



SHADES OF CITY LIFE.

BRENNY PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

The Ball Game Between the Houltons and St. John's—Brought to Justice for Diluting Milk—The Triumph of the Crescent—What is Going on in the City.

I wonder if that baptist convention badge third baseman Shannon wore in Friday's game, a week ago, had anything to do with the Roses defeat.

By some slant of the fates or meteorological coincidence the St John Bicycle and Athletic Club were furnished with a fairly fine night for their sports on Wednesday evening last.

The boys bore up with job-like patience, but the virtuous quality in them had been worked up almost to the safety-valve limit during the season, and farther check-mating on the part of the elements would have caused little streaks of brain softening among them it is stated by cranium specialists.

A week from Monday will be Labor Day, a public holiday both in Canada and in the adjoining republic and yet no move has been made by the citizens of St. John to have this twenty four hours set apart in honor of the nations' mighty throng, commemorated. Perhaps, and no doubt the jubilee festivities drained too heavily upon the resources of our local celebrants to warrant a repetition of such displays, even in much less extensive degree, at so near a date. However one would think the hardy handed population would not let their red-letter day slip by unnoticed except by the flaunting of a few extra yards of bunting and by out-of-town celebrations.

One would think in noticing the deep tiers of bicycles, "male and female," as they stood continuously in the big lobby of Main street Baptist church this last ten days or thereabouts, that indeed the rubber-footed machines had come to stay. When the virtues of a "new" thing is given so much recognition by the broad-clothed brethren of the hard-shell Baptist denomination it must indeed be worth having. Almost every style and make of bike seen in these parts was represented sometime during the Convention season, pastors and delegates from all corners of the three provinces bringing with them their wheels and making use of them while in the city.

The Roses baseball team are commencing to regard the seventh inning in any of their baseball matches as their fatal at-the-bat season. In it they either lose or win. Three games in succession they have won in the seventh, while again they have lost at that stage of the game. In their first game with the Houltons they piled up a big score during the lucky inning, but the pile wasn't quite as high as the visitors afterwards raised. Mentioning the Houltons it might just be here stated that they were the most gentlemanly lot of players that ever struck St. John; but perhaps that is saying a little too much. At any rate they were as well-behaved as any who ever visited this city since the days of "fire eating" and "high-ball" baseball.

It is indeed a rare incident when a man is brought to justice for diluting milk with water, although such crimes, I suppose it has reached that stage now, are tully deserving of an exacting penalty. In a great many cases the milkman's best cow is the old oaken bucket or the new fangled pump and in winter when his money making facility is frozen up he wishes he was out of the "milk" business. Since the tuberculosis scare has been in vogue the lactal fluid has undergone enough of the severest cross-examinations and analytical "scrutinizations" to turn it a "why" from its natural color and likeness altogether. We now have hygienic milk farms as well as corsets under that name, sterilized milk for the incorrigible infant and the pasteurized article for any who wish it. What avenues of shekel-gathering have been opened up by that germey looking word "tuberculosis"?

But return to my text, as Rev. Mr. Thirdly has it; a case of actual fine-imposing for watering milk is reported from the Norton district along the I. C. R. One resident existing under the romantic cognomen of Valentine Cripps, who was accused, tried and found guilty of adulterating his dairy product and of selling it in such a state to a cheese factory near by, was fined thirty five dollars. No analytical explorations were necessary, the fact being quite evident that the milk had been mixed. This is another case of drowsy justice waking and catching one of the many in the very act of wrong doing while his many predecessors and unlimited number of successors have and will doubtless go scott free; the funny part of it all is to me, the fine

was imposed in the country, where, it it had been in the city with its thousands of people, and all or most of them using questionable milk, the case might not have been thought so much of.

I consider the bakers of North America to be perhaps the most providentially favored tradesmen of all occupations. It only necessitates an inordinate uneasiness in the wheat market to set them universally on the qui vive for raising the price of bread, a cent or two cents according to the height attained by the cereal product on the great markets. Now take for instance the present upheaval in wheat markets in our own dominion and across the border. No sooner had the telegraph ticked the intelligence of a heightening in wheat, than St. John bakers set about to consider when and how much extra they should make the bread-eating population pay for their chiefest food. Flour they claim has gone up a dollar and a half per barrel and consequently, in order to make their bread business pay they must of necessity tack on the extra cent. This may all be very true for the time being, but just wait and see if the bakers remove the proposed extra charge with the same readiness when wheat drops to its normal, or below par, status.

The last sensation among the pugilistic elite has been caused by the startling announcement that John Lawrence Sullivan, the immortal John L., will in the near future seek the suffrages of the people of Boston for the exalted position of Mayor. No doubt this pet bruiser has, through the all-sufficient agency of a preponderous head, natural or otherwise, come to the conclusion that the majority of those living in Boston, that alleged seat of culture, are so in love with John himself and his fistic argumentative force, that his coming candidature and election would be the surest possible. There is one thing about it; Corbett's victim will not in a year receive the remuneration in presiding over the civic-political board that he has often gained by a single brutal blow when presiding over the roped circle in his most unparliamentary fashion. nor will he receive one thousandth part of the plaudits of the world's population, nor the amount of notoriety. All these count in human nature. Still John L. may want to end his days in an honorable manner as possible and tiring of the gloves as a mode of earning a living turn his power, mental no doubt, in a more foreign direction, perhaps simply for the pleasant diversion he thinks it will afford. We will all look for the outcome of his debut in civic affairs in breathless silence. The Athens of America with a bull-dog fighter for a chief magistrate; just think of it!

There is not the least doubt about it but that St. John is British through and through, from the "proposed boulevard" on the south to Reed's Castle on the north and from its western limit to eastern side of the dilapidated post sticking up out of Courtney bay creek. The least flurry of warlike ness sets the population moving as if only such displays do and once agog with that good old lion like feeling it is some time before our city is restored to its original ways. Despite the fact that our town was chock full of United States people last week, and cooing and billing with the American eagle was quite in order, it only took the single thunder boom of H. M. S. Crescent's arrival gun to fill the breast of every queen lover with that indescribable emotion, peculiar to the Union Jack born; Her Majesty's ship was in port and citizens, old as well as those of more recent generations, would enjoy an object lesson in the empire's fighting might and peace preservative power. "Her Majesty's Jollies" filled the town and owned it freely while they remained, while on the other hand our citizens, their wives and families took possession of the Crescent. The warship's short stay was of high mutual enjoyment and notwithstanding the early hour on Sunday morning a large crowd congregated on the wharves to wave a parting salute and raise a farewell cheer as the flagship with her six hundred odd tars and officers departed. The Crescent's siren bid adieu to the country for miles around.

THE ST. JOHN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE Boston, Mass., June 9, 1897. DEAR SIR—Some five years ago my father gave me a three mo's course at your college. Today I am an equal partner in the firm of Lornier & Baird of this city. I can trace my success directly to your college, and wish to convey my sincere thanks for your very kind personal attention to me. You may not remember me among so many, but may remember placing me with Mr. A. McAtee, Waterloo, N. B. EDWARD BAIRD. Business and Shorthand circulars mailed to any address. No vacation. S. KERR & SON.

IN NEWGATE PRISON.

The Prison was a Notsome Place in Queen Elizabeth's Day.

In St. Nicholas there is the story of 'Master Skylark,' the story of Shakespeare's time, written by John Bennett. One of the leading characters, Gaston Carew, a ruffing player, has been put in Newgate for killing a companion at cards. The hero, Nick Atwood, the 'Skylark,' visits him there:

It was a foul, dark place, and full of evil smells. Drops of water stood on the cold stone walls, and a green mold crept along the floor. The air was heavy and dark, and it began to be hard for Nick to breathe.

'Up with thee,' said the turnkey gruffly, unlocking the door to the stairs.

The common room above was packed with miserable wretches. The strongest kept the window- ledges near light and air by sheer main force, and were dicing on the dirty sill. The turnkey pushed and banged his way through them, Nick clinging desperately to his jerkin.

In the cell at the end of the corridor there was a Spanish renegade who railed at the light when the door was opened, and railed at the darkness when it closed. 'Cesare el Moro, Cesare el Moro,' he was saying over and over again to himself, as if he fears he might forget his own name.

Carew was in the middle cell, ironed hand and foot. He had torn his sleeves and tucked the lace under the rough edges of the metal to keep them from chafing the skin. He sat on a pile of dirty straw, with his face in his folded arms upon his knees. By his side was a broken biscuit and an empty stone jug. He had his fingers in his ears to shut out the tolling of the knell for the men who had gone to be hanged.

The turnkey shook the bars. 'Here, wake up!' he said.

Carew looked up. His eyes were swollen, and his face was covered with a two day's beard. He had slept in his clothes, and they were full of broken straw and crumpled. And they haggard face lit up when he saw the boy, and he came to the grating with an eager exclamation: 'And thou hast truly come? To the man thou dost hate so bitterly, but will not hate any more. Come, Nick, thou wilt not hate any more. 'Twill not be worth thy while. Nick; the night is coming fast.'

'Why, sir,' said Nick, 'it is not so dark outside—'t is scarcely noon; and thou wilt soon be out.'

'Out? Ay, on Tyburn Hill' said the masterplayyer quietly. 'I've spent my whole life for a bit of henpen cord, I've taken my last cue. Last night, at 12 o'clock, I heard the bellman under the prison walls call my name with those of the already condemned. The play is nearly out Nick, and the people will be going home. It has been a wild play, Nick, and ill played.'

Compromises.

Though life is said to be made up of compromises, there are a good many people who do not like them.

Marriage in particular is said to be an affair of compromises. One gentleman said of his experience:

'My wife and I began our married life by a compromise. She wanted to go to Quebec for our wedding journey, and I wanted to go to Niagara, and so we compromised on New York city, where neither one of us wanted to go. All our compromises since have been much of the same character.'

Rather more profitable was the compromise recorded of another married couple. In this case the husband wished to have flannel sheets, and the wife wished to have cotton ones. 'And so,' said the husband, in relating the arrangement arrived at, 'we compromised on cotton.'

In this case somebody at least was satisfied.

TWO WAYS.

There are two ways to go into business. One is to pick it up by experience—slowly, imperfectly. The other way is to go to a business school—a school that picks out what you have got to know in business. If you want to be better than the average, write me.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELLOUS Transforming Sign; nothing like it; pays big money; saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALLY CO., 24 Adelaide street, East Toronto.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 28, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Felt. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 48 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Bothessay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house, known as the Tins property, about one and a half miles from Bothessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. B. Fessenden, Barrister-at-Law, Fuglesy Buildings. 24-6-4.

Down HIGH PRICES. WASHINGTON SPECIAL Former Price \$100.00, NET PRICE \$44.50. E. & B. SPECIAL Former Price \$85.00, Net Price \$39.80. New England Roadster Former Price \$75.00, Net Price \$34.60. I can also sell you a wheel manufactured and guaranteed by the Chicago Scale Co., at \$29.90, wheels are all up to date, (1897 models) finely finished and decorated, a guarantee as Good as Gold with each wheel. Second Hand Bicycles \$5.00 to \$15.00. Second Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange for New Machines. The Latest Out Bicycle Electric Light, Retail \$4.00. ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, TYPEWRITERS at Rock Bottom Prices. Organs \$40.00 up. Sewing Machines \$19.50 up. The Handsome Mozart Organ.. Guaranteed Twenty-Five Years. Beautiful Tone—Six Sets Reeds—Eighteen Stops—Magnificent Case Former Price \$175.00. Net Price, \$69.90. THE HANDSOME PERFECTION SEWING MACHINE, Full set of attachments, Guaranteed for Ten Years, Former Price \$75.00. Net Price \$29.90... The AMERICAN TYPEWRITER Retail Price \$12.00. TERMS CASH C. O. D. or Instalments of \$2 per month. WANTED A Smart Hustling Agent to take exclusive control of the American Typewriter, in the City of St. John, to whom discounts will be furnished on application. D. A. McLELLAN, West New Annapolis, Colchester Co., Nova Scotia. Manufacturers Agent for Maritime Provinces.

Prepare For Winter..... Now is the time to have your old Furnaces repaired, or to decide about a new one. A little later the Fall rush will be on, therefore we would suggest the desirability of having this work attended to now, when it can be done more promptly as well as more cheaply. FURNACES for WOOD or COAL—All Sizes. EMERSON & FISHER. 75 Prince William Street. P. S.—A Second-hand Furnace for sale cheap. T. O'LEARY, Blair, Ruel & Blair, Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars. BARRISTERS, ETC., 16 DUKE STREET, 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The saying that "Coming events cast their shadows before" is so frequently verified that it is accepted generally as a truism.

The first of these entertainments to take place here is a song recital to be given at the Opera house by Madame Renard a musician of much repute.

Then there is another mention of a concert to be given here early next month by the well and favorably known basso—Mr. Thomas Daniel, now of Boston.

Further on but in the near future will take place the two concerts in which that great vocalist—America's greatest alto—Mary Louise Clary, will be heard.

Another concert of much musical merit is spoken of but as it is more remote than either of these named, there will be other opportunities of referring to it.

Tones and Undertones.

After an absence of two years Carl Zerraban will resume his position as conductor of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston.

Alexander Guilman, the famous French organist will in November next begin a three months tour of the United States.

Madame Clementine De Vere Sopio has been singing at Covent Garden, London.

The Paris conservatory awarded no first prize for organ playing this year.

Saint-Saens will conduct the performance of his operas at Covent Garden, London, next spring.

Jean de Reszke the famous tenor, was so impressed with the voice of one of the Abbott sisters, two American girls who have been singing "plantation songs" in London drawing rooms and music halls, that he has offered to educate her for the operatic stage.

The one-hundredth performance of "Paraisal" was given last week at Bayreuth on the occasion of the closing of the festival.

The Princess of Wales was present.

The Marquis de Mailly-Nesle the former husband of the wife of Jean de Reszke, is dead.

Verdi's first opera "Oberto" will be revived on the occasion of his 85th birthday which will be opened on the 9th, October next.

A: "Have you heard the eight-year old violin player who is creating such a sensation?" B: "Oh, yes; I heard him in Berlin twelve years ago."

There is a rumor current that Dvorak is working upon an opera on the theme of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A new opera entitled "Falena" will shortly be given in Vienna. Its author is Antonio Smareglia the Austrian composer.

Mascagni is said to have discovered a very promising pupil among his students at Pesaro, and next winter will take him on a concert tour visiting the principal German cities.

The one act opera "Hashiah" will be produced in the United States during the coming season. Arrangements to this end have been made with Walter Damrosch by Oscar Von Chelius its author.

Meyerbeer's works are coming into vogue again in Paris. A performance of "Les Huguenots" at the grand opera recently netted 22,000 francs.

The Handel festivals in England were started 40 years ago and the attendance during that period has reached the total of 1,075,933.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mora, the clever little lady, known very generally as "the Comedy Sunbeam" has, with her company including Fred Williams been at the Opera house the first three evenings of this week.

The Boston museum season was opened last Monday evening by Roland Reed, as has been the custom for some years past.

Mlle. Rosalie Morrison will be leading lady for Joseph Jefferson when he revives "The Cricket on the Hearth."

A Miss Mildred Holland has been engaged to play the part of Fan Shau in "The Little Vagante," the coming season.

"Secret Service" Gillette's successful play made such a hit in London that other managers are about to introduce American plays in that city.

Katherine Rober, the irrepressible, will be playing a Boston engagement shortly. She will be at the grand opera house in that city on Sept. 6th.

J. J. Farrell who was leading man with Miss Anglin, when she appeared in this city, goes with Pitou's "Shall we Forgive Her," next season.

"Dr. Bill," a play seen in this city and which when produced here was one of the most ingeniously advertised things ever done here, up to that time, is being given at the Castle Square theatre Boston this week.

Joseph Arthur says he considers "The Cherry Pickers" his master piece. This is the play in which Miss Ethel Knight Mollison of this city played with so much success, the role of the Indian girl all last season.

The Wagner Museum at Eisenach is now opened for visitors. It was originated by N. Oesterlein of Vienna.

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The Hollis theatre Boston, will open the season on Sept. 6th (Labor-day) with a performance of McNally's play "Courtied into Court."

"The Cotton King," which was seen here for the first time this summer, is to be given at the Bowdoin Square theatre Boston, next week.

Otis Skinner who is to star this season in "Prince Radolph" opens his season and the regular dramatic season of the house, at the Olympic theatre, St. Louis, on the 14th September.

There will be some changes in the cast of "Under the Red Robe" in New York this season. Giles Shine has been engaged by Charles Frohman to play the part of the Cardinal Richelieu.

TWO HISTORIC MEN OF NEVADA.

Eugene Blair, the Guano and Van Sickle, Who killed Sam Brown.

"Wild Bill" was a desperado and a dangerous one, although I must say for him that he did his killing chiefly among bad men.

Col. S. C. Dixon, a Southwestern mine owner, was telling of old Nevada days at an uptown hotel, and his subject at the moment was Eugene Blair, a guard and messenger for the Wells-Fargo Express Company at an early time.

"The prisoner was handcuffed, of course, and Blair sat beside him in the coach. It was generally thought that Bill's friends would try to rescue him somewhere on the road, which led Blair to say to him:

"Bill, I've heard that your friends are going to get you away from me between here and Carson if they can. Likely enough they will, but it's fair to tell you that it'll never do you any good, for I shall shoot you dead at the first break they make. It's well to have the matter understood between us."

"All right, Blair," said Wild Bill in a cheerful way, but the officer's remark set him to thinking. As they came near Elko he grew uneasy. Pioche was not a comfortable or safe town for Bill to be at that time, but before they got to the station he asked Blair to take him back there.

"The fact is I've got friends at Elko, and I'm afraid if we go there they'll put up a move to rescue me," he said. "If they try it I know you'll do just as you said. I think my chances are better to go back than go ahead."

"But word got to the friends somehow of what would happen if they interfered, and Blair took his prisoner to Carson with no trouble."

Eugene Blair was from the State of Maine, and came to Nevada among the pioneers. He was very tall, long-limbed, and muscular, quick motion, ready, and perfectly brave. His killing of Bill Davis, the stage robber, was an exploit that showed his wonderful courage and readiness.

Davis had been the leader in the great Birdseye robbery, in which a Central Pacific train was stopped between Reno and

"I guess I've been victimized." That's the guess of a hard-working man, who, worn-out, nervous and sleepless, has been for months paying exorbitant bills to a high-priced doctor without a dollar's worth of benefit. Frequently the guess is entirely correct. There are too many doctors who are only lifted out of obscurity by the size of their bills.

The business man or working man who gets run-down and in ill-health from over-cases of cases he has cured, and not for the thousands of dollars he has charged. In Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., he will find that kind of a physician. For thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo.

He is the discoverer of a wonderful medicine known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a marvelous medicine for broken down men and women. It whets the appetite, purifies the blood, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active.

Through the blood it acts directly on every organ of the body, driving out impurities and disease germs. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion, malaria, liver troubles, rheumatism, blood and skin diseases and 98 per cent of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, spitting blood, lingering coughs and kindred ailments. When you ask a dealer for the "Golden Medical Discovery" insist upon having it. A dealer is not a physician and has no right to advise some substitute.

When the trouble is of long standing write to Dr. Pierce, who will answer letters from sufferers without charge. Very serious or complicated cases, or those needing surgical treatment, sometimes find it necessary to come to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, for personal treatment and care. Dr. Pierce can be addressed there.

Tahoe and a big haul made by the bandits. Davis was captured and tried for this, but by revealing where \$50,000 of the plunder was hidden he got off with a year or two in the penitentiary. He took to the road again after his release, and one night, as the stage rattled along between Pioche and Elko, with Blair sitting on the box beside the driver, Bill Davis, with a confederate, appeared at the roadside and drew down a shotgun on the messenger.

"Hands up, Blair!" he called. "I've got you!"

