fredericton. Then the doctor instituted proceedings for divorce as stated and at present the case still hangs. The court in Fredericton however awarded Mrs. Currie alimony of \$5 per week.

Dr. Currie has since removed from Fredericton to Cambridge where he is practising his profession and resides with his brother Dr. John Z. Currie, a doctor, also at one time practising in Fredericton.

Last February Mrs. Currie rather turned the tables on her husband bringing proceedings for divorce on milder grounds than in the counter case, viz., desertion. She engaged as her counsel Messrs. Eston & McKnight's young firm of lawyers recently graduated from the Harvard Law School. Mr. McKnight formerly studied with Currey & Vincent of St. John and is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick. Mr. Eaton is a Truro man. The firm has worked up a large practise and are meeting with much success.

They managed to conduct the case with considerable secrecy and the counsel in Fredericton gained no inkling of what was going on. It was proven that Dr. Currie had deserted his wife and had been absent from her three years which under the law of Massachusetts is sufficient ground for granting a divorce. The divorce was granted on Monday, 19th inst., and Mrs. Currie is now a free woman. She has been living in Beachmont and has been attending a school of stenography with the intention, it is understood, of securing a position in a lawyer's office. Mrs. Currie did not ask for alimony or for the custody of her 12-year old daughter who is with her father. The divorce became nisi in six months allowing the libellant, Mrs. Currie to marry in that time and restraining the libellee from marrying for two years.

Small Things Talked About. Alderman Colwell's ferry regulations provoked lots of amusement in the common council Thursday. Some of them were thrown out and some allowed to pass though it was plain that the chairman of the public works department wasn't enthusiastic over them. The suggestion that the names as well as the number of the people who patronize the last trip of the ferry be taken created much merriment but did not pass. Ald. Allan's idea that the ferry was as much a highway between two portions of the city as the street between Indian town and the South End was sensible and is bound to prevail in time. It wasn't considered advisable to prevent smoking in the gentleman's cabin or to keep gentlemen out of the ladies cabin. Ald. Christie was irritated at one time and declared his opinion was a good one, as good if not better than any man's at the board as the records would show. The discussion was mainly carried on by Ald. Colwell who is deeply interested in ferry matters. Ald. McGoldrick welcomed the proposal to investigate the base purchase under oath and explained that everything was done as it should have been.

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For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 120 Hollis Street, North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways. For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 124 Hollis street, or L. E. BAKER, President and Director. Yarmouth N. S., January 9th, 1899.

SAILINGS OF THE STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after Saturday 24th inst., and in till further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave for Boston, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 6.30 (local). Returning will leave Indian town same days at 4 p. m. local. CAPT. R. G. FARLE, Manager.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 1.30 a. m. standard. On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 1.30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate points. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. m. Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1.30 p. m. JAMES MANCHESTER, Manager, Fredericton.

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A DEVIL-WOLF'S LITTER.

RAIDS OF A COLLIE'S PROGENY ON SHEEP RANCHES.

Seven Tawny Hounds that United the Coming of Their Mother with the Intelligence of Their Father—Vain Attempts to Destroy Them.

It was in 1879, the year after my coming to Colorado, while I was learning the sheep business at the Rush Creek Ranch, that I first heard of the devil-wolf's litter, said L. G. Austey, who was for some years a ranchman in Colorado and Utah. I was riding in the dusk of the evening from the home ranch to a sheep camp when my horse pricked up his ears and quickened his pace of his own accord. Noticing that he was uneasy, I looked about to find out what had alarmed him, and saw what I took to be a large yellow dog skulking along after me about a hundred yards in the rear. Thinking that he had strayed from some camp or wagon outfit I whistled to him. At this he stopped, cocked his ears and stood gazing at me, but would come no nearer. Then, as I rode on, he followed me as before, keeping at the same distance away, until I was within sight of the light in the sheep camp, when he vanished in the darkness. Twice I halted and tried to call the animal to me, but each time he stopped and waited until I started on. At these times, sitting on his haunches, the creature looked so much like a wolf that I should have taken him for one had it not been for his color and the fact of his following me in the way he did. It was not to be wondered at that a lost dog should be shy of a stranger, but what I could not understand was the fear shown by the horse, who would have bolted away from the creature if I had given him free rein. At the sheep camp where I stopped for supper, I spoke of the strange dog that had followed me. The two shepherds, who were new in the country, had no light to throw on the subject, but Cray, an old hunter, who was staying that night at the camp, asked: 'Was it a big, wolfish looking critter with shaggy yellow coat?'

'I said that it was. 'It kept just so near—wouldn't go away or come any closer—just tagged on behind keepin' you in view!' Cray continued. 'That's right,' I answered. 'You've described the beast to a dot. Now, when's dog is it?'

'It isn't a dog—and it isn't a wolf. It's a 'twixt and between the two, and wuss than either,' the hunter said. 'It's no good news for sheep owners that the devil-wolf's litter has struck into these parts again.'

'After so much said I, of course, had to have the whole story of the devil-wolf and her progeny, and Cray, who had hunted the country in buffalo days, had plenty to tell. This wolf was a notorious sheep killer, and had hunted the ranches between Rush Creek and the Republican River for years, and as she drew other wolves after her and brought forth a litter of hungry whelps yearly, she had laid a heavy tax on the sheep ranchmen. No hunter could get within rifle range of her, and she would have no dealings with traps or poisoned baits, so her career among her enemies had been a long one. The name of demonio—the demon—which the Mexican shepherds gave her, because in the mouths of the American Ranchmen 'the devil-wolf, and the beast's cunning and boldness justified the title. The story of the devil-wolf's family began with the disappearance of a valuable collie dog from a sheep camp of the creek about three years before my coming to the ranch. The collie, one of the highly prized lemon-colored variety, in the pairing time of wolves was enticed by a she-wolf from the camp one night, and his romance had ended in tragedy—at least it was so supposed, for he never came back. Some months after this a cowboy, riding the range, reported that he had seen the devil-wolf playing with seven young wolves on the prairie, and that every one of the whelps was yellow. He was baffled and laughed at by his hearers, but he stuck to his story, and in course of time its truth was confirmed by others who saw the same oddly tinted wolf family.

'It was not long before the ranchmen along Rush Creek began to get unpleasant reminders of the devil-wolf's litter. These dogs-wolves a great appetite for mutton, and in their depredations on the ranches they showed a ferociousness and cunning exceeding these traits in their mother. Instead of separating and going their different ways, as members of a wolf litter commonly do on gaining their growth they stay

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ed together, and the mother remained with them for two years at least, when she disappeared for good, no one ever knew when or how. She had taught them her tricks, and with the superior sagacity derived from the collie strain they improved on her lessons.

Up to the time of the appearance of the dog-wolves the Colorado sheepman had suffered from little damage from wild animals. Wolves particularly had given the shepherds a wide berth, and the low rail fence around a sheep corral was a barrier that they were afraid to leap. The devil-wolf's litter, while taking every precaution against traps or ambushes, would invade the corrals and the very stamps themselves when they could safely do so. Those who had seen them work said that they always reconnoitered the ground before making a foray, and that one of their number acted as sentinel while the others slaughtered sheep. Toward domestic dogs they had a peculiar malice. Hounds that were put after them they led on in chase until they were well away from the hunters, and then turning they tore them to pieces. It was a favorite trick with them to come near the ranches of a moonlight night to entice the shepherds' dogs from the camps. Romping, they would draw the sheepdog from the camp and, thinking them of his own species, he would join their gambols. By degrees they would lead him further away, and at last, when safe from interference, they would fall upon the luckless stranger and tear him in pieces.

'There were certain ways in which these dog-wolves showed strongly the traits inherited from the collie. One was the instinct that drew them toward the neighborhood of humanity. While they were as shy of approach as the wildest wolves, there was an attraction for them in man that led them to follow the traveller at a safe distance away, such as I had observed in my own experience. Strangers in the country usually supposed, as I did, that it was a shy dog that was trailing their steps and would go through the useless performance of trying to cultivate his acquaintance. One of these dog-wolves would sometimes attach himself to a shepherd on the range for an entire day, following the wanderings of the sheep and watching the process of herding with great interest. The superstitious ones among the shepherds, the Mexicans and old country men in particular, disliked these visits from dog-wolves exceedingly, looking on them as meaning some misfortune to themselves. This idea was strengthened by what happened in the case of a shepherd on a ranch fifty miles south of the Republican River. He was a raw Scandinavian lad, new to the business of herding, and he disappeared one day after taking his flock out on the range in the morning. A search was made for him and he was found three days later wandering delirious on the prairie, nearly dead from thirst and exhaustion. He could give no account of his wanderings except that in trying to catch a yellow dog that approached him on the plain he had lost sight of his sheep and had become lost himself. By what he said it was inferred that the creature had been his companion for the first day at least, and it was not doubted among the ranchmen that the visitor that so nearly caused his death was one of the devil-wolf's litter.

'In another case the dog-wolves showed a strategy such as one would attribute to human reason rather than brute instinct. A shepherd herding his flock was approached by one of these dog-wolves, who put on every appearance of a romping dog. By men herding on the lonely plains any companionship is welcomed, and the shepherd, in hopes of securing a pet and helper, was induced to follow the supposed dog over the crest of a ridge beyond the view of his flock. His advances failed to bring him any nearer the animal, and when at last he returned to his flock it was to find that in his absence it had been raided by the rest of the pack of dog-wolves, who had killed or disabled more than twenty five sheep, and now were waiting a few hundred yards away for him to go from the place before beginning their feast.

'Although they were hunted and shot at and, in fact, passed their lives in a perpetual state of defence against the plots of man, these dog-wolves always preserved a certain deference toward everything in the human form. A thrilling instance of this was afforded at a ranch about forty miles northwest of the Rush Creek ranch. The owner's family were staying at the home ranch in the summer and one day the negro nursemaid strolled out on the prairie, wheeling in a baby carriage the child in her charge, a girl fifteen months old. Leaving the child asleep in the carriage, in the shade of a cottonwood tree by a streamlet, the maid, engaged in conversation with a shepherd, wandered some distance away. Suddenly recollect-

ing her charge, she looked toward the carriage to see that half a dozen tawny, wolf-like looking animals had appeared out of a side gulch, and were approaching it. The girl would have run to the rescue of the child, but the herdsmen, afraid, held her back. The dog-wolves circled round the carriage, surrounding it, and some came close to the sleeping child, sniffing curiously at her, but not offering to molest her. The girl at last broke from the herdsmen and rushed toward the carriage. The dog-wolves at first seemed too much absorbed in their investigations of the child and carriage to notice her approach, but at the sound of her screams they lifted their heads, looked at her a few moments and then cast her away, back into the gulch, leaving the child unharmed and unawakened.

'These dog-wolves, though often seen separately, were believed always to have a common rendezvous and to hunt together. For months or even a year at a time they would disappear from one locality to appear at another, but their operations as far as known were always confined to a tract a little more than a hundred miles square. They never consorted with wolves, and it was believed that they would not permit wolves to remain in any tract where they ranged. There is no evidence that they ever propagated their species. Their calls to one another were a howl somewhat modified from that of a wolf, and a yelping note suggesting the barking of a dog.

'After my first experience which I have narrated I twice saw dog wolves in the Rush Creek country. Once two of them appeared from some hiding place on the prairie to one side of the trail in which I was riding, watched me as I passed, and followed me for about two miles. On the other occasion I saw the full pack, then reduced to five in number, galloping along the side of a prairie swell a mile away. They were in full sight for perhaps five minutes, and then disappeared round a turn in the hill. Two of the original pack had been killed at that time—one shot at long range by an antelope hunter, and its skin sold to a tourist during the stopping of a train at the railway station at River Bend; the other, wounded by a bullet, had dragged itself beyond the reach of the hunter who shot it and was never found.

'Not the least remarkable thing in the history of this strange hybrid pack was the manner in which they came to an end. An inheritance probably from their collie strain of ancestry, they had an inordinate liking for milk, and would take great risks to obtain it. This in the lambing season on the ranches made them particularly destructive, for they would bite the udders from sheep, and would tear open the unwashed lambs in order to drink the milk that their stomachs contained. A man owning a little ranch, on a tributary of the Republican River, who had suffered from their ravages, hit on a plan for revenge. He had several milk cows at his place, and he baited a trap for the dog-wolves for weeks with a tin pan of milk, set in the ground so that it could not be easily upset. He filled the pan daily, and when he found that they were visiting it regularly he put a dose of strychnine in it one day. He was called in another direction the next day and did not visit the place until the morning after. Then he found all the five dog-wolves dead around the pan. His device had accomplished what all the efforts of hunters and trappers during three years had failed to do, the wiping out of the devil-wolf's litter. It would have been of interest if a specimen of this hybrid stock had been preserved, or a skin prepared for mounting. But it was mid-summer, and the animals when he found them, were past skinning, so he left them on the prairie.'

A Kind Monkey. Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. Monsieur Mouton records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation. This monkey had a friend in a goat that went daily to the pasture. Every night the monkey would pick out the burrs and thorns, sometimes to the number of two or three thousand, from the goat's fleece, in order that the animal might lie down in peace.

On coming in from the pasture, the goat

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MANILA FIRE ENGINE. An Imported Engine Caused Great Excitement.

regularly went in search of his light-handed friend, and submitted himself to the operation. Strange to say, the tricky instincts of the monkey asserted themselves after the prickles were removed; he would tease the poor goat unmercifully, plucking his beard, poking him in the eyes, and pulling out his hairs. The goat bore it all with patience, perhaps regarding it as only a fair price to be paid for the removal of the thorns.

MANILA FIRE ENGINE.

In 'Yesterdays in the Philippines' Mr. Stevens gives an amusing account of the testing of a new fire-engine which had been imported from the United States for a wealthy resident of Manila. El Capitan was delighted with the appearance of the machine, glistening with brass and nickel, and invited all the prominent people of the city to witness its trial. The important day came and a crowd assembled, curious and expectant, to see what the great American fire-engine could do.

The engine had been placed out on the quay; all around stood groups of open-mouthed natives. My associate and I felt fairly important as we gruffly bade the police clear the ground for action, and blew the whistle to scare the crowd.

The huge motion-house was run into the river and ten natives were stationed at the nozzle of the four-inch hose, which was pointed up the small plaza running back from the quay. The bell rang and the steam turned on.

It worked well, and the big steam went so far as to soak down a lot of baled tobacco lying on a street corner at the next block, supposedly beyond reach. The owner of the tobacco came to the door to see what had happened, and as the engine began to work better, the steam of water knocked him over and played around the entrance of his storehouse.

To avoid complications of this sort, we shut off steam long enough to shift the hose over for a more unobstructed spurt along the river.

A few minutes later an open throttle caused a huge torrent to blanch from the long nozzle with such a force as to make the ten horsemen feel nervous, and in their excitement they turned the steam toward a lighter which was being poled down the Pasig by two Malays. The foremost of these were washed backward into the lighter and the hindmost swept off into the river. A Chinaman who was peddling a load of vegetables in a hollow trunk-tree suffered a similar fate.

Then suddenly, as we opened the throttle to its last notch, the excited hoseman tried to turn the torrent; but with its force of fifteen hundred gallons to the minute, it was too quick for them, and with one mighty kerchoog, it broke away and sent the nozzle flying round like a windmill.

Before they knew what had struck them the ten men holding the nozzle were knocked prostrate, and two small boys were whisked off into the river like so much dust. A dozen lightning wriggles of the hose, and the frenzied catarract shot a third boy into the office of our friend, Don Capitan.

Inside the door, on a wooden settee, were sitting some of the family servants holding their infants, and the same stream on which the boy travelled through the door washed the whole party, settee and all, across the hallway into a heap at the foot of the stairs.

The crowd stampeded, and then, before further mischief was done, we managed to shut off steam.

Cigarettes and Crime.

The relation of the cigarette to crime was the subject of some startling statistics presented before the National Conference of Charities and Corrections at Cincinnati. Of the boys in the Illinois State Reformatory between the ages of ten and fifteen, ninety-two per cent. were confirmed cigarette-smokers, and eighty-five per cent. so addicted to the habit, at the time of their conviction, as to be termed 'cigarette fiends' by the court.

The superintendent who compiled these figures asserts that the cigarette works tenfold more injurious to the boy under fifteen than do intoxicating liquors, and more than any other one factor starts him on the road to criminal life.

While it is true that not every cigarette fiend becomes a criminal, the fact remains that the habit is acquired through evil associations; it involves demoralizing decep-

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Professors De Motte, of Bryn Mawr, visiting a tobacco house in Brazil, noticed a black fluid trickling slowly into the vat of tobacco about to be made into cigarettes. Upon asking what it was he was told, 'Rum, molasses and opium'; to give spice to the cigarette. These are specific facts, which admit of no controversy. Deductions thereupon can be easily made by every reader.

Tobacco Trug. Apropos of the proposed 'Angle-American alliance,' the story of Horace Greeley's neat rebuke of the Englishman who once agreed with him too literally may be worth telling. Mr. Greeley was discussing in a general company, the faults and needs of his own nation.

'What this country needs,' said he, in his piping voice and Yankee accent, 'is a real good licking!' It happened that there was an Englishman present, and he promptly said, with unmistakable English accent: 'Quite right, Mr. Greeley, quite right. The country needs a 'licking.'

But Mr. Greeley, without glancing in the Englishman's direction, or seeming to pay any attention to the interruption, went on in the same squeaky tone. 'But the trouble is, there's no nation that can give it to us!'

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tion on the part of the boy at home; and by establishing health and will make the lad an easy prey to temptation.

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Music and The Drama

THESE AND UNDERSTONES.

The Boston engagement of the Grand opera company is set for earlier next season than it was last. Dec. 4 is the date and it will last two weeks.

Mme. Gadechi will give a series of recitals in the United States next season.

Here is the list which the Musical Age gives of a few of the pianists expected to play in America next season: Jennifer Paderewski, DePasquani, Rosenthal, Bauer, Sepalishoff, Hamburg, Dehany, Bauer, D'Albort, Fugate, Reimann, Allet, Stavenhagen, Lamond, Borwick, Ernest Hutcheson, Josef Hofmann, George Liebling, Sievking, Rachmaninoff, Carreno, Sophie Menter, Gahrlowitch and many others.

Mr. Emil Paur has been engaged as director of the National Conservatory of Music, New York, of which Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber is president. Mr. Paur will conduct the four public concerts of the National Conservatory orchestra, to be given in December, January, February and March next. He will also preside as one of the judges of the sixth prize competition for the best symphony, overture or concerto for violin.

E. Marion Crawford, the author, is to spend a month this summer with Mr. and Mrs. Julian Story (Emma Eames) at their home on the Place de l'Etat Union, Paris, where Mr. Story is at work on two large pictures.

Long after 'Finore' and 'The Pirates' are forgotten, their creator will live, for in an English contemporary we learn that Sir Arthur Sullivan has invented a life saving apparatus to be attached to a carriage, releasing the horse when occasion arises. It is to be exhibited at the Article club exhibition, to be opened at the Crystal Palace next week, under the title 'The Sullivan Safety Shaft,' says the Musical Courier.

Julie Ring, a Boston girl who played small parts in comic opera a few seasons ago, has made a great success in London, and has been engaged by Maurice Grau for the Metropolitan opera season.

Mlle Cecile Chaminade is said to have planned a curious tour in the States for the next season. She will appear only in private houses or at recitals of a semi-private nature given in small halls. She is likely to be a popular performer. Her compositions are known to every amateur with the least knowledge of music. She is the most widely known of any of the women composers, even if, unlike Augusta Holmes, she has not an opera production in Paris and heard its first performance in a dress made so like a man's evening suit that it was difficult to tell what the garment was says an exchange. Mme. Holmes always appears in the evening dressed in this fashion.

Mme. Marie Barna, the opera singer who was last season with the Ellis Opera company is to marry Mr. Frank Russak, a New York broker very soon and retire permanently from the stage. Mme. Barna whose name in private life is Marie Ellene Barnard, is a daughter of Judge and Mrs. Allyn Mather Barnard of San Francisco, and a granddaughter of Timothy Barnard, a judge of the supreme court of Monroe county, New York, for many years.

Victor Thrane, who managed the recent tour of Sauer the pianist, will present to the American public next season a number of new artists of wide celebrity abroad. The list includes Petchikoff, the Russian Violinist; Mark Hamburg, the Russian pianist; Elsa Ruegger, a young lady violinist; Lenora Jackson; the American violinist, and Francis Saville, operatic soprano. Several of these names are not familiar here, but are well known abroad. Petchikoff is said to resemble Wieniawski once so popular in this country. Ham-

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hour has been a great success in Germany and Australia. Miss Ronger, a Swiss girl, has played in most of the capitals of Europe.

Miss Adele Am dar Ohe's concert tour in America next season begins the early part of January. She already has been engaged to appear with the Chicago, Boston Symphony, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh orchestras and will also be heard in recitals.

'I saw Johann Strauss, the dead walking in Boston in 1871, at the world's peace jubilee,' said a professional man to a Cleveland Plain Dealer reporter. 'He was a little 'chumping' fellow, as a German citizen remarked to me at the time, and the only mark of genius that I could discern about him, aside from his hair, was the impression that he was full of waltz rhythm to his very finger tips. He led his own waltzes as if he adored them. You don't get the same idea from Strauss's rather stereotyped march leading. But Strauss thrilled, and trembled, and swayed, and bobbed, like a man hit on by a waltz tarantula. He had a violin in his left hand, and he used both fiddle and bow as batons. Then he'd clap the violin to his chin and saw away for dear life. How he did bring out the rhythm of the 'Beautiful Blue Danube' and 'Wine, Wife and Song'! It seems to me that we don't hear any real waltz playing now. And the king is dead!'

Richard Temple was the only survivor of the first case of 'H. M. S. Finore' heard in the London Savoy revival the other night. He has sung Dick Deadeye in every performance of the operetta given in London. He was heard here in 'The Gondoliers.'

Emma Calve's appearance at the Opera in Paris has aroused great enthusiasm. It was her debut at the national theatre, although she was once under contract to appear there as Ophelia, the role she sang the other night, Aida and Marguerite. That was during the year she remained away from New York on account of her disagreement with Mme. Eames. After several rehearsals, she decided that the discipline and routine of the establishment were irksome to her, so she resigned and sang in Spain and Russia. One of the enthusiastic remarks called forth by her first appearance in Paris this winter is that the announcement of her name is sufficient to draw in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia audiences representing \$20,000. Mlle. Calve is popular, but scarcely so potent as that. Indeed, the audiences that hear her here are large only when she sings in 'Carman' and 'Fanci' in 'Hamlet' and 'Mefistofele' she never drew large audiences even at the Metropolitan. Mlle. Calve is said to be in poor health still, although her teacher, Rosine Laborde declared that her voice was never at any other time in her career in such splendid condition as it is to-day. The somewhat familiar story that she learned from the observation of an Italian girl deserted by her lover in the manner in which she acts the mad scene from 'Hamlet,' is now told about Mlle. Calve for the first time, although it has done yeoman's service before. Maria Delna, who was praised for her beautiful voice at the Opera Comique, although her method of singing was always deplored, is said to have deteriorated sadly although she is still a young woman. Her debut was made at the Opera Comique, and two years ago she became a member of the company at the Opera. Her voice is said to show sadly the effects of her reckless method of singing. Herman Bemberg has composed a one act opera for Mme. Melba. Paul Ferrier and Henri Cain are the librettists. It will be sung for the first time at Covent Garden next spring. 'Elaine,' by Bemberg, was in four acts, and Mme. Melba had it produced here and at Covent Garden. Possibly M. Bemberg made his new opera shorter, as Mme. Melba could not again undertake another effort so long. Hirschmann's 'Lovelace,' given first last summer at a private theatre in Paris, has been withdrawn from the repertoire of the Royal Opera house in Berlin. He is anxious to make changes in the work that are doubtless necessary. He is a Belgian, and the Emperor of Germany is said to have favored the performance of his opera under the impression that he was a Frenchman. The French Ambassador was compelled to explain that the musician was not a Frenchman, but hoped to be, as he had declared his intention of becoming a French citizen. The centenary of Haydn's birth was celebrated in Paris on May 27. His best-known work is, of course, 'La Juvie,' but 'Clari,' sung first in 1820, with Mallevin in the title role, attracted attention, and 'Guide of Ginevra' was successful in its day. His first work was 'Les Rehebebenes.'