"There was no time for Blair to use a weapon, but he rolled off the coach to the ground on the further side before the robber could fire. He dashed round the rear of the coach to Davis, wrested the shotgun from the robber's hands, and shot him dead with his own weapon. The other robber ran, and Blair chased him four hours through the sagebrush, capturing him at last. You can judge by this what kind of man Blair was, and his killing of Davis was only one of many deadly shooting affairs he had in discharge of his duty. He killed so many men on the Wells-Fargo lines, and upset so many schemes of robbery, that it seemed certain, sooner or later, that he would be killed in revenge. To save his life the express company retired him with a pension and he settled in Pioche. After his long career of danger on the road he lived quietly at Pioche to die at last from injuries received through his being run over by a load of wood.

"By the way, I have heard the story of the killing of the desperado, Sam Brown, from the lips of Van Sickle, the ranchman who shot him. You know, perhaps, what a terror Brown was in the early history of Nevada. He was naturally bad. Murder was a past time, and to disembowel a man in a barroom was part of a pleasant evening's entertainment to 'Long-Haired' Brown. There was no law in those days, and a man like he could run his course a long time without punishment. Brown was one of the gang who operated along the main trail between Carson City and the Utah line robbing emigrants coming overland to California. Van Sickle's ranch, twelve miles below Carson, was a sort of way station or hotel for travellers. Brown thought the ranchman had ill-used him in some transaction and he let his feelings be known, so when he rode up to Van Sickle's house one afternoon the owner thought it prudent to hail him from the doorway before he dismounted and ask what he wanted.

"I want you!" growled Sam Brown, in a tone that made Van Sickle turn back into the house in a hurry. Brown sent a shot after him as he went after him as he went through the door way, and then dismounted, tied his horse to a post, and went into the house to find the ranchman. He got as far as the dining room, and not finding Van Sickle, came back, stopped for a drink at a little room that served as a bar, and then went out to his horse, mounted him, and rode on in the direction of Late Old's ranch, eight miles away. After he was gone Van Sickle appeared with his rifle in hand and looked after the desperado as he rode away.

"You must kill Brown today or he'll kill you," said Jake Moore, Van Sickle's clerk. "I guess that's so," said Van Sickle, and sent word to his neighbors. In a short time a party was organized and started in pursuit of Brown, four or five men riding in a wagon and Van Sickle and two others on horseback. Four miles out they came in sight of Brown just as dusk was falling. He turned and Van Sickle fired at him with his rifle, missing him. Brown rode on, and they lost sight of him in the darkness. Late Old's ranch was a mile of the trail. Van Sickle felt sure that Brown would go there, and, with the other two mounted men, took a cross-cut to the ranch, hoping to get there before he did. He was not there and Late Old said he had not seen him. As they stood talking in the shadow of the barn some one came riding up in the darkness and Late Old said:

"That's Brown, I know by the jingle of his spurs."

"He walked over to the fence to let down the bars, and as Brown rode into the yard Van Sickle with his rifle, shot the desperado dead from his horse. When Van Sickle told the story he showed me a six-shooter."

"This was Sam Brown's," he said. "It was the only thing of his I took after I killed him. I let the others that were with me take the rest."

"Van Sickle, who I believe still lives on his ranch in Carson Valley was a medium sized, stoutly built Dutch-looking man, a Jerseyman by birth. He was one of the Mormon emigrants who settled in Carson City when Nevada was part of Utah, and refused to return to Utah at the command of Brigham Young when Nevada was sent off as a State. Sam Brown was a Mormon who came to Nevada from Utah, where he probably had been a Danite."

Yours, Mine and Ours.

A Western paper tells a story of a mixed brood of children which reveals the confusion liable to exist in certain families.

A widower and a widow, each having children, married, and children were subsequently born to them. The parents agreed much better than the children did. One day a neighbor going past their place heard a commotion within, out of which rose the voice of the wife, screaming to the husband:

"Jim! Jim! Hurry out in the yard! Your children and my children are beating the lives out of our children!"

SUPERSTITIONS.

Strange Ideas concerning the Luck of the Queen's Coronation.

The London Truth gives the following inside view of a great historical event, said to have been hitherto unpublished:

When Sir Charles Napier had conquered Mahomet Ali, he found it impossible to force or coax the wily Egyptian into signing the treaty which only could make his victory effective. He had nineteen interviews with Mahomet, in which the Englishman by turns argued, flattered and threatened his antagonist, who listened day after day with the same immovable, smiling countenance.

One day Sir Charles, in speaking of England, said casually that it "was governed by a lucky woman." A strange flash passed over the pasha's countenance, but he made no answer. As soon as Napier was gone, Mehemet sent for the English consul, who was an Egyptian, and demanded:

"You were in London when the English queen was crowned. Were the omens bad or good?"

"All good."

"You think that good luck is written on her forehead?"

"I did not think upon the matter before, but now that you asked me, I believe that it is. When she asked Allah to help her in her work her eyes ran over. Allah loves the innocent."

"No doubt of that," said Mehemet, anxiously. "She must be lucky."

Early the next morning he sent for Sir Charles and signed the treaty. English power and English cannon he could brave, but not the 'luck' written upon the forehead of a good woman whom he had never seen.

General Gordon's remarkable influence over the Chinese was in a large degree due, it is stated to their belief in his extraordinary luck. During the Taiping rebellion he was followed by an army who did not comprehend either his ability or his religious zeal, but who believed that he was protected by an invisible Being who led him to victory. No sword could wound him nor bullet kill. A certain black ebony cane which he carried was supposed to be the magic talisman which brought him victory, and General Gordon was shrewd enough always to carry this cane when he led them into battle.

These superstitions seem absurd to us, but they at least show that the ignorant men who hold them believe in an invisible Power who can give good or ill fortune at His will. Are they more foolish than the educated busy man, who recognizes no power in life stronger than his own will and effort?

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 26.

SAYINGS OF JESUS.

Considerable attention has been attracted to a papyrus manuscript found last January in Egypt, and called from its initial words the 'Sayings of Jesus.' It has been received with an equanimity and interest in theological circles that would not have been accorded to it thirty years ago, when divinity scholars were less tolerant than now. Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT says concerning this spirit of tolerance:

Each of us is learning that he does not "know it all." . . . We may certainly see that the close of the Nineteenth Century is far in advance of the beginning, in the juster comparative estimate which it puts on speculative thought and practical life, in the more exact estimate which each one puts upon his own opinions and in the greater readiness each to give respectful consideration to the opinions of his neighbors.

Yet to the great multitude the announcement of this discovery must come as an unwelcome shock, because it disturbs their preconceptions as to the origin and function of the Bible. It authenticates sayings of the Great Master whose inspired words give life, and to be found outside of the Bible, the prestige of that Book would seem to them rather shaken than strengthened. Such events go to indicate that another Bible may yet be found in the Crypts of Egypt, and the scroll rooms of Sinai, Athens and Constantinople whence came "The Teachings of the Apostles," a few years ago. That manuscript treatise, discovered in 1883 by BRYENNUS, of Nicomedia, was a similar find, only it is longer, and is placed by the Berlin critic Harnack, somewhat earlier, for he received it as genuine and dated it somewhere about the middle of the Second century. The fourteen years which have elapsed since its discovery have caused the temporary sensation it created to die out. It is now seen that it has no effect on the New Testament Canon, and gives small aid to destructive criticism. Equally innocuous will the "Logia" or "Sayings of Jesus" prove.

The "Logia" is a leaf of papyrus about as large as the ordinary duodecimo book and is conjectured to have been inscribed toward the close of the second century. It was brought to light by BERNARD P. GRENFELL and ARTHUR S. HUNT and is written in Hellenistic Greek. The inscription consists of seven short paragraphs each beginning with the Greek words for "Jesus says," except the first, where they are obliterated. An eighth paragraph is illegible. Of the contents, every one suggests some verse in the New Testament, although differing in form. The first concerns the mote in the brother's eye; the second, fasting to the world in order to find the Kingdom of God; the third is a touching lament that Jesus is alone in the world because all are drunk and none a thirst; the fourth is illegible; the fifth refers to the mode in which Jesus will be with man, and contains two gaps; the sixth speaks of prophets and physicians dishonored at home; and the seventh alluded to a city set on a hill. We give this much that our readers who do not see theological and critical journals may better comprehend a matter over which many a pulpit will be vociferous.

What then is the practical outcome of this find? The fragment is older than any palimpsest or vellum of New Testament text. It indicates the presence in the second century of many like records, concerning Jesus in circulation before the New Testament canon was formed. This corresponds with what PAPIAS, of the same century, says—namely, that in his day many gathered "logia" from survivors of eye witnesses of CHRIST'S life. Still earlier LUKE speaks of "many who have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of the things which are most surely believed among us;"

while the author of JOHN'S gospel says there are many things that Jesus did, so that "if they were written every one, the world itself could not contain the books that should be written," thus plainly showing that the idea of such records was a familiar one to him. The discovery of this Egyptian papyrus corresponds with what we are thus led to expect, and in form it seems like a fragment from some compilation of CHRIST'S words, such as must have been common among early Christians. Its recovery leads us not to despair of other like finds in the monasteries of the East.

The fragment in review also goes far to confirm the contention of the higher critics that there were original traditions and books to which the Canonical gospels are indebted. Indeed PAUL quotes sayings of CHRIST as familiar to his readers that are not in the gospel. The result is thus summed up by the New York evening Post: "The discovery, therefore, establishes the scientific validity of the New Testament higher criticism beyond cavil. It is only a valid science that can predict the unknown and this Egyptian find of Messrs. GRENFELL and HUNT does for the methods of the New Testament critics what the discovery of Neptune did for LEVERRIER'S mathematics—establishes them as incontrovertible."

It is admittedly true that the hand of small employment hath the daintier sense, and it is also true that as compared with the hand of man the hand of woman exceeds in the delicacy of touch. By reason of this superiority in many employments, requiring exceeding fineness and nobility of execution, women are preferred, and they are pushing men aside. It is announced that as the result of long and careful experiment, the governor of the Bank of France has now intrusted the work of detection of forged bank notes and of debentures with altered numbers entirely to a special corps of women clerks. He declares that the keen sensibility of their finger tips enables them in handling a note to distinguish the difference, however slight, between the forged and the real article. Keeness of sight as well as of touch is necessary in detecting the false numbering of debenture, and success in this work depends upon the discovery of the difference in symmetry of figures and the slight shades of difference in the ink used. The world has been a long time in finding out and putting to use the feminine superiorities which make the employment of women in certain lines of work a matter of course as well as of dexterity and profit; but of late years their sphere of usefulness has been rapidly enlarged. Not without demerit, but surely, bright women are making inroads upon very many forms of indoor work which were once masculine monopolies.

The first class of women to undertake to become veterinarians will begin its studies in the New York college of veterinary Surgeons next month. Probably none of these female students expect to practice in the case of horses and the larger cattle; for there is, indeed, a large field open to such graduates in the care and treatment of the multitude of smaller inhabitants of the animal kingdom and of domestic pets. Indeed the faculty of the college seem to have been inspired by the demand for this kind of service to originate this new and progressive movement in the veterinary science.

The resignation of Mr. GEORGE U. HAY from the principalship of the Victoria school is a matter of universal regret among those interested in the success of the city schools and educational matters generally. Mr. HAY has been a faithful and efficient teacher for many years and the want of courtesy shown him is not creditable to the school board.

A Gay Lothario.

HALIFAX, August 26.—It seems that Pine Hill theological college, at its last session, had as one of the students in attendance a married man. This is not strange, but it is rather strange that he should at the same time have become engaged to marry a young lady in this city. This condition of affairs was discovered in time for the lady to avoid trouble, but the student will never again be heard from within the college walls, or probably elsewhere in Halifax.

Annual Excursions to Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Kingston, Ont.

The Intercolonial Railway will issue on August 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, single fare excursion return tickets to the above points good to return up to September 26th, 1897. Stop-overs will be allowed at Quebec and Montreal on tickets to Kingston and Ottawa.

LADIES WEAR YOUR shirt waist, soil it, send it to us to be done up, it will look perfect if done at Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 68.

Oh see—see—see, Come, Spirit, Forfeited Dwell, 17 Waterloo.

WAVES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Waves Came Rolling up the Sands.

The waves came rolling up the sands, And chiding in and through— Among the Kelpy rocks like hands, Covered with pearls of dew. The round moon threw them faces white, And hills of green and blue; When Oramel's tiny star at night, Had made her trusty word true. The waves came up the sands and found, My love was by my side; I did not hear their pleasant sound, I did not watch the tide. I loved her long but never yet, Had faith of heart to say; What others who in love had met, Had ventured right away.

The waves came rolling up the sands, I saw Ned Ray pass down; The hillside where the beach tree stands, As he went on to town. But I was with sweet Oramel, What more could mortal see—, In deeper love than words could tell, But none so dumb as me.

The waves came rolling up and then, Drew downward to the deep; I thought myself most blest of men, While I was a trusty keep. She had my arm I whispered low, By sudden courage led; "You'd marry me," she answered, "Oh I just said yes to Ned."

The waves came rolling up in tears, Meaning as if in pain; And death was in the heart of years, That ne'er could live again. Yet still she stood as if at last, Dreading to say good bye; I locked o'er all the happy past As one about to die.

O Oramel my own farewell, Dark is my midnight woe; In agony departs the spell, Love only once can know. "What have you father's heart to say, To one whose trust was true?" "I only said to Ned to day, Yes, I was pledged to you."

The waves came rolling up the sands, They seemed like waves of gold, The moonlight kissed the happy lands, For what so nobly told. In truth the white surf danced with glee, When Oramel's sweet face, Just made a living man of me In her first love's embrace.

The waves came rolling up the sands As they did years ago; There is a law of hard demands, The best are first to go. The dearest ever pass away, Beside the sea I lay. She comes not all the summer day, Sorrow is over all.

CYRUS GOLDB.

Glen Shore, Aug. 1897.

A Song of Harvest.

Sing a song of harvest—sing it, ring it sweet; Set it to the music of the ripple of the wheat!

Sweetheart, sweetheart, Reaping as we go, A kiss amid the music, And the wheat would never know.

Sing a song of harvest—sing it, ring it true! Symphonies of sunlight and mysteries of dew;

Sweetheart, sweetheart, Summer starts to go, A kiss amid the music, And the wheat would never know.

Sing a song of harvest—of many a golden tinge; Set it to the tinkle and the twinkle of the scythe;

Sweetheart, sweetheart, Love is reaper, too; Love is in the music, And the thrilling heart of you.

Sing a song of harvest like the ripple of a stream, Till the shadows kiss the meadows and the stars above us dream;

Sweetheart, sweetheart, Summer starts to go; A kiss amid the music, And the wheat would never know.

The Monster "Practicing."

Wherever I may go, Whatever I may do, That dreadful monster, "Practicing," Looms up before my view, And in a voice I must obey He calls me from my pleasant play, Each day, at half past three, When I come home from school, In sternest voice he summons me Straight to the piano stool; There while my chords and scales I try, I count the moments passing by.

If I am out of sorts And crossly strike a key, With discord most unbearable He then does punish me, He'll worry me with all his might Until my exercise goes right. They tell me that in time More beautiful he'll grow; There'll be a smile upon that face That now does scare me so; His ugliness will flee, and I Will grow to love him—by and by.

And so, perhaps, if I Am good and persevere, And do my lessons right and try Not to offend his ear, Old "Practicing" will grow to me As pleasant as they say he'll be.

If They But Could.

How often we hear discontented ones talk Of grand opportunities lost, And how by the waves of condemnable luck They've ever been ruthlessly tossed. They'll tell in a sort of disconsolate way Of laboring always in vain, And how they would handle the contract if they Could live their lives over again.

The man who has failed in business affairs, The prisoner locked in his cell, The wretched ones bustling with family cares, All have the same story to tell. Wherever we go that disconsolate cry "We hear in a pitiful strain;" "You'd see matters different with me if I Could live my life my life over again."

We should never weep over milk that is spilled, But hustle around for some more. We cannot recall opportunities killed, Nor chances blown off from the shore. This word of advice is the best we can give: Don't ever be put at and brood. But tackle the future determined to live The balance of life as you should. —Denver Post.

A Lake of Oil.

What is said to be the greatest oil discovery made is reported from Alaska. Some gold prospectors several months ago ran across what seemed to be a lake of oil. The lake was fed by innumerable springs and the surrounding mountains were full of coal.

LONG LIFE IN NORWAY.

Another View of a Question Much Disputed Nowadays.

Some figures have appeared recently based upon the returns to American insurance companies from their branches in Europe which show that in Norway the average length of life is greater than in any other country in the world, and this fact is ascribed to the coolness and uniformity of the temperature in that country. It has long been conceded that the proportionate number of old men is rather greater in Norway than in other countries of which detailed records are kept.

In a table which appeared a few years ago it was shown that of 1,000 persons born, the number who lived beyond the age of 80 was as follows in the countries named: Hungary, 44; Italy, 65; Spain and Switzerland, 69; Germany, 70; England, 96; Belgium, 101; Sweden, 139, and Norway, 161. Accepting as correct this table, it would appear that the duration of human life in the two Scandinavian countries, Norway and Sweden, is certainly greater than it is elsewhere, and a denial of the truth of the contention set up in the insurance figures would be difficult. But an examination into some of the facts of the case discloses some conditions which impair the accuracy of these figures. There is, in the first place, very little immigration into either Norway or Sweden, and a very considerable immigration from these two countries. The class of older inhabitants, and indeed all those who have passed the age of 50, does not furnish many emigrants, and on this account the number of octogenarians is unduly large in these countries. Again, Norway is conspicuously pastoral as regards the pursuits of its inhabitants, and life on the farm is certainly conducive to longevity—decidedly more so than life in large cities.

Norway is peculiar among the countries of Europe in having few cities, either large or small. Christiania claims a population of 150,000 and Bergen a population of 50,000, but in a country the total population of which is nearly 2,000,000 urban population is certainly inconsiderable. Moreover, the longevity of a people is not to be taken arbitrarily from the number of persons living beyond a given number of years, but rather from the general duration of life, which is not longer in Norway than in other countries of Europe, and is very little, if any, longer than the duration of life in New England, outside of the big cities and manufacturing towns.

According to the established percentages of the life insurance companies, of 1,400 persons in good health at the age of twenty-one, 1,300 lived to be 30, and it is computed that a person of 70 in good health has three chances in eight to be 80, and a person of 80 in good health has one chance in seventeen to be 90. What chance a person of 90 has to reach 100 the insurance tables do not state.

A COMPOSER'S WIFE.

She Saved His Manuscript and Secured for Him the First Prize.

A brave woman has often cheered her husband on to victory, but perhaps no woman ever had greater reason to rejoice over her hero's action than had Signora Mascagni on a certain morning in May, 1890. On that day the musical world was ringing with praises of her husband, to whom a telegram had just been delivered. "Come to Rome at once. The first prize has been awarded to you," it said.

Mascagni did not even know that any work of his had been entered for the contest. Ten months before he had read in the village paper an advertisement inviting musical composers to compete for a prize offered by Saogono, the publisher of Milan. The compositions were to be one-act operas and must be by composers who had had no production presented on the stage.

Mascagni set himself to the task of composition, but before the work was completed discouragement had taken the place of hope. Why should he win, he asked, when the best talent in Italy was entered in the competition?

In vain his wife persuaded him to send in his work, alleging that he could but try.

"I have suffered enough, I should but eat out my heart with waiting, and then die of disappointment," was his answer. "Pietro, let me send it," pleaded Signora Mascagni.

"No," he replied desperately, "I will send it where it will trouble me no more." With that he threw the manuscript into the fireplace, and ran from the room that he might not see it burn. But the fire was the fire of the poor—of too economical a character to burn anything rapidly, and Signora Mascagni rescued the paper, not even scorched. She sent it without telling her husband, and he returned to the village church, where he was employed as director of the choir.

When he heard that he had won the prize he had to go to his wife for an explanation. Just then success meant to him simply the prize money, four hundred dollars.

"I can buy my wife a new dress," was his first exclamation when he got to home. But when that night, he appeared before the eager crowd waiting to welcome the creator of the composition which had taken the musical world by storm, he understood what his success meant. He



was overwhelmed by the reception given him. "Come to me; I need you," he telegraphed to his wife. She went at once to support him now by her presence as she had formerly supported him by her encouragement.

HE TOOK THE BOAT.

But the Money was Fortuitous and it was Returned.

HALIFAX, August 26.—Boat racing seems to have renewed its hold on a section of the people of Halifax. The sport is a noble one and it is good that people love it. But there is not much likelihood that in Halifax its popularity will endure. The people who are booming it who are at the back of it now, who keep it alive, are too much of the sporting kind in perhaps not the best sense. When all the principal men behind anything of this kind are there for the sake of the chances to make money that are found to exist, for the gambling in short, that may be done, then there is little hope for permanency. Now, mark you, it is not said that all who are at the back of the aquatic boom that is now on, are there in the prospect of dollars, but many of them, too large a proportion are.

Capt. Simonds had a little trouble with some of the backers of the Lynch brothers over the boat they wish to practice in for their race with McKay of Dartmouth and Johnston of St. Stephen. When the Lynch people thought they had this boat they found that Capt. Simonds had taken it out of the boat house. The "Cap" said he would not allow it to be used without the cash, and he took the extreme means of carrying off the boat to get his money. The money came on Tuesday—\$50. The Lynchies said this was queer work for a backer, but "Cap" replied that he was not a backer. He had always been "agin them" till the last race when he merely put up money on them because he thought that the best way to make money.

SUCCESSFUL NOVELS.

The Work is Very Arduous and Very Poorly Paid.

The young and aspiring author sometimes thinks, "If I could only write a successful novel my fortune would be made. Stories of the fabulous sums occasionally realized on a single book led the inexperienced into erroneous conclusions. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times has investigated the returns from novels, and writes as follows.

Novels form the largest part of the book manuscripts received by publishing houses. Out of one hundred manuscripts received during a recent fortnight by a prominent publishing firm sixty-two were novels. The same publisher told me that sometimes the percentage of novels would reach seventy-five per cent. This tendency for novel writing is undoubtedly due to the fact that the greatest "hits" in the literary world are made with novels, and this stimulates the average writer to work in this field.

Of all these novels it is plain to be seen from the figures given in the preceding paragraph that scores must be written before one is accepted; and even if a writer has a novel accepted the percentage of success is decidedly against him.

During this investigation process I selected fifteen recently published novels issued by six different houses, and I learned that the entire number printed of these fifteen novels was forty-one thousand copies or about twenty-seven hundred copies of each; and in this fifteen, nine thousand copies were printed of one novel—really the only successful novel of the lot. It is safe to say that of these fifteen novels the average sale of each will not reach one thousand copies.

But giving that number to each, the novel selling at one dollar, the author would receive less than one hundred dollars for his manuscript, deducting for mutilated copies and those sent to the newspapers, etc. I know one after case where authors did not receive fifty dollars all told as a return for a novel, and sometimes very much less than that.

Disturbance of the nervous system, and great sorrow, often causes the hair to blanch and fall. Counteract this and restore the color with Hall's Hair Renewer.

When some young men fall in love, they show the first symptoms by investing heavily in perfumery.



by the reception given need you," he telegraphed to support him now by had formerly support- ment.



The presence of the Crescent for a few days lately had a very cheering effect upon social circles generally and during their stay in the city the officers were extensively entertained. Mrs. Keator leading off with a charming drive whilst party on Friday evening for their entertainment. Cards were of course the amusement until midnight when after a delicious supper dancing was kept up indefinitely until two o'clock.

Mrs. Alex. Gibson spent Monday in the city with her sister Mrs. J. E. Colton. Miss Marion Inch has recently been entertaining Miss Laura Eston of Marysville. Mr. T. Hold spent Sunday at Mrs. Quash. Mr. Gilbert Hall was also in Musquash a guest of Mr. Fred Beal.

to Kingston, after a pleasant stay of some weeks in this city. Messrs William Mahony and M. J. Sweeney who spent their holidays in Melrose, returned Wednesday, to resume duty in their respective schools. Mrs. James Gibson and family of Marysville, are spending a little while with Mrs. Gibson's father, Mr. H. Kirkpatrick.

Advertisement for 'Welcome Soap' with the headline 'Welcome Soap' and sub-headline 'Renowned for its Genuine Washing Quality.' It includes text about its benefits for household cleaning and is signed 'The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.'

Advertisement for 'Quickheal' with the headline 'If Horses could talk...' and sub-headline 'Quickheal cures Scratches, Galls and Sores.' It is signed 'SOLD EVERYWHERE'.

Advertisement for 'The Famous Active' Range' by The McClary Mfg. Co. It features an illustration of a large, ornate stove and text describing its features like 'OVEN IS VENTILATED and CEMENTED ON TOP and BOTTOM'.

Advertisement for 'MONOTON' featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress and a man in a suit. The text includes 'MONOTON' and 'Progressive'.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX HOTEL.

PROGRESS is for sale... at the following news stands and centres.

On Monday evening Mr. Duffin, Mr. Weale and Mr. Mitchell gave a very pleasant "at home" at the Dingle, adjoining afterwards to their summer residence Liberty Hall.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Thomas Ritchie gave a small tea at Belmont, which was quite as successful as her party of last week.

On Thursday Mrs. Erskine had a small tea at Admiralty House, and there were several other things doing, among them a cricket match and tea at the Garrison grounds.

A very grand ball is to be given by the captains and officers of her majesty's ships Talbot, Pallas and Pafridge, as a farewell to Sir James and Lady Erskine and the officers of the Crescent.

There is yet another new engagement, though not officially announced. The lady is very young, pretty, and one of the cleverest of Halifax girls, and the man is very popular with his brother officers.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Alex. Christie gave a very enjoyable tea at her home on Alkion street. And Mrs. W. D. Main, Holm Cottage, served five o'clock tea on Wednesday which was as usual most enjoyable.

Dr. and Mrs. Black gave a garden party on Wednesday on their pretty grounds for the W. M. S. of the Methodist church, tea was served from five until eight o'clock to a large number of visitors.

The Misses Lawson of Boston, are visiting their uncle Mr. B. J. Lawson, Church street.

Rev. Chas. Canning was in town on Wednesday en route to St. John's, where he is curate.

Miss Mary Bents has returned from a visit to friends in St. John's, N. B.

# Only One

reason why Fry's Cocoa is a household word—the household likes Fry's Cocoa.

Even the children love it for the good it does their little bodies.

Absolutely pure—rich—nutritious and easily digested. Ask your grocer for

# Fry's Cocoa



To people whose feet distress them Foot Elm offers prompt relief. It hardens tender feet, relieves tired feet, sweetens sweaty feet, soothes aching and sore feet, cures ingrowing toenails and corns, and preserves the shoes. The discomfort produced in warm weather by hot, scalded, smelly feet is entirely removed by Foot Elm.

## CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

St. John, N. B. 14th to 24th Sept, 1897

OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES

For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products

Competition open to the World.

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and Steamers. Rates and Dates announced later. Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibits.

The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned unsoiled, thus carrying Exhibits practically free.

In addition to Industrial, Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits, five or more nights of Hand & Co.'s Magnificent Fire Works, and an hourly programme of Special High Class Dramatic Effects will be given in Amusement Hall, making together the best and cleanest special attractions ever brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces.

A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Port, and a stay in the cleanest and healthiest city in Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very low Rates to be later advertised.

Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies personally or by letter to: CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, ST. JOHN, N. B.

All Genuine..... Oxford Mill Goods Are Guaranteed... PURE WOOL

Buctouche Oysters. RECEIVED THIS WEEK: 20 Bbls. Buctouche Bar Oysters At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Mrs. George of Newton, Mass., is the guest of her mother Mrs. Lowe, Church street.

Mrs. J. Medley Townshend and Master Kenneth have returned from a visit to Mrs. Townshend, in Parraboro.

Miss Mabel Pugsley is visiting her friend Miss Carrie Winslow in Fredericton.

Mrs. B. Biles is staying with friends in Fredericton this week.

Miss Beatrice Fuller and Miss Rachel Love came home last week from Parraboro.

Mrs. Biles of Mt. Whately is the guest of her son, Dr. C. W. Biles, Church St.

Miss Mary McFarlane is staying in Tidnish this week with Miss Bess Hickman.

Mrs. Dewis has returned to her home in Boston after a pleasant visit to her sister Mrs. H. W. Rogers, Rupert street.

Mrs. G. W. Coles was in Parraboro last week Miss Mills returned with her and was her guest over Sunday.

Miss Grace Kerr has returned to Montreal after a pleasant visit to Miss Leticia Moffat Church street.

Mrs. George T. Fales of Somerville is staying with her brother Mr. J. L. Fillmore.

Mrs. James A. Dickey and children have returned from an outing at the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Smith came from Parraboro last week to attend the races.

Miss Theo Morse is staying with her friend Miss Sadie Kypis in Parraboro this week.

Mrs. M. Sterne has been visiting her mother Mrs. Hibbard at River Herbert.

Miss Annie Jodrey is being warmly welcomed by her many young friends on her return home from an extended visit to friends in St. John and Boston.

Miss Gertrude Hillcoat came home last week from a visit to friends in Parraboro and Port Greville.

Mrs. W. M. Fullerton and Miss Fullerton returned to Halifax on Thursday after a visit to Mrs. A. P. MacKinnon Church street.

Dr. and Mrs. E. Lowerison returned to Halifax on Saturday.

Mrs. Rupert Lusby is visiting her son Mr. Fred Lusby in Lynn Mass.

Miss A. Ice Mackinnon left last Wednesday for a visit to relatives in Baddeck C. B., on her return she will stay with Miss Grace Fullerton in Halifax.

Miss George Sutcliffe returned to her school in Port Greville last Saturday.

Miss Emma Davis spent last week with friends in Parraboro.

Miss Hazel King returned to her home in Annapolis after visiting her aunt Mrs. A. D. Ross.

Miss Helen Pipes came home last week from a visit to her cousin Mrs. Farnan in Yarmouth.

Miss Rice of Bear River is staying with her sister Mrs. B. C. Munro, Victoria street.

Mrs. N. Curry and family came in from their cottage at Tidnish on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood were at Simpson's Lake last week for an outing.

Mr. A. R. Peget who has been accountant in the Bank of Montreal during Mr. Benedict's absence went to St. John last Thursday.

Mr. J. Dickey paid a short visit to St. John this week.

Miss Gross and Miss Kate Gross who have been visiting at "The Terrace" returned to their home in Hillsboro last Friday.

Miss Maggie Christie was the guest of Miss Hickman at Tidnish, last week.

Miss Beatrice Fuller is visiting relatives in Musquodobi this week.

Mr. William Forbes the new general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Casey, "The Highlands."

Miss Lillian Church returned to her home in San Jose last Thursday after a pleasant visit to friends in Amherst and vicinity.

Miss Elsie McFadyen spent Sunday at Pugsley.

Mrs. Robert Sharpe has returned from a fortnight's stay at Pugsley.

Mrs. N. B. Steele and children have also been at Pugsley for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Benedict returned from their wedding trip last week, at present Mrs. Benedict is in Parraboro with her mother, Mrs. McClarren of Fortu On.

Mrs. A. B. Dickey entertained a number of guests on Tuesday evening for her daughter Constance who will soon return to school in Montreal. Dr. and Mrs. Dobson are the guests of Mrs. Wilson Rupert street.

Messrs. Moffat of Ottawa are guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Bent.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter of St. John are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Upham.

Dr. and Mrs. McDougall left on Thursday for a visit to friends in Cape Breton. Before reaching their destination, Dr. McDougall was recalled home again.

Mr. A. and Mrs. McLean returned last week from Cape Breton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kilham of Havelock have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Price.

Mrs. W. Black of Amherst is with her children, visiting her parents.

Mrs. Sloop of Amherst spent Sunday with Mrs. MacKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Johnstone of Halifax, and Mrs. Geo. Cole of Amherst came to attend Mrs. Leitch's funeral.

Mrs. O'Brien of New York is visiting relatives here.

The most of our young men were at Amherst last week attending the races. Mr. Huxley Johnson who is usually among the winners kept good his record.

The children's concert in St. George's hall on Wednesday evening was a very successful affair. Two pretty operettas the Chinese Umbrella and the Japanese Fan were charmingly rendered by the children who were trained by Miss Isabel Aikim, the Misses Woodworth and Mrs. Johnstone. The dresses were appropriate and the various songs in perfect tune. Master Robert Smith's whistling song and Miss Susie Denech's recitation were delightful and elicited great applause.

Mrs. Cove and Miss Cove of Springhill are guests at Mr. J. W. Hatfield's.

Mrs. Percy Holmes is visiting her parent at Nappan.

Misses Edna and Mabel McLeod spent last week at Amherst.

Capt. Ingham who is to command the barque A. Kalline has arrived and is staying at the Grand Central.

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.]

Miss Emily Dakin and Mrs. John Dakin are spending their vacation at Lower Lodge.

Miss Dingley of Halifax is visiting Mrs. C. A. Dakin.

Miss Maud Mansford is visiting her mother, she is accompanied by her niece Miss Lily Wilson of Halifax.

Miss MacFarlane of St. John is the guest of Miss Nettie Dakin.

Miss Nicholas, Miss Stewart, Miss Robinson and Miss Seely drove to Annapolis one day last week, returning the next day.

Mr. Bonnell arrived from Brooklyn last week. Rev. A. H. C. Morse of Bridgewater has been visiting his brother Dr. Morse.

Mrs. C. E. Burnham has been visiting relatives in Fredericton.

Mrs. (Dr.) Andrews of Middleton is spending a few days in town with her friend Miss Ruggles.

Mrs. Henry Dakin has been visiting in Weymouth.

Dr. Kinsman intends taking a vacation of some weeks shortly.

Miss Lizzie Dakin who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Shere returned to Boston last week.

Dr. Hallett of Weymouth was in town on Monday.

Rev. Mr. Thomas (baptist) and Rev. Mr. Johnson (presbyterian) have returned from their vacation trips.

Mrs. Allison and Miss Allison who spent a few weeks here have returned to St. John.

Mrs. Botwick of St. John is at Mrs. De Balmhardt's.

Messrs. H. L. Dennison, H. Daley and S. Guphill attended the ball of the Pickwick club in Annapolis last week.

Several parties from the United States now summering in Digby, contemplated building summer residences in Digby next spring.

Large parties of excursionists have been arriving and departing here for the past ten days. Bon.

RICHIBUCTO.

[Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.]

Aug. 25.—Rev. Mr. Falconer of Australia occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church on Sunday evening last.

Mrs. J. Beattie of Harcourt after spending some days in Kingston visiting friends returned to town on Friday last and is the guest of Mrs. Wm. F. Brown.

Mr. Allan Ferguson of Newcastle spent Sunday in town returning home on Monday accompanied by his sisters, Misses Beale and Florence who have for the past two weeks been visiting friends here.

Miss Katie Stevenson, daughter of Mr. John Stevenson is seriously ill at her home since Sunday.

The Ladies Aid society in connection with the Methodist church gave a public entertainment in the church on Tuesday evening the occasion being the first anniversary of this society. One interesting address was given by the president, Mrs. Wm. Lawson, after which a short programme consisting of music, reading and recitations was rendered, though all was good perhaps the most pleasing features of the entertainment were the singing of Rev. Mr. Lawson and Miss Fleetwood and the recital of "Jephthah's Daughter" by Miss Blackwood of Halifax, the latter displaying considerable histrionic power which was pleasing in its effect.

Mrs. John McDonald and her little son returned to St. John today a ter spending the past five weeks in town visiting her friends.

Miss Annie Black returns to Moncton on Thursday after a pleasantly spent vacation at her home here.

Miss Fleetwood, who has been the guest of Mrs. Wm. Lawson at the Methodist parsonage for the past three weeks, left today for her home in Moncton.

Miss Maud Grierson returned to Dorchester today to resume her school work. AUBURN.

MUSQUASS.

Aug. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Carman of St. John spent Sunday here at the "Willows."

Mr. G. M. Anderson has gone to Four Island on a fishing excursion.

Mr. T. Reid of St. John spent last Sunday at "Sunnyside."

Little Misses Alice and Jean Ladgate of St. George are visiting their grandmother at "Tanglewood."

Mrs. R. Scott of Boston Mass., is spending the summer at her old home "Riverbank."

Mr. Gilbert Hall of St. John visited here on Sunday the guest of Mr. Fred Bedell.

Miss Elsie and Master Irving Perry of Hyde Park Mass., are spending the summer at "Sunnyside."

Mrs. J. M. Woodjords returned home Monday. Miss Amy Carman of St. John is visiting at the "Willows."

The Misses Stevens of Cambridge Mass., are staying at "Lounville."

Miss Beattie Clinch returned to her home in St. Andrews last week. FACOBULA.

NO DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION necessary to enable you to buy a cake of BABY'S OWN SOAP Be sure and get the genuine— wherever you can— and you will have the best soap made. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

"He who greases his wheels helps his oxen," is an old saying, but true. We help those who help us, and those who help us help themselves. We do business for what business will bring. The bigger the business the better the values that can be given to customers. An importer overstocked offered us

50 Dozen Of the Finest Quality this Summer's STRAW AND CHIP HATS Comprising Turbans, Teques, Walking Hats, Sailors and Dress Hats, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 each, at a cash price that enables us to offer the lot—

Your Choice for 50c: All Hats and materials purchased during this sale will be trimmed free. The Parisian

IT RESTORES THE NATURAL WHITENESS CLEANSING-HARMLESS AT ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS A BOX TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH ZEPEDA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

Just Arrived: ABBEY'S Effervescent Salt This Saline, by the addition of water, forms an invigorating and refreshing beverage. Recommended by Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Marie Rosa, Madame Christine Neilson, Sir Henry Irving, and many others. Price 60c. Per Bottle.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 35 King Street. The store with the White and Gold Front, where you get that delicious Soda and Phosphates. 437 TELEPHONE 289

Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil prepared as a food. At the same time, it is a blood maker, a nerve tonic and an up-builder. But principally it is a food for tired and weak digestions; for those who are not getting the fat they should from their ordinary food; for children whom nothing seems to nourish; for all who are fat-starved and thin. It is pleasant to take; at least, it is not unpleasant. Children like it and ask for more. Some druggists have a "just as good" kind. Isn't the kind that says try to equal good enough for you to buy?

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

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

Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L...

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Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L...

Dress Dreams... Eudora The Ideal Dress Fabric.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines... BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

E. G. SCOVIL... 62 Union Street.

Philosophy and Folly... Tenders for Supplies.

Sheriff's Sale... Monday, the 13th day of September next.

Would You Like... A BICYCLE... Or a GOLD WATCH?

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS... THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Angostura Bitters... THOS. L. BOURNE WATER STREET.

LAWYERS... TEST THEM.

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS... 1847 ROGERS BROS.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS... THOS. L. BOURNE WATER STREET.

New Cloths... FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.

Advertisement for soap and other household goods.

Advertisement for 'The Parisian' and other fashion items.

Advertisement for 'The Parisian' and other fashion items.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from page 1.)

black chiffon. Miss Archibald wore a charming gown of white silk with overdrapes of white mousseline de soie, and carried a shower bouquet of white carnations.

Mrs. Landry of Dorchester, wore a very beautiful dress of blue brocade satin with trimmings of chiffon.

Miss Barry of Ottawa, who is visiting Mrs. Landry, wore a handsome gown of white and silver silk and looked charming.

Mrs. C. F. Banington, maize colored silk velvet with white chiffon.

Mrs. Lynch of Ottawa, pink velvet with jet trimmings.

Mrs. Will Harris of North Easton looked charming in a dress of black velvet which set off her sparkling beauty to perfection.

Mrs. B. B. Jack of Fredericton looked very sweet in a dress of rose colored silk with trimmings of white chiffon.

Miss Withersbee of New York wore a pretty dress of maize silk and chiffon.

Mrs. W. Grant of South Falls, Ont., wore a dainty gown of cream colored silk and chiffon.

Miss Sinclair, wore a very beautiful gown of white silk with overdrapes of accordion plaited chiffon.

Miss Palmer, of Dorchester, white chiffon with scarlet flowers.

Mrs. R. W. Hewson wore a handsome dress of black silk with bodice of white chiffon over white silk.

Mrs. E. B. Chandler, looked charming in white silk, made en traine, and with chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. C. D. Thomson, wore black silk and jet with white trimmings.