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The stage of the Opera House has been occupied this week by a company of which Mr. W. J. Butler is the bright particular star, and who has in support ladies and gentlemen of more than average ability and talent. Mr. Butler is not unknown in this part of the country, having been here several times with John E. Miles, and upon each occasion his really meritorious work won for him the praise of all who saw him during these visits. His versatility has been shown this week in the varied characters he has portrayed and in each he was fully equal to the demands made upon him.

Thoroughly good himself and free from the little personal jealousies which so often blind a star to his or her own interest. Mr. Butler has surrounded himself with capable players, and no startlingly weak spots have marred the performances given so far.

The personnel of the company includes Messrs. Chapelle, Clarendon, Terry, Ball Barbour, Martin Tucker, Miss Henriette Brown, Miss Lethrop, Miss Genevieve Warren and Miss Mabel Lambert. Miss Brown is the young and pretty leading lady and her work this week has been exceedingly clever and graceful. Mr. Terry is an important member of the company, possessed of a very fine voice and the little sketches and songs given by him and Miss Mabel Lambert have been greatly enjoyed. The plays given during the week were 'Harold Kirke, All a Mistake, Colleen Bawn, The Editor, Romeo and Juliet. There will be a matinee performance this afternoon and the engagement will close this evening. The company has certainly given perfect satisfaction in every particular, and has merited a more generous support than has been extended.

W. S. Harkins returns next week for a

month's engagement beginning on Thursday. Mr. Harkins has been playing to excellent houses in Halifax and has given perfect satisfaction. The opening piece here will be 'Noiba,' and two matinees will be given, one on Friday and the other on Saturday July 1st.

Boston papers have something very pleasant to say regarding Miss Dorothy Cole, and her recent appearance before a Sunday session of the Cooper Class. Her friends here will be delighted to know of the young lady's success upon that occasion. The Boston Herald says:

In the musical programme, altogether was new voice, and one of the most charming quality. Miss Dorothy M. Cole sang two soprano solos, 'Save me O God' (Randegger) and 'Fear not O Israel' (Buck). This young artist is a pupil of Miss Etta Edwards, at Boston. She possesses an unusually full, rich voice, particularly well adapted to oratorio work it would seem, if one might judge from the fine rendering of the second number. Her work met with a very hearty voluntary response in applause by the class.

Among the the Frohman productions of next season will be Henry Arthur Jones, 'Maneuvers of Jane,' John Oliver Hobbs' 'Ambassador,' R. C. Carton's 'Wheels Within Wheels,' and Martin Harvey's Dickens dramatization, 'The Only Way.' He has also purchased a play by A. C. Colman entitled 'The Queen of the Roses.' Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will produce 'The Elder Miss Blossom' in Philadelphia in October next.

Still another Dumas play will be in the London bills next autumn. This is Sydney Grundy's long-talked-of adaptation of 'La Tulip Noire.' William Gillette saw the single performance, for copyright purposes only, and Dr. Conan Doyle's dramatization of 'Sherlock Holmes.' Wyndham will open his fine new theatre in October with a revival of 'David Garrick' and will produce Stuart Ogilvie's version of Rostrand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac' about Christmas.—New York Times.

William Dean Howells' 'A Hazard of New Fortunes' is being dramatized by the author and Frank C. Drake.

Tree is to revive 'The Musketeers.' Nat Goodwin is to offer Londoners 'An American Citizen' in place of 'The Cowboy and the Lady.'

Henry Irving concludes his English season in the middle of October, at Liverpool, and sails direct for New York, where he will play for three weeks. Laurence Irving leaves England in early September to look after the arrangements and engage 200 supernumeraries. Ellen Terry not only appears with Irving, but also gives a special matinee of a new play, yet unnamed, in each city visited.

Manager Frohman's contract with George Alexander for the season of 1900 has been canceled and changed to 1901. His London Criterion season opens in October with 'My Daughter-in-Law,' an adaptation of a French comedy. His New York Criterion season opens September 5 with 'The Girl From Maxim's.'

E. R. Spencer and Isabel Pengra are to revive next season Steele Mackaye's 'Paul Kaurer.' She will be Diane de Beaumont.

The late Augustin Daly had a grand collection of Shakespeare's works, among which were the four folio editions, the Halliwell-Phillips set of Shakespeare, editions by the various editors and the Henry Irving Shakespeare, large paper, in eight volumes, extended to forty-five volumes by means of some 3,000 additional illustrations collected from all sources, and all the known sets of Shakespeare plates issued by themselves or in the various published editions of Shakespeare. This work cost about \$6,000, and was used by Mr. Daly as a working copy.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to produce Gilbert Murray's new play, 'Carlyon Sahib,' so curiously like the late lamented 'Carac Sahib' in title, in London. A T. VI shifts from England to a bungalow in the Ghangerry Hills, India.

Cleo de Merode is to appear at the London Lyric.

In the latest London farce, 'Pot-Pourri,' one scene represents the Peace Congress. 'Quex' and the 'Tyranny of Tears' are burlesqued.

The new play by Messrs Seymour Hicks and F. G. Latham is to be given at the Adelphi, London, early in September next with a question of treason on the part of an Englishman, who will be accused of selling secrets to France, a war between that country and this being one of the sensational points of the plot.

The altered London Novelty Theatre is to be rechristened the Century.

Bernhardt is to produce at a special matinee in London an original play in one act in French, entitled 'Un Rayon dans

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les Tenobres' (A Ray of Sunlight in the Gloom).

'The Weather Hen' is the curious title of a new comedy by Messrs. Thomas and Barker, to be presented in Terry's Theatre, London, on June 27.

The New York Casino, Gillette and Broadhurst invasion of London is thus further commented by a leading New York stage manager: 'Up to the past year or so England was practically closed against our actors. And as for our play-wrights, they didn't have the ghost of a show there. But now everything has changed. The great success among actors of the present season in London have been won by American actors. As a member of Beerbohm Tree's company, Mrs. Potter has made several hits: in fact, she carried off all the honors on the first night of 'Carac Sahib.' But for her it would have made a complete fiasco. Think too of the immense success made by Kyrie Bellow in Irving's production of 'Robespierre.' He received as much praise as Irving did himself. And yet he was only the second choice for the part. Robert Taber, who had established himself as a favorite with Irving and with Forbes Robertson, was prevented from playing by his illness. Now Taber is a case in point. Two years ago, on leaving Julia Marlowe's company, he went to London particularly unknown; now he ranks among the best of the English actors. Then, too there are Frank McVeigh, who has made success after success with Wilson Barrett and with Tree: Frank Mills formerly of the Lyceum, who is now a prominent member of Tree's company; Julie Opp and Fay Davis, both doing fine work with George Alexander, not to mention several others of importance. And think how the English stage is being invaded this summer by our actors! There's Nat Goodwin, who has gone over with 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' a play absolutely saturated with the American spirit. As soon as it was announced that Annie Russell was too ill to play there this year, the English critics began to clamour for Maude Adams in her production of 'Romeo and Juliet,' and they want Julia Marlowe to come too. Such men as William Archer and Clement Scott are practical conducting a campaign for us. Archer, too, will do us a lot of good by the articles in our theatres that that he is going to publish in the Pall Mall Gazette. I happen to know that he was very much pleased with what he saw of our productions in this country.

Anent Robert Mantell's production of 'A Lesson in Acting' at Keith's Boston theatre last week, the Boston Herald said: 'Mr. Mantell is every bit as handsome and virile looking as when a dozen or more years ago he thrilled audiences by telling the story of how he killed a man, causing men to tremble and women to grow white with emotion, and later on electrifying the house until it resounded from pit to dome with yells, screams, sobs and hysterical laughter. All this Mr. Mantell used to accomplish when he played Loris in Fanny Davenport's 'Fedora' company, and, while the audience at Keith's were not stirred to this pitch yesterday, they were moved to applaud the finest bit of acting that has ever been given at that house in an unusual manner, viz., by curtain calls three times repeated.

Burr McIntosh is going starring again next season. David Belasco is to have a theatre built for him in New York. De Wolf Hopper will open at the Lyric theatre, London, July 10, in 'El Capitain. Laurence Irving is at work upon a play with the view of Julia Marlowe impersonating the heroine. E. H. Vandercell, once leading man of the Boston Museum stock company, hopes to produce the dramatization of S. R. Crockett's novel 'A Hiss Sambonnet' in London.



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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 24

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 55.

TO REMOVE CONTAGION.

Recently a congress held its sessions at Berlin which had for its subject a matter fraught with great possibilities for the whole human race. This was the congress for the prevention of tuberculosis. It had the encouragement of the German royal family and the warm approval and blessing of Queen Victoria, and it deserved the prayers of all who have felt the scourge of the most widely spread and deadly of diseases. If the peace congress at The Hague should by some happy move abolish all wars, the lives of some 1,000,000 men, let us assume, would be saved each decade; but if tuberculosis could be prevented many more lives than that would be saved in that time in America alone, and in the whole world the figures would be immense. If an army should invade England regularly each ten years and kill 700,000 men, women and children, the civilized world would stand aghast; yet that is what tuberculosis and its kindred diseases do, and until this decade no way of prevention has been open. For several years we have known the bacillus that generates this disease, and it is the highest ambition of medical savants to solve the problem of killing the bacillus without injuring the patient or to so inoculate a person as to render him impervious to the assault of the disease germ. This was the broad object of the Berlin conference: to discuss the subject in all its bearings, to investigate the systems of those who think they have found the cure, to compare notes on the disease and its connection with the germ. Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States lose 510,000 persons each year from the assaults of this invisible army of germs. No wonder that Queen Victoria gave her blessing to the conference which sought to discover means of defence. That end was not expected nor attained at the Berlin meeting but progress was made, and there is every reason to believe that the problem will be solved within a very few years, and one more great item be added to the debt which mankind owes to the medical profession.

No news of importance has come this week from the peace conference at The Hague, but the delegates and committees are busy, and the coming week may record some definite advance, other than the extension of the principles of the Geneva convention, now practically agreed upon. While these representative men debate the steps towards universal peace, England and the Transvaal are stirring the mud of discontent. The United States is waging a foreign war which is unwelcome to its people, but threatens to drag on for many months, Russia has adopted severe measures towards Finland, punitive expeditions are threatening the African jungles, England and the United States hesitate to refer their dispute over the Alaskan boundary to arbitration, and Norway and Sweden and Austria and Hungary are two discordant households. This does not look like an early coming of universal peace, but that is no reason for the conference to be a failure. Any move in the right direction, in favor of the Geneva principle or of permanent arbitration tribunals for instance, will fully repay the cost and trouble of the assemblies. The prevention of one small war would pay the expenses of many such conferences.

Patriotic Boers of Pretoria have determined to honor President Kruger by a colossal monument. The doughy President is hardly an ideal figure for the

sculptor, and the artist's position will be an unenviable one even if the famous hat is omitted. President Kruger has steered the Transvaal through rough waters but he is making a mistake in his present defiant attitude towards England. He is in a position to make England much trouble but England is sure of victory in the end.

A young Englishman not yet past his majority, has situated a remarkable electrical gun for which the government has offered him \$375,000. It is more deadly than anything yet invented being comparatively small and light though superior in power to the great monsters of the coast defence. At least this is the report that comes by cable. Later developments may show that it is no such wonder at all.

Nearly half a million ounces of gold were produced in March by the Rand mines in South Africa, an average of nearly \$100,000,000 per year, or more than the entire production of the world in 1883.

The non-treating law is in force in some parts of P. E. Island, and two men were fined \$5 each the other day for breaking it.

The weather and the Tourist Association don't seem to be on the most friendly terms this season.

GOOD ENOUGH TO PRINT AGAIN.

Sagamore Paul is Told How the People's Park is Managed.

Mr. Belding of the Sun has said some good things in his talks with the "Sagamore" Mr. Paul, but none of them are better than this. Speaking to Mr. Paul he said "It has been decided that so far as Rockwood Park is concerned the Sabbath shall be respected. You may go to the park and eat grass, or lie down on your stomach and drink out of Lily Lake but you must keep your sacrilegious hands off the Sabbath."

"I got very dry out there," said Mr. Paul. "So do a great many people," replied the reporter. "I saw a delicate looking lady drinking germs out of a dish that had been used a minute before by an Armenian pedlar with tuberculosis. But if the anti-consumption association say a word about it they will be fined for prying at the foundations of religion and morality."

Mr. Paul stiffened the muscles of his hand as if he felt a scalp under his fingers, but said nothing.

"The Sabbatarian crusade has had one good effect," said the reporter. "The directors of the horticultural association do not ask their household help to do any work on Sundays now. You see they were forced to adopt this course in order to be consistent. One of them, for instance, paid a girl to provide food for him and another to wait on him at table on Sunday, he could not consistently object to me buying a biscuit, or a cup of milk for my child from an attendant in the tea house at the park. For the same reason, he is debarred from having milk left at his door by the milkman on Sunday morning. To take that milk, which he would have to pay for, and drink it, would be the same as buying a glass of milk in the park on Sunday, and that would paralyze the hand of reform. So every Saturday evening the directors of the association call their help around them and say something like this: "Dear helper—for the good of your souls and the welfare of the world at large, we give you freedom from toil till Monday morning. The Sabbath must be observed and guarded. It is our desire that you go with us to the park tomorrow and enjoy yourselves with thank-giving, while we eat grass and drink germs and thank God that we live in an age of Christian enlightenment."

"But sposed," said Mr. Paul, "you take out your poppooses to that park. They get hungry—they get thirsty."

"It is written, and it will be written over the gates of the park as soon as the directors can get around to it, 'Blessed are they which hunger and thirst,' replied the reporter.

He Wasn't Particular.

A good story is told of a letter which was sent by a prisoner in the jail to the American Laundry in which he reminded the proprietors that his father and brother had been customers of the establishment but that at the present time he was not in a position to send them anything as he had no shirt. He made a suggestion that if there was an old shirt about the place they would send it to him. He wasn't particular under the circumstances what the size was, 15, 15-1 or 16. He got the shirt.

For Summer Outings.

Have your muslins, cambrics and P. K.'s laundered at Unger's. You're sure of getting satisfaction. Unger's Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

A Woman's Love. The night was dark and the wind was high, And black as black could be; And every star was in the sky, To show on the ho-hoing sea. A smuggler's craft the harbor-side here, Off the I-land of Miqelon; It was worse than death to seek the shore, Or to live out on the gale alone. But one there was who would venture out, Who was to become his bride, And she who sits and weeps her heart about On the verge of the flowing tide, Taking a single staff from the rack, Or rather beside the shore; The few away with the billow shock Holding a starting car. Till some bright life if I see my own, Or together they will die; And out in the midnight air swept alone, Under the lark's sky. She held her course on the gale increased; To the sunset sped it went; In the hollow cry from the cold north east Aird the strains of the swirling sail. Down deep down in the sea caves cold, And near on the member's white; Death in her womanly soul but bold, Till she came on his plunging light. She called aloud and the smuggler sprang, To the side of his raking rail; The scream of the sea wind in his ear, And he knew the dipping sail. "It's Margie Murdoch my Margie true, O God of the shouting wave; In the name of Heaven what won't she do; Whose spirit is strong and brave. 'Aye, Miss Lamma it is even me, And true to my heart I've come; To tell this night ye must here agree, With me, and with me come home." She pressed to him in the Arabelle, And he clasped her in his arms, Sharp lightning fired the ocean's swell, In the following lead alarms. Closer still and a loving kiss, In greeting their warm lips met; Death has no terrors where love like this, Such dangers can all forgive. But quickly there came a blinding flash, Fighting the sea and land; And close above them a thunder crash, Over them where they stand. It crossed her in burning flame; And off and away o'er the sea they sweep, Standing there still the same. Over the night seas far and near, The red craft still is seen; Two together seem standing there, On deck as they first had been. When twilight deepens to shadows gray, And the wild dark storm comes on; The ships that pass by the Phantom say Its smuggler of Miqelon. O never a wrong can make a right, Thoughtless woman's soul be true; Whatever is crime in the Master's sight, Her loving can ne'er undo. Her burden of sorrow is still from man, And the law must still remain; Whatever is born of an evil plan, Shall perish in sharpest pain. C. G. E.

CHIEF SAIL, JUNE 1899.

Keep a Steppin' to de Band. If you want to make connection in a heebely direction, When yo' hea' de hallelujah trumpet sound, Yo' hab got to keep a walkin', keep yo' feet lo'ber knockin'. Got to keep 'em patti' jaba an de ground. If yo' laize dey git a achin' an' yo' knees dey git a shakin'. An' yo' crew's a runta' mighty short ob sea, An' yo' eyes dey git a leakin', don't yo' nevah, nevah weaken. Keep a steppin' to de music ob de band. Foom-pah-poom-pah-poom-pah-poom-pah, Lissen to de ol' bass bo'n, It's a gwine to be a tootin' When de planets an' a shootin' An' a bustin' an' de resurrection mo'n, It's a tellin' yo' to hurry An' to nevah, nevah worry March n' upwad' to de happy promis' land, But yo' got to keep a goin', Keep a steppin' an' a tootin'. To de music ob de hallelujah band. When de resurrection thundah splits creation all sundered, An' de lightin' an' a flashin' in de sky, When de watah ob de ocean git into a wild commotion. A de hazards to de wildnesses fr, Ask de bressed Lawd to guide you, fo' to come an' ma'ch beside yo'. Fo' to herry down an' take yo' by de hand; Deas yo' nevah, nevah falsh, keep a clingin' to de al sh. An' a steppin' to de music ob de band. Foom-pah-poom-pah-poom-pah-poom-pah, Lissen to de ol' bass bo'n, It's a gwine to be a tootin' When de planets an' a shootin' An' a bustin' an' de resurrection mo'n, It's a tellin' yo' to hurry An' to nevah, nevah worry March n' upwad' to de happy promis' land, But yo' got to keep a goin', Keep a steppin' an' a tootin'. To de music ob de hallelujah band. The Walcott Mouse. A mouse has come to live with me, And when he's in the night Creep round the window sill, I hear his nibble in the wall, Or from his hole he looks, And runs about the cherry earth To scan my chimney nooks. Say, what am I, who, in God's house, Ask, ob, so much of worth, That I should have my humble door To this poor child of earth I Are pride and greed and vanity So noble in God's sight, That I should drive away the mouse And sit alone to-night? —C. G. E. George Davis in Honolulu.

Wood has been received from Honolulu which indicates that George A. Davis, a well known young lawyer who is feared considerable amusement here has been giving the people of that Pacific Isle something to talk about. He was before the court for contempt and the judge sentenced him to a nominal imprisonment of \$50 fine. That was enough to start George and he expressed his opinion of his honor in plain terms. The judge was on hand too and he replied "And for further contempt of the court has just committed I do order that he be committed to jail for ten days without option of fine." George's reply is not known.

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

INVITED HER TO DINE.

A HALIFAX HUSBAND LIKED LOTTIE WILLIAMS' WAY.

But when he invited her to dine and she was a good friend to her husband in the Hotel Corridor and came to grief and little punishment.

Manager Salter of the W. S. Harkins Company arrived in town on Thursday and in arranging for the appearance of the company in this city next Thursday, Friday and Saturday. He had an experience in Halifax which was new to him and which was aptly described in the Halifax papers. In one of them it is interesting reading. It says:

There was a sensational scene in the corridor of the Halifax hotel Friday afternoon, one in which the spectators took much interest while it was being enacted, but in which they took a still deeper interest afterwards when they learned of what had led up to the affair and ascertained the names of the parties involved.

It was a matter of deep surprise to a young man of gentlemanly bearing when a gentlemanly-looking individual stepped up to him quickly and suddenly asked him a question—which he seemed to answer quite readily—and then knocked him to the marble corridor with a blow between the eyes.

The military looking young man gathered his shocked and dazed senses together, picked himself up, and ejaculated a remark which to those near by appeared to be of an inquiring nature.

The remark had no sooner been uttered than the other man struck out again, hit the speaker in the self-same forehead, and down he went again.

The victim of the attack had not even as much to say this time as when he collected his scattered senses and his injured dignity a few minutes before, and rose to his feet. In fact, if he had anything whatever to say, important or otherwise, he decided that the time was not propitious for putting it into words.

With the angry looking assailant glaring down upon him, he got to his feet with as little delay as possible, and without waiting to express his feelings, made a quick dash for the hotel door. A moment later his rapidly retreating figure passed in front of the big windows as he hurriedly made his way down the street.

The man who struck the fugitive did not take the trouble to follow, but after seeing the object of the assault disappear through the doorway he turned about and made his way to the upper part of the hotel. The cause of the trouble was a most indiscreet and foolish note sent to one of the hotel rooms by the party who suffered the personal indignity and physical pain of being pounded and floored in the public corridor.

Shortly before the exciting incident just described was enacted, the young man was seen to enter the hotel writing room and take a seat at a desk. A few minutes later, having failed to ascertain from the 'register' something he wanted to know, he called a bell-boy and despatched him upstairs with a note addressed to 'Miss Lottie Williams,' the charming and estimable young lady who, as the soubrette of the Harkins company, has proved a highly entertaining performer for the patrons of the Academy of Music during the past week.

It may not be generally known to the public, but it is nevertheless a fact, that 'Miss Williams' is the wife of manager Salter of the Harkins company. While she possesses the ability to make herself a favourite with the theatre audiences, something which every true actress aims to become, and in accomplishing which they feel deservedly proud, Mrs Salter in private life is a thorough lady and a devoted wife, with a devoted husband. She has no time to spare for the theatre "masquerade" as the one in this case quickly and to his sorrow discovered. Like his wife Mr. Salter usually has no time to spare for gentlemen of this description, but yesterday afternoon he had a few moments of leisure which he thought he would devote to the party who called at the Halifax and sent the note upstairs.

Had the youth whose appearance smacked of army experience known of a husband, in all probability he would not have been at the Hotel yesterday afternoon, at least not on the mission which took him there. Probably he had been misinformed.

The existence of the husband, and one who was fully able to look after the interests of his personal and transient possessions, was made evident—painfully evident to the young man on conquest best—shortly after the above-mentioned note disappeared upstairs in the custody of the bell-boy.

It is not required whether it was Mr. Salter or the bell-boy who got downstairs first. The victim of the tragedy does not know, but he is more than convinced of the effect produced by the mixture in the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Salter.

It was the theatrical manager who stepped up to the young man in the corridor and knocked him to the floor, after first asking him if he was the author of the note. The incident closed with the hurried departure of the headstrong individual, who will carefully nurse his bruised head-piece for several days, but will not be heard from again.

The note addressed to Miss Williams, it is understood, was an invitation to dine with the writer, who was altogether unknown to her. That was quite enough—more than enough—to justify Mrs. Salter in despatching her husband to decline the invitation in this effective manner described above.

July Number.

This number of the Delinquent embraces an accurate and comprehensive forecast and review of fashion's most artistic aims and tendencies, a variety of literary features of singular excellence and discussions of universal interest on social and household themes. A powerful melodramatic story of the Tennessee mountains, by Francis Lynde is found in this number, and a picturesque sketch of lowly southern life is also presented in Uncle Pete's Holiday, by Jessie Beene Winston. An article by Mrs. J. Wier on Japanese Babies affords an agreeable insight into child life in the East. Art handicrafts of American Women, by Julia Darrow Cowles, shows the high degree of success and profit artistic inclinations may be made to yield. An outline of an always inviting study is provided in a few notes on Palmistry, by Elisabeth L. Stevens. Exciting incidents of war days already out of mind are vividly recalled in an entertainment called A Council of War, by Antonia J. Stemple. Of more than usual household interest are the Domestic subjects: The Bride's First Home, by Edna S. Witherspoon, and the Dainty Souffle, by Amelia Sulzacher. The discussions of vacation schools and outings for city children in Club Women and Club Life, by Helen M. Winslow, will suggest much to active club workers everywhere. The various summer schools for college students are considered in College News, by Carolyn Hallett. The number is filled with all that is interesting to women in every position of life.

Scotchmen in for a Frolic.

At Westfield on 1st July Clan MacKinnon will hold a Scotch gathering at which all the bonnie Scotch games, dances etc with Pipers galore will be much in evidence.