Mrs. George McSweeney, blue silk, trimmed with chiffon.

Mrs. C. A. Murray, wore a very handsome dress of buttercup silk trimmed with chiffon.

Mrs. L. Scmers, was charming in a dainty costume of pink silk.

Miss Miss McSweeney, looked very sweet in a pretty dress of white chiffon over white silk.

Miss Milliken, wore a handsome dress of pink silk.

Miss McLaren, wore pink silk with trimmings of cream lace.

Miss Fifield wore a fresh and pretty costume of heliotrope organdie over silk which suited her admirably.

Miss Selina McKean who is a bud, and who has not yet blossomed in society, was prettily and simply gowned in white muslin.

Miss Bliss of Westmorland, wore white calmere and lace.

Miss Peters, a pretty dress of pale blue silk.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Marr and children, and Mrs. K. Branson and son, left town on Friday for a driving tour through Albert county.

Captain W. E. Cooke of the Canadian Regular Army now stationed at Kingston Ont., is spending a few days in town the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Stedman street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Jones of Boston are in town visiting Mrs. Jones' mother, Mrs. Brown of Botsford street.

Mr. Botsford B. Peters, formerly of the general office here, but now of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway company, is spending a short vacation in the city visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters of Alma street.

Mr. and Mrs. Spiller and Miss Hunt of Waterville, Maine, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gross of Weldon street.

The many friends of Mrs. Theal widow of the late Dr. W. Y. Theal of St. John, who has been a resident of Moncton for many years heard with the deepest regret of her death which took place early on Sunday morning at the residence of her son-in-law Mr. C. A. Steeves of Queen street. Mrs. Theal who was wonderfully bright and active for her age, has taken suddenly about two weeks ago, and in spite of all that skill and love could do for her, she sank steadily and passed peacefully away on Monday, being conscious to the last.

Mrs. Theal had reached the advanced age of 83 years, and had resided in Moncton for the past 15 years, winning hosts of warm friends by her universally bright and lovable nature, and sympathetic disposition, as well as her many christian virtues. Two of the deceased lady's daughters, Mrs. A. McN. Shaw of Gibson and Miss Theal of Moncton, and two sons, Captain W. G. Theal of River Herber, N. S., and Mr. C. G. Theal of Chicago, were with her throughout her last illness.

The funeral took place on Monday morning the remains being taken to St. John by the midday C. P. train for Interment. Mrs. Theal was a consistent member of St. George's church and her loss will be deeply felt by the congregation.

Miss Wetmore of Boston who has been spending a few days in town the guest of her uncle Mr. J. H. Wetmore, of Fleet street sang a solo in St. John's Presbyterian church on Sunday evening greatly pleasing the congregation with her sweet and powerful voice.

Dr. George Ryan of Paris France who is taking a holiday trip through Canada is at present the guest of his sister Mrs. F. A. McCully of Botsford street.

Miss Blanche Fraser of Springhill and Miss Bella Vass of Buctouche are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robinson at the Manse, Botsford street.

The many friends of Mrs. Atkinson, formerly Miss Adelaide Buck, of this city, are welcoming her very warmly back to Moncton. Mrs. Atkinson who has lived in England for the past thirteen years, and is now visiting her native province for the first time, is visiting Mrs. Byers of Church street.

Mrs. J. H. Wetmore and Miss Wetmore, returned last week from a month's visit to Fredericton.

Mrs. R. Tweedie returned last week from Carleton county, where she has been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. C. Knowles, and Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Snider, of St. John are spending a few days in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marine, of St. George street.

Miss Kate Hamilton left town this morning for Milltown, St. Stephen, where she takes the place of assistant to the superior school teacher.

Nearly as large and quite as enthusiastic audience greeted Miss Ethel Tucker and her happily blended company of professionals and amateurs on Monday evening when they presented "The Queen's Money" as a benefit performance for the M. A. A. as the one which assembled to witness "Captain Letterblat" a few weeks ago. The stage was artistically decorated with potted plants, palms and ferns, and cut flowers, the entrance to the garden scene being spanned by an arch of spruce which supported a large red banner bearing the letters M. A. A. in black. Everywhere about the stage, in the draperies, the ornamental covers of the flower pots, and the hangings the association colors of black and red, appeared, and each actor wore a strip of the association ribbon pinned on the left shoulder.

The play was an English military drama in five acts, and while I cannot truthfully say that it reached the standard of "Captain Letterblat" in plot or action, it was a fairly good play of the melo drama type and well received by the audience. The actors did their very best with the material at their com-

mand, and one and all covered themselves with honor, Miss Tucker and Messrs Meldon and Richards winning if possible a warmer place than ever in the hearts of the Moncton people. The amateurs who took part acquitted themselves with the highest honors every part being faithfully and conscientiously interpreted. Miss Tucker was presented with a magnificent bouquet at the close of the second act, from members of the M. A. A. IVAN.

ANAGRAMS.

[Received too late for last week's issue of PROGRESS] AUG. 18.—Mrs. C. W. Price and Mrs. G. H. Davidson went to Moncton on Thursday for a day or two.

Miss Colpitts of Salisbury, who has been spending some weeks with her friend Miss McAnespy at Portage has returned home.

Mr. Mitchell of Sussex is spending a day or two at Mr. Brown's Corn hill.

Miss Grace Kelstead is visiting in Moncton this week.

Messrs. C. W. Price of Moncton and Hart C. Price of Fredericton were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davidson on Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. J. B. Inch of Fredericton and school inspector R. P. Steeves of Sussex went Tuesday in town.

Miss Bertha Davidson has returned home from Hopewell hill where she had been the guest of Mrs. (Capt.) R. C. Bacon for the past month.

Frank F. McLeod cashier of the National bank in Boston, but formerly of this town arrived here yesterday to spend a few weeks with friends he is accompanied by his friend Mr. William Emerson Cook, the author of "The Walking delegate" and "Jonnie Deane."

Mr. J. B. McNaughton who has finished his course in Telegraphy at the I. C. R. depot, left for the West on Tuesday to seek employment at the city.

Miss Lina Stockton of St. John is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lester Stockton at "Fioral Cottage" this week.

Mr. R. B. Cole of St. John spent Sunday with his family on "Apple Hill."

Miss Ada McNan who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. H. W. Stockton for several weeks has returned home.

Mr. J. J. Hepburn of Boston, Mass. is visiting his friend Mr. Fred Chetok this week. Mosquito.

THE LEGEND A MYTH.

The Enchanted Mesa of New Mexico Discredited of its Romance.

The legend of the enchanted mesa situated some distance south of Albuquerque, New Mexico, has been exploded by a party of explorers, headed by Prof. Libbey of Princeton University. The mesa is a perpendicular rock rising 700 feet above the surface of the plain and covering forty acres. Here, according to tradition, Acoma Indians, to the number of 1,500 dwelt in a village in the sixteenth century, their means of access to the top of the mesa being by steps they had cut in the rock.

Last week Prof. Libbey and party visited the mesa prepared to explore it. A line was shot across the rock, suitable tackle was made ready and separately the members ascended in a chair to the legendary home of the Acomas. The legend proved to have been unfounded. Writing of the subject Prof. Libbey says: "No traces of former inhabitants were found. This fact best of all shows the inaccessible character of the place, because, if it had been accessible, the medicine men of the Acoma tribe would have certainly used it for such purposes.

Once while the able-bodied members were at work in the fields below lightning destroyed the steps and cut off from their kinship the aged Indians and children left in the village on top of the mesa. To reach the unfortunates, thus isolated was impossible and all of them to the number of 300 perished. The surviving Acomas then moved to a new home and ever since regarded the mesa as sacred. Thus runs the legend.

Not the slightest trace was found which would enable me to believe that a human foot had ever before passed over the top of this famous rock. A few agile lizards and several grey rats were the only occupants of this castle in the air. Some fine specimens of stunted plants, a few species of flowering plants and an ubiquitous sage brush lent a variety to the surface on the life of the bright sandstone.

Thus dies a legend that has been the inspiration of poet and romansist.

Her dread of Fire.

An English exchange says that Sarah Borchardt has always had a morbid dread of fire, and that this has led her to direct that all her stage dresses shall be made of fireproof material.

Merit Made Hood's Sarsaparilla Hood's Pills

SALT RHEUM Cuticura

FOR LOVE OF JENNY LIND. Tobias Van Steenberg Whose Head was Turned by the Songstress.

He is an odd character, this Tobias Van Steenberg, who recently refused the offer made to him by a New York museum manager to go to the city and exhibit himself to people as the mad lover of Jenny Lind.

The story of the infatuation of this man, who not once but many times during the career of Jenny Lind forced himself into her presence and besought her hand in marriage, is a pitiful one; it might well bring to the blush the offspring of the persons who perpetrated a hoax on Van Steenberg long ago, making him believe that the singer loved him, by procuring forged letters from New York which purported to have been written by Jenny Lind.

From that time on Van Steenberg was cajoled and patted by these practical jokers who made him believe thoroughly that he was designed for a higher fate than that of a village carpenter, and finally induced him to draw his carefully hoarded savings from the bank and start for New York, in tent on winning the hand of Jennie Lind.

The jokers watched him depart, and for weeks the entire village laughed and talked over the strange hallucination of their good hearted townsman. After arriving in New York he hunted the hall where nightly the famous singer appeared, hearing her sing, not once but many times. He became more infatuated with her than ever, and when she left the hall to drive home he wandered through the street behind her carriage, cheering and shouting himself hoarse in her praise. For weeks he lingered in the city, but chance did not enable him to see her alone. Finally, at one of Jenny Lind's public receptions at the Revere House, he could stand the suspense no longer, and going up to the singer he seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and, falling on his knees before her, told her the story of his love, and assured her that he had come to the city solely to marry her. Jenny Lind ordered the attendants to eject him, and he was thrown out into the street. Nightly after this rebuff he haunted the lobby of the hotel until his presence became obnoxious and he was forced to discontinue his visits. Despite his failure, Van Steenberg was not discouraged, and at every opportunity placed himself in a position where he could see the singer as she stepped into her carriage from the hall where she was singing. Several times he spoke to her, but on each occasion he received only scornful glances.

The idea was so firmly implanted in this mind that Jenny Lind loved him that he imagined that the only bar to their union was that he was not a musician. So securing an antiquated hard-grown he ground out the old-time airs in front of the Revere House and nights at the entrance to the hall in the hope that the singer would thus see that he, too, was a musician.

At length Van Steenberg was arrested and placed in the Tombs. His friends and relatives in Kingston learned of his predicament and secured his release. Taken home to Kingston he wandered about disconsolately, still believing in the love of Jenny Lind for him. His mind seemed to have broken down under his love chase and his parents died soon after his return, so he moved from the city to Gloucester, where he has lived since in a little shanty. Age does not seem to affect him. Although nearly 70 years old he is as spry as a boy and walks surprisingly long distances, seemingly without fatigue. He is always very much in evidence at patriotic celebrations in the towns along the Hudson River and never fails, when the occasion offers, to make a patriotic speech. On the flagstaff in front of his rude house is a flag which continually flies at half mast in memory, he says, of the death of Lincoln. One of his peculiar sayings is: "Gen. Grant fought, bled and died for this glorious country, and we'll all be saved."

Van Steenberg is a staunch Republican. Poorer than the proverbial church mouse, he does not work, for the reason that he imagines himself endowed with the wealth of a Croesus. His neighbors humor him

in this respect, and give him food and the various other things he craves, for his pathetic story is well known to almost every man, woman and child in Ulster county. With visitors he converses with much volubility for hours, and at times he talks rationally. His conversation concerns anything under the sun except his own story. Of his life he will say nothing. When requested to tell of his early love he shakes his head and points to the rear of his domicile, where framed in pine cones, hangs the faded lithograph of Jennie Lind.

When seen by the writer and asked why he refused to go to New York and enter a museum he clenched his fists and, with a glance at Jenny Lind's picture muttered "No no!"

ORIGIN OF FABRICS.

Many of Them Traceable to the Middle Ages.

Like civilization industries came from the East, and the origin of different fabrics can be generally traced to one of the great seats of trade and manufacture in the Middle Ages. The great intellectual awakening of the East, under the stimulus of arabic culture and luxuriance, was accomplished by a correspondent awakening in all branches of industry and trade, Baghdad, during the beneficent reign of Harun-ul-Rashid, became the seat of luxury and the intellectual and literary capital both of Islam and of the world. Thence the industrial and fine arts were transferred by Saracen and Moor, and Osmani to the extremities of Europe. When Moslem industries began to wane they were succeeded by those of Flanders, and the latter were, in turn, succeeded by those of Northern Italy. These were the well-established centres of manufacture in medieval times. Other localities, such as many in France, Spain and England are well known for their commercial activity, but they were not in a large sense origins of modern manufacture and trade. To the earliest of these industrial seats the Mohammedan empire, with Bagdad as the center, may be traced a large number of the fabrics now in use. This city, as has been seen, soon became the mart of silk manufacturers. It also attracted the commerce of other cities and countries, and served as a perpetual bazar or fair for the interchanging of trade between the East and West.

Muslin is a word that we get through the French "mousseline," which incites that the fabric was first made in Mosul, a city on the Tigris, not far from Bagdad; while "baudekin," the rich embroidered silk that was once used by kings and bishops, came from the royal city of Calais itself. Gause is supposed to have come from Gaza, and "saracenet" clearly shows by its name that it was brought into Europe by the Saraceni invaders of Spain and Sicily. Cashmere, as it is called when worn by the ladies, or cassimere, as it is known when worn by men, was brought from the valley of Kashmir, and nankeen came from Nanking, the southern capital of China. Calico first came from Calicut, although it is now sold there by the enterprising British mills. The saraceni torch-bearers of science and the arts brought with them from Fostat, the old name of Cairo, and now a suburb of that city, the famous lustran that has played a conspicuous part in the history of textile fabrics and in the language of metaphor. The Saraceni also invented jeans, one of the Moorish capitals in Spain. They also devised the glories of Cordovan leather, in which Miles Standish and a thousand other buckram warriors delighted.

A LESSON IN TACT.

Poor and Ignorant, They Yet Had Kindness of Heart.

Almost every large American city has its Ghetto, or Jewish quarter, that swarms with peddlers, old clothes dealers and sweat-shops. Mercy is not to be expected here and tact is supposed to be unknown among such people, except among traders in selling their goods. The following incident happened in the Jewish quarter in Boston last winter, and is worth telling, because it commends human nature, especially the human nature found in the slums: A child was born in a short street where nearly all the signs upon the stores are printed in Hebrew characters. The par-

ITS FULL NAME.

The intricacies of our language, from the point of view of the foreigner trying to learn it, are limitless, and furnish a never-ending supply of anecdotes.

"In our best circles," said an instructor of English to his pupil a young man who had not been long on this side of the water "nicknames are avoided. Where it is necessary to address one by the first name, or to use it in conversation, we give the name correctly and in full. And so of things. It is well to form the habit of accuracy in speech. Avoid the appearance of slang or coarseness. Do I make the idea plain to you?"

"Oh, yace!" responded the young foreigner. "And so correct name of zeas," he added, touching with his finger a musical instrument that lay on the table, "ees za banjoeph, ees eet not?"

BORN.

At Roxbury, Mass., on the 25th prox., to the wife of A. E. Whelpley, a daughter.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, Burns & Scalds, Wounds & Bruises, Cuts & Sores, Boils & Tumors, Eczema & Eruptions, Salt Rheum & Tetter, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips & Nostrils, Corns & Bunions, Stings & Bites of Insects.

ents were very poor and very proud. In the neighborhood was a Christian mission, and although Jewish children attended singing and sewing classes within its doors, some of their parents preferred to starve rather than accept its charity, and the family in which this child was born was one of that class. The father and mother persistently refused all aid, although there was no coal in the house, and no money for food. Then for some reason, probably pride, they refused help from people of their own religion.

All the dwellers in the neighborhood were exceedingly poor, and could ill afford to give in charity; but here was a starving family and a dying baby, united with stubborn pride, and something had to be done.

So a purse was made up by these poor people out of their petty earnings and divided into three parts. Each little sum was intrusted to a different Jewish tradesman. That same day, one of their small tradesmen climbed up to the poverty stricken tenement, and represented himself as a coal agent.

"Can I sell you some coal this morning?" he asked, opening the door.

The man shook his head apathetically. "But," replied the improvised agent, "I give you trust. One month—two months—three months—all you want. I trust you."

"Ah! answered the man with surprise. "Why do you trust me?"

"You haf a good n'ms," said the agent. "I must introducee m'ne peeness."

Soon a load of coal was on its way to the house to warm the mother and her infant.

The coal dealer had hardly left before a man from a butcher's shop near by came and repeated the drama of charity. Then, not long after, followed a new milkman, profuse with offers of 'drust,' who promised a quart of milk a day until the baby could get better. Thus was the family raved from freezing and starvation.

Now this happened in what is known as the slums. This delicate way of meeting a crisis was not the act of a refined and aristocratic philanthropist. As the narrator told the writer, "It was the act of dirty Russian Jew peddlers." One can almost pardon the dirt when such gentle consideration is shown.

IN BED THIRTY-NINE YEARS.

A Healthy Woman's Strange Resolve—Made in 1858.

"This bed is the most comfortable place in the world," remarked an Englishwoman in 1858. "I shall stay here the rest of my natural life."

The woman who made this remarkable statement was a spinster and she lived at Teignmouth, in Devonshire, England. She kept her word, and for nearly forty years she stayed in bed. She was thirty-eight years old when she made the assertion.

She had retired to bed the night before in the best health and was no seeming reason why she should not have arisen the next morning. But she concluded that she would remain where she was, and her relatives concluded that it would be best to humor her whim. So she stayed in bed and her meals were taken to her. The bed she occupied was a room upstairs, and for two years she stayed there. Then she was removed to a room on a lower floor, where she could watch the front door and the yard. She had a series of mirrors arranged so that she could see the entrance to the house and the entire yard, and she was able to know what was going on.

Her hearing became abnormally acute, and she could hear noises that were inaudible to residents of the house.

Her mother and father died and she still remained in bed. She became owner of the small estate, and she managed it with skill and judgment, and she adhered to her determination of remaining in bed. She died last week at the age of seventy. The doctors who held the autopsy said that her lungs and heart were sound, and that she lived the usual life she would have been good for ten or fifteen years, took no medicine, and there was no apparent change in her constitution until a few months before her death.—New York World.

CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

Coleman's SALT



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 28, 1897.

A PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

AN IMPRESSIVE DEPARTURE FROM LIBBY WITHOUT LEAVE.

An Officer got the Quondam Tailor to Make him a Full Dress Military Suit and the Latter After it was Finished Used it as a Means of Escape from Prison.

When Gen. John Morgan, the famous Confederate raider, visited Libby Prison, early in 1864, he said: 'There is no undertaking in the world that you have not men in the prison qualified for; that's why it is strange that more of you fellows don't try to get away.'

In Libby Prison, at the time of Morgan's visit, there were about 1,400 officers, from beardless second lieutenants, in their teens, to grizzled leaders of brigades and divisions. These men came not only from every State and Territory in our own land but they represented the armies of nearly every European nation. We had lawyers, doctors, clergymen, college professors, engineers, editors, and every variety of skilled mechanic. Among the craftsmen was Capt. Cooper of Connecticut, who had learned the trade of tailor in his youth, and was conducting a clothing store at Hartford, when patriotism dominated profit and sent him into the army.

Where every man "felt sick and mean," to use an expression common at the time, only the very sick and helpless were sent to the prison hospital, the eastern ground floor room of Libby. Dr. Sabal, the Confederate surgeon in charge of the prison hospital, was as generous and sympathetic as he was handsome and able, and that is saying much. This gentleman kept the hospital full, and the fact that it was much warmer than the other quarters made it a desirable place.