Sooty is a clanish man, and the pipes, the plaids, the bonnet and the feather makes the "Soots fluid hop in his veins" and he will be there. The members of the Clan will be in fine feather; the boy's Scotch company will be there in full highland costume, and aided by at least three pipers perform evolutions on the grounds. Sooty is a hungry man, therefore provision has been made so that he may "hoo a richt quid-willie-waught," at moderate rates. Alas for modern improvements! There will not be any barley hall, and any one wanting a "wee drappie o' whisky" is invited to stay at home, as Sooty is a self-respecting man, having regard for public sentiment and the comfort of the ladies and weans and will not want to show a bad example. This gathering is not exclusively for Scotchmen and any one looking for a good time cannot do better than attend.

An Old Acquaintance in Town.

Mr. Joseph MacNamara is in this city on a short vacation, the guest of his cousin, John Power. He will be remembered as a one time member of the Shamrock baseball team, but perhaps better still as the competitor of Sooty in a close foot race which was done in very fast time. Mr. MacNamara is at present connected with the city government of Boston and has no need to "play ball" or sprint on the cinder.

Charles Rowland, Game Spirit, Performer, Dances, 27 Waterloo.







FOR ADDITIONAL CONTENTS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



BALIFAX NOTES.

Programme for sale in Halifax by the newbooks...

The following were the pupils who presented the vocal music at the entertainment at the Sacred Heart Convent...

The marriage took place at Boston on Thursday last of William Tierney and Miss Furber...

James A. Shand, formerly salesman at Scovill and Page, and Miss Bessie C. Fraser...

A very enjoyable programme was very well given by Miss Lehigh's pupils last Monday evening...

The programme, embraced all varieties of style, and pathos, dignity, comically and archness were all well represented...

TRURO.

[Programme for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.]

June 21—Mrs. Cochrane, Buffalo, N. Y. who has been visiting Mrs. C. A. Armstrong...

Miss Florence MacKay, is here from Wallace, visiting her sister Mrs. S. L. Walker.

A few happily-minded ladies are arranging, for what it is material, to be a very charming dance, for the near future.

Rev. Dr. Bullock, of Halifax, will officiate at the service in St. John's Church next Sunday evening...

Miss Peters who has been visiting Mrs. J. J. Taylor, has returned home to Moncton.

Mr. A. S. Murphy is home from Wallace this week.

Miss Florence Leckie is visiting friends in Windsor and attending the clothing at Kins and Edgemoor.

Mrs. Albert Black entertained, quite a large party for which last Thursday evening, in honor of her guests, Miss Isabel McKay, Ottawa, and Miss Cook, Sackville.

RICHIBUCTO.

JUNE 21.—Mr. H. H. Fairweather of St. John was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Forbes returned from their trip to Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Saturday last.

Mr. Wm. J. O'Leary arrived home from Boston on Friday, and will spend his vacation here.

Mrs. Oswald An Iron and three children are here from Boston to spend the summer with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Allan Haines; her sister Miss Jane Haines also accompanied her.

Miss Nessie Ferguson returned on Saturday last from Castham.

Mrs. A. Cassenave of Boston has been in town since Friday the guest of her sister, Mrs. Richard O'Leary.

Mrs. Thomas Kennedy of Houlton Me., is in town the guest of the Misses MacFarlane.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Murray gave a party on Monday evening, to about eighty of the young friends of their little daughter Maggie, everything was done for the enjoyment of the little folks and all passed a pleasant time.

Mr. J. McIowan of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Alex. Mackay of Chatham was here on Saturday.

Rev. Fr. Richard of Rogersville was in town on Tuesday.

Messrs J. C. Brown and Wilnot Brown went to St. John last week.

Miss Bithia Clark of Halifax is in town the guest of Miss Emily Sayre.

AUBURN.

[Programme for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of G. E. Wall, T. E. Aitchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at U. F. Treat.]

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus T. Marchie of Batavia, Ill., arrived here by Washington County railroad on Sunday and are spending a few days with relatives in town.

Mrs. Samuel Topping has been quite ill for several days.

A party of ladies, headed by Mrs. H. Q. Board-



Every man watches his balance in the bank and his balance in his cash account, pretty closely.

It is a man's duty to himself, to look up this account once every day and see that the balance is on the right side.

It doesn't pay to let this account run on, and have it debited with indigestion, and then impure blood, and finally nervous exhaustion, or prostration, or deadly consumption.

When these diseases come it means a debit balance with death brought down in the blood red ink of another life sacrificed on the altar of foolish overwork and neglect of health.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite, the digestion perfect, the liver active and the blood pure.

It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and health-forgiver. It makes firm, healthy flesh, but does not produce corpulence or raise the weight above nature's normal.

It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchial, throat and catarrhal affections. Honest dealers don't give you substitutes.

"My wife had suffered for seven years with rheumatism, headache and constipation," writes Mr. Alonso D. Jameson, of Dunbar, Merrimack Co., N. H.

"We tried many doctors and many kinds of medicine, but all were no avail. We purchased six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which together with the Pleasant Pellets, has entirely restored my wife's health.

"It may save a life. Send it one-cent stamps, to cover cost of postage and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Med. Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser: cloth binding, 30 stamps. Contains 1000 pages, over 300 illustrations—a valuable medical library in one volume.

man of Calais, drove to the Lodge on Saturday afternoon and enjoyed tea at the pleasant home of Mrs. McClinton.

Miss Phoebe Hood of Upper Maguadavic is in town this week.

Miss Sarah Hill, daughter of Edgar M. Hill of the Hill farm, Valley road, Acadia, was in town from the Calais high school on Saturday.

Miss Helen Gillespie of Moore's Mills has been the guest during the past week of Miss Jennette Robinson.

Mrs. John Clarke Taylor entertained the Travellers club at her residence on Monday afternoon.

Miss Miss Jones made a brief visit in Riverview recently with Mrs. Scott Bradish.

Miss Mabel Edgett of New York city is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Frank P. Woods at Thurocroft.

Wadsworth Harris will give a dramatic recital at Cherryfield this week under the auspices of fifty students of the Institute of Technology of Boston who are passing a few weeks in Washington county.

Mr. Harris will give a recital at the St. Croix Exchange, Calais, soon after the fourth of July.

Mrs. Frank Palm of Newport has been the guest of Mrs. Albert Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Young gave a jousting party and luncheon at their summer cottage at Oak Bay on Friday for the entertainment of Mrs. Foray the wife of Mrs. Black, Mrs. John Black's guests.

Miss Elizabeth Jackson has returned from a pleasant visit to St. George.

Mrs. Henry F. Todd gave a very pleasant outing at Oak Bay last week. Luncheon was served at the home of Mrs. George Young and the day was most enjoyable in every way.

Miss Agnes Algas of St. Andrews has been the guest for several days of Mrs. J. F. Dutton.

Mrs. W. R. March of St. Andrews is the guest of Mrs. Henry F. Todd.

Owen Jones of London, England, arrived here on Monday and is the guest of Madam Chipman at the "Crested."

Geo. A. Murchie has gone to Europe on a business trip.

Mrs. S. E. Blair arrived from Boston on Saturday and will reside during the summer with Mrs. F. M. Abbott, Prince William street.

Miss Berta Smith returned yesterday from a pleasant visit with Mrs. Wm. Hall in Montreal.

Arthur Chipman has returned from the military college at Kingston, Ontario, and will spend his vacation at home.

Miss Letitia McGillivray of Bay Road returned home on Tuesday evening from attendance at the Halifax school for the blind where she was one of the prize winners.

FREDERICTON.

[Programme for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Finley and J. E. Hawthorne.]

JUNE 21.—The marriage of Miss Mabel Chadsayne Hunter, to Mr. Harry G. Finley manager of the St. John Record, and son of Mr. Geo. E. Finley of this city was today solemnized at Christ church.

The bride who was unattended, was given in marriage by her brother-in-law, Dr. Geo. Coulthard and was gowned in a handsome costume of cream organdie silk and wore a bridal veil. The newly wedded couple took their departure by 4.18 express for Boston where they will spend their honeymoon, after which they will reside in St. John.

At the residence of Mr. George Miles, Gibson, a pretty home wedding took place today at four o'clock, when his daughter, Miss Nellie, was joined in wedlock to Mr. B. DeMills Branscombe of Bathurst. After congratulations the bridal party adjourned to the dining room where a dainty luncheon was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Branscombe leave upon the Canada Pacific for St. John enroute for Bathurst their future home.

A garden party and five o'clock tea is being held today upon the beautiful lawn adjoining "Bottle-neck House" the residence of Bishop Kingston and this evening weather permitting the Band of the 1st. Batt. will be in attendance. The party is being given by the "Womans Aid" of the church of England.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ross of Winnipeg, formerly of New Brunswick, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. V. Vanart.

Miss Maud Goding of St. John is visiting her aunt Mrs. A. W. Edgecombe.

Mrs. Chas. Beckwith gave a five o'clock tea on Tuesday in honor of her daughter-in-law Mrs. Leigh who is here from England. Mrs. Beckwith has also invitations out for an At Home for Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. James Mitchell returned to her home in St. Stephen last evening after a pleasant visit with her mother in Fredericton.

Mr. Fred Cooper and little daughter, are here from Kansas city visiting Mr. Cooper's father, Mr. Wm. Cooper.

Mrs. T. G. Loggie has invitations out for an At Home. One for Thursday afternoon and another for Friday afternoon.

Many friends here will regret the departure of Lieut. Col. Mansuett and family who leave tomorrow for the old country where they will remain for the next two years, probably settling in Wales. Colonel Mansuett has leased Fern Hill his country home for a period of two years.

Mr. Edwin H. Clarke will receive her bridal calls on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

All who attended the very interesting closing exercises at the Deaf and Dumb Institution on Monday afternoon felt that a very profitable time had been spent. The manifest progress made in a single year by the pupils of this silent school is phenomenal.

Miss Woodbridge class in articulation being one of the most interesting it is possible to conceive of and in all the work the pupils showed hearty appreciation of the recognition of their success. Many prizes were given for proficiency in the different branches of their work.

Prof. Woodbridge was not simply the love but the most thorough devotion of all his pupils who find such a happy home under his care. Among the large assembly present were Rev. Canon Roberts, Rev. J. D. Freeman, Rev. Dean Partridge, Mr. J. D. Phinney, Q. C. Mr. J. C. Risteen, Mr. John Spurdens and a large gathering of ladies. Dr. Inch Chief Supl., of Education presided.

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Cheap Rates to Montreal

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We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us, through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

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P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. & G. Potter, Darwen, England.

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In writing your card mention Cash price Colours used Rooms to be prepared Size of Rooms.

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Established 44 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. & G. Potter, Darwen, England.

TORONTO.

JUNE 21.—Miss Ethel Mulock, daughter of the Postmaster-General, was married Wednesday afternoon, to Mr. Arthur Ernest Kirkpatrick. The ceremony which was performed in St. James Cathedral, was the matrimonial event of the season.

The guests comprised the leaders of Toronto society, and a goodly number of Ottawa celebrities, including the Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton and others of the Cabinet Ministers. The scene outside the church was a charming one. The brilliant equipages discharging their gaily dressed occupants the white fairs in the hats of the coachmen and the heads of the horses and the eager chattering crowd waiting for the merry pealing of the chimes. Inside the cathedral a distinguished assemblage had gathered. The church was decorated with palms, the general floral scheme being a cool and restful green.

Almost the whole body of the ushers had no lace. The ushers were: Lyons Foster, London, William Kirkpatrick, Alex. Greenman, Listower, T. H. Finnamer, Stewart Willie and Gordon Oster, Toronto.

Exactly at two o'clock the bridal party proceeded toward the altar to the strains of the Lohengrin wedding march, played by Dr. Ham. The musical part of the service was particularly beautiful, and was rendered by the full choir. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids, the Misses Rosemond Boulton, Amy Wright, Hazel Wright, and Jennie King. Miss Theodore Kirkpatrick acted as maid of honor, Miss Margery Kirkpatrick as flower girl, and Arthur Byrnes as page.

The groom was attended by Mr. Sydney Sand. The bride was given away by her father. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Mr. Hart, rector of St. Margaret's.

After the ceremony the newly married couple held a reception at the Postmaster-General's residence. The house was prettily decorated

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (not yet published), edited by SYDNEY COVENS.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL, "The Mystery of New Orleans," "The Mystery"—Illustrated by ESTER.

SENATOR HOAR'S "Reminiscences"—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S "Stage Reminiscences"—Illustrated.

JUEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Mervyn Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars."

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Street Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THAT PALE FACE

may be a sign that your blood is poor in quality, add deficient in quality. Puttner's Emulsion produces pure, rich blood, and restores vigor and strength, and bloom to the cheek.

Perfection Tooth Powder.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. It is the original and best.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon.

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

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street, BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE Bouchouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bouchouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

MAYPOLE SOAP Soap and Dyes. Washes and Dyes. These little girls in dresses white Dancing gaily From morning till night White gets dirty What do they do? DYE them with MAYPOLE A different hue. For sale everywhere. Canadian Depot: 8 Place Royale, MONTREAL.



ASTHMA CAN BE CURED

And is Being Permanently Cured Daily by Clarke's Kola Compound. Here is What a Hamilton Lady Says: Mrs. Gilbert, 108 Rebecca street, Hamilton, writes: "I suffered from a bad form of asthma for over nine years, and notwithstanding all the doctors could do for me, I got worse and worse, so that my neighbors looked for my death at any time. I spent money lavishly in the efforts to get relief, but all to no purpose. For six weeks at a time I could not get up or down stairs, and was in a miserable condition. My daughter, who clings to a dear step, had heard a good deal of Clarke's Kola Compound, and urged me to try it as a last resort. I paid \$5 for a bottle, but that is nothing, for it is worth more than that for every teaspoonful. Two doses gave me splendid relief, and after using but one bottle, I am a marvel to all who know me. I am doing my own work, can sit around as well as ever, and feel like a new creature. Clarke's Kola Compound has been a Godsend to me, and I look upon it as a marvelous remedy. You may see this testimony as you see it, and I shall be glad to give further particulars to any one inquiring. I gratefully endorse Clarke's Kola Compound."

Sold by all druggists. A free sample will be sent to any person troubled with this disease. Address The Griffin & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto, Ont.

with pink roses and marguerites and the bride received an arch of magpies. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick left by the evening train for a tour in the east. They will be home in September. The wedding dress was of white satin duchesse made with a long train decorated with lace bows. The waist was of satin duchesse the yoke, sleeves, being of altered mousseline de sole with lace insertion between the rows of satring. A bunch of orange blossoms on the left side of the corsege held in place a scarf of plaited mousseline de sole. The going away gown was of olive green broadcloth. The skirt was made with an overskirt trimmed with bands of green satin and white satin plings, over an accordion plaited white satin underskirt. An Eton jacket lined with satin was worn with a white satin vest embroidered in gold. The bridesmaids' gowns were of turquoise blue tulle skirts accented plaited with overskirts of embroidered mousseline de sole. The overalls and waists were trimmed with appliques and pink bow knots on the left of the corsege. The other dresses of the bride are a blue foulard made with a pointed corslet and Eton jacket, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Two silk mantles, one yellow and black with black satin oset coat, the whole trimmed with black ribbon velvet, the other a pale blue and white trimmed with Valenciennes lace and royal blue satin scarf. There was also a plain blue tailor made suit.

BATHURST.

JUNE 20.—Mrs. W. F. Bishop sustained a number of young people last Wednesday evening. Among those present were: Miss Stacy, the Misses Duncan, Miss Chapin, Miss des Brisay, Miss Bonner, Miss Baldwin, the Misses Burns, and Miss Mollie Girvan; Messrs Craig, Crocker, Girvan, Gallagher, and Earl Johnston. A very enjoyable time was passed in dancing, and when the guests had their hostess "farewell" the early dawn was approaching.

Mrs. S. Bishop and her little daughter Gwendolen are spending a few days in St. John. Mr. E. L. O'Brien, principal of the village school, has gone to Memramcook, to receive the degree of M. A. from his Alma Mater.

Miss Helena Burns gave a small party on last Friday evening. The guests were: Miss Stacy, the Misses Baldwin, Miss des Brisay, Miss White, Miss Chapin, the Misses Duncan, and Mr. Craig, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Harry Bishop, Mr. Earl Johnston, Mr. Hanson, and Mr. Harold Girvan.

Mr. Jack Fallon of Chatham has come to take the position of book-keeper in G. L. Lonsbury's warehouse. Mrs. A. J. Stewart gave a dance for her niece Miss Chapin, last evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. George Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Miss Stacy, the Misses Duncan, the Misses Baldwin, Miss des Brisay, the Misses Burns, and Miss Mollie Girvan; Mr. Crocker, Mr. Craig, Dr. Gordon Duncan, Mr. Harry Bishop, Mr. Hanson, Mr. Girvan, and Mr. Earl Johnston.

Mr. Harry Bishop, formerly with J. McGeigan of St. John has accepted the position of under book-keeper with Adams, Burns & Co.

Bishop Kinmond, with Mrs. Kinmond and family have engaged rooms for the summer at Youghal, and are expected this week.

Miss Duncan is to have a small party on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Earl Johnston, who has been spending his vacation, with his parents, intends returning to Wallaceburg, Ont., on Thursday.

ST. GEORGE.

JUNE 21.—Mr. John Frawley met with quite an accident one day last week while going up a ladder to repair a leak in the roof of his house, the ladder slipped and he fell to the ground breaking some of his ribs.

Mrs. Joseph Murray and little daughter from Barrie, Yr., are spending the summer with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry McGraite.

Mr. A. E. Gillmor has returned from Ottawa, Mrs. Daniel Gillmor and family arrived on Saturday from Montreal to spend the summer months.

Mrs. George Hibbard, St. A. draws spent a few days in town last week. Miss Hibbard is visiting her grandmother Mrs. Ursula Hibbard.

Dr. Alexander has returned from a pleasant trip to the St. John river.

The bicycle club held a delightful picnic at Young's bridge on Saturday afternoon.

On Sunday last Mr. Lavers performed the rite of baptism to a number of candidates at the meadow.

Mr. George Frawley has returned from Boston. MAX.

TREE-CLIMBING FOXES.

A Peculiarly Discovered by a Green Young Naturalist in California.

"Did you ever hear of the young naturalist who discovered a new species of fox here?" said a hunter who makes his home on one of the southern California islands, smoothing the fur of a pet fox he held in his arms. "No? Well ten years ago or so a young man turned up here hunting for some insects, and he hit the trail and wanted to collect all the best and living things he could lay his hands on. He

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. C.

GRIP STICKS ANIMALS.

How They Mourned the Death of Their Companion.

Lovers of sport, whose guns have brought down many a swift-winged bird or feathered animal may perhaps be able to match the following stories by the memories of their own. The first extracted from James Forbes' 'Oriental Memories.' A member of a shooting-party killed a female monkey, and carried it to his tent. The tent was soon surrounded by forty or fifty monkeys who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack the aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the terrible effect of which they had witnessed and appeared quite to understand, but the head of the troop stood his ground, chattering furiously. The sportsman who perhaps felt some compunction for having killed one of the family did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off.

At length the monkey came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began lamentable moaning, and by the most impressive gestures seemed to beg back. The dead body was accordingly given to him. He took it sorrowfully in arms, and bore it away to his waiting companions.

Those who witnessed the extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race. A case equally pathetic occurred at Chalk Farm, near Hampton, in England. A man set to work a field of peas, which had been much preyed upon by pigeons, shot an old male pigeon that had long been an inhabitant of the farm. Its mate immediately settled upon the ground by its side, and showed her grief in the most expressive manner.

The laborer took up the dead bird and tied it to a short stake, thinking the sight of it would drive away other depredators. The bereaved bird, however, did not forsake her mate, but continued day after day walking round the stick.

The kind-hearted wife of the bailiff of the farm at last heard of the circumstance, and immediately went to afford what relief she could to the poor bird.

On arriving at the spot she found the hen-bird most exhausted. It had made a circular beaten track around the dead pigeon, giving now and then a little spring toward him. On the removal of the dead bird the hen returned to the dove cot.

TROUBLE WITH THE BOYS.

An old veteran of the Civil War, Col. Gunson, irascible in manner but generous at heart, was much annoyed by the boys of the neighborhood, who persisted in climbing upon and running over the flat roof of his barn an unpretending structure sloping toward the alley, and easily scaled from the ashbarrel.

The colonel threatened and scolded, but to no purpose. He strung barbed wire along the edge of the barn, but the boys wrapped old clothes around it and climbed over it. He chained a savage dog on the roof, and the boys made friends with the animal and stole it.

In desperation, he smeared tar all over the roof one day, and the boys were temporarily balked; but before they had decided upon a plan for circumventing the colonel, it chanced that a teamster, in driving through the alley one hot afternoon, lighted his pipe and carelessly threw the match up on the top of the barn, with the result that the roof was ablaze in an instant.

The boys happened to be playing in the

alley, quick as a flash they sprang to the rescue. With buckets of water brought from a horse-trough in the back yard across the alley they clambered up to the edge of the roof, and fought the flames so successfully that they put them out before the wood had time to catch fire.

"Boys," exclaimed Colonel Gunson, who arrived on the scene in time to witness the triumph of the impromptu fire brigade, and was full of generous enthusiasm, "tomorrow I shall cover what's left of that tar with sand, strengthen the support of the roof, and you may play on it all you want to hereafter! You've got the right stuff in you!"

The colonel was as good as his word, but will it be believed?—such is the perversity of boy nature—that after he had turned that roof over to them for a playground, not a boy in the neighborhood ever set foot upon it again.

Dr. Von Star's Pileapple Tablets.

Nature's most potent aid to digestion—pleasant and positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all stomach derangements—a new but well tried and tested discovery in the medicine kingdom—harmless as milk, mild and pure—prevents disease—cure the indigestion cases like magic—and will relieve the most chronic case in one day. 35 cents.

Influenza From Cats.

"It was the cat," is a phrase that excuses many things, and it may be used to account for the spread of the grip. Through the London Daily Mail a veterinary surgeon warns the public to beware of cats that have "colds."

"I have recently discovered," he writes, "that in many parts of the west and northwest of London members of the feline race have been stricken with influenza, and of a most dangerous form. As the disease may be contracted from pets, it behooves ladies and gentlemen not to handle or fondle afflicted animals."

I would particularly warn parents not to allow their children to play with or go near a cat or dog which appears to have a slight cold.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Can't extend to the grave and beyond it. If reconstruction depended upon the popular vote few would return, we imagine. The road biographers, and the ordinary columnar reviewer, one might suppose the vote would be unanimously the other way.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from cholera or summer complaint is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

We are getting the free use of a splendid mental and acrobatic gymnast in this little corner of existence. Doubtless, it argues an exacting intellectual and spiritual career elsewhere.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

If we dare not say what we think, we may as well fall back on pantomime, or, still better, on silence.

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

Diffidence is worth all it is charged for it; in fact, we never find it on the bargain counter. Differences of Opinion regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. THOMAS' RHEUMATISM OIL—so not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

What man calls his modest truth calls his fear.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to writhedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Farnes' Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

Halt the ships in the world are British.

THE FLAGSHIP ENTERS RIVINGTON.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be no relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from somnolent troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Farnes' Vegetable Pills will be found a restorative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthy action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR. Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing, construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel firmly braced, enamel clad back, strong fancy striped canvas. \$4.00. Will hold a person weighing 250 lbs.—folds to occupy a space only 4-1/2 x 31 inches. No more broken backs. Agents Wanted to COIN TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR given away with 'SCOTT'S STOMACH AND NERVE FOOD' which fills the body with new life and vigor. 50 cents a box. ADDRESS: The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON, ONT.

The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON, ONT.

He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert" Baby's Own Soap. It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing. Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does 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. H. SARGENT WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS, PISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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

Printing! Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too, no matter what printing you need. See us first. PROGRESS JOB PRINT. We will send you estimates and samples.

Lamb, Cauliflower and Carrots, THOS. DEAN, City Market

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The "Lecchino" Method is also "Grade System" for beginners. APPLY at the residence of Mrs. E. W. HILLMAN.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899. GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings. ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S LETTERS (New & before published), edited by GEORGE COVENEY. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles. RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories. GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL Story of New Orleans, "The Hurricane"—Illustrated by Hester. SENATOR HOWE'S Reminiscences—Illustrated. MRS. JOHN DEWEY'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Misery Ann." Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars." ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Canton—serial. SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions. C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of America Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists. THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THAT PALE FACE may be a sign that your blood is poor in quality, add deficient in quality. Puttner's Emulsion produces pure, rich blood, and restores vigor and strength, and bloom to the cheek. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

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

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

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

THOS. L. BOURKE

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

J. D. TURNER.



PROFESS WHO INVENT SEBRATIONS. Savage Ways in Which They Seek Notoriety.

There is a class of people who find their delight in finding extra work for the different police forces in the country and cloaking themselves in occasional mysteries. They are a wretched lot of people, and give the police an infatigable of trouble simply to gain their own aims.

A short time ago a man was discovered upon a lonely heath in Sussex, his mouth gagged, his hands tied loosely together, and his ankles bound by stout cord. He declared that he had been set upon by three men, who had bound and gagged him in a manner in which he had been found, and, having searched him without discovering any valuables and money, had decamped.

The policeman who discovered the unhappy victim had his suspicions raised by the fact that the cord round the man's wrists was quite tightly tied and could easily have been slipped off. Keeping his suspicions to himself, however, he made careful inquiries. He found out that the cord had been bought by the unfortunate "victim" at a neighboring village, and that the gag consisted of nothing more fearful than the cork of the "victim's" own beer-bottle sewn into a red handkerchief belonging to the same person.

Meantime, the man had become the hero of his fellow-townsmen, who gave the heath a wide berth, and considered that it must have been infested by some "cut-throats from London." Subsequently the man acknowledged that he had gagged and bound himself, his desire being to have a lark with the police and gain some notoriety in his neighborhood.

The longing for notoriety is generally the root from which these manufactured sensations spring. A country publican conceived a novel idea of getting his inn well-known and talked about, by manufacturing around it a cloak resembling a very mysterious crime.

One morning the innkeeper's wife arose and went down to prepare for the day's work. Going to the front door she was horrified at discovering a large pool of blood upon the doorstep. The door, also, was spattered with blood. In alarm she aroused her husband, who was equally horrified at her discovery, and sent for the village constable. The constable turned pale at the sight, and a cold sweat poured down the nape of his neck. For the first time in his experience he was face to face with fragment evidence of some terrible crime.

Restraining his natural inclination to telegraph for the Chief Commissioner of Police, he followed the stains of blood for some hundreds of yards down the road, across the field to a pond, at the brink of which the trail stopped. The reference was obvious. It almost got up and hit the constable in the chest. The murdered victim was in the pond!

A horrible duty lay before him: he must drag the pond and recover the corpse. With the assistance of the entire male population of the village (the women were probably at home with their heads under their pillows) the constable dragged the pond, and after some hours of hideous anticipation, he succeeded in dragging out a blood-stained pail, in the bottom of which was a small hole.

The day before mine host had killed a couple of pigs, and in the dead of night he had taken the blood, securing from the sticking operation, in the pail, with the fixed purpose of working up a big sensation. It was his misfortune, rather than his fault, that the sensation lived so briefly. But the truth advertised his inn almost as the "horrible crime," and his business is now worth twice what it was before the occurrence, despite the fact that the local police have their knife in his side.

Railway police are even more often worried by the doings of these sensation-manufacturers. A very large percentage of the alleged crimes committed in connection with railways are pure inventions of the bogus victims.

On one occasion a commercial traveller was discovered under the seat of a compartment of a train running from London to the north: he was bound and gagged, and all his bags had been ransacked. He assured the railway police that two fellow-passengers had suddenly attacked bound gagged him, and then searched his bags. He did not think he could identify his assailants if confronted with them.

The case mystified the police greatly for a time. But at last they were able to simply prove that the whole affair was fictitious; and eventually the commercial confessed to having worked it all up by himself, with what object, however, still remains a mystery.

A young country doctor went so far as to commit a "daring burglary" upon his own premises but a short time ago. He forced open a ground-floor window, ransacked the surgery and dining and drawing

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier.

Rheumatism—"I had acute rheumatism in my limb and foot. I commenced treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and in a short time was cured." WILLIAM HASKETT, Brantford, Ont.

Scrofula—"I was troubled with scrofula and impure blood. A cut on my arm would not heal. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and after I had taken three bottles I was well." DANIEL ROBINSON, 52 1/2 Tremont Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

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

How Expert Tea Tasters Test Tea. The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it—lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it—Tasley, a Knap of Broad Tea stands this test which differs not from the right way of making tea.

Must Not "Drink."

Not all railroad presidents, directors and superintendents are "total abstainers," but all unite in maintaining the rule which forbids the employment of a locomotive engineer, or fireman, or conductor, or brakeman, or switch tender who indulges in a "social glass," either off or on duty. From the following paragraphs, taken from the Philadelphia Record, we learn that a similar rule governs those who erect tall buildings, and that it is rigorously enforced by the ironworkers themselves:

The daring men who daily swarm over the new skyscrapers that are going up all over town are not without their measures of precaution. The ironworkers themselves as a class, are men who will indulge in a social glass whenever they feel like it, but they take good care never to go on the job when under the influence of liquor. However, no matter what they do them-

selves in their hours off, they will not permit the employment of any one in the capacity of scaffold-builder or derrick man who is known to take a drink, either off or on duty. The ironworkers themselves insist upon this, and they do it simply as a precaution of safety to themselves.

If any one of them sees or hears of a derrick or scaffold man taking a drink, it is his duty to report the fact at once, and the man is watched. When proof is found the offender is instantly discharged. The contractor might protest against such extreme action, but he has the alternative of either abiding by the rule or procuring a new gang of ironworkers.

Arbitration. No nation can be forced to adopt arbitration against its will. What the Peace Congress at The Hague has sought to do is to bind the consciences of nations rather than to tie their hands. If it can succeed in creating a strong feeling in favor of arbitration as a substitute for war, it will do a great work for civilization.

The moral force of example has already carried the principle a long way. After tedious negotiation, England and America submitted the Alabama claims to arbitration. The Bering Sea question was subsequently dealt with in the same way. A few years ago the United States government contended that England ought to refer its boundary dispute with Venezuela to arbitration, and it was done.

England in the same way has suggested that the boundary between Alaska and Canada shall be settled by arbitration, if a joint commission cannot reach an agreement. This also will have to be done.

Arbitration has become a common practice among nations since the Geneva award. Who can doubt that the moral effect of a distinct declaration at The Hague in favor of arbitration will be felt throughout the world?

Both the United States and Great Britain are committed to the general policy, and are upholding the principal side by side at the Peace Congress. Any scheme of arbitration recommended by that body the two countries will be likely to accept, and to set an example by carrying the principle into effect in a treaty.

Compulsory arbitration will not be acceptable to high-spirited nations. Moral force is the only remedy for the evils of war.

Here is the latest spasm on popular plays by a young Boston man who has seen most of them but has never been on the stage. 'The Christian' or 'A Lady of Quality' while walking through 'A Temperance Town' with 'We-men of Tennessee' found 'A Bunch of Keys' and 'A Milk White Flag' in front of 'A Town Hall.' Having 'Human Hearts' they returned them to 'The Banker's Daughter' who was 'Led Astray' by 'The King of the Opium Ring,' while taking 'A Trip to Chinatown' with 'Mr.



Good Soap Cheap

SURPRISE Soap costs only 5 cents a cake. But it's the best soap in the world for clothes-washing. No boiling, no scalding, no back-breaking rubbing. It won't injure the finest fabric nor weaken the most delicate hands. It does it's work quickly and lasts a long time. Insist on having it. Remember the name— "SURPRISE"

Smooth' of 'The Last of the Robans.' We then met 'The Bell of New York' accompanied by 'The Girl from Paris' and an Irish Girl, who were returning from 'The Old Homestead.' They said that 'My Partner' 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' who had 'Fallen among Thieves,' had been pardoned by 'The Governor' and would be released at the stroke of 'A Midnight Bell.' We returned to 'Finnigan's Flats' in 'Hogan's Alley.'

Business Education. Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

William Gillette is expected back in New York from London this week. His work in dramatizing "Sherlock Holmes" is said to have met with the delighted approval of Conan Doyle, the author.

Mrs. Fiske will produce "Becky Sharp," Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of 'Vanity Fair,' in New York in September. The production will be very elaborate, and there will be over 30 speaking characters. Maurice Barrymore has been engaged to play Rawdon Crawley.

Charles Froham has arranged to produce his newly acquired 'Dames Chez Maxim' simultaneously in New York and at the Criterion, London.

Dan Daly, Marie George, Harry Davenport, and Edward Tyler will be in the cast of 'Wild Oats' at the Casino which will be put on early in July.

His New Brother. Yes, I've got a little brother, Never asked for him from mother, But I've seen the doctor brought him, For he was sick and never left his bed. Ah! it's queer?

When I heard the news from Italy, Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly; 'Cause you see I just wished I could see him, And our dear mamma would let him fly with me.

But when once I had looked at him I cried out, 'Oh dear! I is that him? Just look at it?' They said, 'Yes, and you may kiss him.' Well, I've never seen him since. He's a fright!

He's so small, it's just amazing, And you'd think that he was blasing. He's so red; And his nose is like a berry, And he's bald as Uncle Jerry On his head.

He's no kind of good whatever, And he cries as if he'd never Never stop; 'Won't sit up—you can't arrange him, Oh, why doesn't father change him. At the shop? Now we've got to dress and feed him, And we really don't need him. Little boy! And I cannot think why father Should have bought him when I'd rather Have a dog.

Reality. He sought for Fame And found a shining nut Without a kernel.

He sought for Wealth And found a bill and nap, Which blinded him and weighed him down, So that he could walk straight no more, And went erratically Where Right and Wrong held sway.

He sought for Power And found a hard, high chair, Wherein he sat And cursed his awful luck, While men, like puppets, bowed and lowed beneath him— But still their troubles to his aching back.

He sought for Love And found a full-grown flower, Fragrant and sweet and pure, And every petal held a grain of honey— O which he hoarded— And the joy of ample life then held him low, And lost him in oblivion.

Sonnenthal, the great German actor, is coming to America for a brief tour next season.

MARRIED.

Tulla-MacLeod—At Albany, N. S., on the 14th, inst. by the Rev. L. L. Barry, Leonard B. Tuttle of St. John, N. B., to Miss Isabel, daughter of the late Malcolm MacLeod of Truro, N. S.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 64887, in Book 50 of Records pages 30, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY, NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following: That is to say:—

"A LOT THAT CERTAIN LOT, FIBRE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet to a Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situated fronting on said Westworth Street described as follows:—beginning at a point on the Westery side of Westworth Street one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Westery at right angles to Westworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon. Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899. GEORGE E. FENETY, Mortgagee. MACGEE & SINGLAI, Solicitors to Mortgagee.

Advertisement for 'Four 4 Dollars' magazine. Text includes: 'FOUR 4 DOLLARS - YOU CAN HAVE - Progress, - and those popular magazines - Munsey McClure .....AND..... Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon re-newing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.'



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1899.

Good Soap Cheap

SURPRISE Soap costs only 5 cents a cake. But it's the best soap in the world for clothes-washing. No boiling, no scalding, no back-breaking rubbing. It won't injure the finest fabric nor render the most delicate hands. It does its work quickly and lasts a long time. Insist on having it. Remember the name— "SURPRISE"

His New Brother.

Yes, I've got a little brother, Never asked for him from mother, But he's here; But I guess they want and bought him, For last week the doctor brought him; And he's queer? When I heard the news from Molly, Why I thought at first 'twas folly; 'Cause you see I just imagined I could get him, And our dear mamma would let him stay with me. But when once I had looked at him I cried out, 'Oh dear! Is that him? Just like my father? They said, 'Yes, and you may kiss him.' Well, I'm sure I'd never kiss him. He's a fright!

He's so small, he's just a wee one, And you'd think that he was blushing, He's so red; And his nose is like a berry, And he's bold as Uncle Jerry On his head. He's no kind of good whatever, And he cries as if he'd never never cry; Won't sit up—you can't arrange him, Oh, why doesn't his father change him. At the shop? How we've got to dress and feed him, And we really don't need him. Little top! And I cannot think why father Should have bought him when I'd rather Have a dog!

Really. He sought for Fame And found a shining nut Without a kernel. He sought for Wealth And found a brilliant heap, Which blinded him and weighed him down, So that he could walk straight no more, And went eventually Where Right and Wrong held sway.

He sought for Power And found a hard, high chair, Which he sat on, And cured his awful luck, While men, like puppets, bowed and trembled beneath him— But said their troubles to his scolding back.

He sought for Love And found a full-grown flower, Fragrant and sweet and pure, And every petal held a grain of honey— O, which he feasted— And the joy of simple life then held him low, And took him in oblivion.

Sonnetical, the great German actor, is coming to America for a brief four next season.

MARRIED.

Tute-MacLeod—At Amherst, N. S., on the 14th, inst. by the Rev. L. L. Eddy, Leonard B. Tute of St. John, N. B., to Isabelle Isabel, daughter of the late Malcolm MacLeod of Truro, N. S.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 6587, in Book 50 of Records pages 50, 51, 52 and 53, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenerty of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve in the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as follows:— That is to say:—

"A LITTLE THAT CERTAIN LOT, FIVE OR SIX rods of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southwesterly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situated fronting on said Westworth Street and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street Southwesterly and parallel to Duke Street one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Westerly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet thence Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty-one feet thence Easterly slightly less to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon. Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899. GEORGE E. FENERTY, MACHAN & SINGLAI, Mortgagee Solicitors to Mortgagee.

BRAVE WESTERN WOMEN

MRS. HALPIN'S LONG ENDOURANCE SHOWS AGAINST APACHES.

Lived in Danger for Years to be With Her Husband and Sons—Women who Stay Their Homes—Tragedies which have befallen her have been of Various Part.

There are heroic women in Arizona whose lives in the hands of a literary artist would make a series that would thrill the world. They are heroines of the first order. Yet their names are scarcely known away from the valleys and the lonely mountains where they live. Talk about battle-field! There are women in Arizona who have braved the horrors of Indian attack every day for twenty years and more.

The story of the life of Bridget Halpin is so typical of what other women in New Mexico and Arizona have gone through that it is worth telling. In 1873 Peter Halpin and his wife and two boys, 12 and 15 years old, came from Denver to Arizona. Peter and his wife were natives of Ireland, and had been living in mining camps in Colorado for several years. They were strong and resolute and were determined to win success. A prospector had secretly shown Halpin a lot of specimens of silver and gold ores. They were the richest Halpin had ever seen. Two of them assayed at \$15,000 and \$18,000 a ton.

But it'll do no one any good to mine where their chunks of ore came from," said the prospector, when the Halpins' enthusiasm was at its height.

"Why not?" said Halpin. "Because them chunks are out of a ledge that's down in the Superstition Mountains in Arizona, where the Paches and Pimas are thicker'n blackberries and where no white man can live a month without coming to his death and scalpin'. Them Paches are the worst tripe alive. Them Pimas are awful rich, but it's sign'n' one's death certificate to go minin' down there."

For weeks Halpin and his wife talked of the wonderful gold and silver ledges that lay in the Superstition Mountains. One day Halpin said he had about decided to go and locate the mines. Mrs. Halpin agreed to the proposition, but she said: "My interests are your interests, Peter, and where you go, I'll go, too. If you risk your life among the Apaches for me, I'll go and risk mine, too. We'll stand together."

So it came about that the Halpin family, in a prairie schooner drawn by a team of mules, drove slowly over the Rocky Mountains down into Arizona, through the alkali wastes to the bald and desolate Superstition Mountains. The Apaches and Pimas were quiet that year. The Halpins built a rough pine cabin on the southern slope, and Halpin set out to prospect for the gold and silver mines. Four months later three more families moved down from Colorado to try their luck in the mountains. But the Apaches were far from being subdued. The next April the San Carlos tribe went upon the warpath again. It would take a volume to tell in detail the atrocities perpetrated by the Indians during that spring and summer. Seven women and the children with them were hacked and slashed to pieces by painted Apaches in one morning, cabins were burned over the dead bodies of the white settlers, cows were driven away and horses were stolen. The yells of Indians returning from murder and rapine startled the Halpin family in their cabin one night and each time the reason was to believe that their own home would be surrounded by the savages before next dawn. Halpin hid beneath an overlapping ledge of rock one summer day when the savages came after him to kill him, and he thereby escaped them. When night came on he crept homeward three miles, expecting to find the cabin in ashes and the bodies of his wife and boys in the ruins. When at last he turned the trail and saw his wife and boys alive and well, he sank unconscious from joy on the floor.

Mrs. Halpin, too, had had her share of fright on that day. She had barred the door at the first appearance of a band of Apaches creeping stealthily up the grade toward the house, and had sat with her hand all day peering in every direction through chinks in the pine walls of the rude cabin. The Indians had no idea how many guns were within aimed at them, and after a time they stole away from the scene. The next day pursuing cavalrymen brought news of the massacre of a

family of five children and a mother only a mile and a half away to the west. Every few weeks thereafter during the summer the Halpins had cause to sit for a day at a time, guns in hand, watching for signs of Indian approach. Mary a night the husband and wife took turns at standing guard in their lonely cabin while the boys slept.

What made the young Irish woman stay there, far from any other white family, where the most intractable Indian savages abounded, is still a matter of wonder even among the old timers of the Territory. She used to say that she could not live without her little cabin, and so long as they thought they could not live elsewhere she had to stay with them. She believed her place was with her husband and family, no matter what the danger, and so she stayed.

Two years later Halpin was returning to his cabin from a prospecting trip over the other side of the mountains with two other men and the party was caught in a narrow defile by a party of Indians hidden among the rocks. All the white men were killed with poisoned arrows, their bodies were mutilated and their scalps were taken. It was a week before their bodies were found and by that time the savages were so far away that they were never apprehended. All that the widow had in the world was in her home and the mountains about her. Her boys had grown to be stalwart, brave youths, and they decided to stay there another year anyhow. There was not a settler left within seven miles, and the life was as lonely as one can imagine. It took a stout heart to stay there, but Mrs. Halpin and her boys were equal to it. Many a time they saw the prints of moccasins in the dust along the trail that led to their home. Several times the news came of the slaughter of other settlers further to the east. Once on her way home with her elder boy from what is now the big copper-mining camp of Globe, Mrs. Halpin turned her horses off the trail to visit a former friend from Colorado, only to find that the friend's cabin had been burned to the ground a week before, and the occupants killed by the Apaches. For four years there came to the Halpin home almost every month the news of some atrocity by Indians.

But the plucky woman never gave up the fight. There were times when she felt that the life that she lived was not worth the grim, hard struggle she was making, but her determination to make her husband's murderers suffer by her own and her boys' presence there always came as a second thought. For a fortnight at a time neither she nor her boys would stir further than 100 yards from the home and for months at a time every one in the family went armed day and night. Mrs. Halpin and her boys became expert shots, and the cavalrymen who came that way in pursuit of Indians several times a year used to have tests of marksmanship with the Widow Halpin and her big boys. Twice the mother and her sons barricaded themselves in their house, and with a supply of cartridges and several fine rifles made such a demonstration of armed strength that the Apaches retreated amid a pelting of lead.

"I learned from the old trapper Reavis," she said once, "that the Apaches are as cowardly as they are cruel when they have a paleface at their mercy, and I never let him believe for a moment that I was unarmed or afraid of them. I just meant to stay by that cabin and our claims until death, and as time went by I got madder and madder at the thought that Apaches could ever make the boys and me quit the country."

The wonderfully rich bodies of silver and gold ores that Halpin came to Arizona to find were never discovered, but John and Jim Halpin, the boys, inherited three fine silver and copper claims from their father. One they sold for \$9,000, and it has since become the well-known Laramie mine in Gila county. Another claim was worked after Gen. Crook and Miles settled the Apache problem in Arizona in 1879 and 1880. It yielded the family some \$6,000 or \$8,000 before the vein pinched out. When Geronimo had been captured and the Apaches had been driven to their reservation at San Carlos, Mrs. Halpin and her young men set out to take life easier. With the money from their mines they built a pretty home on the site of the cabin where they had had so exciting a life. The sons secured mountain water rights, which they

sold to the alkali farmers in the valley, who settled there by the scores when the Apaches were finally quelled. Five or six years ago the boys married and moved to Prescott, where the mother soon followed to live in her younger son's family, until her death last April.

Woman has been typified as a tender vine clinging to a stalwart oak, which is supposed to be emblematic of man, but out here in Arizona there are many instances of the reverse. In Final and Cochise counties are several examples of tender vines of femininity supporting giant masculine oaks. One of these examples is furnished by a young woman who came from a little city in Pennsylvania a year or two ago with her husband to better their fortunes in the new West. The couple settled on one of Uncle Sam's quarter sections, and began farming for wheat and alfalfa. The husband found that ploughing and general agricultural labor were too hard for him, while specializing in cattle and sheep on a small scale was more to his liking. So nowadays he travels over the Territory about half the time, while his wife runs the farm.

Last year she did all the ploughing unaided. This spring, when a little child came into the family, she was for a time puzzled, at the out-look for her annual job of ploughing. The inventive instinct of her sex came to her relief, and the neighbors one day saw that she had made a wooden box on the front of the plough handle, and there the baby was lying while his energetic little mother was gripping the plough handles and making furrows like a veteran farmer.

Four years ago, when Abram Wheeler and his bride, just out of the high school in Rochester, N. Y., came to make their name and fortune at Tucson, Mrs. Wheeler had no more knowledge of how to make harness than any other girl in the East who has never been in a harness shop three times in her life. Harness-making was Abram Wheeler's trade, and he opened a shop in Tucson. The country was new and strange to Mrs. Wheeler, and there was not a person within 2,000 miles of Tucson, except her husband, whom she had ever seen or heard of before. Therefore she spent a good part of her time sitting with him while he worked. Little by little she came to help him, and in a year or two she was a great help. Mr. Wheeler became interested in copper mines, and while he was away at the mines his wife ran the harness shop. She took out several patents for hames and collars for use on teams of six and more horses drawing heavy ore wagons, and last winter she sold one patent for \$1,200. She has become a journeyman harness maker and nowadays while her husband is opening a copper prospect, more than 100 miles from home, Mrs. Wheeler makes harness, buys the shop material and looks after her two infant children, who are kept in a cage-like affair of the mother's invention, in one corner of the harness shop. There is no keeping such folks on the lower ranges of the ladder out there.

Mrs. Emma Garner, who owns one-half of the Garner Westfall cattle ranch in Navajo county, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, has seen more tragedy than one man in twenty thousand. She is over 55 years old, and has been a participant in enough excitement to fill the columns of a newspaper. She was born in Cleveland, O., and went to Colorado with her parents when a girl of 15 years. It was at the time of the Pike's Peak gold excitement, when desperate characters flocked to the new diggings from every part of the border. One night in camp, near where the town of La Junta, Col. has since grown up, when the snow was falling and the weather was bitterly cold, men came hurrying into the camp with the news that the Kiowas were coming to massacre the whole camp. Mrs. Garner and her parents hitched the mules on the wagon and drove madly away, while the whole camp scattered in the snowstorms. As they fled they heard pistol shots and the exultant yells of the Kiowas. The wind blew a hurricane, and the family almost died of cold and their intense fright at the attack by Indians and the murder of their friends and companions. The next day the family reached Trinidad, and there the news of the Indian attack was given, and fifty Mexicans went back to gather up the dead and to inform the troops.

Arriving at the little camp of Denver, Mrs. Garner was the witness of several tragic deaths. One evening a great power-

ful man, pale and excited, came running into the family tent and without a word began scrambling under the daughter's bunk as if to conceal himself. He was breathless and far too wild with fear to speak, while he pallof and struggled in his frantic efforts to hide himself in the narrow space beneath the pine tank. At that moment a party of men came riding up to the tent on foaming, panting horses. None of these men spoke. Two of them threw themselves from their steeds, snatched their pistols from their belts, and dashed past the frightened parents and girl into the tent. Amid curses a dozen shots, fired in quick succession, rang out, and then the two horsemen came out of the tent, putting their weapons back into their belts and wiping away the perspiration from their faces. It seemed that the man who had sought to hide himself under the bunk was a desperate character. He had murdered and robbed for years on the plains, and at last he was found unarmed and was pursued to the tent, where he had vainly hoped to escape in concealment. When the family went into the tent there lay the body of a bandit, with ten or twelve bullet holes in his back and head. The pursuers helped haul the body out upon the ground, but the father of the family had to bury it.