There is one ailment which, at the front or in prison, 'old soldiers' could assume without immediate fear of detection, and that is rheumatism. Rheumatism of the affected character has kept many a man, with more cunning than courage, out of the range of the enemy's rifles. I was myself in hospital, recovering from typhoid pneumonia, when Capt. Cooper was brought down from the lower east room. Rheumatism in the legs had so crippled the Captain that he could hardly crawl, but his arms appeared to be all right. The nurses in the hospital were detailed Union soldiers who had been confined in the Pemberton building, a warehouse lower down and across the street from Libby. Capt. Cooper proved to be a jolly good fellow; but it was noticed that when the Confederate authorities were about his rheumatism did not seem to interfere with agile locomotion. Where Cooper got his needles and thread I cannot imagine, but he had those coveted appliances, and he used them to repair the damages in the old uniforms of his comrades.

One day while Cooper was sitting cross-legged on his cot repairing the rents in Capt. Bohannan's trousers, La Touche, the prison Adjutant, came in and watched the flying needle with unusual interest. La Touche was a stout man, whose thin neck and florid face bespoke a love for good living. He was very neat in his person, a bachelor, and no end of a gallant, as we afterward learned.

'See here, Captain,' called out Adjutant La Touche, after he had watched Cooper for some time, 'are you a regular tailor?' 'That is my trade,' replied Cooper. 'Think you could make me a full-dress uniform if I furnished you the material?' was the next question.

'If I had your measure and a plate to go by.' 'O, we have no plates, but I can give you the details; I know all about 'em.' Then the Confederate Adjutant went on to say that he had secured all the materials, but that tailoring had become so expensive in the Confederate capital as to preclude the making up of the clothes.

'You see,' continued La Touche, 'there is to be a ball at the State House in two weeks, and if I could have the suit made up at a reasonable price in time for that event it would take a great load off my mind.' Confederate money had depreciated very much at this time, so that the prices of articles, ordinarily plentiful, were fabulous. Knowing this, the cautious Yankee said: 'What would you have to pay a Richmond tailor for making such a uniform?' 'About \$400,' blurted out La Touche. 'If I guaranteed you satisfaction and charged one-half, would you give me the job?'

'Gladly,' said the delighted adjutant, and the contract was closed. La Touche must have thought the transaction irregular, for there was much secrecy in his manner when the next day he came in alone, carrying a large bundle, in which was the material to be made up. Cooper examined the goods after taking his customer's measure (the customer brought a tape line with him). When La Touche turned to leave, Cooper called out: 'I don't want a deposit, Adjutant, because I'm afraid you'll clear out and not come back to my shop for the goods; but, as you know, a hard-working man needs more and better feed than one who's doing nothing. So if you could let me have a little on account from time to time it would give me nerve for the work.'

La Touche took the hint and left \$100. As there were no dangerous cases in the hospital at this time, the visits of Dr. Sabal and his assistants were confined to the morning and evening. On such occasions Cooper had his work hidden away under his blanket, and his rheumatism was invariably 'No better, sir.'

With nothing to read, and only the old home or the present situation to think of, time hung like an ever-crushing weight on the hands of the prisoners. But as soon as Cooper started into work in the hospital every man who could crawl from his blanket gathered about to watch. Every day, soon after noon, La Touche danced silently into the hospital to be fitted and to see how the work of art was progressing. At each visit he grew more delighted. 'I'll have it ready the day before the ball,' said Cooper.

The night before this creation in gray, blue, and gold was completed—it had already been paid for—Capt. Singer of the Thirty-third Ohio, who had about recovered from a gunshot wound in the thigh, received at Chickamauga, drew me to one side and said: 'I have a plan for escape, and I want you to help me.'

'Of course, I'll do it,' I said. 'But why not let me in?' 'I can't.' 'Why not?' 'Because, confound it, there is only one suit!'

Singer then went on to explain that he had planned to take La Touche's uniform from under Cooper's head, and, after putting it on, pass out, when the guards were changed at daylight the next morning. Now ever since the cloth began to assume form, this idea had taken shape in my mind, and so I told Singer. We drew lots to see which should try it, and my companion won. In my anxiety to see how Singer made out I kept awake all night. On larceny intent he left my side about an hour before daylight. I watched him moving to where Cooper lay, about fifty feet away. Then followed a long silence. A half hour passed, and I was wondering at Singer's slowness, when Cooper's angry voice broke into the stillness.

'A man who'll try to steal from a fellow soldier in prison is no man at all!' he said; but he did not raise his voice so as to be heard by the guards outside. 'But the stuff isn't yours; it belongs to the enemy,' Singer protested hotly. 'Belongs to the enemy, eh? Not by a long sight it doesn't. That uniform's mine. Why, confound you, ever since La Touche left this afternoon I've been at work reducing the girth so that it'll fit myself.'

'You are going to try it yourself?' 'I am, Captain,' chuckled Cooper. 'Now old fellow, go back to your blanket; and if you keep your mouth closed and your eyes open you'll soon see one of the best-dressed Confederate officers in Richmond walking out of this prison, with \$100 in graybacks in his pocket.' Singer came back, but there was no need to report as I had overheard all.

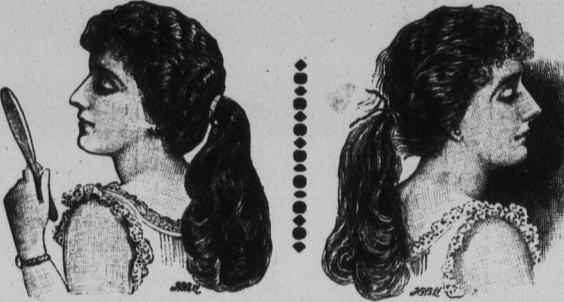
Cooper's purpose was soon known to all the men in the hospital. It was also known that the doctors came in at 9 in the morning, and that La Touche would be on hand for his uniform at 12, and between these hours Cooper must make his attempt. The doctors went at 9.30 and the guards about the prison were changed at 10. As soon as the doctors went out Cooper, who kept on his old clothes, for he was a thin man—we were all thin then—slipped on the uniform, which included a gray cap with a perfect mass of gold lace on the crown. We had never seen such a transformation. The new guard had been on about five minutes when Cooper laid his hand on the door. He took no leave and made no fuss. He reasoned very properly that the new guard, seeing he was an officer, would suppose he had entered the hospital while the other guard was on, and had just completed his mission.

At this instant Cooper's coolness was superb. His eyes were clear and steady, and there was not the twitch of a muscle to betray the nervousness he must have felt. 'I sleep like a babe since taking Short's Dyspeptique.' It is quite an ordinary remark, for many nervous, sleepless sufferers have found out that 'Short's Dyspeptique' causes sweet natural sleep. This remedy contains no narcotics whatever, but quiet the nerves and gives sleep by soothing the irritated condition of that great nerve centre—the stomach. Sec. and \$1.00.

Patent Hair Fastener.

Instantly Adjusted or Removed

After a few months' use the hair will grow sufficiently long to be taken up by the fastener, with this result.



Made in Shades to Match the Hair

The result of "tying strings" and elastic, which breaks the hair.

This simple and most effective Fastener is designed to replace tying up Ladies' Hair with cord, etc. (which is the usual custom), previously to proceeding with the coiffure.

SAVES TIME. NO KNOTS. NO FRICTION.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

At length, to the great relief of all he swung open the door and stepped out. Through the brief opening we saw the guard saluting and the officer returning it. Then the door closed with a bang and Cooper was free. The next we heard of him he was safe in Washington.

I have seen some apoplectic anger and have heard much fierce swearing in my time but I never saw so angry a man as Adjutant La Touche when he came in for his clothes at noon and found the tailor had carried them off on his back. The last thing La Touche said, as he bounced out of the hospital was: 'If I catch that fellow Cooper, I'll shoot him! I never heard of such a doggone Yankee trick!'—Alfred R. Calhoun.

FOOLED THE OLD MAN. A Nervy College Youth Who Saved Himself From Parental Wrath.

A graduate of Union College tell this story. There was in college with him a young man, who, being accustomed to take frequent trips to New York, on one of these excursions was embarrassed by seeing his father approaching him. In a moment he resolved to play the part of his own double. His father, looking surprised, accosted him with: 'Well, Jack, what are you doing here?'

With great dignity the culprit replied: 'I beg your pardon, sir, you have evidently mistaken the person.'

'Why, Jack, what do you mean?'

'Excuse me, sir, but I do not care to be interrupted in this manner by a stranger,' and he turned abruptly and walked quickly away. His father stood confused for a moment, and then immediately set off for the Grand Central depot to catch the train for Schenectady and prove that Jack was an impostor. But Jack quietly guessed his object, and reaching the depot, caught the same train, but for safety settled himself in a baggage car. When the nervous ride was over and the train stopped at Schenectady the persecuted young man ran up to the college at a sprinter's gait, and bursting into his room, said to his room-mate, 'Get me in bed, quick; the old man will be here in a minute!'

Jack was soon in bed with a wet cloth around his head, his face powdered, a teacup with broken saucer and a spoon for medicine, while his room-mate was sitting at his bedside with a Shakespeare in his hand. Soon the old gentleman came upstairs, and with a noisy knock, thundered out as soon as the door was opened. 'Where's Jack?'

'Hush! Did you get my telegram?'

'What telegram?'

'Why, about Jack's sickness. He has been very ill.'

Just then Jack opened his eyes and said faintly, 'Is that you, father?' and then a moment later, 'This young man has been very kind to me father.' With a look of bewilderment the old man said: 'Is there anything I can do for you, my poor boy?' and, taking out his check book, he left something to cover the expenses of sickness. He then retired to pick up the thread of business dropped in the city, feeling that he had met Jack's double.—New York Mail and Express.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY. The Story of How a Fortune Got Away From a Man.

A little group of men were talking the other evening in the gloaming time, when people seem to think more about what they might have been than they do at any hour of the day, and the subject was lost opportunities. 'I hate to refer to the matter at all,' remarked the colonel, who fought through the late war at the head of a Michigan regiment, 'because it only makes me renew my contempt for myself, but I've had chances in the millions list

that nobody but a confirmed yapper would think of neglecting. After the war I was a 'land-looker,' as they are called, and I knew the whole country from Detroit clean through to the far corner of Minnesota, and right where there are big buildings and beautiful city squares to-day I could have bought land at any price I might name. One man wanted me to buy in Duluth, a few lots at \$50 apiece, and I laughed at him. They are worth \$5 a square foot to-day and upwards. I picked up one piece of land at Agate Harbor for a hundred dollars and sold it for a thousand, that is worth \$50,000 now, and I wouldn't give a man \$250 for a tract that is worth as many thousands this very minute.

'But those are small potatoes and few in a hill to the biggest piece of lost opportunity I was ever guilty of; and the colonel sighed profoundly. 'You know that famous Mesaba iron mine country, up there, on Lake Superior, where they are taking out thousands of tons every year of the richest ore on earth, and any quantity of men are enjoying princely incomes from their royalties? Well, before anybody ever heard of the Mesaba iron ore I was up there running a line north from the Cloquet river, and one day I began to have all sorts of trouble with my compass.

Ordinarily it was a very tractable and reliable instrument, but here for some reason it acted strangely, or rather refused to act at all, and I could hardly get any sense out of it. I kept going ahead, however, and for ten miles trouble continued. Then it was over, and I never was quite so glad of anything as when that compass began to work again, and I did not have to lay my course by sun.

'I knew before I finished what the matter was, but what did that iron under the ground that swerved my needle out of its course mean to me? Nothing. That's all. I was a plain, every-day chump. What I was after was timber, and the timber all along there was not of sufficient quality to justify my giving the land a second thought, and I didn't. Think of it, men and brethren, sighed the colonel again, 'There I was walking over and standing on millions and millions of dollars, and I could have had all of it I wanted for the mere having sense enough to take it up, and I didn't have the sense.'—Washington Star.

Uncrowned Rulers. There are many reigning sovereigns at the present time who have never taken the trouble to be crowned. Among them may be mentioned the German Emperor, the King of Italy, the King of Spain, the Queen of Holland, the King of Bavaria, the King of Saxony.

DIED IN A WORKHOUSE.

A Woman Who was Once the Wife of a European King.

The romances of the London workhouse would form a thrilling and pathetic record, and, for sad vicissitudes and ill luck, few cases could surpass that of an inmate of one of our poor houses who has very recently passed away, says a London paper. A lady visiting the institution was struck by the evident refinement of an elderly woman in the infirmary who was a Norwegian by birth, but who spoke English and other languages fluently. She had all the attractions of a very lovely woman, which years of poverty and ill health could not destroy. She was very reticent as regarded her past, but was so evidently a gentlewoman that the sympathetic visitor exerted herself to obtain admission for the invalid into a home for the dying, in which she might pass her last days in peace and amid congenial surroundings. Before her death the stranger told her story, and a strange and romantic one it proved to be. At 17 she was informed by her parents that she was to be married, and although she had no voice in the matter, nothing could have been more satisfactory. Her husband was handsome, cultured and devoted. They lived in a charming country house, surrounded by every luxury, and four children were born to the couple. The only drawback to the perfect happiness of the young wife were the long and frequent absences of her husband, which he attributed to business, but would explain no further. At last there came a day when the man returned no more from his accustomed journey but sent his lawyer instead, from whom the bewildered and heartbroken wife learned that her husband was the King of—, and that, owing to pressing reasons, the liaison should terminate. A large sum was settled on her and the children, and, wishing to break entirely with the past, she came to live in London. After some years she married an Englishman, and shortly after the king died, leaving a lump sum to her. This money the husband got from her to invest, and ran off with the entire amount, leaving his unfortunate wife penniless. She had never been trained to any sort of work and things went from bad to worse, until, utterly destitute and dying, she became an inmate of the workhouse.

Bubbles or Medals.

'Best sarsaparilla.' When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is— Ayer's. There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

SALT ASSOCIATION

MILLIE AND MOLLIE.

I've come to ask you for the hand of your daughter, said young Bromley, stumbling to the seat offered him by the girl's father. 'Which one?' asked old Dimmock, the coal merchant, laying down the newspaper which he had been reading, and eyeing the young man curiously. 'Sometimes I think it is Mollie, and again I am sure it is Millie,' replied young Bromley, genuinely perplexed. The old coal merchant looked sympathetic. 'You can't have both,' said he, after an awkward pause. 'They're splendid girls, good enough for anybody,' exclaimed the young man. 'Well, I rather think I said the old man, proudly. 'I could be happy with either of them, went on young Bromley. 'I'm disposed to think,' observed old Dimmock, 'that you have been happy with both of them.' 'So they've told me more than once,' said Bromley, with the pleasant light of recollection in his eyes. 'Well, can't you make up your mind which girl you want to marry?' The old coal merchant looked at the young man with the fresh color and the loyal blue eyes as if he would like to have him for a son-in-law. 'Young Bromley did not answer for a moment, and then he said slowly: 'Which do you think sounds the better—'Millie Bromley' or 'Mollie Bromley?' 'Sometimes I've looked at it in that way.' 'I don't think there's much to choose,' returned, returned the old coal merchant, weighing the question with every desire to be fair. 'You know,' continued the young man there have been times when I've gone to bed perfectly charmed with the name 'Millie Bromley,' and in the morning 'Mollie Bromley' has caught my fancy. Millie, Mollie; Mollie, Millie—it's an awful puzzle. 'Of course, you've proposed to one of the girls?' inquired their father. 'Oh, yes, indeed,' said young Bromley. 'Then that is the girl you want to marry, exclaimed the old man, triumphantly. 'Why, it's simple enough after all. You've taken quite a load off my mind. Which one was it?' 'It was Millie—I think,' answered young Bromley, hesitatingly. 'Think! Don't you know?' The young man flushed and looked reproachfully at the coal merchant. 'Mr. Dimmock,' said he, 'I'll put it to you as man to man: Which is Millie and which is Mollie?' 'Don't cross examine me, sir,' rejoined the old man. 'If you want to marry one of the girls, it's your business to find out.' 'Heaven knows,' cried young Bromley in anguish. 'I want to marry either Millie or Mollie, and have her all to myself. It's trying enough for a fellow to be a d over ears in love with one girl, but when there are two of them it's more than he and blood can stand.' 'There, there, my boy,' said the old coal merchant soothingly, 'don't take on so. Either girl is yours with my blessing but I want to keep one for myself. Let me see if I can help you.' And going to the open French window he called: 'Millie, Mollie! Mollie, Millie!' 'Yes papa, we're coming,' sounded two sweet, well-bred voices from the shrubbery. 'There was a tripping of light feet along the stone walk under the grape vine, and Millie and Mollie bloomed into the room. 'How do you do, Mr. Bromley,' they said together with the same intonation and the same merry glint in their eyes. Millie had auburn hair and brown eyes; so had Mollie. Millie had a Cupid's bow of a mouth, little teeth like pearls, and a dimpled chin; so had Mollie. Millie's arms seen through her muslin sleeves, were round and white; so were Mollie's. From waist to tips of their little feet the figures of Millie and Mollie were the same, line for line, and both were dressed in white muslin, with lilac bows behind their white necks and lilac sashes at their waists, lilac stockings without a wrinkle, and each wore white satin shoes. Their hair was loose over their fair brows and was braided down their backs, or just the same length, and tied at the end with lilac ribbons. Millie tied Mollie's bows and Mollie tied Millie's. 'Well, papa?' 'Young Bromley tells me,' began old Mr. Dimmock after he had taken draughts of their fresh young beauty by looking first at one and then at the other, and then dwelling upon the features of both with one eye sweep, 'that he proposed to you last night.' 'Oh, not to both, you know,' Mr. Dimmock, interjected young Bromley. 'He asked me to be his wife,' said Millie demurely. 'He told me that he couldn't live without me,' said Mollie mischievously. 'How is this?' said the old man, turning to young Bromley with a severe look. The young man blushed furiously and lifted his hands in protest. 'I'm sure,' he stammered, 'one of you is mistaken. I asked you, Millie, to be my wife in the summer house—and—in—I kissed you. That was before supper, and later in the evening, when we sat on the front steps, I said that I couldn't live without you and that we must get married. 'Before we go any further,' interrupted the old coal merchant, 'which is Millie and which is Mollie? When your dear mother was alive she could tell the difference sometimes, but I don't know to this day. 'Oh how dull you are, papa,' said the girls in duet. 'I think that Millie is on the right,' spoke up young Bromley. 'Why, Mr. Bromley,' said she, 'I am Mollie. 'Very good, now let's go on,' said their father, 'where were we? Oh, yes, young Bromley says that he asked you to be his

wife, Millie, and declared he couldn't do without you.' 'I beg your pardon, papa, said Mollie, he told me that he couldn't live without me.' 'Well, let's get our bearings,' continued the old coal merchant. 'Bromley, you asked Millie to marry you down in the summer house, and you kissed her! That's correct, isn't it?' 'There's no doubt about that, sir,' said Bromley eagerly. 'And after supper when you sat together on the stoop you told Mollie that you couldn't live without her?' 'That I deny, sir. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mollie, you needn't look so angry. I meant no offence.' 'Did you kiss Mollie?' went on the old man relentlessly. 'No, sir. I—' 'Yes, you did, Mr. Bromley,' flared up Mollie. 'I admit,' said the young man, struggling with his emotions, 'that I kissed her when I said I could not live without her, but it wasn't Mollie.' 'Oh, Mollie,' said Millie, 'how could you?' 'Now, Millie, do be reasonable,' said Mollie. Old Mr. Dimmock looked mystified. 'It seems to me,' I said, with a show of impatience, 'that if I were in love with one of those girls I could tell the difference between them. So far as I can make out, young man, you have asked Millie to be your wife, and have tried to make Mollie believe that you could live without her. Now, to any one who does not know Millie and Mollie your conduct would appear to be perfidious. Of course, as between you and Mollie, I must believe Mollie, for the girl certainly knows whether you kissed her.' 'The old man eyed both his daughters hard. Millie was biting her nether lip and so was Mollie; but Mollie was trying to keep from laughing. Old Mr. Dimmock had an idea. 'I would like to clear up this thing to your satisfaction and my own, Bromley,' said he. 'Let me ask you whether Mollie kissed you when you told her you couldn't live without her?' The young man got very red in the face. 'You mean Millie, of course,' he replied, with embarrassment. 'Perhaps she wouldn't mind my saying that she did kiss me in the summer house. But she didn't kiss me on the stoop. I kissed her.' 'How is that, Millie? Mollie? asked their father. 'Papa,' said Mollie decidedly. 'I couldn't keep Mr. Bromley from kissing me, but I assure you I didn't kiss him.' Mollie looked her father straight in the eye and then she shot an indignant shaft at Bromley. Millie hung her head and her face was as red as a poppy. 'I think,' said the old man dryly, 'that marriage before you make another mistake, young man.'—New York Sun.

MAN'S DANGEROUS AGE.

Figures Showing That he Commits more Crimes at 29. It is a singular fact, yet one substantiated by statistics, that most crime is committed in this State by men 29 years old. This is not only true of the lesser but also of the greater crimes, although a man is presumed to be at that period of his life not only in the zenith of his physical, but also in full and complete possession of his mental powers, with a complete appreciation of right and wrong and their respective consequences. This condition is a problem which has not been solved by the student of criminology, and one which is made the more complex by the fact that the ages of 21, 27, and 45 years nearly equal it, with the intervening years showing a far less percentage of crime. It is indeed peculiar that the criminal tendency should be so strong at 29 with no such inclination, so far as criminal statistics show, in as good a degree for the succeeding sixteen years and then another outburst of the animal in man. This condition is found to be true by actual figures, and as all statistical computations at which average conditions are sought to be determined are arrived at by this method, so may the student of this subject, as well as the insurance magnate who bases his rates on the general average of losses in proportion to the risks taken, and does so with full safety, employ it in solving the problem before him. Mr. Charles K. Baker, chief clerk to superintendent Lathrop, has made this subject one of close study and will soon have completed a table showing this to be true. He has already completed one relative to murderers serving life sentences in the penal institutions, and its figures bear out the general conclusion. He offers at this time no explanation for this, but hopes after he has exhausted the subject, so far as the presentation of figures concerned, to be able to set forth reasons why these years should be productive of the most crime. The following figures show how old the various murderers who are serving life sentences were when they committed the act for which they are serving time, together with how many like crimes were committed at such specific year of age: Fifteen, 1; sixteen, 1; seventeen, 2; eighteen, 2; nineteen, 1; twenty, 2; twenty-one, 8; twenty-two, 9; twenty-three, 6; twenty-four, 5; twenty-five, 8; twenty-six, 10; twenty-seven, 11; twenty-eight, 7; twenty-nine, 12; thirty, 6; thirty-one, 6; thirty-two, 7; thirty-three, 6; thirty-four, 6; thirty-five, 7; thirty-six, 6; thirty-seven, 3; thirty-eight, 5; thirty-nine, 4; forty, 6;

forty-one, 8; forty-two, 3; forty-three, 6; forty-four, 3; forty-five, 7; forty-six, 1; forty-seven, 1; forty-eight, 3; forty-nine, 2; fifty, 1; fifty-one, 0; fifty-two, 2; fifty-three, 2; fifty-four, 0; fifty-five, 2; fifty-six, 0; fifty-seven, 1; fifty-eight, 0; fifty-nine, 1; sixty, 0; sixty-one, 1; sixty-two, 0; sixty-three, 1; sixty-four, 1; sixty-five, 0; sixty-six, 0; sixty-seven, 11; sixty-eight, 1; sixty-nine, 0; seventy, 1.

THE INVENTOR OF MATCHES.

Career of Sir Isaac Holden, Whose Yearly Income was \$1,000,000. Sir Isaac Holden who died recently, at the time of his retirement from political life two years ago was the oldest and probably the richest member of the House of Commons, and he was certainly one of the most remarkable men in the United Kingdom. He was born at Paisley in Scotland, in 1807. His origin was very humble, his father being a working miner, too poor to keep him at school. So he was put at work to earn his own living at the early age of 10, when he was made an apprentice to a shawl weaver. But removal from school only stimulated his ardor for knowledge, and he managed to attend evening classes when working as an operative in a cotton mill for some fourteen hours a day. His studies enabled him to accept a position as a teacher, and it was while serving in that capacity that he bestowed upon the world a great benefit, which was, however, slight benefit to him. This was the invention of the lucifer match, which he came upon unexpectedly while making some chemical experiments for the instruction of his pupils. Other men took up the discovery, and he made nothing out of it. In time he gave up the ferrule and became a bookkeeper with a Yorkshire manufacturing firm. This was the turning point of his life, for, while working at the ledgers and journals his mind went back to his shawl-weaving apprenticeship, and he became interested in the manufacture of woollen cloth, and sought to construct a machine for carding the wool. For years he studied the problem, making many apparently fruitless experiments. All his savings from his salary were given to the enterprise. The friends to whom he confided his scheme looked with little favor upon it. But his perseverance and genius finally triumphed, and he completed and perfected a carding machine which has revolutionized the wool industry of the world. Happily, he secured letters patent upon the invention, and as a result handsome profits soon came to him. He established mills in Yorkshire, literally treating large centres of industry. He also built several mills in France. For many years his income from them was enormous, averaging probably \$1,000,000 a year. His French mills were founded in partnership with Mr. S. C. Lister, the famous 'silk king' of Bradford, and were situated at St. Denis, Rheims, and Croix. He dissolved the partnership with Mr. Lister in 1858, after it had lasted nearly eighteen years, and then the present firm of Isaac Holden & Son was formed. Mr. Holden entered political life in 1865 when he was elected for Knaresborough, which he represented until 1868. In that year, and again in 1872 and 1874, he was defeated. He reentered Parliament in 1882 when he was returned at a bye-election in the Northern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, after the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had held the seat. On the redistribution of seats he became the member for the Keighley Division of the West Riding, and held that seat until the general election of 1895, when he withdrew from public life. He was always a devoted liberal in politics, being described as 'amonomical Glad-



SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white. Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

stonian.' He was an advanced reformer, especially upon land questions. He advocated the breaking down of all barriers, both of taxation and intercommunication, between nations, and was therefore an ardent supporter of the chimerical scheme for constructing a tunnel under the Straits of Dover. On the Queen's birthday in 1893 he was created a baronet. Sir Isaac was an ardent Methodist. He became a local preacher among the Wesleyans; but, though prominent, was never popular, being 'strongly Puritanic, often bitter, and always stern.' Like many millionaires, his habits were as simple as those of the poorest paid clerk in his employ. Throughout his whole life he had never missed a day's exercise, unless, indeed, he was confined to bed. Eight miles a day was his 'constitutional' walk, rain or shine, hot or cold. No matter how busy he may have been, or how many hours he had to work, he always took time for such a walk, and continued to do so even after he had reached the age of 85. To this habit and his abstemiousness at table he attributed the excellent and vigorous health which he enjoyed as an octogenarian. Never could he be tempted to eat meat oftener than once a day—at lunch. Breakfast and dinner were made of fruit and some little farinaceous food. The House of Commons hours have greatly improved in recent days, but in the worst of times they had no terrors for Mr. Holden. Often he was to be seen between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning as fresh as gay, and as ready for conversation as if it were 12 o'clock in the day. Indeed, he never showed fatigue and never complained of work or worry, remaining as buoyant and energetic in the eighties as a man of 35.—Philadelphia Telegram.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

But One Sure Remedy—Obtain it for 25 Cents, Blower Included, and be Cured. Catarrh is a disagreeable and offensive disease. It usually results from a cold, and often ends in consumption and death. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Physicians failed to cure George Belfrey, toll-gate keeper, Holland Landing Road, Chase's Catarrh Cure did it. One box cured William Kneeshaw, and two boxes James T. Stoddard, both of West Gwillimbury. Division Court Clerk Joel Rogers, Robert J. Hoover, and George Taylor, all of Beeton, voluntarily certify to the efficacy of Chase's Catarrh Cure. J. W. Jennison, of Gifford, spent nearly \$300 on doctors, but found no permanent relief until he tried a 25 cent box of Chase's. Miss Dwyer, of Alliston, got rid of a cold in the head in 12 hours. Henry R. Nicholls, 176 Rectory street, London, tried a box with excellent effect. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is for sale by any dealer, or by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Price 25 cents, including blower. Coughs, colds and bronchial troubles readily cured by the latest discovery, Chase's Linseed and Turpentine. Pleasant and easy to take. 25 cents.

ABOUT HICCOUGHS.

Generally this troublesome little disturbance is a matter of no moment beyond the annoyance it may cause the sufferer. It is brought about by a momentary contraction of the diaphragm, by which air is drawn into the chest, and may be excited by a variety of causes. It may even be a symptom of a grave disease, usually of the nervous system, but most frequently it results from trivial causes, such as laughing or crying. A very common cause of hiccoughs is eating or drinking too much or too fast, especially drinking. This is so well known that the funny paragraphs in the papers always sprinkle the remarks of an alleged drunken man with plenty of hics. It may also be started, just as it may be arrested, by a sudden fright. It can often be cured by fixing the attention closely upon something else, as upon the attempt to bring the little finger of each hand as near its mate as possible without allowing them to touch each other. Other simple means of arresting hiccough, which usually ceases of itself without any treatment, are the swallowing of little lumps of ice or a glass of very cold water or acidulated water, vigorous rubbing with the hand over the pit of the stomach or the

TWENTY YEARS OF LUMBAGO. YET KOOTENAY CURE CONQUERS.

It is a long time to look back over twenty years of life, but when the mile posts have been marked by the pains and aches of Lumbago, it renders the retrospect far from being a pleasant one. Such was the experience of Mr. James Muir, Night Baggage Master, G.T.R., residence 243 Emerald Street, Hamilton, Ont. He made a sworn declaration to the effect that for over 20 years he was afflicted with Lumbago, and at times was so severely afflicted he could not walk. For about ten years he could not stand straight for a longer period than about fifteen minutes, when he would be compelled to stoop forward in order to relieve himself. He took nine bottles of Kootenay Cure and they have cured him to stay cured. He says— 'I told Mr. Ryckman if I felt no pains for one year after taking his medicine, that I would give him a testimonial, and as the time expires this week I come to him without solicitation to give this sworn declaration. I consider Kootenay Cure one of the greatest and best remedies for back or kidney troubles ever used by mankind, and wish my case to become generally known, as I doctored with five different medical men, and was told they could do nothing for me.' Chart book free on application to the S. S. Ryckman Medical Co., (Limited), Hamilton, Ont.

back of the neck, dashing ice-cold water on the spine, etc. If such devices fail, a more effectual measure consists in making firm and persistent pressure upward, with the fingers passed under the edge of the ribs on each side, near the breast-bone. This causes pressure on the diaphragm and, as it were, extracts it so that it forgets to contract spasmodically. The taking of eight or ten deep and slow inspirations acts in much the same way. We often read in the papers of wonderful cases of hiccoughs lasting for days and days, and sometimes ceasing only with death. There are occasionally such cases, which baffle the skill of physicians, but when they occur there is some other serious malady present, which, and not the hiccough, is the actual cause of death. These grave cases are not under consideration here. They do not come within the domain of household remedies, but call for professional intervention.

HOW CHEWING GUM IS MADE.

Processes Through Which it Passes to the Consumer. Four million pounds of gum chicle, the product of the Mexican sapota tree, entered the United States during 1896. This entire product, valued at nearly \$1,500,000, became the basis of chewing gum. A walk through a leading chewing gum factory is interesting.

Here over 1,000,000,000 pieces of gum are annually produced and shipped to every portion of the world. Three hundred employes are engaged in the manufacture of the gum, the first step of which is the importation of the raw chicle, which is gathered by the peons in Mexico and exported in bales containing about 150 pounds each.

The gum is taken from the bales and chopped into small pieces. These are freed from tree bark and chips by steaming and picking. Then it is ground in mills making 3,400 revolutions a minute.

The ground gum is subject to a continuous heat of 140 degrees Fahrenheit in drying-rooms. From here the gum is sent to the 'white-aproned cook,' who adds the purest sugar and the freshest cream, granulated peasin, powdered gum or kok or other desired ingredient to it and cooks it in a steam jacketed caldron where it is turned and mixed by an ingenious double-acting heater or rotating paddle until it has assumed the consistency of bread dough.

Now the 'dough boys' take hold of it and knead it in finely powdered sugar, passing it through to the 'rollers,' where it is rolled between steel rollers until it is of the proper thickness, when it is whisked away to the 'markers.'

The markers are steel-knived rollers which leave their impress upon the long sheets of appetizing gum before it goes to the seasoning-room, after which it is broken on the lines left by the markers. Now the gum finds its way to the wrapping-room. The nimble fingers of 150 dainty maidens are here at play. Under their deft touch waxed paper, tin-foil and pretty wrappers envelop the gum quick as a wink, and in another moment the packers have the gum to place in jars or boxes, wherein it is supplied for sale to the general public.—Confectioners' Journal.

NO AVAIL.

Adam Soper of Burk's Falls Found All Remedies For Kidney Disease of No Avail Until He Used South American Kidney Cure—To-Day He is a Well Man and Gives the Credit Where it is Due.

'For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. The pains I suffered were the severest. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. Have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that to-day I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble.'

A Favorite Abiding Place.

In a little English village there is a baker's shop over the door of which is the following inscription: 'One piece of bread, to be eaten on the premises, given to any one passing through Broughton direct until 10 p. m.' This extraordinary sign-board was affixed to the shop some years ago by Sawrey Cookson, of Broughton Tower, who recoups the baker for the bread which he disposes of in this singular way. As may be expected, the shop is a favorite halting place for tramps and artisans out of work, who are making their way to the busy town twelve miles from the village.

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### Sunday Reading.

#### TRYING IT HIMSELF.

'Come, let's hurry,' said Ben Riker.  
'Why?' asked Joey Clark.  
'I want to ride my bicycle.'  
'That's so; I want to ride my bicycle,'  
cried Ned Ankner, who always copied the  
words and actions of others.  
The boys frequently remarked that Ned  
never knew what to do with himself until  
somebody else made a suggestion.  
'Let's all go together and take a long  
ride. It's just the kind of a day for it.  
Suppose we go up as far as Barrington  
Road.'

This from Louie Coombs.  
'Yes, let's,' Ned quickly assented, and  
the others, too heartily agreed to the pro-  
posal.  
The four boys had just come out of  
Cumberland street church. They were  
hurrying down the steps when an elderly  
man approached and inquired:  
'Is the pastor inside?'

'No, sir,' Joey answered, politely, 'the  
pastor is having a meeting there, but I  
can show you where the pastor lives, if you  
wish.'  
'Never mind, thank you. I was passing,  
and hearing voices inside, thought the  
Mr. Payson might be there. Another  
time will do as well.'

Then the old gentleman proceeded  
down the street and the boys started on  
their way.  
'Why did you offer to go with him when  
we're in such a hurry?' Ben asked impa-  
tiently.

'It would have only taken a corner to  
go with him around the corner,' Joey  
answered in a quiet tone.

'Yes, and what difference would that  
have made with our bicycle ride?' said  
Louie Coombs.  
'Well, we have already wasted enough  
time going up to the church on that errand.  
We might have been off a half an hour  
ago.'

Just then Joey paused to pick up an  
orange peel and throw it into an ash  
barrel.  
'There you are again,' grumbled Ben,  
always stopping to do things like that.  
But surely no one ought to leave a peel  
on the sidewalk for people to slip on,' was  
the reply.

It was left there for us.  
'But that is no reason why we should  
leave it for others,' Louie interposed.  
Louie could always tell what people ought  
to do, but he generally forgot to practice  
what he preached. 'Folks have been very  
badly injured by slipping on things like  
that,' he went on with a wise air. 'It  
requires about half a minute to remove it,  
but an injured limb will take weeks to get  
well. Come, Ben, I don't believe you're  
as thoughtful as you would make yourself  
appear. What is the matter with you this  
afternoon, anyhow?'

'There's nothing the matter with me,  
but I hate fellows to be always stopping to  
do things for people when we're in a  
hurry. Just like him running a half a  
block the other way to give an old woman  
a handkerchief she had dropped. It was  
only a cotton one, too.'

'It was probably worth something to her,'  
Joey replied.  
'Of course,' said Ned.  
'But life is not long enough to be looked  
around to see what you can do for others,'  
Ben persisted as they hurried along the  
street.

'Father says that life is long enough for  
us not to refuse the chances we have to do  
little kindnesses,' observed the ever-ready  
Louie. 'He says, too, that if we put our-  
selves in the place of those who need help  
we would understand what the help would  
mean to them.'

No further remarks were made on the  
subject under discussion, for the boys had  
not reached Ben's home, and Ben was  
hurrying in for his bicycle. He had hardly  
closed the gate, however, when Mrs. Riker  
appeared and said:  
'My son, don't forget that you are to  
put that wood into the shed this afternoon.  
You had better get right at it.'

Then she returned to the house.  
All the eagerness and happy expectation  
had left Ben's face, and he stood looking  
helplessly at his companions.  
'Can't you leave it until to-morrow?'

asked Louie.  
'Yes, I would think you could do that,'  
said Ned.  
'No, I was to put it in yesterday and the  
day before, and I forgot it both times.  
Father would be very angry if I left it  
again. I had forgotten all about it until  
mother spoke.'

'Is there much of it?' inquired Joey.  
'Yes, a big pile. See it back there. It

will take ever so long. You'll have to go  
on without me. It's too bad! We haven't  
had a day like this for two weeks, and to-  
morrow it will be sure to rain.'

'We might help, and then go, suggest-  
ed Joey.  
'Of course,' agreed Ned.  
Ben's face had brightened considerably.  
'Yes, and four of us will make quick  
work of it, Louie said with enthusiasm.  
'Let's see, if it would take you two hours,  
'four of us ought to be done in half an hour.'  
It is now half past three, and by four we  
can be off.'

While these calculations were going on,  
Joey had quietly gone to the back of the  
yard and had begun the work of carrying  
the wood to the shed. Then Ned and Louie  
started in. Ben hesitated for a moment.  
He remembered now how disobedient he  
had shown himself to be, and he was  
ashamed to accept the help of his com-  
panions.

'Really, boys, I hate to keep you; he  
said meekly.  
'Never mind it won't hurt us to wait a  
half an hour,' Louie replied good natured-  
ly.  
'No, indeed echoed Ned.  
Joey was going off with his arms full of  
wood. He was whistling and hadn't heard  
these remarks. Ben looked thoughtfully  
after him. 'He doesn't mind it. I am  
sure,' he said to himself. Then he added,  
and a very penitent look came into his face:  
'Well, I know now what it is to be in need  
of help, and after this I guess not begrudge  
the little time it takes to do kindnesses for  
others.'

And with a happy smile and a shout of  
'How good you are boys! he started to  
work in real earnest.

#### HOLDING THE LIGHT.

She had failed to hold it just where it was  
Most Needed.  
A dear little boy of five years, who had  
an old-fashioned Spartan mother, was  
brave ordinarily, but was afraid to be left  
alone in the dark. To cure him of this  
fear, his mother decided to send him to  
bed alone, and to have the light taken a  
way, which had usually been left until the  
little fellow was asleep.

This was a sore trial to the boy, and pos-  
sibly to the mother, but most of all to the  
boy's sister, a girl of about ten years of  
age. She could not forget her own times  
of trembling and of terror—of looking under  
the bed, and hiding her head under the  
blanket. Her heart ached for the little  
fellow undergoing such heroic treatment,  
and she used to steal softly upstairs with  
her bedroom candle and stand just outside  
her brother's door.

'Are you there, sister?'  
'Yes, Willie.'  
'Can I have the light?'  
'No, Willie; mother says no.'  
'Do bring it.'  
'No, but I'll let it stay right here.'  
'Will it shine in?'  
'Yes, all across the floor; don't you see?'  
You must go to sleep or mother will take  
it away.'

Then a pause, and soon the sleepy voice  
asking,  
'Are you there, sister?'  
'Yes, Willie.'  
'Will you surely stay?'  
'Surely.'  
'Till I'm all, every bit asleep? You won't  
let the light go out till I'm gone?'  
'No, Willie.'  
'Nor leave me alone?'  
'No, brother, never.'

And all this in the briefest whisper pos-  
sible; and if the mother heard she did not  
heed, for the children were not forbidden  
to comfort each other in their own fashion,  
until by and by the boy out grew her fear.