Mrs. Garner was married when she was but 17, and removed to Santa Fe, N. M. There she saw a street duel one day while she was taking her baby out for a ride. Two drunken Mexicans stabbed each other until both fell dying in the roadway, within two hundred feet of his young mother and her child. On another occasion the clothes line in her doorway was cut away and used for lynching a bandit from a cottonwood tree in front of her house. Four years after her marriage her husband went on a mining expedition among the friendly Navajos and never came back. Searches were made over the mountains and through canyons, but no trace of him was ever found.

For two years more the young widow cooked in a mining camp at Esmeralda, N. M. She was one of four women among 460 men. There was a shooting there every week. Once she was pouring coffee for a boarder when an enemy popped his head in the door and shot the man dead before he could pick up his tin cup of coffee. Afterward the shooter felt so chagrined that he should have killed his man while endangering the life of the widow that he gave her \$200 or \$300 in bullion, and offered her his heart and his hand. At another time two of the widow's boarders got in a row about a domino game and while the little woman hastened in to calm the troubled waters each man drew a pistol and fired at each other. One man fell with a hole in his chest but he recovered.

At the age of 24 Mrs. Gardner married a Mr. Snelling. The couple started to go to Salt Lake in October, hoping to get through before the snow became too deep in the Rocky Mountains. There were fourteen men and two women and Mrs. Snelling's little girl in the party that set out for Utah. On the way down the western slope of the Rockies the miners visited new placer diggings and found very rich dirt to wash. Men and women worked together with pans, getting out \$1 and \$5 each in gold every day. The Navajo came around and worked the campers that if they remained all winter they would be buried in the snow. The men were making too much money and did not heed the warning. The first intimation of trouble was the failure of the last pack train to arrive in November, and they began to go on short rations. Some of the miners became alarmed and returned to Santa Fe, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Snelling and their girl and eight men in the camp. The Indians were right, for the snow fell as it had never before fallen in that region. A German mail carrier lost his way and wandered around in the drifts until his feet were frozen. He was found unconscious by one of the men. The man's feet and legs were frozen, so badly that the miners amputated them with a common hand saw and a butcher knife. The victim lingered on for a few days and died. Another miner, in going down the range, fell upon the pole used to guide himself with and ran it almost through him, so another death was added to the camp. Then a veteran miner and an old friend of the Snellings was laid low with scurvy and Snelling was forced to death. By that time provisions had run so low that absolute starvation stared them in the face, and Mrs.

Snelling made up her mind that perishing on the divide was better than starving to death in a cabin covered with twelve feet of snow. She therefore announced that she would take her girl and start for Santa Fe. The miners said they would go also and the mail carrier who had not yet died, and the old man with the scurvy, and one or two others who were too ill to travel, were left to die in the cabin. The party started on Jan. 2, 1869, for Santa Fe, leaving almost all the food, including a little dog, with the wretches in the tent. The snow was twenty feet deep and more was falling. The first night was spent in the Ute Gulch trying to keep from freezing. The next day a fresh start was made without food. Mrs. Snelling's luggage consisted of two blankets, a charge of clothing for herself and a shotgun. There was enough flour in the party to keep them from starvation. After untold suffering the men reached a cabin at the bottom of the range. Here they made a fire in one corner and fixed Mrs. Snelling and her little girl as comfortably as possible. The woman could proceed no further. In five days the rescuers returned to find both the mother and daughter barely alive. The party reached Santa Fe in Washington's Birthday, more dead than alive. The men in the cabin all perished.

EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS.

The Curious Things That are Done by the About Blinded. Why does a sober and sedate city gentleman start helters to his place of business? Why should one of the most dignified and serious-minded of women go down town with her dress skirt on wrong side out? It is hard to say; but one can readily imagine the dizziness of the poor lady when a friend met her and called her attention to the spectacle she was making of herself.

A Cambridge professor, whose fits of mental aberration were as frequent as they were amusing, was one day out in a heavy rain, with his umbrella held high over his head, when he met a friend who stopped him and exclaimed: "Dear me, Professor M., why don't you put up your umbrella? You'll be drenched."

"Put up my umbrella?" said the professor. "It is up."

"Yes, it is, but it isn't open."

For half an hour, more or less, the professor had been walking the streets with a closed umbrella held above his head. At another time the same scholar was riding down-town in an electric car, and lost himself in a book he was reading. Suddenly he noticed symptoms of merriment among the other passengers. What could they be laughing at?

The mystery was explained when he discovered that, having been annoyed by something between the plate of his artificial teeth and the roof of his mouth, he had removed his teeth and was holding them up to view between the thumb and finger of his hand!

Still more embarrassing was the case of a lady who hurried into church one Sunday morning without her bonnet, and when reminded of the omission by her husband, who had preceded her by several minutes, rose hastily and hurried up the broad centre aisle with a large red parasol raised and held close to her head!

Judge B., than whom there never was a more sedate and dignified man, once appeared at a dinner party with his handsome white wig on wrong side out!

The story is not a new one of the college professor who stumbled against a cow, and lifting his hat, said, gravely: "I beg your pardon, madam."

Mrs. L., a Boston lady of a dignified and even haughty manner, was trying on some very expensive wraps in a ruin and clock store, when she said to the clerk: "I do not think I will decide on one today."

She had reached the street door when a floor-walker detained her and said: "I beg pardon, madam, but I shall have to ask you to remove that wrap of ours before you leave the store."

The Painter's Hurried up. Occupying a lovely situation it once stands a mansion with a flat roof. Last spring the owner decided to have it thoroughly overhauled, and instructions to different tradesmen to proceed with the work.

The plumbers had a good deal to do upon the roof, and being out of sight, as they thought, did not over themselves. When the painters came to do their part the owner of the mansion called the foreman aside and showed him a number of suspicious photographs, representing men on the roof of his house. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading, and others were lying on their backs.

"Why," said the astonished foreman, "these are—plumbers."

"Exactly," responded the owner, and these snapshots explain why they took such a long time over the job. The painters did not want any more time.



'Twas in September.

CHAPTER I. AN UNEXPECTED RETURN.

How surprised the dear old dad will be to see me walk in upon him so suddenly, when he thinks I am far away in another part of the world!

It was glorious September weather, golden, mellow, invigorating, and yet so warm that, but for the rich russet tints of the foliage, and the gorgeous glowing of the Virginia creeper that clothed the old grey terrace, the season might have been mistaken for early summer.

Slowly the young man ascended the flight of stone steps leading to this terrace, and paused there—vaguely perplexed. The French windows all stood wide open, and yet nowhere could he perceive sight or sound of human presence.

Lord Level peeped into the dining-room. Nobody was there, but the table, exquisitely decorated with hot-house flowers and ferns—as if for a dinner-party—was spread out for four persons.

the expression of his face, surprise had reached its outstanding point. Between two elm trees a hammock had been slung, and in the hammock lay a small, golden-haired girl, apparently fast asleep.

Her figure was fairy-like, her face of a delicate pink-and-white, her eyes of a lustrous blue, her nose just a trifle retroussée, her features tiny and without fault.

CHAPTER II. A DREAM AND THE AWAKENING. 'I think I know your Christian name, at any rate,' said the young man, after a few moments' silence, during which they had wandered into the rose garden.

'Mistake number one! my name is Juliet, as it happens—Juliet Fane; Magdalen is the name of my cousin—Lady Brian-court.'

'And when did the wedding take place?' asked Lord Level. 'On the twentieth of August, and the bridal party left at once for Paris; but it seemed extraordinary that you should have heard nothing about the whole affair.'

'I had no idea it was so late,' exclaimed Juliet, started out of her reverie. 'The travellers will soon be here now, and I think, if you will excuse me, I will walk across to the Dover House. My father went up to London yesterday, and he is returning by the same train as the earl and his circle.'

Neither of them ever forgot that evening, so still, and sweet, and fragrant with the scent of flowers; but far, indeed, were from anticipating the tragic discovery with which it was to close, and which each moment that passed brought nearer and nearer.

Save the Babies. Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

'Who told you?' 'A young lady, named Miss Juliet Fane. 'Ah, yes! my dear Magdalen's cousin—a most charming girl,' said the earl. 'She is indeed! I discovered her lying fast asleep in a hammock, and mistook her for a child.'

CHAPTER III. TWIXT LOVE AND SOON. 'Ah, there you are, my dear, dear boy,' cried the earl, hurrying forward into the freight, and taking both his son's hands in his, 'and you and my wife have already made friends, I see. How happy I am to have you home once more.'

Save Your MONEY. To save your money, by getting more for it, ask your dealer in medicine to show you the new 50 cent size bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. With your eye this month, Dr. Johnson left with me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and I remember him distinctly, and could tell you just how he was dressed on that day.

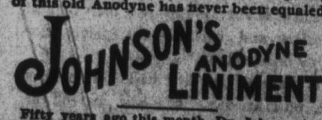
'That is why I went for a cruise in the Mediterranean before returning home, as I had previously intended. In May I wanted to recruit, and look a little like a corpse before I showed myself to you. On the voyage back, we did not touch at Naples, though I guessed some letters might be lying there, waiting for me. I came straight home, via Marseilles. I imagine my astonishment when I was told the news.'

'Who told you?' 'A young lady, named Miss Juliet Fane. 'Ah, yes! my dear Magdalen's cousin—a most charming girl,' said the earl. 'She is indeed! I discovered her lying fast asleep in a hammock, and mistook her for a child.'

'Who told you?' 'A young lady, named Miss Juliet Fane. 'Ah, yes! my dear Magdalen's cousin—a most charming girl,' said the earl. 'She is indeed! I discovered her lying fast asleep in a hammock, and mistook her for a child.'

Save Your MONEY. To save your money, by getting more for it, ask your dealer in medicine to show you the new 50 cent size bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

LOOK HERE! HAVE YOU EVER USED PACKARD'S SPECIAL Leather Dressing on your Shoes. It softens and preserves the leather, makes it look better and wear longer.





**Sunday Reading**

*Stately Herod.*  
 How have our hearts been thrilled and moved  
 By stories of heroic deeds  
 Wrought by our boys who bravely proved  
 Themselves efficient in our needs.  
 It is this bright splendor of the few  
 Must not lead us to neglect  
 The much humbler workers too,  
 For honesty serves no less great.

The captain whose care and skill  
 Guides safely thousands on their way,  
 The motorman, who, firm of will,  
 Safe guides his car by night and day;  
 The tinsmith, loving mother, who  
 Tunes up her children for the right;  
 The faithful teacher, ever true,  
 Who tells in hope to another light.

The patient nurse, whose softened tread  
 Brings relief to the soldier when they fall;  
 The gallant seaman, whose no dread  
 Of toil or danger can appal.  
 These patient, conscientious ones,  
 Who tread the common walks of life,  
 Are no less heroes than the sons  
 Of blood-red war and battle strife.

They are true heroes who thus draw  
 Gull in self-sacrifice and love,  
 Who reach not up, but stoop low down  
 That they may lift the world above.  
 Who in life's daily duties show  
 The splendid courage that endures  
 In patient hope, because they know  
 That God in triumph all conquers.

**THE MINISTRY IN SECRET.**

The ministry in secret is too often unknown openly. Its results are seen. The song of the secret place is heard in the life. But the breathings of the secret hour, too secret and too sacred, therefore, for public view, seldom get without.

A book is in my keeping—unprinted and unpublished—of the closest life of a minister of the Word, and I am let within its covers and allowed to bring forth some of the soul's fellowship with God.

It would be beyond reason to go into its history, and out of reason to dip deeply into the hidden life. Two entries, separated by months, are given. Comment is unnecessary, and if it were not, it would be distasteful to him whose hour in the secret place we are to know somewhat.

The first is a letter—a simple child's letter written for God's own eyes, and written to God. Like a child at Christmas time who drops a letter from the Gilt Bringer, written in faith and in childish love, this seems to be sent to God.

"Dear and Blessed God: I write thee this for thine own blessed eyes to see. I am weary in body and mind, so weary! and it may be in spirit too. That, God, forbid. Be pleased to take glorious advantage of this. I will not ask thee to make me strong for so oft thou hast perfected thine own strength in my suffering weakness. I am glad to be so weak that I have no strength so that thou mayest be all in all in me, perfected strength. Thus I look to thee, and write thee, my ever precious Lord, this note. I am so dependent, so dependent on thee! I am nothing: I have nothing. I am just a poor worthless kind of a worthless fellow who hath so often grieved thee. My God, there never was such helplessness as mine; and thou never didst help such an unworthy sinner. I am the very outcast of thy possessions, the weakest, poorest of thy saints, upon whom thou hast expended countless mercies and boundless grace. But I love thee; and loving thee I beseech thee, not because I love thee—alas, what is my love but sin! I love thee and beseech thee for thy glory and honor; triumph in me and over me; be God, be Master, be Lord. I want thee to be in me all thou wilt, and now, by grace, I will that thou art God over and in me forever.

"I love thee; thou art ever so precious to me; I think I would die for thee, though I dare not boast lest before nightfall I deny thee with cursing. But I do love thee and thou art mine all and in all. O my God, how is it that thou dost love me, and ere I know thee and when I hated thee didst love me as thou dost now?

"Graciously fill me, for I lie empty at thy feet. Oh, the grace! My God, thou art infinite in thy mercy and grace. Oh, the love I shine, my God, that the world may see thy beauty. How glad am I to be weary, weak and helpless. Truly thou hast destroyed my strength that thou mayest perfect thy strength in me.

"Ever and truly, humbly and most unworthy, a sinner, a servant, a child of thine.

The following is a later entry, in which his soul pays a "visit" to God, and they lie.

"Suffering, and God's mercy floods me. Oh, the oceans of grace, the boundless oceans of mercy! How goodness flows like the steady flow of the river into the great ocean—my heart as the ocean into which such grace and love have emptied all the time! With all the pouring my soul seems as a thirsty land that drinks and drinks the floods. How it overflows, and what I cannot drink in mercy God lets

stand upon it that it may in time run through as floods over the lowlands.

"My gracious God, none of thy blessings are little; they are all great, rich, gracious. But were there a very, very small one among them all, I would be exceedingly less than that, and not worthy of it. O grace! O grace!

"But what else couldst thou do? Thy heart overflows, and the needy, unweary soul is filled with bounty. It is thy nature to bless. Thou dost stand so like love waiting to be gracious. O God, who art thou, that such love comes to such as me? I know somewhat who I am—a sinner saved by grace, a child of grace picked out of the slough of sin, a monstrous piece of unworthiness. But that thou shouldst come! come thyself, and walk out into the depths where I was by nature, into the mire and grimy filth of sinful depravity, made deeper and filthier by practice,—and to come to me! O love! O love!

"And lo! when thou didst come wading out to me thou didst sink down into the very bottom to hold me up—aye, to give me a foothold that I might touch the Father through the arm of the Spirit! O God, that is wonderful! O Christ, that makes me cry, 'Who art thou? I know thee—have seen the shadow of thyself; somewhat like Moses I see thy hind parts; as thou dost pass by. In mercy thy hand covers me, too for I could not bear thy face. Yes, I know thee; thou didst open my mind to thee, and wast revealed. And yet thy love, thy grace, thy patient forbearance, thy long-suffering kindness and mercy, thy tenderness with me, they make me cry out, 'Who art thou, Lord? Do I love thee?' How can I call mine love? Known to thee is the heart, and thou knowest I love thee. Call mine by the same name as thine; mine so pure, so weak, so sinful? But I love thee, God; I do love thee, and I love thee far more for what thou art than for what thou dost do for me. I love thee. I love thee for thyself, my dear God, and not for thy gifts. My heart, long since won, is now chained—it is thine."

There are blessings in abundance to be had from the Almighty hand, but we cannot expect to get them before the fit time comes for the reception of them. God knows what is best for us. He intends that the life of each one of his children should be filled with good deeds and noble accomplishments; that it should be a period of blessedness, to merge into a still more blessed eternity. Trust Him, and you will be happy here and hereafter.

**The Vision of the Prophet.**

The vision which Isaiah saw when he was called to be a prophet of the Lord was intended to confirm his faith, that he might himself be abundantly satisfied of the truth of those things which should afterwards be made known to him. Thus God appeared at first as a God of Glory to Abraham and to Moses. Ezekiel's prophecies and St. John's begin with visions of the divine glory. Those who would teach others the knowledge of God should be acquainted with him themselves. The vision we have here is dated, so that there may be nothing indefinite about it. It was in the year that King Uzziah died, who had reigned personally and long above fifty years. Israel's king dies, but Israel's God still lives, and shall live forevermore. The mortality of great and good men should lead us to look up with an eye of faith to him who is King eternal, immortal, the Kings of Kings, whose throne endureth forever.

**Christ's Throne and Glory.**

In this apocalyptic picture we see the Lord, he who is called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, sitting upon his throne; and that throne high and lifted up, not only above other thrones as it tran-

scends them, but over other thrones as it rules and commands them. Isaiah saw not Jehovah, the essence of God—no man has seen that or can see it—but his dominion; he saw the Lord Jesus Christ. As John explains it, he saw Christ's glory and spoke of him—an incontestable proof of the divinity of our Lord—who, when after his resurrection he sat down at the right hand of God, did but sit down where he was before. And what the prophet saw is here revealed to us that we, too, through the exercise of faith may also, as in a glass, behold the glory of the Lord.

**The Tramp's Sermon.**

A tramp asked for a free drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage, one of the young men present exclaimed: 'Stop, make us a speech. It is a poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue.' The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rag and dirt could not obscure. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I look to-night at you any myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and, Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it own in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. And all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.' The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging door pushed open, and shut again, and when a little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.

**The Attendants on the Throne.**

Above the throne, as it were hovering above it, the seraphim stood—the burning ones or brilliant ones. Special notice is taken of their wings, and of no other part of their appearance, because of the use they made of them. They had each of them six wings, not stretched upward, as those whom Ezekiel saw, but four were made use of for covering; with the two upper wings next the head they covered their faces, and with the two lower wings they covered their feet or lower parts. In we see their great humility and reverence in their attendance upon God, as though ashamed to show their faces before One so holy that even his angels are chargeable with folly. With what godly fear, then, should we approach his presence! Two of the wings were for flight, and when on God's errands they fly most swiftly—more swiftly than if they flew on the wings of the wind. With what cheerfulness and expedition, then, should we do the work of the Lord! Do angels come upon the wing from heaven to earth to minister to our good, and shall not we soar upon the wing from earth to heaven to share with them in their glory?

**The Cry of the Seraphim.**

Listen to the song of praise which the angels sing to the honor of him who sits on the throne. With what fervency and unanimity they cried aloud! Praising God always was, and will be to eternity, the work of heaven and the constant employment of the blessed spirits above. How important, then, that we learn the songs of Zion here below! The Church above and the Church below are one. Both strike the same note of praise, and there is no difference in the object of their praise or in the manner of its rendition. Holy, holy, holy, the seraphim cried, and this revelation of God's holiness brought out sharply in contrast Isaiah's true character. In the light of this revelation of God's holiness, Isaiah saw his own unworthiness and short-coming, and was constrained to cry out, 'Who is me! for I am unclean; because I am a man of unclean lips.' When the sinner comes to see himself in the light of God's character, he no longer boasts himself. He sees himself to be only vile. The vision of God's holiness humbles him in the dust. Then he realizes the infinite

**Seal Brand Coffee**  
 (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)  
**is pure coffee**  
 of the very choicest quality.

Beware of Spurious Imitations.

**CHASE & SANBORN,**  
 MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

preciousness through whom alone he can dare hope for the saving grace of God.

*Forward For 'or M.*

George Eliot was conspicuous as a person who was kindly and sympathetic in a high degree. She was ever ready to be amused and interested in all that concerned her friends. She was also gifted with a keen sense of humor, and sometimes made her friends laugh heartily, as well as laughed with them.

She was solicitous about her manuscripts and was afraid she would lose them. Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, had occasion to send her the manuscript of 'Daniel Deronda.' She would not have it entrusted to the post, and Mr. Blackwood said he would send it by his footman the next day.

'Oh, don't!' the author said. 'He might stop at a public-house and forget it!'

Mr. Blackwood explained that this footman was a perfectly sober man of high character, and went on to praise the man's virtues; but this did not reassure her at all.

'If he is the sort of chivalrous Bayard that you describe,' she said, 'he is just the kind that would stop and help at a fire!'

This was a contingency that Mr. Blackwood could not bear to consider. He promised faithfully that some member of his family should bring the manuscript, and next day, in fact, Mrs. Blackwood herself drove over with it.

**How Old People May Be Healthy and Happy.**

**PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND**  
 Will Surely Banish Their Ailments and Troubles.

It Preserves Health and Prolongs Life.

The most successful and popular physicians of our times are those who can banish the ailments and diseases of men and women in old age.

Three-fourths of all the aches and pains that make old age miserable arise from retarded circulation. The slow blood is choked with accumulations of waste matters that produce rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago. Sluggish circulation speedily produces digestive disturbance and unlooked for complications arise that in the majority of cases prove fatal to the old people.

Pain's Celery Compound is a precious boon to those advanced in years. Soon after its use is commenced there is noticed an increase in the blood supply, which is pure, ruddy and active in its coursing through the body. The brain becomes clear, digestion is easy and natural, the heart does its work with regularity, nerve force is acquired and flesh is built up.

If old people desire health and strength to meet the onrushing and trying weather of midwinter, they should build up at once by the use of Pain's Celery Compound. Mr. John Holdsworth, Claremont Street, Toronto, says:

'I was taken sick last summer, and was in bed for five weeks or more, and my physician was attending me all the time. My case was pronounced to be weakness of the heart and old age, for I am now seventy-eight years old.

'I kept getting worse until my recovery was considered hopeless. One of my relatives recommended me to use Pain's Celery Compound, which I did with good results. After the first dose I felt relieved, and after a few days I was able to leave my bed and walk around. I used four bottles, and found your medicine to be a most excellent remedy, as I am now quite well. I hope other sufferers will receive as much benefit as I received.'

**Now the 'Office Girl!'**

'There you have what I suppose will be called another 'sign of the times' observed an advertisement agent the other day, pointing his finger at a certain place in a column of printed matter:

Office girl wanted. Bright, smart and honest. Age about 16.

**Mail-Dead.**

A childlike faith in the arithmetic con founders all the logic of the schools. This was the experience of a Pittsburg life insurance agent who, says the News, wrote a policy on the life of a Chinaman—the first ever written for a man of that race in Pittsburg.

How the insurance man did it, he alone knows. The China had no very clear idea. He only understood that if he paid the premium promptly, he would be entitled to five thousand dollars some time. He began bothering the agent for the money after a couple of weeks had passed, and the agent tried to explain to him that he would have to die before any one could get it. Then the Chinaman fell down a cellophane on Grant Street and was badly hurt. His friends tried to attend to him without calling in a doctor. When they did call in one, two days later, the doctor was angry.

'Why didn't you call me sooner?' he asked. 'This man is half-dead now.'

Next day the injured man's brother was at the insurance office with a claim for twenty-five hundred dollars.

'You're not entitled to anything on this,' said the insurance man, 'until the man is dead.'

'Doctor say him half-dead,' answered the brother. 'Why he no get half P'

**Save Your MONEY.**

To save your money, by getting more for it, ask your dealer in medicine to show you the new 50 cent size bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. It contains over three times as much as the old 25 cent style, which is a great saving to those who use this valuable family medicine. The superior quality of this old Anodyne has never been equaled.

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**

Only years ago this month, Dr. Johnson left with his wife, Mrs. Johnson, a small town in Iowa. I remember him distinctly, and would tell you just how he was dressed on that day. I have seen it in his medicine today. From the confidence of the people to a greater extent than any other medicine, it has been used and endorsed for nearly a century. Every Mother should have it in the house for many common ailments, internal as much as external. Our book on INTERNAL MEDICATION Free. Price 25 and 50c. T. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

**Hard-working Farmers.**

Long hours of hard, never-ending work makes kidney trouble a common complaint on the farm. Painful, weak or lame backs and Urinary Disorders are too frequent.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

help a farmer to work and keep his health—take the ache and pain out of his back and give him strength and vigor.