Years passed, and the lovely boyhood  
and brilliant youth were left behind. Wil-  
lie had outgrown his sister in size and  
strength and knowledge, but not in good-  
ness or faith. Life parted them early—their  
lives went separate ways. Her love and  
her letters and her prayers followed  
him, but evil temptations crept closer to  
him than these, and little by little he be-  
came the victim of drink. It did not con-  
quer all the good in him at once, but at  
intervals he yielded, and slowly and surely  
went down. Then it was that she failed  
him. She had been so proud of his talents  
of his power to win all the world could  
offer, and now he made her so pitifully  
ashamed. When he repented she found it  
hard to relent. She hated the sin so bit-  
terly that she almost included the sinner.  
She hardened under the shame of it and  
lost faith in his efforts and promises; and  
while she did not give him up, she made  
him feel ashamed to come with his bemoan-  
ings to her, when she knew that before the  
next temptation his resolves would go  
down like dead leaves in the wind. And  
so the distances widened, and she suffered  
much, and he went down and down. At  
last his health broke, and life drew near its  
close. Then she found him and drew near  
to him, nearer and nearer till the day he

died. Lying with his hand in hers, he  
looked up at her at a child might to his  
mother, and said faintly,  
'Do you remember, sister?'  
'Remember what, Willie?'  
'The light, the light! how I was afraid,  
and you used to stand by the door and  
hold the light?'  
'Yes, yes, I remember it! it was so  
long ago!' and she turned her face away to  
hide the tears.  
'Never mind, sister, it's all right now.  
I feel like a little child again, and I'm not  
afraid.'

'Not afraid of the dark. No, you know  
who go with us, Willie, when we come to  
the dark'—she could not go on.  
'The dark valley,' he finished for her.  
'Yes, I know. I see him, sister, and you  
hold the light, but, but—'  
'But what, brother?'  
'But you didn't keep on holding it al-  
ways; you left me so many times in the  
dark. I would have been good, sister, if  
you had—held it every time—but,' sud-  
denly seeming to realize that he was trou-  
bling her, he drew her face down as she  
bent over him, and whispered 'but now  
I'll be still. I'm tired—you will stay till I  
go to sleep?'

'Yes, Willie, yes: I will never leave you  
again.'  
'And—mind—you you will hold the light  
—for—'  
'As long as you need it, dear.'  
'No, no, not for me—not for me—for all  
the other—the other'—and the old smile  
lit up his face—the other little boys in the  
dark!

There was no answer in words. He  
would not have heard it if there had been,  
for with his pleading for the boys in the  
dark, his life went out, and he was asleep.  
Such lessons need not to be repeated to  
any heart on which such bitter scourging  
has fallen once. But the boys in the dark  
are many, and many the sisters and mothers  
and wives that ought to be 'holding the  
light.'—American Reformer.

Selections.  
We are far too little alone with God; and  
this, I am persuaded, is one of the very  
saddest features in our modern Christian  
living. It is work, work, work: at  
the very best some well meant Martha-like  
serving; but where are the more devoted  
Marys, who find the shortest, surest way  
to the heart of Jesus by ceasing very much  
from self-willed, self-appointed toils, and  
sitting humbly at His feet to let Him carry  
on His blessed work within ourselves? If  
the Mary-like method was carried out  
more, it might abridge considerably the  
amount of work apparently accomplished,  
but it would incomparably enhance the  
quality. What though we should lose a  
hundredweight and get instead of it only a  
pound—if the hundredweight lost were  
only lead, and the pound gained were  
pure gold?

Is heroism a lost factor among us? Does  
the Sunday School or the teaching that is  
taught there make for weakness and a  
shrinking cowardice? The incidents which  
crowd around the story of that terrible  
accident on the Cambrian Railway give a  
hard answer to those who ask the question  
in a tone that almost demands an answer  
in the affirmative. A large party of Sun-  
day School children and their friends are  
returning from a day of pleasure. With a  
fearful suddenness the train bounds from  
the metals, and all is wreck and confusion;  
the smile fades from the cheek of the child,  
and strong men lose their self-possession;

darkness is all around and fear possess-  
es the heart—a time, is it not, to judge  
men with leniency, not to speak of  
children of tender years. Yet here is a  
frail girl lying helplessly and in pain be-  
neath a heavy piece of iron, and as the  
rescuers come to free her, she smiles and  
says: 'Go and see to the others, I am all  
right,' notwithstanding that, as was dis-  
covered later, she was in torture with a  
fractured thigh and broken leg! Here,  
again, is a little boy with arm broken, who  
thinks only of his mother, whom he should  
like to be informed of the accident, but  
wishes to spare the knowledge of his own  
hurt! And with childish grace he lifts his  
heart to his God in the only prayer he  
knows—'Our Father.' Is heroism dead?  
Does the Sunday School or the teaching  
taught there make for weakness or for  
strength?

Why he Quit.  
A professional gentleman, who was ac-  
customed to take his morning glass, step-  
ped into a saloon, and going up to the bar  
called for whiskey. A seedy individual  
stepped up to him and said: 'I say, 'squire,  
can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join  
you?'

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity  
and roughly told him, 'I am not in the habit  
of drinking with tramps.'  
The tramp replied: 'You need not be so  
cranky and high-minded, my friend. I  
venture to say that I am of just as good a  
family as you are, have just as good an  
education, and before I took a  
drink was just as respectable as  
you are. What is more, I al-  
ways knew how to act the gentleman.  
Take my word for it, you stick to John  
Barleycorn and he will bring you to just  
the same place as I am.'

Struck with the words, the gentleman  
set down his glass and turned to look at  
him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face  
bloated, his boots mismatched, his clothing  
filthy. Then was it drinking that made  
you like this?'  
'Yes it was; and it will drink you to the  
same if you stick to it.'  
Picking up his untouched glass, he pour-  
ed the contents upon the floor and, 'Then  
it's time I quit, and left the saloon never  
to enter it again.'—Claminate.

Humility.  
There are few graces more beautiful—  
and shall we say more rare?—than the  
grace of humility. Often in companies of  
men the one who has the best thought and  
keenest judgement is one not seen nor  
heard, while some other member of the  
group occupies its constant attention with  
vapourings that are more noisy than pro-  
found. The one is humble and must be  
driven into the public gaze; the other is  
self-assertive and needs to be taught the  
virtue of silence. The world is not often  
deceived, and the strong man, though quiet  
and retiring, wins the highest measure of  
success.

FROM AGONY TO JOY.  
Acute Sufferings From Acute Rheumatic  
Affliction Relieved by South American  
Rheumatic Cure When Hope had Well-  
nigh Gone—Mrs. W. Ferris, Wife of a  
Well-Known Manufacturer of Glencoe,  
Cheerfully Tells the Story of Her Cure.  
'I was for years a great sufferer from  
rheumatic affliction in my ankles, and at  
times was so bad that I could not walk. I  
tried every known remedy and treated  
with best physicians for years, but no per-  
manent relief. Although my confidence in  
remedies was about exhausted, I was in-  
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Cure. I purchased a bottle. The very  
first dose gave me relief, and after taking  
two bottles all pain had vanished and there  
has been no return of it. I do cheerfully  
recommend this great remedy.'

Japs Changing.  
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darkness is all around and fear possess-  
es the heart—a time, is it not, to judge  
men with leniency, not to speak of  
children of tender years. Yet here is a  
frail girl lying helplessly and in pain be-  
neath a heavy piece of iron, and as the  
rescuers come to free her, she smiles and  
says: 'Go and see to the others, I am all  
right,' notwithstanding that, as was dis-  
covered later, she was in torture with a  
fractured thigh and broken leg! Here,  
again, is a little boy with arm broken, who  
thinks only of his mother, whom he should  
like to be informed of the accident, but  
wishes to spare the knowledge of his own  
hurt! And with childish grace he lifts his  
heart to his God in the only prayer he  
knows—'Our Father.' Is heroism dead?  
Does the Sunday School or the teaching  
taught there make for weakness or for  
strength?

Why he Quit.  
A professional gentleman, who was ac-  
customed to take his morning glass, step-  
ped into a saloon, and going up to the bar  
called for whiskey. A seedy individual  
stepped up to him and said: 'I say, 'squire,  
can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join  
you?'

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity  
and roughly told him, 'I am not in the habit  
of drinking with tramps.'

The tramp replied: 'You need not be so  
cranky and high-minded, my friend. I  
venture to say that I am of just as good a  
family as you are, have just as good an  
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drink was just as respectable as  
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ways knew how to act the gentleman.  
Take my word for it, you stick to John  
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Struck with the words, the gentleman  
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### Notches on The Stick

"Roses and Rue," is the title of a volume of lyrics, classical and romantic, by Hon. W. A. Taylor, an Ohio writer, and the editor and proprietor of a leading news paper of that state. It is in "The Lotus Series," published by Charles Wells Moulton, and is one of the best of the dozen or more volumes in that series. It shows the scholarly and poetic bent of its author and discloses genuine taste and no little metrical facility. The tone is pure, and several of the sketches given of Shakespeare's women—particularly Imogen and Juliet—are quite charming. What heart has not been touched with tenderness for womankind from the story of Cymbeline's fair daughter, who, to quote Mr Taylor's poem—

Was born unto infinite beauty,  
and also to the end that we might know,  
fidelity in suffering. "Of all Shakespeare's women," says Hazlitt, "she is perhaps the most tender and artless." Two or three of the brief lyrics may best exhibit Mr. Taylor's quality:

Janet.  
Full tide was the sweet June weather,  
When we roamed the fields together,  
Through the purpling of the clover,  
My coy Janet and I.

She was young and she was slender,  
Brown her eyes, and soft, and tender,  
And the sunshine lent its splendor  
To the glory of her hair.

We were sweetheart, then and lover,  
And we dreamed the old dreams over,  
As we wandered in the clover,  
My sweet Janet and I.

Paradise spread out before us,  
With the blue sky bending o'er us,  
And the birds and bees in chorus,  
Sang us of the By-and-By.

O, sweet birds, and bees, and clover,  
Happy sweetheart happy lover,  
Still you linger and grow brighter  
As the happy years go by.

Twenty years have passed us over,  
And among the fields of clover,  
We still walk and dream together,  
My own Janet and I.

She's no longer young and slender,  
But her eyes are soft and tender,  
And the sunshine in its splendor  
Finds no silver in her hair.

We are sweetheart, still, and lover,  
As we wander in the clover,  
And we dream our young dreams over,  
My own Janet and I.

'Mong the birds and bees and clover—  
A new sweetheart, a new lover,  
Walk beside us and dream over  
All the happy By-and-By.

O sweet birds, and bees, and clover,  
Happy sweetheart happy lover,  
May your dreams, like ours grow brighter  
As the changing years go by.

The King's Highway.  
Here one shall hail say; "The way is dark,"  
And one shall praise the perfect day;  
For each that weeps another lingers,  
Walking upon the King's Highway.

Here merry-makers shout with glee,  
And saddened mourners weep and pray;  
While hucksters hawk their tawdry wares,  
All moving on the King's Highway.

Hope walks erect beside Despair,  
Love smiles, while Hatred's minions slay.  
Virtue and crime touch robes and press  
For room upon the King's Highway.

Age totters here, Youth lingers there,  
As though the sun would shine away;  
Beauty and the destroyer walk  
Comrades along the King's Highway.

Here one hath only grief and threne,  
And one hath only warblings gay;  
The wise, the foolish and the blind,  
Keep step along the King's Highway.

All came from out the lands of Hope  
Which at Life's happy sunrise lay;  
All quit their journey at the grave,  
Which ends at last the King's Highway.

Why It Is.  
"There are no songs like the old songs,"  
And there's no love like the old,  
For in age we find the silver,  
But in youth we find the gold.  
The fruit hath not the fragrance  
Of the blossom young and fair;  
And the honey dew of memory  
Lingers on forever there.  
In the evening all the shadows  
Point toward the gate of day,  
And the jewels that have charmed us  
Shine along the backward way.  
And the kisses were the sweetest  
When life's lilacs were in bloom,  
Nor can Time nor Grief e'er lessen  
Their rich sweetness, their perfume.  
The beauty the sweetest stories  
To us by the dead were told,  
That there's no love like the old love,  
That there's no songs like the old."

Bliss Carman in an instructive article in The Boston Transcript treats of Symbolism in literature, and speaks thus of Biblical Symbols:

"The greatest storehouse of symbolism, of course, is the Bible. That treasury of the world's best literature was written by very great poets. And most of our sorry mishaps in faith come from interpreting their poems literally. They were talking of affairs of the spirit; naturally their words could have no exact applicability to conduct or thought.

To say that the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, or that the sun stood

### Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc.

## Hood's Pills

Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. See All Druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

still in the valley of Ajalon, is to make use of the most beautiful poetry. And we owe enduring reverence to the genius who could compass such expression. But to interpret it literally—what could be more stultifying to the soul. . . . And yet both of these beautiful scraps of symbolistic poetry are full of the gist of religion, and I believe their profound significance. I have no exact idea what the writer meant who declared that the sun turned back in the Valley of Ajalon; indeed, I am perfectly sure that the sun did nothing of the sort; But I have a fine sense of spiritual elation and freedom when I read those words; I partake of the poet's own rapture; I feel the same nobility of soul which he must have felt, when no mere statement of fact could suffice him, when he could only resort to symbolism as a means of expressing his emotional fervor.

Many exegetes will, in their interpretation of the above passages, insist on something more definite. They will not be so capable of Mr. Carman's method, nor so susceptible to "spiritual elation," through a poetic or symbolistic medium. They will say,—surely this is meant; that whether the mere mechanism of the universe was, or could be, temporarily arrested, the spirit of the universe was then, and ever is arrayed on the side of just battalions, helping the ever-prolonged and righteous war that the good wages against the evil. Or, as Whittier has written it out:

"Still, to earnest souls, the sun  
Rests on towered Gibeah,  
And the moon of Ajalon  
Lights the battlement of life;  
To his aid the strong reverses  
Hidden powers and giant forces,  
And the high stars in their courses,  
Mingle in his strife."

Now that the dog star is ceasing his rage, a few dogs are found to have gone mad, and many men. All our communities are badly fevered and a golden inoculation is said to be the only proper remedy. One excellent friend, writing from Montreal, confesses: "The chief topic of conversation here is the Klondike gold region. Everybody wants to shoulder a shovel and go. Little boys are buying toy picks and buckskin bags, determined to run away from school, and seek their fortune in the new El Dorado." Even the poets have been infected, we conclude, and in proof of this assertion we reproduce the following, clipped from Montreal papers:

The Too-Much-Gold River.  
Which the Indians report to be situated beyond  
and to be far richer than the Klondike.  
Far up the stern-precipitous Klondike,  
In the Arctic drear, we are told,  
There speeds a mysterious river,  
"The River of Too Much Gold."

O say, ye powers of darkness!  
Did the Yukon Indians dream  
The longing they roused in our hearts-chorus,  
When they named us that hidden stream?

There once was an El Dorado  
Men created their lives to behold;  
But what was the merely golden  
To the River of Too Much Gold?

O, if we could stand on its border,  
And after our socks were distent,  
Kick round us still benches of nuggets,  
Would we feel we could then be content?

Would we feel, as we shouldered our million,—  
Pledge of peace to ten thousand fold,  
That even then this river  
Was a River of Too Much Gold?

O, when will the heart of mortal  
Be ready to cry "Enough"  
And what is the use of the struggle  
For the "stuff" if it does not stuff?

But however it be, I am longing  
As though it would free me from care,  
For the banks of that Arctic river,  
And a little of what is there. —W. D. Lighthall.

As one bird answers another in the lone wilderness, so does poet tune his pipe in response to poet:

A Response to a Recent Lyric.  
You sing of an Arctic river,  
The River of Too Much Gold;  
With you I should like to explore it,  
Were it not so deadly cold.

On its banks our teeth would chatter,  
And a longing for Montreal,  
Would fill our eyes with water,  
That in nuggets of ice would fall.

At seventy odd below zero,  
And a wigwag the best hotel,  
I might fall to act the hero,  
And bolt with an Indian yell.

It is fit that a Joaquin Miller,  
Who is pleased to pass as a joke  
Should go as a Klondike tiller,  
And poke to expand his poke.

Let the restless long-haired beaver,  
On the Yukon build his dams,  
And the

But we, with our yellow fever,  
Must blow on our itching palms:  
Must struggle, as is the fashion,  
And no one thinks it queer,  
To cool our golden passion  
With a little of what is here.  
—Geo. Martin.

In the death of Rev. David Sherman, D. D., New England loses not only a minister of deep piety and devotion, but a literary man of ability and distinction. An able editorial and critical writer, he has done some of his best work in the last three years in the columns of Zion's Herald. His "New England Divines," "History of the Discipline" and "History of Wesleyan Academy" are his principal books, but his miscellaneous articles collected from the periodicals for which he has written during the past fifty years, would fill many volumes.

John Reade, poet and literary, of Montreal, has been ill for some time past, but is now on the way of recovery.

Hon. Chas. H. Collins writes: "I heard 'Auld Lang Syne' played by a German Band in San Jose. It seemed to me a great tribute to the power of Burns—that is to say, to his appeal to human sentiment, such as fills the breast of all right-thinking human beings. The Germans, with all their noble patriotic airs and love of country, fall back on the Scotch—'Should auld acquaintance be forgot' etc.—when they wish to express true pathos. It struck me as a fine subject—for a poem,—this German colony, exiled by choice from the vine-clad banks of the Rhine, away off in California, playing sweetly, and with a perfect comprehension of it, this beautiful Scotch air. Were I capable of putting into proper verse form I would do so.

Sunnyside, on the Hudson, Sleepy Hollow, and the Old Dutch church at Tarrytown, near which Washington Irving lies buried, are places dear to the heart and vivid to the fancy of the literary lover. This church, which is said to be the oldest in the State of New York, will celebrate its two hundredth anniversary October 10th, and 11th. It was built in 1697, and in its cupola hung a bell cast in 1685, bearing in Latin this motto: "If God be for us, who can be against us."  
PASTOR FELIX.

### BLEEDING FOR LANDANUM POISON.

A Quart of Black Blood Removed and a Quantity of Brine Injected.

"With his respiration but five minutes we saved him."

The speaker was chief of the medical staff at the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia. The man referred to had been brought there by the patrol wagon several weeks ago nearly dead from the effects of a quantity of laudanum which he had swallowed with suicidal intent, but who now, thanks to the sudden thought, or, more likely, the inspiration which seized Dr. Blackburn, when all the usual methods were failing to restore consciousness and death seemed but a moment to linger, is mighty glad that the breath of life still lingers in his breast.

"For hours we worked with him," continued the doctor. "We applied the stomach pump, but the blood had absorbed the poison. We tried other methods. We worked assiduously, almost frantically. Reluctantly we were forced to acknowledge that we could get no results, for the patient sank lower and lower. We were at our wits' end.

"Suddenly this line of thought struck me: That man's respiration is but five in five minutes; he is practically dead. The stomach pump will do no good, for the blood has absorbed the poison and is pregnant with it. The only way to get it out of the system is to bleed him, to deprive him of the very essence of life, in order to give him life! Then I thought blood is largely a saline solution; we can prepare a like solution with the proportions the same and inject this into the body to take the place of the poison filled blood. The body will do the rest; it will assimilate the solution and make it blood.

"The chance was a desperate one, but the circumstances called for it. So we bled the man, and the two pints which we let out out were as black as ink, so pregnant with the poison was it. Quickly we injected an equal quantity of the saline solution; then with our anxiety at a high tension we stood around to watch and await results.

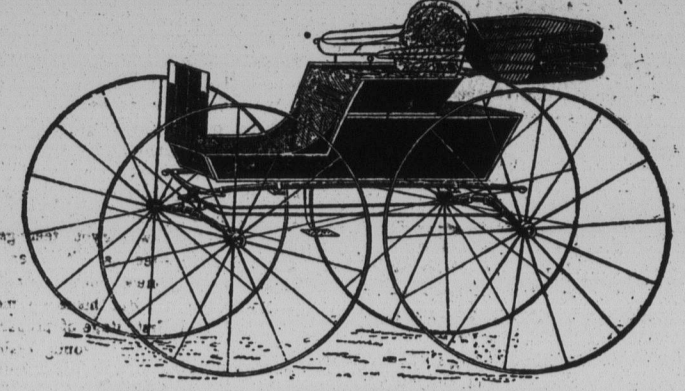
"Once we thought we detected a slight increase of respiration, but we dare not trust to much. A few minutes later we were sure of it. Slowly the respiration began to rise and slowly but surely the organs began to once more resume their functions. Still we watched, fearing a relapse. None came.