Mr. Isaiah Willmot, a retired farmer living at 135 Elizabeth St., Barrie, Ont., said:

'I have been a sufferer with kidney trouble and pain in the small of my back, and in both sides. I also had a great deal of neuralgia pain in my temples, and was subject to dizzy spells. I felt tired and worn out most of the time. Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills I have had no pain either in my back or sides. They have removed the neuralgia pain from my head, also the tired feeling.

'I feel at least ten years younger and can only say that Doan's Kidney Pills are the most remarkable kidney cure, and in addition are the best tonic I ever took.'

**Laxative Pills cure Constipation.**

**The D & A "CREST" CORSET**

is Unbreakable

**D & A "CREST" CORSETS**

Stand every strain. Always comfortable and absolutely unbreakable, every active woman needs one.

Unrivalled for girdles and corsets.

Cost only 25c more than regular D & A styles, and made in all sizes.

Ask to see them.



SOLID COUNTRY BANKS.

THE WAY THEY AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS GROW UP.

Usual Form of Securing the First Bank in a Small Town—Office Generally in Part of a Store—Some Southern Experiences—Conversations at the Windows.

The man who begins his career carrying around drafts for a bank in a big city and becomes gray-headed or bald-headed at 40 from working ten or twelve hours a day as a cashier knows little about the life of a country banker, unless he happens to run into one of these institutions while on a vacation trip. Nowadays many of the banks in the larger villages have "put on airs" and put up buildings of brick and stone with plate-glass windows, steam heat, and gorgeously decorated railings and counters, while the President and cashier sit in their leather-seated swing-back chairs. But the company which has such a home constructed out of the surplus may not be half as solid financially as the little one-story affair across the way, where a part of a store has been fitted up with an old-fashioned safe and cast-iron railings, and where one man acts as cashier and bookkeeper and runs about town at the noon hour to collect drafts.

One can find the old-fashioned banks in many of the smaller towns yet, and some of them are a study to the city people accustomed to stand in rows before the teller's window and to draw out money or have their accounts credited at the rate of a thousand dollars a minute. A great many of the country banks are formed in this way. Half a dozen merchants happen to get together, perhaps after church on Sunday, or down at the village hotel, with a lawyer or so, possibly a doctor and occasionally some of the factory people. If the town has any such industry. The talk turns from politics, the weather and the crops to business, then some one says the town is big enough to have a bank; that there is no reason for going ten miles over to Smithtown and giving all the business into the place, and some one else asks the lawyer to explain the legal proceedings necessary to get up an account. They figure on how much stock Peter Jones will take, how much stock John Smith will take, and some one says that he believes Old Man Brown, who does most of the note shaving, can be induced to put a little money into the concern if he sees 10 per cent profit in it.

A committee goes to see Brown, who is generally the closest and richest man in town, while the lawyer draws up formation papers with the understanding that he is to be the bank attorney. In a day or two the bank is one of the topics of conversation around the stove of every store in the town and at all the cross roads for a dozen miles around. Old Man Brown puts his name down for a dozen shares and everybody says it must be a good thing. In this way the bank is formed. Part of one of the stores is rented, fenced around with an iron railing with a hole for receiving and paying out money, and business begins usually with one man. It is a rare thing if the bank does not earn a dividend of 6 per cent, at least during the first year, but the shrewd farmers and tradespeople save this up for a rainy day, when money is scarce and a surplus fund may come in handy in case of a run. The new building may come a little later, but there is no hurry about it just yet.

The agents for burglar-proof vaults and safes and a hundred other contrivances swim into the town and leave without getting an order, and things go on smoothly until after a few years it is announced at the annual meeting that the capital stock had better be doubled, as business has increased so that it is necessary. The books often show a surplus as large as the capital. And so it goes until the little group of merchants and farmers the manufacturer and the lawyer, possible the town doctor, find their shares can be sold at double what they paid for them. When the cashier goes to the city he is surprised at the delusion with which the President of the corresponding bank addresses him. He may not be aware that this institution with its elegance and magnificence, as far as the office and building are concerned, has really less money on its surplus account than his own modest concern.

Down in the Southern States one catches his checks at many curious banks. In a little hamlet in Georgia, not many miles from Atlanta, they carried a bank in a grocery store. The concern had no safe to begin with, and the storekeeper put his

Constipation, Headache, Billousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

cash into a tin croaker box, which was fastened with a padlock. At night one of the clerks slept in the rear of the store, and this was considered a sufficient guard. When the bank was formed the stockholders did not think it was sufficiently protected and an arrangement was made to use the vault in the new Town Hall. At the close of business every day the tin box was locked, put on one of the wheelbarrows of which a stock was kept for sale in the store and trundled by a big negro, who did odd jobs around the place, to the Town Hall, where the box was placed for the night. The cashier with a loaded shotgun, accompanied the man to keep off robbers and to see that he did his duty properly.

In this bank the head clerk of the grocery store acted as cashier, teller, and "Foot-Pah" generally. A planter would drive up to the door with a crate of eggs or a dozen chickens, which could be exchanged at the market price for groceries. The clerk figured out the amount due, tied up the coffee, sugar, &c, and handed them over to his customer. The latter would then pull out his pocketbook and leave the money he wished deposited and it would be thrown into the tin box alongside of the store receipts. Only one book was necessary for the bank accounts, and in it all the deposit items were entered. At the close of the day's business so much was counted out of the box to the credit of the bank and the balance to the credit of the store. It was a simple way of doing business, but seemed to be satisfactory to everybody concerned. After a while however, the bank grew to such proportions that the office decided to buy a new safe, and the daily procession to the Town Hall came to an end.

Another bank was formed a few years ago in one of the Southern towns, and to economize part of a store was also rented. Here, however, it was thought that some kind of a protection ought to be put up as a safeguard and to give more dignity to the institution. The trustees of one of the churches had decided to make improvements and pulled down the old iron fence which surrounded the churchyard. It was one of the old style cast iron picket inclosures, with a gate fastened by a lock operated by a big brass key. The bank company bought enough of this fence, including the gate, to make the necessary protection. The cashier and clerks lock the gate behind them on entering and hang the key up on a nail. Whenever any one wishes to get out the gate is unfastened and the key passed back over the fence so that the gate may be kept locked at all times. In addition to this protection, however, a loaded rifle is in one corner where it can be picked up any moment in case of trouble.

As a rule, however, most of the 'store banks,' if they can be called such, are fairly well protected, except from the attacks of experts. One or two store buildings can generally be found built substantially of brick, and it is an easy matter to partition off one end with the same material. The roof is covered with sheet iron and some kind of a safe is provided for beginning business, while later a steel-lined vault may be added. Most of the banks, however, still stick to the old-style hardwood counter with its wire network on the top and basket windows. The town blacksmith put up a row of half-inch iron bars across the windows on the outside, which give the place the appearance of a "lock up." This work is not costly, but if it is done thoroughly makes the bank as safe as many a building which costs from \$40,000 to \$50,000.

The old proverb that 'appearances are very deceitful' is true in the life of a country banker, for the 'shabbiest' customers are those who wear the shabbiest coats if they wear any coats at all. They drit in one or two at a time and have a social chat with the man behind the window, for they know that this is one of the best places to get the news of the vicinity. After awhile they get around to business and out comes the bookie-book. This is very frequently a shot bag, as these pouches made of heavy canvas and sewed with waxed ends are an excellent thing for carrying bills and papers. The money is rolled in a wad in the bottom of the bag, and then the bag itself is made into another roll and tied with the drawing string. Placed in the trousers pocket, which may be a foot deep

the cash is as secure as it is in a steel box. The farmer unrolls the bag, takes out the rolls in tens, fives, and ones mixed together, with perhaps two or three promissory notes, smooths the mass out on his knee, and, putting his thumb in his mouth to moisten the end, he carefully counts it out, although he has possibly done the thing three or four times within the last twenty-four hours. Then he gives it into the window, and always asks the clerk how much it is. If he has made a mistake and is short in the amount he knows the bank man will probably give the right figure, and he may be in five or ten dollars. In some cases out of ten he never tells the amount himself.

The bills are sorted examined. The clerk looks at the back of the note to see if they are indorsed properly and then enters them upon the big book and the farmer's book, the latter watching every motion he makes. The little book is handed over to its owner, and the farmer hitches up his trousers and shuff's out to his own team to drive homeward, letting the horse or mules jog along by themselves, while he catually goes over the list of figures in the book to make sure that no mistake has been made. The variety of bills and specie which come over the counters of the small country bank is something wonderful. Some of the depositors do not come to town for a month at a time, and accumulate all kinds of wealth from copper pennies to the old 10 and 25 cent "shinplaster." They seldom deposit anything larger than a \$10 bill in in currency, and the bulk of their money is in ones and twos. As many who raise chickens and garden truck bring it to the country store, sell it at the market price, and take the cash, instead of groceries, to deposit in the bank, the storekeeper generally 'gets off' all his coppers and nickels in this way, and the bank officers are compelled to receive them. A large quantity of this kind of currency is expressed annually from banks of this kind.

Here is a fair sample of a conversation which the country bank clerk indulges in as a part of his daily duties: 'Morain,' George. 'Morain,' Mr. Jenkins: how's crops up at the Corner? 'Well, I calculate wheat will average about thirty bushels to the acre. Oats is fair, but it's been pretty dry even for corn; don't know what we will do without we get some rain soon.' 'Sorry to hear that. How's Preacher Williams? 'He's gradually failin'. Guess the old man's held his last service at the Corners. We've got Dr. Jackson's son there now. Seems to be a smart young feller. You know he graduated from the Choctaw Academy. Funny he never wanted to study medicine when he had such a chance to get his father's practice.' 'Well, Mr. Williams is along in years anyway. He was real feeble the last time he preached here in the Methodist church.' 'Yes, that's so. He's been up at our place twenty years last spring. You know he christened my oldest daughter and Bob; that's my second son that is clerking in Bushville.'

'Is Bob over at Bushville? I thought he was going to take up farming.' 'No, he likes the store best. You needn't say anything, but I'm going to buy him a little interest next spring if he keeps on as steady as he is now. I've got a note that come from Bill Parker for that ten-acre wood lot. I sold it to him last week. I suppose he's good for it, ain't he?' 'He's all right. Bill's good here for a thousand. Is that the lot down in the valley with the chestnuts on it? Ought to be worth \$150 easily, I should think.'

'Yes, that's the place; but I got more'n that. I calculate I rank an even \$50, for I sold it for \$300. You can just put it on my account. No, I don't need any of the ones to-day. I expect to bring in a lot of potatoes next week. I see by the city paper that they'll be apt to fetch 50 cents a bushel in a few days. Good by; come up and hear young Jackson next Sunday and stop over to dinner. The girls will be real glad to see you.'

Charming A Lion. While Rev. W. J. Davis was living in Africa, his little son John, a boy of four years, went too near to a chained lion in a neighbor's yard. It was called a pot lion, but was so wild and vicious that no living thing was safe within the radius of its heat. The unsuspecting child stumbled within its reach, and the lion instantly felled him to the ground and set his huge paw on his head. There was great consternation among the bystanders, but none were able to deliver the child. African News tells the story of his escape, which seems equally due to the lion's love for music and a young woman's presence of mind.

Miss Moreland, seeing the peril of the child, ran up stairs, seized an accordion and hastened to a window which looked out upon the lion. There, with a shout to arrest its attention, she began playing a tune. The lion at once released its prey, went the length of its chain toward its charger and yawned in great annoyance. The boy, in the meantime, got up and ran to his mother. He never thought of crying till he entered the house and saw how excited every one was; then, quite out of danger, he had a good cry on his own account.

AN ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

A Thrilling Situation of an American Explorer.

For some time, early in the present year the belief prevailed at Washington that Lieut. Joseph F. Castner, of the Fourth United States Infantry, who was a member of a military exploring expedition in Alaska, had perished of cold and starvation.

With two private soldiers of the Fourteenth Infantry, Blich and McGregor by name, Mr. Castner left the commander of the main expedition, Captain Glenn, near the Tassara River, in the summer of 1898, in an attempt to follow up the Volkmar River to the headwaters of Birch Creek, and follow that stream down to Curle City. He found that the maps indicating the possibility of such a trip were grievously wrong.

He lost his mules in rafting them across the Tassara, or within a short time after passage, but the three men went on foot. They travelled one hundred miles over a country which was all mountains or marshes. They pressed on farther and farther, their provisions rapidly giving out and their clothes being torn from their backs by thorns. On September 15th they found they had provisions for one day only, and then they attempted to find their way back.

Castner climbed a lofty hill, and saw only range after range of snow-capped mountains. The next morning the three breakfasted off their last scrap of bacon. 'For several days,' Mr. Castner says, 'our rations had run so low that the privilege of licking the frying-pan was one which we almost fought for. That afternoon I managed to shoot two small ducks. We ate them, bones and all.'

Next day we heard the howl of an old she-wolf across the canon. Looking up, we saw her standing in front of two half grown cubs. She was howling to call the attention of a third, which was out of sight down the canon, but which presently came into view within easy range.

One of the men fired and missed. He fired five times before he killed it, and each time the cub came closer out of sheer curiosity, till it fell dead fifty yards from the slayer. It had never seen a human being before. We got the skin off that wolf in double-quick time, and found the flesh delicious.'

They hoped to live on little birds till they could get back to the carcasses of the last mule they had killed. They built a raft, tearing up their last blankets for lashing lines, and launched out on the rapid mountain torrent called the Volkmar. They shot rapids after rapids, getting soaked to the skin. Presently the raft was stuck under a log-jam; the three men clung to the logs for their lives, and their raft and everything on it was swept away. Their guns and ammunition and their shoes were gone. They could shoot no more game.

Barfooted and wet, they kept on their way, leaving tracks of blood on the snow, which had now, toward the end of September, begun to fall. By and by they reached the carcass of their lost mule, but wolves and carrion birds had picked its bones clean.

There were a few berries here and there and on these the travellers lived for the next six days. 'Here and there,' says Lieutenant Castner, 'a cranberry-bush would be found, and around it we would gather for breakfast. The red seed-pods on the rose-bush were plentiful, and I believe they saved our lives, for they were almost all we could find to eat. They had had been bitten by the frost and had a sweet taste—at least, so it seemed to our famished stomachs.'

At the end of the sixth day, when their feet were so sore that every step was torture, and when they were ready to lie down and die, they heard the sound of an axe. Seeking it, they found a party of Indians, who received them hospitably and fed them on moose-meat. In a few days they had recovered strength sufficient to enable them to start out again. Eventually they reached—in November they started with a dog-team on a thirteen-hundred-mile journey to Skagway. They arrived there February 24, 1899.

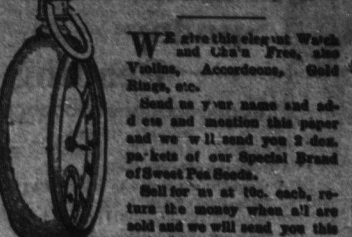
Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magneto dye—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

Rescription Worth Noting.

One of those positive men who are prolific in maxims for the general guidance of mankind was holding forth to a group of listeners.

'Never tell your dreams,' he said. They interest nobody but yourself, and if they have any significance at all, they merely

FREE!



National Manufacturing Co., Toronto.

indicate some mental weakness on the part of the dreamer.

'Yes,' replied one of the listeners, after a pause, 'what a fool old John Bunyan was to tell that long dream of his about the pilgrims!'

After this there was another and longer

Crutches Thrown Away

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF A YOUNG GIRL IN WALKERTON

For Three Years She Could Only Go About With the Aid of Crutches—had to be Helped In and out of bed—her B-situation to Her 17th was Unlooked for.

From the Walkerton Telescope. A couple of Walkerton ladies were recently discussing the case of a mutual friend who, owing to the sudden development of a bad attack of sciatica, had been compelled to take to her bed, when a third lady present, but who was a stranger to the young woman in question, made the remark: 'I would advise your friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.' Asked to give her reasons for making this recommendation she proceeded to give the details of a most remarkable cure that had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the daughter of her nearest neighbor, a Miss Rebecca Greenhow, and the story as told by this lady, having subsequently been repeated in the hearing of the editor of this paper, we decided to investigate and find out from personal inquiry all the circumstances of this seeming remarkable instance of the power of medicine over disease. That evening we called at Mr. Greenhow's residence. Both Mr. and Mrs. Greenhow were at home, but their daughter had gone down town. 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Greenhow in answer to a question in regard to the reported cure. 'My daughter has been cured. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life.' She then gave the circumstances of her daughter's illness and cure as follows:—

'Rebecca is now seventeen years of age. When she was eleven she was attacked with tonsillitis and following this for the next three years she never had a moment free from pain. She began to complain of pains all over her body but chiefly in her back. She became so weak and run down that she was unable to walk without the assistance of a crutch. The doctor said she was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism brought on by an impoverished condition of the system. He prescribed various remedies but nothing seemed to do her any good and finally we decided to try another doctor. He also pronounced the trouble to be rheumatism but though he gave her bottle after bottle of medicine, she still continued to grow weaker. By the end of the second year she was unable to leave the house and could only move from one room to another by the use of her crutches. We were advised to get her an electric belt and did so, but though she wore it for a long time it did her no good whatever. During the third winter she became so bad that she had to be assisted into and out of bed, and could not even raise from a chair without assistance. We had given up all hope of her recovery when a Mr. John Allan, who had himself been similarly afflicted, but who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advised us to give them a trial. We had tried so many things without success that we hesitated to accept his advice, but he insisted so strongly that we finally yielded. The first five boxes seemed to produce no change, but before she had finished the sixth box we were sure we could notice some improvement, and we felt encouraged to continue their use. From that on she continued to improve steadily, and by the time she had taken eighteen boxes every trace of pain had left her. She threw away her crutches and soon forgot that she had ever needed them. For months past she has been filling a position in the rattan factory and can work as well as anyone. Indeed I do not believe that there is to-day a healthier girl in Walkerton.'

Such is Mrs. Greenhow's story of the cure of her daughter through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after years of great suffering. We may add that a day or two later the writer called once more at the Greenhow abode in the hope of seeing the young lady herself. This time she was at home and she came into the room. She presented an appearance of the most perfect health. She repeated the story of her sufferings in substantially the same terms as her mother had done, and like her mother, gave all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon impure in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50¢ a box or six boxes for \$3.00 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

APIOL & STEEL

FOR LADIES' PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Blue Pills, Pink Pills, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C., or Mart's, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BBOS. GENUINE AND GUARANTEED by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD



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W. A. ... of the ...

National Manufactory Co., Toronto.

indicating some mental weakness on the part of the dreamer.

Crutches Thrown Away

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF A YOUNG GIRL IN WALKERTON

For Three Years She Could Only Go About With the Aid of Crutches—had to be helped in and out of bed—her Restoration to Health was Wonderful.

A couple of Walkerton ladies were recently discussing the case of a mutual friend who, owing to the sudden development of a bad attack of sciatica, had been compelled to take to her bed, when a third lady present, but who was a stranger to the young woman in question, made the remark: 'I would advise your friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

While the soft, thin fabrics still apparently have the lead, it is also a fact that silks are the popular thing in Paris.

Such is Mrs. Greenhow's story of the cure of her daughter through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after years of great suffering.

Frills of Fashion.

One of the many models in race cloaks which seem to be a feature of dress at the moment on the other side of the water is one in changeable silk with a cotton border of Oriental colors.

In simple contrast with all the elaborate elegance of the grown up gowns in a dainty costume for a child 5 years, made of white pique and trimmed with embroidery and insertion, worn with a waistband and bow of pink ribbon.

Ornaments for the hair made of tiny feathers which have the appearance of skeletonized leaves are among the latest Parisian novelties.

Long strings of coral beads in the old-fashioned irregular shape are worn by the French women, but any sort of trinket made of polished iron seems to find favor.

Little turn-over collars of fine linen lawn, hemstitched in small battlement squares, each finished at the end with a design in heavy cream applique lace, are one of the many pretty novelties recently imported.

Emeralds are the most fashionable jewels just at the moment.

Gold and shoes are high or low cut, as you please, and the handiest are made of very dark brown leather, with uppers of cloth.

Anything exceptionally novel is not in sight just at the moment, but every possible change has been rung on the modes brought out earlier in the season with very charming results.

While the soft, thin fabrics still apparently have the lead, it is also a fact that silks are the popular thing in Paris.

WOMEN FREE BOOK "Woman's Health" A. contains valuable advice for the daughter, wife and mother, and every woman should have a copy.

is one of the latest fancies of fashion, and the stitching on silk is extremely chic. A silk shirt with a wide band of silk covered with rows of stitching around the bottom, worn with a tunic of cloth, makes a very stylish costume.

Odd coats of silk in either black or white are off entirely worn with both light and dark gowns, adding much style and a little warmth to the costume.

The crase for hand sewing seems to have given machine stitching a new artistic value as well, and certainly very pretty effects in decoration are wrought out in both ways.

It is through the combination of materials and modes of trimming that the variety in dress can be accomplished, and there is no limit this season to its possible assortment of colors, tints and textures, which are combined in a most artistic manner.

Among the pretty touches given by trimming are the white bands of silk or cloth with a narrow band of black through the centre and fountains trimmed with mousseline de soie ruffles, or with white taffeta ruffs edged with narrow rows of velvet matching the ground of the foulard.

Transparent collars and cuffs are one special feature of all the new thin gowns, and while they do not always keep up smoothly in place they are infinitely more comfortable than the stiff lined collar bands so much worn before.

Organdie gowns of some plain dainty color are made very pretty by tucking the muslin all over and cutting the overdress so that the tucks run bias, pointing up at the seam in the front, which is covered by a band of lace insertion.

Point d'appui is a favorite material for race gowns and gowns for the garden party and evening wear as well. One very charming example is in white net with a black

dot, all touched by hand with white lace run with black. This material in either black or white is extremely popular, and the demand for black and white in combination is so great this season that it is brought out in every possible form, and nowhere more daintily than in the white net with a black dot.

White taffetas are especially new and desirable gowns, with an elaborate effect of lace in the make-up; in fact, these quite fill the place of a lace gown, which is an almost indispensable addition to the outfit this season.

Lace gowns made up with a mousseline de soie for platings and ruffles are the most elegant of all the lace gowns and they are made in cream color and gray, finished sometimes with chiffon in the same or a contrasting color.

The value of narrow chiffon ruffles for trimming is certainly recognized this season, as they are literally everywhere on every kind of material.

One of the race gowns which again exemplifies the use of the chiffon ruche, is of white nun's veiling, made with shaped flounces, cut Vandyke-points edged like the hem, with the tiny ruche, which also finishes the guipure lace jacket front, and insertions in the sleeves.

A light cloth gown in the new washed blue, with plenty of gray in it, displays new possibilities for machine stitching which covers entirely the border of upturned points and the deep collar.

This tulle over, riding in line follows. As a rule, scarcely any difficulty is experienced here, the animal undergoing training being led by the others.

It is a recognized fact that it will, in all probability, learn its drill quicker than a man, and also know the meaning of the bugle calls better than its rider does.

The most trying part of all comes when the horse has to make its first acquaintance with fire. However easy it has been to train up to this point, every quadruped becomes frightened when r.f.s begin to go off in the vicinity.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

CAVALRY HORSES ARE TRAINED. The Ways in Which they are Taught to Work.

It is a source of wonder to some people how cavalry horses are trained to become accustomed to fire and all the various phrases of military life generally.

Each horse for the light cavalry costs the War Office about £30 to buy in the initial stage, but those used in the Guards cannot be purchased for much less than £50, and the perfectly black animals ridden in the Life Guards cost £80.

At Hamburg there is a large store of horses kept, so great that the British Army could be entirely mounted on German animals to-morrow if necessary.

This tulle over, riding in line follows. As a rule, scarcely any difficulty is experienced here, the animal undergoing training being led by the others.

It is a recognized fact that it will, in all probability, learn its drill quicker than a man, and also know the meaning of the bugle calls better than its rider does.

A CARD. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache.

Examine her feet, and if she has corns buy her Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

Examine her feet, and if she has corns buy her Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Home will then become an Eden.

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RACES WON IN UNUSUAL WAYS.

Ways in Which These Events Have Been Lost and Won.

It is admitted by most sportsmen that if race-horses were invariably run 'straight,' instead of largely to suit their owners' pockets, the financial side of the Turf would no longer be the vast money exchange it is.

Let these gentlemen ever so rigidly sacrifice game to honest sport, and there will still remain the horse to be retrained with. Some animals have queer constitutions, and only an innate knowledge of all their little peculiarities, and a due regard to them, will insure their running to the top of their form.

A certain skrewed owner ran a colt in precisely half-a-dozen races without once troubling the judge. Then, one day, the sporting public realized the existence of this animal, as also did one or two book-makers to their sorrow.

Again and again he ran with no better success, till, when everybody, except the 'stable,' regarded him as having dropped back into his old groove of mediocrity, he once more spread-eagled his field—winning a competency in bets and stakes.

Quite recently a steepchasing mare, owned by a well-known sporting gentleman, surprised the racing world by annexing a race second in importance only to the great Grand National, starting at the lucrative price of twenty to one.

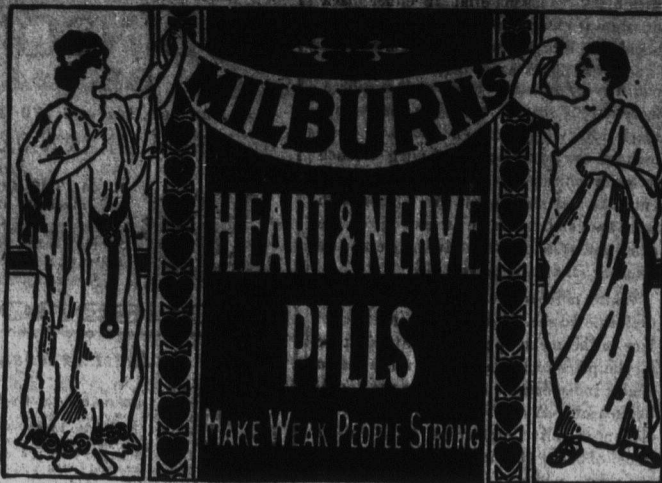
Some time ago a low racing syndicate got themselves into trouble and deroute by running its horses with small electric batteries attached to them.

Not long ago a man claimed to have produced a powder which, if given to a racehorse in a little water a few minutes before racing, would insure its running the fastest race of its life.

One or two owners, who valued their bets at more than their horses, were convinced of the efficacy of the discovery, and dosed their charges as directed.

A second equine victim evinced a desire to be off and doing in anticipation of a flag-fall, and galloped a few miles of country, leaving its rider to consider the situation in the downy depths of a mud ditch.

Among lower-class owners, it is an accepted axiom that the best way to guarantee a horse winning is first to insure its losing. So an animal owned by



Mrs. James Constable, Seaforth, Ont., writes:—'Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I frequently had sharp pains under my heart, that I was fearful if I drew a long breath it would cause death.'

LAXA-LIVER PILLS GURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION AND DYSPEPSIA.

A none-too-scrupulous book-maker—and many of the penciling fraternity find investments in horse-flesh immensely lucrative—is fairly but not extraordinarily well handicapped for a race.

It is entered in the programme as belonging to a Mr. Smith, but that gentleman and Mr. Brown, the 'Bank-note King,' are one and the same person. Mr. Smith alias Brown, accepts as much money for the horse as he can get—tempting chary speculators with long odds; yet his trainer may be overheard giving the jockey specific orders to strain every effort and win by as far as he can; and, moreover, the latter has every intention of obeying.

As a result it is dropped heavily in the ensuing handicap, upon which Mr. Smith Brown completely changes his tactics. He makes a book for his horse, and backs it heavily as well. Probably a victory follows, and sporting sheets write in eulogistic terms of the ability of the trainer who improved his charge in a few days' time beyond all recognition.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Some Ways in Which Houses get Haunted Names.

Several years ago the inmates of a small respectable dwelling-house in Philadelphia discovered upon the whitewashed wall of one of the rooms the likeness of a human face which faded and returned again. The neighbors came in to view the wonder. Other faces appeared and vanished. Crowds thronged the house and street, and accounts of the mystery were printed in the daily papers.

It was to no purpose that scientific men insisted that the figures were caused by moldy growths which came and went with the dampness, and that the likeness to the human face was imaginary. The house was pronounced by the public to be haunted, and the owner was unable to find a tenant for it for years.

About the same time another mystery came to light in one of the mountain countries of Pennsylvania, and commanded public attention. It was a pane of glass in the window of a farm house in which appeared a face of a woman looking out.

She could be seen only by a person standing outside at a certain angle. At first it was declared to be the ghost of a former owner, but when the public took hold of the matter it was decided that each spectator saw a different ghost, that of the dead friend for whom he cared most. Many visitors made pilgrimages to inspect this defective pane of glass.

Now it is only the ignorant who are moved by these cheap mysteries. One of the most stately mansions in Berkeley Square, in London, stood vacant for a long time because it was said to be haunted by ghosts, who appeared one at a time, night after night, in an attic window, with a single candle burning dimly beside them.

It was explained that the house had been left in care of a crazy butler, who chose thus to exhibit the family portraits, one after another, to the public; but in spite of the explanation, the mansion could find no tenant, even among the educated class who occupied the houses of its grade.

Many of us are superstitious and alert to find mysteries in unlucky numbers, or spilled salt or haunted houses. There is a mystery behind each tree or stone or bit of matter—the power and the wisdom of the Unknown; but we do not look for that.

First Aid.

The wrecking of a ship one the coast of Cornwall enables the Cornish Magazine to report a brief but amusing emergency lecture.

All the crew had been saved, but one poor fellow was brought ashore unconscious. The curate turned to the bystanders: 'How do you proceed in the case of one apparently drowned?' 'Search his pockets,' was the prompt reply from an experienced rescuer.

Kings Marry Young. Of the chief sovereigns of Europe not one has waited until he was thirty before marrying, and of their consorts none reached a greater age twenty-two. The men married at an average age of twenty-three, and their wives, at the time of marriage, averaged only nineteen and a half.

The King of Sweden and Norway was the most patriarchal bridegroom, at the age of twenty-eight. The Czar married at twenty-six; the King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria waited two years less, and married at twenty-four.

Twenty-two was considered old enough by the German Emperor and the Kings of Portugal and Greece. Own own Prince Consort and the King of Roumania married at twenty, and the King of Belgium was bold enough to marry at eighteen.

The late Queen of Denmark was one of the oldest of Royal brides, although she was but twenty-four. Her daughter the Princess of Wales, beat her mother by six years and married at eighteen. The Czarina and the German Empress married at twenty-two; the Queens of Portugal and Sweden at twenty-one; our Queen at twenty; and the Queen of the Belgians at 'sweet seventeen,' the age at which two of her daughters also wed. Even this youthful record was eclipsed by the Queens of Romania and Greece and the Empress of Austria, who married at the age of sixteen.

Is May Unlucky? It has been considered unlucky to be married in May ever since the days of Ovid, and those people who have spent their time in looking up reasons have given what they consider to be the origin of the superstition as follows:

In ancient Rome there was held in May a festival called the Lemures, which was a ceremony in honor of the speeches of departed souls. It became with the Romans what we should call "bad form" to have matrimonial feasts at the season of a solemn ritual, being, no doubt, thought to be an insult to the dead to marry at such a time.

From this a number of stories grew of revenge made by the outraged ghosts upon those who dared to disregard them, and if anything unfortunate happened to a couple who had been married in the month of May it would, of course, have been put down to retribution.

Unique and Successful. Those who are skilled with the needle know a quieting effect sewing or embroidery has upon the nerves. Perhaps this is why the philanthropic work for five years carried on among the insane women patients in a certain institution has been so successful.

The poor unfortunates are taught the fine arts of needlework, embroidery, and similar feminine occupations. The psychological explanation of the thing is difficult to understand, but it is a fact that they do acquire remarkable skill, with any perceptible improvement in their mental condition, but with considerable moral advantage, since they are the quieter and happier for it.

At first it was applied to the wards for the weak-minded. Later it crept into the other wards, and has finally reached the violently insane.

FLASHES OF FUN.

No wind serves him who embarks on a voyage to no certain port. A schoolboy writes: 'Soldiers are of three kinds—in soldiers, real soldiers and volunteers.'

First Disputant: 'Then I'm a liar!' Second Dite: 'On the contrary, my dear fellow—you have just spoken the truth.' Landlord: 'I'll have to raise your rent.' Tenant: 'For what?' Landlord: 'They've changed the name of this street, and it is now an avenue.'

Mr. Fowler (in a great rage): 'You're no longer a spring chicken, Maria.' Mrs. Fowler: 'You're the same old goose, though.'

During the Solo.—The Man: 'Anyway, her singing drowns conversation.' The Maid: 'Dear me! I always understood that drowning was an easy death.'

Patient: 'I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory.' Doctor: 'Ah—yes—why—in cases of this class I always require my fee in advance.'

Interesting to husbands.—Child: 'And how do they know it's a man in the moon, mamma, dear?' Mother: 'Because it's always out at night, darling.'

'Tommy: 'Mother, may I have Jimmy Briggs over to play on Saturday?' Mrs. Fogg: 'No. You make too much noise. You'd better go down to his house and play.'

Doctor: 'You say you think something is the matter with your wife?' Anxious Husband: 'I'm sure of it. She hasn't had the baby photographed for thirteen days.'

Speaker: 'I believe that if Shakespeare were alive at the present time and trying to live by his pen in London, the comic papers would reject many of his best jokes.' Humorist: 'I know it. I have tried 'em all.'

Emmy: 'I've got an invite to the Charity Ball, but I haven't the least idea what I am to go in. What would you wear, Fanny, if you had my complexion?' Fanny: 'A thick veil.'

Showman: 'Now, then, ladies and gents, don't delay if you want to see the fat lady in her prime. She's just been jilted by the skeleton gentleman an' she's taking on so that she losin' weight hevery hour. Tomorrow she won't be worth seein'.'

'Yes,' said Miss Gillington, the 'Count is such a shy man. But he has proposed to me at least. It is very amusing, for he was dreadfully embarrassed.' 'So I understand,' replied Miss Cayenne 'financially.'

'Excuse me,' said the mystified one, 'I may appear impertinent, but my curiosity has got so much the best of me that I must venture a question. What is it?'

'Are you a gentleman going golfing or a lady going cycling?' 'Ah,' he cried, kneeling at her feet, 'say you will marry me, and I will be your devoted slave for life.'

'Arieo, Henry,' she answered, 'you will not do. That was what my first husband said, and before we had got fairly out of the church he began telling me how he wanted me to wear my hair.'

'Which do you love most—your papa or your mamma?' Little Charlie: 'I love papa most.' Charlie's Mother: 'Wh, Charlie, I am surprised at you. I thought you loved me most.'

Charlie: 'Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together.' 'Ever quarrel with your wife?' 'No.'

'Have any trouble with your servants?' 'No.' Children ever worry you? 'No.'

'Great Caesar, man! how's that?' 'Ain't married; live by myself.'

A farmer was complaining to some bystanders that he did not know what was the matter with his horses. He had tried everything he could think of, condition powder and all other specifics, but to no purpose. They would not improve in health. A stable-boy, whose sympathies were aroused by the story, comprehended the situation, and modestly asked:—'Did you ever try corn?'

A detective agency.—Sweet girl: 'Pa, the house next door was robbed last night.' Pa: 'Mercy! Next door?' Sweet girl: 'Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this far race within a week.'

Pa: 'I know it. It's terrible! But what can we do?' Sweet girl: 'I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Nicotello and me to sit up a few nights and watch for them.'

As He Put It.—Bonaparte, when a more general, addressed his followers in these words:—'Soldiers, you have gained a great victory. When First Consul, he exclaimed:—'We have conquered.'

But Napoleon, wearing an imperial crown, opened his bulletins with:—'I have triumphed over my enemies.'

In this way he marked the three great phases in his ascent, as polar stars to the future historian.

Be Not Too Sure! Everybody knows the man who is careful never to say 'No' abruptly in answer to a

question. 'No' is a hard word, but one may sometimes be made ridiculous by a reluctance to utter it.

A certain man who had this habit was once met by two ladies who had been discussing the peculiarity, and one of them said that she was positive she could make him say, 'Oh no,' flatly. So she addressed him thus:—'Let me see Mr. Smith, you are a widower, are you not?'

'As much a widower, madam,' he answered with a polite inclination of his head, 'as it is possible for a man to be who was never married.'

The lady had to own herself beaten. General Appropriate Danger. 'It is amazing,' said a harbor-master to the writer recently, 'how difficult it is to make some people realize the dangers of the waves. I have repeatedly heard people say, when a dangerous gale has been raging, and when the sea here has been a perfect death trap, that they really don't see why ships should not dare to enter or leave the harbor. The fact is, they come from inland towns, and their heads are stuffed with such absurd nonsense that they really expect to see waves as big as hills; but you cannot convince them that the real danger of the sea lies in their uncertainty and terrified fancy, and not their height.'

'I remember once, during a heavy gale here, a man stripping and getting on to the outer pier, over which enormous seas were breaking. He was going to show, he said, how a strong swimmer could overcome a rough sea. In spite of all warnings he plunged in. In an instant he had been picked up by a hissing wave, and dashed lifeless upon the rocks. That unfortunate man was one of the people who cannot be convinced about the awful power of the waves, and the fearful danger they run in encountering them.'

Advertisement for a bicycle, featuring an illustration of a bicycle and the text 'TO INTRODUCE \$1.00' and 'INTRODUCTION PRICES'.

Advertisement for Palmer's Wigs, featuring an illustration of a wig and the text 'PALMER'S WIGS' and 'The name PALMER has always stood for the Highest Standard of workmanship'.

Advertisement for Stained Glass Memorials, Interior Decorations, featuring an illustration of a stained glass window and the text 'STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 50 University St., Montreal'.

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Advertisement for Patents, featuring an illustration of a person and the text 'PATENTS' and 'When you want to procure or sell a valuable invention, or wish to protect your rights, you should apply to a Patent Attorney. Our 20 years' practical experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms.'



question. 'No' is a hard word, but one may sometimes be made ridiculous by a reluctance to utter it.

A certain man who had this habit was once met by two ladies who had been discussing the peculiarity, and one of them said that she was positive she could make him say, 'Oh no,' easily. So she addressed him thus:

'Let me see Mr. Smith, you are a widower, are you not?'

'As such a widower, madam,' he answered with a polite inclination of his head, 'as it is possible for a man to be who was never married.'

The lady had to own herself beaten.

Canst Approve a Dealer?

'It is amazing,' said a harbor-master to the writer recently, 'how difficult it is to make some people realize the dangers of the waves. I have repeatedly heard people say, when a dangerous gale has been raging, and when the sea here has been a perfect death trap, that they really don't see why ships should not dare to enter or leave the harbor. The fact is, they come from inland towns, and their heads are stuffed with such absurd notions that they really expect to see waves as big as hills; but you cannot convince them that the real danger of the sea lies in their uncertainty and terror of the sea, and not their height.'

I remember once, during a heavy gale here, a man stripping and getting on to the outer pier, over which enormous seas were breaking. He was going to show, he said, how a strong swimmer could overcome a rough sea. In an instant he had been plucked up by a hissing wave, and dashed headlong upon the rocks. That unfortunate man was one of the people who cannot be convinced about the awful power of the waves, and the fearful danger they run in encountering them.'

Only Meredith Fane, with his habit of searching below the surface that becomes second nature with the novelist and the diplomat, suspected the working of the undercurrents, or saw any possible connection between Magdalen's unusual quietude and Lord Lovel's feverish brilliancy; but even he, though he detected the 'effect,' was not quite as clear as to the 'cause.'

When, however, the two ladies rose from table leaving the gentlemen to their wine and walnuts, and the Earl of Briancourt turned to his son, and cried, triumphantly: 'Did I exaggerate? Is she not magnificent?' such a strange look flashed into the younger man's eyes for a moment that Meredith Fane was fairly startled.

It gave him food for thought, and he rushed to the very natural conclusion that his niece and Lord Lovel must have met before.

As for the earl, he noticed nothing; but then, he was a husband, and blinded with love into the bargain.

In the drawing-rooms later on, being as eager, doubtless, to prove to his son that the countess was not only beautiful but accomplished, he asked her to sing.

'Sing this,' said the earl; 'it suits your voice to perfection.'

And he handed her Philip Yorke's 'Do you Remember?'

'Oh! not that—not that!' she exclaimed, involuntarily, with such real distress in her face and tone that her husband gazed at her in amazement, and Meredith Fane, who was standing by the window, felt secretly disquieted, and resolved to watch the effect of the song on the younger man—for Magdalen sang it, after all; and Lord Lovel, standing on the terrace outside, with his hands in his pockets, and the moonlight on his face, sympathetic face, listened gloomily, telling himself what a consummate coquette she must be as heartless as she was faithless—to dare to sing that song—to-night, of all nights.

She could only be doing it out of mockery or bravado.

And yet there was no trace of either in the tones of the rich clear voice that shook with passionate emotion, as she sang—

'Do you remember? 'Twas in September, Just you and I, love, Seated alone, Breathing so softly Words sweet and tender— Do you remember? Do you remember?'

'What an address she is!' muttered the young man, savagely. 'Anyone listening to her would think she had a heart, but she hasn't; all she cares for is to prove her power, but I will not give her the satisfaction of seeing me suffer. I will pay her back in her own coin. She shall find that I, too, can forget, if I cannot forgive.'

And with this idea in his mind he drew near to Juliet Fane, and taking her fan from her, whispered into her ear behind it all sorts of 'pretty things,' which she would have ridiculed had anyone else uttered them, but which, falling from the lips of this man, sank deep into her heart, and stirred it to a happy tumult.

Not content with gazing down into her upraised eyes in the moonlight, as they passed the terrace in front of the window at which Magdalen sat, Lord Lovel led his fair companion back to the drawing-room, and taking down from the wall a banjo that had hung there since he was last at home, he sang to her softly in a rich, clear tenor, looking in on her smiling, happy to see the white in

such a way as to make her understand that he was singing for her and to her alone.

Throughout the song—as often, that is, as was possible without impertinence—the singer turned his dark eyes on the face of Juliet Fane, that flashed consciously beneath his gaze.

Not once, till he came to the very last word, did he glance at his father's wife, and when he did so a length, in scorn and defiance, he was surprised and startled at her expression.

She was leaning over the edge of the stone parapet looking up at the moon, with eyes so full of sadness and perplexity, that her resentment was for the moment disarmed, and he began to wonder whether she might not have been some mistake, or whether her motive for marrying his father might prove to be one that was not unworthy of a true woman after all.

'But no,' he said to himself, even supposing she had believed in death, she would not have counselled herself so quickly in the love of another man if she had ever cared for me. She is selfish and shallow-hearted. Let her go. I will not ask her for an explanation.'

And, having arrived at this decision, the young man devoted himself for the rest of the evening so exclusively to Juliet Fane that the fair, sweet girl, who was already dazed and fascinated, succumbed without a struggle to the spell he cast upon her; and, long before the evening came to a close, was fathoms deep in love, and felt firmly convinced that this fair prince, who had awakened her from her sleep among the roses, had indeed been sent by Fate to act on the stage of life the part of Romeo to her Juliet.

How was she to know or guess that his attentions to her were paid in a spirit of pique and defiance to punish another woman for her inconstancy?

But Meredith Fane guessed it—interpreting aright the feverish restlessness of the young man's manner and the angry glitter of his eyes, that to one less versed in the art of reading the human countenance might have passed for ardent admiration, and the face of the novelist was scarcely less grave and troubled than that of Magdalen.

'I'm not going to allow my little girl to be sacrificed,' he said to himself, as he watched the two figures—Lord Lovel and Juliet—passing to and fro on the moonlit terrace.

'I shall warn her,' and then he sighed, for one glance at his daughter's fair, upturned face told the keen-eyed novelist that the mischief was done, and his warning would come too late.

As for the earl, he was in the best of spirits.

More than once, as he sat playing chess with Meredith Fane, and glanced up at the young couple passing outside, he gave his partner a significant wink; and, later on, after the departure of his guests, when he and his wife were alone in their own apartments together, he confided to her his hope that his son and Juliet Fane might make a match of it.

'Never saw such a clear case of love at first sight in all my life—on both sides, at least—for, of course, I fall in love with you at the very first glance that Sunday in church.'

'When you ought to have been looking at your prayer-book,' smiled her ladyship, anxious to turn the conversation into another channel.

But Lord Briancourt brought it back again with the remark—

'It would be hard to say which is the instigator of the two. Nothing could have pleased me better. I begin to think that I must have been born under a very lucky star, for all my wishes are being gratified.'

Then noticing his young wife's gravity and silence, he added, anxiously—

'You have not taken a dislike to Catherine, have you, Magdalen?'

'Dislike?' repeated Lady Briancourt, with a look of genuine astonishment that completely reassured him. 'Of course not; whatever put such a preposterous idea into that sensible head of yours, Hubert? Your son is the sort of a nobody—not even a stepmother,' she added, with a laugh—could dislike.'

'Take care, my lady,' retorted the earl, whose fine face beamed with happiness, 'don't go to the other extreme and say too much, or I shall be jealous.'

At these words the faintest possible shadow crept into the bride's beautiful eyes, and a sigh escaped her.

'You are tired, my darling; you have looked tired all the evening, and here am I keeping you talking when you ought to be asleep. What selfish brutes men are, to be sure!'

'You are everything that is noble, and kind, and good, Hubert,' cried Magdalen, and with an impulsive movement that was unusual with her grave, earnest, self-contained nature, she threw her arms round her husband's neck, and kissed him.

'And I have made you happy, my darling? I happier than I ever thought it possible to be Hubert.'

'And notwithstanding the disparity of our ages you love me? You have never cared for any other man?'

For the space of a second she hesitated and he felt the cheek against his own grow hotly.

'I never understood what love really was till I met you Hubert,' she answered, and he did not notice that it was evasive.

But long after the earl was asleep that night his own lay restless and wakeful, wishing for the morn.

[To be continued.]

Do Not Try It.

Do you consume a whole round of beef for your dinner? You are indignant at the suggestion, but if, in proportion to your size, you eat as much as any insectivorous bird, you would easily get through this amount—without starved.

The robin, for instance, is a most voracious insect-eater. It has been calculated that to keep a robin up to its normal weight

an amount of animal food is required daily equal to an earth-worm fourteen feet in length.

Now, you cannot expect a man to eat an earth-worm, but if he is to engage in a contest with a robin, left his common breakfast on a huge Bologna measuring nine inches in circumference. At the end of the day, if he eats his proportion to the bird, he will have consumed exactly sixty-seven feet of the savory morsel.

EFFORTS OF ORATORY.

Mr. Bright's Eloquence and the Frenchman's Maxims.

Successful counsel do not strive to please the jury, but to secure their verdict. Soarlett, the noted verdict-winner of the English bar, seldom addressed the jury collectively, but usually selected two or two of these, with whom he reasoned on the subject until he had apparently convinced them.

The Rev. Newman hall says, in his 'Autobiography,' 'I have heard in the House of Commons O'Connell, Peal, Lord John Russell, Cobden, Bright and Gladstone. I have observed that the speeches that secured the most fixed attention were generally those of a high conversational character rather than those of elaborated rhetoric.'

The observation of the English divine, himself an eloquent preacher, coincides with that definition of eloquence which defines it as 'elevated conversation.'

John Bright's speeches in the House of Commons were calm, deliberate, mighty with suppressed emotion, and marked by an absence of self-display. He was not ambitious to say grand things, but to speak out his convictions and to convince his audience.

Mr. Bright, in reply to Mr. Hall's inquiry as to the preparation of his speeches, said, 'When I intend to speak, I spend several days in reading and thinking about the subject. Then I arrange small slips of paper write brief, suggestive notes. Finally, I write out fully the last sentence or two, that I may feel sure about the winding up of my speech. Facing my room or garden terrace, I talk over the whole subject to myself. At any moment in the delivery of my address I feel free to receive fresh suggestions.'

'True eloquence,' says the French epigrammatist, La Rochefoucauld, 'consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary.' Again, 'There is as much eloquence in the tone of the voice, in the eyes and in the air of a speaker as in his choice of words.'

Mr. Bright's eloquence registered with the Frenchman's maxims. Daniel Webster's speeches said all that was necessary, and nothing more; but Mr. Bright's speeches impressed an audience with the absolute sincerity of the orator. Voice, eyes and air attested his honesty.

A GOVERNOR'S WARNING.

Absolute Socialism and Moneyed Despotism Denounced.

When men of moral and official influence throw the weight of their character and voice against wrong-doing they are likely to be listened to. Governor Roosevelt of New York has the sympathy of candid minds all over the country in his denunciations of corrupt practices in the political and business life of our great cities.

In an address at a dinner of the Independent Club in Buffalo, in emphasizing the necessity of a measure for taking franchises (grants of public privileges), he urged this warning upon his hearers:

'The rich man who buys a privilege a Board of Aldermen for a railway which here presents; the rich man who gets a privilege through the legislature by bribery and corruption for any corporation, is committing an offence which it is possible may some day have to be condoned in blood and destruction, not wholly by him, not wholly by his sons, but by you and your sons.'

But his remarks took a broader range, and denounced equally the wrong of moneyed despotism and of absolute socialism. Both are unbridled foes of the right of honest individual talent and labor to compete for and win and enjoy their deserved distinction and reward. By all means in his power the governor would make the common people understand that.

'The worst thing they can do is to choose a representative who shall say, 'I am against corporations; I am against capital,' and not a man who shall say, 'I stand by doing equal justice to the man of means and the man without means; I stand by saying that no man shall be stolen from and that do man shall steal from any one else; I stand by saying that the corporations shall not be black mailed on the one side, and that the corporations shall not acquire any improper power by corruption on the other; that the corporation shall pay its full share of the public burdens, and that when it does so, it shall be protected in its rights exactly as any one else is protected.'

By this manly attitude between the two

extremes, and by his strong and earnest plea for strict integrity everywhere, Governor Roosevelt has done a service not only for municipal morals but for public economy and social peace.

His voice pleading for just dealing and usefulness, and burning forth into prophetic warning, seems like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Business and legislation should heed such prophets—the heralds of judgments that fall wrong-doing. The mutterings of discontent fill the air. They are the rumblings of a storm, the bursting of which will prove one of the world's great tragedies.

PEOPLE WHO DIS IN FENURY.

They Live in Wast They Have Lots of Money.

Why some people should go about the world in sordid poverty, and finally die of starvation, when they can have all the necessities and most of the sweets of this life by simply parting with a little of the wealth which they have hoarded up but too niggardly to use, one is at a complete loss to understand.

Only a few months ago an old man, named, Valtes, died at Martigny, in the Swiss Canton of Valais. He was eighty years of age, and for many years had lived as a miser, dressing exceedingly shabbily and denying himself of even the smallest necessities. On a doctor being called to examine the body, he at once declared starvation to be the cause of death. On the corpse being removed a will was found under it, in which the wretched man bequeathed the handsome fortune to the town of Poitiers.

A miserable existence also was that of a miser, named Dennis O'Keefe, who died recently at Marlborough, Mass. He represented himself as being in the most destitute circumstances, wore the oldest of clothes, and never had sufficient money to meet even the most modest expenses. He had been an inmate of a cheap boarding-house for several years, and died after a short illness. On searching his room two bank books were brought to light showing 3,000 dol. standing to his credit. This find was followed by a thorough examination of the man's clothes, which resulted in a further 1,100 dol. being discovered in bills and bonds sewn into the lining of his ragged coat and vest. The deceased left a daughter residing in England to inherit his wealth.

For the last twenty years an old woman at Bedford, supposed to be the widow of a laborer and very, very poor, resided all alone, subsisting on parish relief. She never allowed anyone to enter her house, not even the doctor whom she occasionally requested to attend her. A short time since she was found lying dead on the kitchen floor, death being due to syncope.

On the woman's effects being examined bags containing gold and silver to the extent of £350 were found secreted in a mattress. In this case also an only daughter was left to take over this nice little windfall, and as she was in rather reduced circumstances, there is no doubt the money would be most welcome received.

A somewhat similar case was that of an old woman over eighty years of age, who died a little while ago in a back room in a street in the vicinity of Regent's Park. She had always lived extremely parsimoniously, though why she should have done so at her age in life, with so large an amount of money at hand, it is difficult to conceive. She appeared to be without a single friend, and occupied her room alone. Tied around her body was a deposit note of

£750 at a bank in Dover, whilst some loose gold and silver were also found in the room.

At Fickering another woman had pleaded poverty so well as to have her name enrolled on the list of paupers. Her daughter recently was being removed to the asylum at York, whereupon the woman worked herself up to such a pitch that she died through excitement. In her possession was found cash amounting to £75, together with several promissory notes and a bank book showing that she possessed several hundreds of pounds.

Wonderful yet simple.

'Talk about wonderful tricks,' said a circus man recently; 'I can tell you a yarn about a clown I once was on tour with that will surprise you.'

'He always wore a black moustache, with the ends neatly waxed and cork-screwed. After an unusually intricate piece of foolery that called for a good deal of exertion he would pause, panting, in the ring, and say—

'Well, I'd give half a crown for a bottle of soda water.'

'Why, you shall have a bottle for nothing,' the ring master would reply, and in a minute a groom would enter with a bottle and a glass on a tray.

'But where is the cork-screw? The clown would ask, picking up the bottle.

'What's the matter with your moustache for a cork-screw? The ring master would suggest. And before you could say Jack Robinson, the clown would swing the bottle up with the cork against the point of one end of his moustache, drive it on to the point, and then begin turning it on to his moustache until the point was buried in the cork. Then he'd give the bottle a pull, and carry it to his lips and drink, leaving the cork impaled on the end of his moustache.

'It used to send the audience into screams of laughter; but it was all done in the simplest, easiest way in the world. The two waxed ends were really two cork-screw tips projecting out beyond his moustache and joining under it in a good stout holder firmly held between the teeth.'

On Whit Tuesday.

A unique ceremony still takes place in the little old-world town of Ebersbach, in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Every Whit Tuesday a vast multitude of persons is formed into a procession of dancing saints, in order to induce heaven to cure all their ailments.

Rich and poor, young and old, weak and strong, halt and maimed, take their stand upon the Prussian side of the Sure Bridge at eight o'clock and after listening to a sermon, dance to the Abbey and thence round the tomb of St. Willibrod, the patron saint.

The procession is headed by the town beadle, dressed in red and surrounded by small boys; next come the chorister's chanting litanies; then a large body of clergy, and last the rank and file. Interspersed with the processionists are musicians playing dance music upon every conceivable instrument, while the dancers sing as they perform a polka step, three steps forward and two back.

Soon the pace begins to tell; the feeble fall out of the rank, and are promptly rescued and placed in safety by the fireman. Enthusiasm waxes, men and women weep as they progress toward the high altar, which they encircle thrice, and at one o'clock a salute announces that the festival is over.

Eden's up to it.

Said a performer who has for many years been doing gymnastic work on the variety stage—

'In the course of a long experience one notices how the public tastes gradually alters and there is one change for the better that many of us welcome. Audiences to-day have a much more accurate notion of the real value of a particular trick than of yore.

'Why, I have sometimes—in my enthusiasm for my art—acquired by tremendous hard work a genuine, difficult trick, that when given has been passed over in absolute silence, while loud cheers a moment later have greeted a trick, showy and flashy that could easily be mastered in a week.'

'To-day this happens much less often than formerly, for the people seem better judges, particularly of athletic feats; and eyes on the stage a trick of a more or less gymnasium order is, if clever, certain to be appreciated at its proper worth.'

Borges Street.

Absent-minded persons are not infrequently met among the medical profession, who of all men should have their wits about them.

It is related that a well known doctor was once present in a public place when an accident occurred, and seeing a wounded man, went about calling: 'A doctor! A doctor! Somebody go and fetch a doctor!'

A friend who was by his side, returned to inquire, 'Well, what about yourself?'

'Oh, dear,' answered the doctor, 'I'm daily recalling the fact that he belonged to the medical profession, 'I didn't think of that!'

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A CASE OF NEMESIS.

Mr. Arthur Merivale, J. P., was distinctly the leading man of Briegford. He owned the mill which was the source of the prosperity...

His age was hardly forty-five; and he lived, as his father had lived before him, in Vale View a large square substantial house on Bridgeford's outskirts.

Altogether Mr. Merivale was a fortunate man, big, bluff and hearty, very pleased with himself, and righteously sorry for any person who held a contrary opinion.

One dull November evening he had returned early from business and was enjoying the company of his wife and daughter over afternoon tea in a cosy corner of the drawing-room...

Mr. Merivale, as he took it from the salver, read wistfully, 'Mr. Jobson E. R. Rawlings, Marryville, N. Y.'

'The gentleman is in the library, sir,' explained the servant, and her master, with some remark as to 'those fools of chinks sending business people here, reluctantly finished his tea and proceeded to interview the intruder.

That gentleman greeted the millowner with effusion. 'How d'ye do?' he cried, seizing both Merivale's hands. 'How d'ye do? Why, you're hardly altered, and I looked for a patriarch!'

'I am sorry,' responded Merivale, his intended stiffness melting before a dim memory of something familiar to him, 'I am sorry, but I really do not recollect your name.'

'Not surprising,' replied the other; 'it is over twenty years since we met; but can you remember Narbocken and the Millings?'

'Of course! of course!—something of a tremor seemed to shake the heartiness of the tone—'we met there, didn't we, and you undertook to come to see me here; why have you not done so sooner?'

'That is a long story,' replied the visitor 'but—'

'And the Millings,' inquired the host then, 'what has become of them?'

'Gone,' answered the guest musingly, 'all gone. The old folk perished long ago, and of the two girls, Susan married the speaker, and Alice—'

'The speaker hesitated, and Merivale queried with something of eagerness, 'Ah, yes, Alice—pretty girl, wasn't she—what of her?'

'Well,' responded the other, 'to tell you the truth, Alice has brought me here—that and the pleasure of renewing our acquaintances.'

'The master of the house pursed his lips and pushed his free hand deeper in his pocket, the geniality fading from his face. 'Anything I can do?' said the host.

'I don't know,' replied Rawlings; 'but I am not in any way money can buy, for she is dead.'

'Dead! poor girl! Mr. Merivale suddenly attacked the fire vigorously with the poker. 'Poor girl, he repeated; 'did she marry?'

'It is a queer story!—Rawlings ignored the question—'so queer I hardly know how to tell it, but when I said she brought me here I spoke literally—she accompanied me.'

Merivale sat forward in his chair. 'What in the world do you mean?' he demanded. 'You said she was dead, and it is not a subject, nor was she a person whom I, at least, understand quite about.'

'Nothing was further from my mind than jocularly,' said his companion, 'as you will know if you listen to my tale. Ever heard of the Psychic Church?'

'No.'

'No more had I until I chanced upon it in Chicago one Sunday some months ago. I had seen most religions and thought to have a look at the newest, so entered the building.'

'What has that to do with Alice Millings?' Merivale's voice indicated impatience.

'Everything, as you will see. The place was like any meeting house and crowded to the door. There was a kind of service, and then, instead of a sermon, an elderly man no way remarkable in appearance got upon the rostrum and began calmly to give out messages which he said the spirits present desired to convey to members of the congregation. A little of that made me feel tired, and I was making tracks when he sang out the name, 'Jobson Rawlings,' he called, 'Alice Millings wishes you to know she cannot find rest.'

'What rubbish!' interposed Merivale. 'Easily my first thought,' commented the American; 'but I had never seen the man before. I had not been in Chicago for years, and was there quite unexpectedly, for the day only, through missing a connection.'

'What did you do?'

'Well, I like to get to the bed-room of a thing, so took no notice in the church, but was on hand in the vestry when the old man came to it. 'You are Mr. Rawlings?' he said to me as he entered.

'Where did you get my name?' I asked him, for I did not like the pat way he had taken.

'You would not believe if I told you,' he answered; 'but you left Busch City on train

one hundred and sixty-eight last Monday, and are going to Europe on the twenty-eight of next month, after paying some visits at Newport.'

'That staggered me, for I had spoken to no one of my plans, and had not booked my passage. However, I kept my head, and told him all that was my business, and what I wanted was what he knew of Alice Millings, whose funeral I had attended years before.

'You are a sceptic,' he said, 'a sceptic, and here we treat sceptics according to their scepticism—Alice Millings is before you!'

II. Merivale poured out a liquor glassful of the brandy which stood beside him and drank it off.

'Rawlings went on in awed tones—'Before heaven, Merivale, I tell you that in that bare, electric lit room a shape stood which was, and was not, Alice Millings. The thing looked to ward the old man, who nodded, and then it spoke to me as directly as I am speaking to you.'

'Merivale's cigar had gone out, and the trembling of his fingers shook little show-ers of snowy ash from its dead tip.

'What she said,' Rawlings continued with more confidence, 'is too much between you and herself for me to repeat, but it appeared that in some infernal way the old man had become conscious of my thoughts of visiting you, and had determined that this spirit, who, it seems, could not come alone, should accompany me. My permission was not asked, no option to refuse was left me. I simply had to come—why, I cannot myself say, but it was distasteful enough. Now,' he added, 'I am equally compelled to show her to you.'

He went to a window, and, drawing up the blind, beckoned Merivale towards him. Together they gazed out upon the lawn, which a half moon behind drifting clouds was covering with eerie shadows. From the blackness of one of these a figure appeared clad in some long garment, whose straight lines accentuated the weirdness of it, and the face turned towards Arthur Merivale was recognized by him as that of Alice Millings.

With a grasp which broke the cord he let down the blind and staggered back to his chair. Rawlings was the first to break the silence.

'She will hunt the place now,' he said. 'I am too sorry for words. From what passed at Chicago, also, I fear she means to appear to Mrs. Merivale.'

'It is a judgment,' gr. aned Merivale; 'I shall be ruined. My wife and daughter will leave me; for I married her, and have behaved shamefully. Is there no escape?'

'Rawlings's eyes searched his host's face. 'Of course,' he said, 'I did not know you had gone so far, though I did see you were sweet upon her. But I did ask, not at Chicago, but of a New York man, a solicitor, and as 'cute as they make 'em, it there was any way out.'

'And what did he say?'

'Oh, he said he had had more than one case similar—naturally I put it to him hypothetically—and that the law could not touch these people; besides, his opinion is that they have really some inner knowledge and as spirits don't lie, they are sure of their ground. It is a matter of money, like all else on our side of the pond. I advise you to let me cable to try to settle, and you can pay me afterwards, but it will cost you ten thousand dollars at least. I have no idea of the process.'

'My dear Rawlings,' Merivale raised his head with an air of relief, 'if you will undertake that I can never repay you. But you can't cable from here without remark. Do you think you could get the 9.40 to town to-morrow morning? I'll give you a cheque on London, for you must not be out of pocket.'

'As you please,' replied Rawlings. 'In a sense I have brought this upon you, though innocently, and you may count on me.'

'Never mind,' interrupted Merivale generally, 'you are here now, and will, I hope, at least stay the night and take pot-luck with us.'

'To be quite frank,' returned Rawlings, 'I did reckon upon your hospitality, but quite knowing what accommodation, Bridgeford offered, to will remain with pleasure.'

'That's right,' said his host; 'we are just having tea. Come and be introduced to Mrs. Merivale and my daughter.'

The ladies were charmed with the new arrival. Tall and dark, he appeared rather younger than his newly-claimed friend, and possessed all the polish of manner which an American who has travelled much and intelligently is so capable of acquiring.

'Before dinner was over he had quite won the hearts of the entire Merivale family, whom he regaled with carefully selected reminiscences of his former acquaintance with the head of the house, who had met him during a trip to the States which Merivale had taken soon after coming of age. These recollections were continued more freely when the gentleman adjourned to discuss their cigars and coffee in the library.

'Arthur,' remarked Mrs. Merivale that night, 'you must see the constable to-morrow. Cook went out after dinner, and was stopped by a woman who stepped from the shrubbery and gave her a message to me that I should hear from her to-morrow. Cook calls her a ghost, and was so frightened the gave me notice. It is most annoying.'

Merivale next morning 'ped the parting guest' with no small urgency, and, after seeing Rawlings off, with a fat cheque to 'bearer' in his pocket, proceeded to his office, where later in the day, the millowner was written upon by the police sergeant of Bridgeford.

'It's this way, sir,' explained the caller, 'we are after one 'Vesper,' wanted for embezzlement in the States, and a lot on this side, and as he is thought to be about here I require this warrant endorsed for him and a woman with him by the name of Millings. I'd be a feather in Bridgeford's cap to collar them—I hope we may.'

Arthur Merivale, J. P., sincerely hoped inwardly—that no such distinction would come to the town of his activity, or to any other.

Koladermic Skin Food

Cures impurities of the skin, drives freckles, such as redness, and other skin troubles, and brings fresh, rosy and blackheads to the surface...

BORN.

Lansburg, June 9, to the wife Wm. Wilf, a son. Shelburne, June 9, to Mr. and Mrs. John Hood, a son. Yarmouth, June 9, to the wife of Mr. Cleveland, a son. Shelburne, June 9, to the wife of John Hood, a son. Westville, June 14, to the wife of John Carrigan, a son. Long Island, June 14, to the wife of E. L. Gould, a son. Mr. Denson, June 9, to the wife of Fred Fankner, a son. Lunenburg, June 2, to the wife of Ralph Mailman, a son. Hantsport, June 10, to the wife of Fred E. Pentz, a daughter. Truro, June 15, to the wife of William McMillan, a daughter. Bridgewater, June 7, to the wife of H. B. Shaw, a daughter. Amherst, June 14, to the wife of James Bulmer, a daughter. Windsor, June 7, to the wife of Mr. Simpson, a daughter. New York, June 15, to the wife of B. C. Nash, a daughter. Lunenburg, June 4, to the wife of Wilford Wile, a daughter. Springhill, June 11, to the wife of Charles Atkinson, a son. Spryfield, June 12, to the wife of Michael Lindsay, a son. Magalloway, June 12, to the wife of A. B. Ross, a son. Sealton, June 31, to the wife of A. H. Dimock, a son. Lunenburg, June 11, to the wife of Hubert West, a son. Hantsport, June 12, to the wife of John H. Johnston, a son. Westville, June 15, to the wife of Daniel Johnston, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Montreal, June 1, Jack Martin to Mand Jordan. Summerside, June 16, Alexander Ellis to Agnes Fraser. Halifax, June 19, Rev. N. LeMoine, Reuben G. Rent to Edith Kaye. Cambridge, by Rev. E. O. Reid, J. R. Webster to Una Caldwell. Mansfield, June 9, by Rev. Mr. Lewis, Silas Smith to Miss Nelson. Amherst, by Rev. D. MacGregor, W. F. McPhie to Isabel Spencer. Oxford, June 19, by Rev. C. Munro, Robert Riches to Lily Mountain. Halifax, by Rev. N. Le Moine, Reuben G. Rent to Harriet E. Kaye. Hantsport, June 12, by Rev. W. L. Parker, George Lewis to E. T. Wanser. Truro, June 12, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, John Logan to Annie Turner. North Sydney, June 10, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Geo. Rose and Alice Lorman. Stellarton, June 7, by Rev. W. M. Tufts, Bessie M. Inglis to John F. Lynch. Halifax, June 12, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Edmund Sullivan to Mabel Taylor. Truro, May 31, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, James W. Swan to Annie McLean. Halifax, June 11, by Rev. F. Moriarty, William Edwards to Annie Morsh. Halifax, June 12, by Rev. Dr. Heaz, Augustus Ferrell to Minnie Cassidy. Bedford, June 14, by Rev. E. Dixon, George R. Barret to Annie A. Card. Shelburne June 8, by Rev. J. E. Chase, Wm. E. Delaney to Miss Dison. Boston, June 14, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, W. J. McLean, to Melinda Adams. Kings' Co., June 9, by Elder A. Woodworth, Wm. Hunsley to Mary McDonald. E. H. Dwyer, June 8, by Pastor A. E. Ingram, Winifred Feder to Chas. McArthur. Boston, June 7, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, John S. Stramjan to Ann A. McFayden. New Glasgow, June 14, by Rev. A. Rogers, Robert Pello to Elizabeth Jane Ferrer. Sydney, June 13, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Percie Peiera to Annabelle McKenzie. Upper Stewiacke, June 14, by Rev. J. B. McLean, John Fisher to Maggie Lawson. Truro, June 14, by Rev. R. G. Strathis, J. D. Murray Crockett, to Miss Jessie Hall. Dartmouth, June 12, by Rev. Fred Wilkinson, Jas. E. Fanner to Nellie F. Wheby. King's Co., June 9, by Elder Arthur Woodworth, Henry Sarkhouse to Dora Butler. Upper Stewiacke, June 14, by Rev. J. B. McLean, John E. Fisher to Maggie Lawson. Wentworth Station, June 13, by Rev. J. B. Hez, Ruth G. Ross to Selma J. Purdy. Falmouth, June 13, by Rev. Richardson, Warren O. Watson to Madge Smith. St. John, June 16, by Rev. J. A. Gordon assisted by Rev. E. W. Kelly, J. Fred Fraser, to Lary Bell. Windsor, June 13, by Rev. Canon Maynard, assisted by Rev. J. McKay, Rev. Chas. Wm. Vernon to Bessie O. McGill.

DIED.

Coloquid, June 8, Amanda Best 66. Boston, May 21, George Rankine 57. Boston, June 13, Walter L. Scott 23. New Glasgow, June 14, John Kerr 65. Gushetown, June 10, Thomas Henry 93. Halifax, June 14, Margaret A. Belcher. Halifax, June 14, Margaret McNeil 77. Falmouth, June 3, Mrs. Joel Payson 77. Southville, June 11, Fannie St. Babine 75. New Glasgow, June 12, John W. Hill 75. McElroy Ridge, June 7, James Morton 65. Elmwood, June 8, Miss Alfred McNeil 58. St. Stephen, June 11, wife of John Waller 75. R. Kirby, June 10, Melville Merritt 9 months. West Pubnico, June 9, Mrs. Jas. D'Entremont. Digby, June 14, infant son of Edward L. Gould. St. John, June 14, Emma, wife of J. A. Fowler. Soosville, Mass., June 10, M. M. Wilson. Little River, June 13, Henry J. Ponsory 48. De Wolfe Corner, June 9, Elizabeth McGeorge 80. Milltown, June 11, Mary L., wife of John McLean 25. Boston, June 12, Margaret, wife of William Johnson 78. Clark's Harbor, June 8, Willie N., wife of John N. Dunlop 31. Loch Lomond, June 19, Annie, daughter of Bertram and Helen. Halifax, June 15, Joseph P., infant son of James De Young 5 months. St. John, June 14, Sarah J., widow of the late Thomas Robinson 51.

No Mystery THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. The Sherwin-Williams Paints are not patent paints, nor chemical paints, but pure white lead and zinc and oil and drier and color and nothing else. These make honest paints that cover most and best, and wear longest. There is a reason why these are the best paints. This reason is not a secret nor a mystery. It is because by hard study, hard work and patient improvement for thirty years we have made the best paints that can be made.

SHARP KNIVES and Scissors are caused by buying those bearing the registered mark of WALTER'S Celebrated TRUE BRAND CUTLERY. Leading dealers sell them.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SATURDAY SUBURBAN EXCURSION.

Tickets now on sale at St. John, Saturdays, good to return until Monday following date of sale, at following rates, viz:

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Rate. Includes South Bay, Lunenburg, Digby, etc.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, June 19th, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Edward. DAILY SERVICE. Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr. Digby 10.00 a.m. Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. St. John, 3.45 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p.m.

S.S. Prince George. BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every Monday and Thursday.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows:

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

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y. New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock (standard).

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John every Saturday at 4.30 p.m.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1.30 p.m.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTPORT TERMINALS, together with through bills of lading, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. R. H. FLEHING, Agent. New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager. 4-11 Broadway, New York City.

1899 1899. THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED.

For Boston and Halifax VIA Yarmouth.

Shortest and Most Direct Route. Only 15 to 16 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.

Two Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston. THE STEAMER BOSTON WILL leave Yarmouth every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY evenings.

Return on will leave Lewis' wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at noon. Regular mail carried on steamer.

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer 'CITY OF MONTICELLO' leaves Casars' wharf, Halifax, every Monday (midnight) for Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 106 Hollis Street, North Street, Halifax, N. S., or to any agents on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 124 Hollis street, or L. E. BAKER, President and Director, Yarmouth N. B., January 23, 1899.

SAILINGS OF THE STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 25th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 6.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p.m. local.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock (standard).

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