"Then, at last, the man was out of danger. He stayed under our care for a few days, and when we sent him away he had totally recovered from the effects of the poison which he had put into his system. Today he is a hale and hearty man."  
It is highly probable that this method of overcoming poison, is a novel one. No one seems to know of any like instance. At least, several reputable physicians of this

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**DOUBLE-SEATED BUGGY.**  
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Fredericton, N. B.  
Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

city, when seen yesterday, said that no case of a similar nature had ever come under their notice, nor were they aware that such a method had ever been applied with success before. However that may be, the method is undoubtedly an efficacious one, and will probably be the means of saving the lives of many people who have swallowed deadly poisons accidentally or with a desire 'to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them.'

### LOUIS PHILIPPE PLAYED "CRAPS."

The Game Was Introduced to New Orleans Society 100 Years Ago.

If there is one game to which the Savannah negro is devoted above all others it is craps. City or country, it is all alike. On Sunday the country negroes gather in little groups in the shade of the trees, out of sight of the 'big house,' and play all day long, or until the wages which they received on Saturday night are gone. In the cities they gather on the wharves, in the corners of warehouses, or any favorable spot out of sight of the 'cop' and play for any amount they may possess, from coppers to dollars.

The Savannah bootblacks and newsboys, like those of any other city, gamble away their earnings, and many a game is carried on in the lanes, the players often becoming so interested that they lose all thought of the policeman until that worthy appears in their midst and nabs a couple of the players. White boys play the game, too, but negroes of all ages and sizes 'shoot' craps. There is only one other game which equals craps in fascination for them, and that is policy, and, as policy is more liable to be interfered with by the police, craps has all the advantage.

There are fascinations about the game peculiarly African. It is not without its intricacies; the ordinary 'come seven, come eleven' plan of the game is simple enough, but there is a crowd around the players, and there may be a half dozen interested in the game and a dozen side bets. How they manage to keep the run of the game is a mystery to the ordinary observer, but they do so with unerring accuracy. Fights over craps games are rare.

The expressions common to the game

are amusing. 'New dress for de baby,' exclaims one. 'See my gal Sunday night,' exclaims another. 'De little number two,' says one as that unlucky number shows up. 'I eight you,' says another, meaning that he bets that number will not turn up again before the 'lucky seven.' And so it goes.

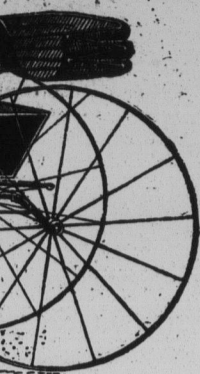
The City Council of New Orleans has just passed a law making the game of craps illegal. It does not matter where it is played, whether in the streets, in the club, or at home, craps is specially singled out as the most depraved of gambling games, not to be tolerated anywhere. The game according to a writer in Harper's, is of New Orleans origin and over 100 years old. Bernard de Marigny, who entertained Louis Philippe when he came to Louisiana, and who stood seventy years ago at the head of the creole colony of the State as its wealthiest and most prominent citizen—he was entitled to call himself Marquis in French—was the inventor, or father, of "craps," and brought it in high favor as the fashionable gambling of the day. When he laid off his plantation, just below the then city of New Orleans—it is now the Third district, but was then the Faubourg Marigny—and divided it up into lots, he named one of the principal streets "Craps," and explained that he did so because he had lost the money he received from the lots on that street in this favorite game of his. It remained Craps street until a few years ago, when a protest was raised against such a disreputable name for a very quiet and respectable street, especially given to churches. "The Craps Street Methodist Church" sounded particularly bad. After Bernard Marigny's death craps as a gambling game descended in the social scale, and was finally monopolized mainly by negroes and street gamins.—Savannah News.

"To My Life's End."  
Old age brings many aches and pains which must be looked after if health is to be maintained. This depends more than anything else on the kidneys. "I am 85 years old," writes A. Duffin, farmer, Aultsville, Ont., "and have had kidney trouble five years. My son advised Chase's Kidney-Liver-Pills, and I obtained immediate relief. I shall use them to my life's end." You will find Chase's Pills equally effective for that lame back.

WEDDING!

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UGGY.

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comfortable car- cradle.

& SONS,

T. B.

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New dress for de baby.

See my gal Sunday night.

'De little number two,

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Woman and Her Work

It has just been discovered that among the bills passed by the last Massachusetts Legislature was one making it a crime to sell or wear bird's feathers, so that every milliner in the commonwealth and nearly every woman is liable to arrest.

Chairman Martin, of the Police Board, said that it would be the duty of the police to enforce this law, as well as every other and the wholesale milliners are in high dudgeon over the prospective ruin of their business.

According to the lawyers, it makes no difference in what State the bird was killed.

So legislation has at last effected what all the efforts of the Audubon societies throughout the United States, all the protests through the newspapers, and all the statistics laboriously collected by enthusiastic friends of the birds, for the past ten years, has failed to bring about. Individual effort is a fine thing and well-directed, concerted effort is better, but after all there is a good deal to be said in favor of legislation which seems to carry a weight with it that all other methods lack. I really did not know that there was any particular agitation going on in the good old state of Massachusetts over the bird question, but then they have a quiet way of doing things, without talking much, in some of the New England states that is very refreshing, and there is a simple directness about the course they have pursued in this case, that is as impressive, as it is effective.

The new law, about which so little fuss was made at the time of its passage that it has only been discovered recently, is admirable in its thoroughness, and must have indeed descended like a bomb, in the peaceful but blood-stained camp of the wholesale and retail milliners, as well as their amiable and christian customers who persist in the face of the facts which have been made public, in adorning themselves with bird's feathers. But their rage is futile, and they may as well submit to the inevitable as gracefully as possible. The bill had passed and became law before they knew anything about it or had time to protest, and it is expressed in such unequivocal terms that there is no possibility of evading it. The selling or wearing of bird's feathers is made not even a misdemeanor—but a crime, and anyone found wearing a stuffed bird on her bonnet is liable to arrest, while the milliner who displays birds' wings and plumage in her window, is in the same position, as the chairman of the police Board seems determined that his officers shall enforce the latter of the law. This is as it should be! There is but one way to put down such abuses, and that is by the strong hand of the law, and our American cousins have set us an example which we would do well to follow, and I only wish our own legislature would do likewise.

There is another subject of a kindred nature which is really in need of ventilation and I have sufficient love for, and faith in my own sex to believe that if it were fairly placed before them in all its hideousness, a great majority of them would feel almost as strongly in the matter as I do myself. I refer to the seal industry and the manner in which the beautiful skins that delight the hearts of women are procured—at least by the American seal hunters. Our own methods are far more humane, in spite of all the arguments used by Americans against pelagic sealing. I have been reading the subject up a bit lately, and this is one result of my researches. It is not a pleasant story to tell; in fact to me it is sickening in the extreme, but if we women can calmly consent to wear fur which we know is obtained by such cruelty, and thereby create the demand which causes it, our nerves are surely strong enough to stand the recital, and it may possibly have a salutary effect upon us.

The young seals, the "bachelors" as they are called, are separated from the main herd when the time for slaughter arrives, and driven out of the sea and overland to the "killing grounds". This precaution is taken lest by any chance the seal mothers, or the old bulls on whose existence the increase of seals depends, should be destroyed, and the next year's kill be decreased; humanity has nothing to do with it. Now anyone who has ever looked at a seal knows just what means of overland locomotion this poor creature is provided with! He has not even a solitary leg, just four flappers almost fine, which are admirably adapted for progress through the water, or for flapping lazily about the shore once in a while when he feels like a little excursion on land, and can take his time, but practically useless for a real land journey; yet the heartless brutes

who control the American seal industry drive the helpless creature mercilessly over the ground until the butchering ground is reached, the victims, utterly unfit for such travelling, frequently giving out owing to the weakness of their backs, and hind flappers, and being obliged to drag their lower extremities along by the foreflappers, until they finally fall exhausted, and the butchers who are driving them, club the little remaining life out of their poor bodies. Arrived at the shambles, are they fed, and rested, as cattle are, before being killed? Oh no, we don't want their flesh, it is only their skins we are interested in so the work begins at once. The brawny armed executioners are armed with clubs and as there is no danger of their exhausted and defenceless prey escaping them they can get through a large amount of work in a very short time. If your nerves are not strong ladies, perhaps you had better lay the paper down now, for your feelings may be slightly harrowed, and it is very disturbing to have one's tenderest susceptibilities wounded. By this is the method employed in the first stage of preparation of your sealskins, the young seals are clubbed on the head so violently that "the crystalline lenses to their eyes, fly out from the orbital sockets like hailstones." Very often one blow fails to complete the killing, and the skull is battered in, the animal crying all the time in a truly human manner, and his terrified companions looking on, and frequently crying and moaning with terror of the fate which he knows to well will soon be his. It is a pretty picture, and I would that women could be compelled to look on at a few seal killings! Unless they are as destitute of "bowels of compassion" as the butchers who do the work, I think the seal trade would be done, as far as those spectators were concerned, for I do not think they could ever look at a piece of seal skin again without hearing the cries of the agonized creatures, and seeing the soft brown appealing eyes bursting from their sockets. Our own sealskins are obtained by more merciful methods, in fact our skins are obtained by no more objectionable process than any other fur, the animals being either shot with rifle and ball, or else speared by the Indian hunters as they lie sleeping on the surface of the sea. Our hunting is all done from boats, and the seals are instantly, and mercifully killed—if any killing can be called merciful.

The Americans contend that our methods tend to the utter destruction of the seals owing to the impossibility of distinguishing between the shooting distance, and the danger of destroying not only bulls, but seal mothers, and often their unborn progeny; but this risk is small, the old bull is scarcely to be mistaken even at long range, and for their own sake the Canadian sealers would be likely to use every precaution to avoid killing the mothers. Even if such a thing should happen occasionally, it is better a thousand times that a few valuable lives should be sacrificed in the reason than that Canadians should be guilty of the barbarity which the Americans openly practice, and which they have not even the grace to be ashamed of, but presume to contrast with our methods, to our disadvantage.

The problem of carrying the innumerable flower and feather trimmed hats without injury to them when one is going away for the summer, has been solved by that new invention, the hat trunk; but many home mothers may feel that, after the necessities are provided for, the money is not forthcoming for these much-desired trunks.

A common packing trunk without a tray may be brought into service by providing it with cushions, thus making a very desirable receptacle for holding and transport trimmed hats and bonnets. The cushions are supplied by making a required number of bags or pockets of drilling, cretonne, or some thick material and stuffing them very full of curled hair. Tack these filled pockets to the inside of the trunk, finishing the edge and covering the nails by tacking on cotton gimp around each cushion, using upholsterers' tacks, thus giving the interior a neater and more finished appearance.

A small trunk may be made to accommodate at least eight hats by putting a cushion at each end of the trunk, two upon the bottom, two on the cover, and one upon each side. Supply each cushion with two longhat pins for fastening the hat securely in place. Such a trunk may be made not only useful when one is travelling, but also while one is at home, particularly where closet room is much needed, by fitting a thick pad over the top of the trunk. Cover this with pretty cretonne and have a pleated valance that reaches to the floor. Supplied with a couple of sofa pillows, this piece of furniture will prove desirable and convenient.

I feel sure this bit of advice will fill, as

A Thing Worth Knowing.....

.....HOW TO ORDER SHOES BY MAIL.

Send Size, Width, Style of Toe, and full particulars.

Don't forget the CASH with order, or have sent C.O.D.,

unless you are well known.

WATERBURY & RISING.

the saying is, a long felt want; for which of us is without unpleasant memories of the deadly struggle we went through last summer in trying to pack our beflowered, and befeathered hats, when we were getting ready for our summer's outing, and the utterly demoralized condition in which those same hats reached their destination? no matter how large the trunk, or how many modern improvements in the shape of hat compartments it might contain, the hats never seemed to look any better when their journey was over, and to take a dainty lace or chiffon hat on a journey of any length was simply to ruin it, no matter how carefully it was packed. This simple contrivance so easily made at home, does away with all the trouble, and should make the transportation of hats and bonnets a pleasure instead of a toil.

The plain skirt seems really a thing of the past, so loaded with trimmings are all the newest dress skirts now. Perhaps it is chiefly a summer fashion, necessitated by the popularity of thin materials and that with the heavy materials of autumn the plain tailor made skirt will reappear, but I am really afraid we shall have to go through an era of elaborate trimmings before we get back to plainness and simplicity. Some thick materials are already appearing in the guise of travelling, and street dresses for the early autumn. One model, which possesses the double merits of being both serviceable and very stylish, is of black and white check, the cotton jacket lined and faced with black silk, and worn over a pleated vest of white grenadine, which has a cravat of fine white lisse, the ends finished with cream colored lace. A black sailor hat with a perfectly plain band and bow of white satin completes the costume.

Charming as the fluffy gown of muslin and lace is to the eye it is so perishable and easily soiled that only people with long purses can afford to indulge in it except for very best, when it can be worn with extreme care. But the foulard, or India silk has nearly all the advantage and none of the drawbacks of the lawn, and organdie. Indeed it is by far the most useful gown of the season filling all demands, and being always ready; it is always the correct thing, because it is dressy without being either conspicuous or too fine as a lawn might be on certain occasions and it affords a wonderful license in the combination of colors which are so daring this year. One of these dresses is in bright blue trimmed with quantities of colored lace and finished at throat and waist with bright green ribbons; under the falls of lace there are gleams of dark red, and as the skirt flies out, it shows the lining of dark red silk. Another very stylish combination of color is blue and violet but unless the proper shades are selected and the harmony is perfect, the result is likely to be disastrous. Very narrow silk fringe, sometimes slightly curled, is used to trim a great many of these light quality silks; and one in brown and ecru is trimmed with narrow brown fringe on the edge of little ruffles which are lined with bright red. The bodice has a deep fall of broader fringe falling from a yoke of Irish lace over the red silk, and the waist is finished with a sash of red chiffon fringed at the ends.

The jaunty little bolero jackets are still

holding their place in general favor, and much of the trimming on dresses is put on in imitation of them, when the actual jacket is not used.

The fashions seem all for slender people now-a-days as the full waists wide folded belts, and profusion of puffs and frills make a slender figure look plump and round, but they are most trying to those whose charms are of more solid description. The full bodice for instance, with its multitude of tucks and frills all running around the figure, is an utter impossibility for the woman to whom nature has been generous, as the horizontal trimming is likely to give her the appearance of a much hooped barrel. The best she can do, if she wishes to keep in the fashion without making herself look ridiculous, is to adopt the plain full muslin skirt gored to the figure in front and trimmed with ruffles at the foot, but not extending too far up the skirt, and the simple full bodice shirred on a round yoke, but neither "pouched" over the belt, nor ornamented with tucks or horizontal trimmings of any kind. The yoke may be as elaborate as possible, and tiny frills of narrow lace may be sewed up and down, at intervals. Such a dress may be worn by a woman who weighs a hundred and fifty pounds, provided her figure be reasonably good, without adding to her apparent size in any way.

Soms of the newer bodices show decided eccentricities in cut, many of them being cut up at each side to show the silk lining beneath, while others are slanted up all around the figure, for the same purpose, making the whole waist look like a succession of straps. The effect is very striking and pretty, if well done, but it is needless to say that the hand of a very skilful dressmaker is required in order to make such a bodice a success.

Topeka has the distinction of being the home of the only colored female lawyer on earth. Her name is Edna Lytle daughter of J. R. Lytle a colored barber. Miss Lytle graduated recently from the law department of the colored university at Nashville. She is a very bright young woman and headed the class. She will return home next week and will then prepare for a lecture tour of six months. She proposes to make enough money lecturing to fit up a law office with a library and furniture. Next year she expects to enter the practice of law in Topeka.

ASTRA.

CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

A Beautiful Legend of the Indians of North America.

Howison's 'Upper Canada,' published in the early part of the century, contains reference to a belief among the North American Indians, which is strangely similar to one of our Christian legends. We all know that the cattle, on Christmas night are said to kneel in their stalls, but we are not alone in that fancy. This traveler says:

When it was midnight, I walked out and strolled in the woods near the house. The moon had risen, and poured a flood of light on the silent world below. The motionless trees stretched their boughs toward a cloudless sky, and the rustling of a withered leaf or the distant howl of a wolf alone broke upon my ear.

I was suddenly roused from a delicious reverie by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first I fancied it was a bear; but a nearer inspection discovered an Indian on all fours.

For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way, lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me. However, on his waving his hand, and putting his finger on his lip, I approached him, and inquired what he did there.

"We watch to see the deer kneel," replied he. "This is Christmas night, and all the deer fall on their knees to the Great Spirit and look up!"

The Modern Dramatic Critic.

First Nighter—The man who writes the dramatic criticisms for your paper does not know a good play from a bad one. Editor—I know it, but what can we do? He is the only man on the staff who is tall enough to see over the bonnets.—Tid Bits.

Alcoholism.

THE LIQUOR HABIT.

A New Method of Curing the Liquor Crave by Means of a Simple Vegetable Medicine Taken in the Ordinary Way, so Timorous or Injections being Used, and which is now being Successfully Demonstrated in Montreal.

Read the following: MONTREAL, July 14th, 1897. Mr. A. Hutton Dixon.

DEAR SIR— Since using your treatment all desire for liquor has gone. I have now not the least crave. I was run down so that my family were in despair of me. I had often tried hard to stop drinking of my own accord, but could not do it. I thought I could never get over the crave for liquor. But when I took your treatment I was the most surprised man you ever saw. Even with all your strength to stimulate and all I was led by friends about your cure I could not believe it possible that anything could have the power to effect such a change in me as it has done. I now feel just as I did when I was a boy. And the change in my home is worth ten years of my life. Instead of heart-broken and anxious faces there are now smiles and gladness. I tell you no pen can paint the picture so as to show the difference.

I know there are hundreds of victims who want to stop drinking and who have squarely tried many times, as I did, without success. To all such I would say, "Use the Dixon Cure," for it is only by using it that you can be made to believe what wonderful good it will do. I or any of my family will be glad to answer any interested inquirers. Wishing you God-speed in your good work.

Yours very truly,

Rev. Father Strubb, Vicar of St. Ann's, vouchers for the above.

I have been acquainted with the case described in the foregoing letter and I testify sincerely to the contents.

E. STRUBB, C. S. R. W.

Mr. Dixon has been called to Montreal by a philanthropist who has watched the results of his cure, to treat a number of cases here. He will be here for a short time and has offices at 40 Park Avenue. He will be pleased to receive, to call upon by appointment, or to mail full particulars, on application to any who are interested. Letters addressed Mrs. A. HUTTON DIXON, No 40 PARK AVENUE, MONTREAL, will receive prompt attention and be treated in strict confidence, and results are guaranteed.

A Congressman's Horse-shoes.

Congressman Russell, of Connecticut, has something like a bushel of horse-shoes which he has picked up. Six or eight fine specimens ornament or disfigure his apartments at the Hamilton in Washington, and the remainder of the bushel, except a few, are stored in an old box at his home in Killingly. The few which are especially reserved from the collection in the box are hanging on the port waist or which Russell used to pull a winning stroke with in the old six-oared crew of Yale College in '78.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

The Outward Sign of Inward Health.

Lovely Faces,

Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

.....FOULD'S.....

MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will give you All These.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blotches, Moth, Fleish Worms, Eczema, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAVERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box. Six large boxes \$5. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Sold by all druggists in St. John. The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Luschetzky" Method; also "Synthes System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of M. J. T. WHITLOCK

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing. R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N.H. Sold by all Druggists.

HE GOT THE MONEY.  
How a Young German Founded a Prosperous Business.

Some men seem to be born with a faculty for doing business. They have what merchants call the business instinct. Of one such man the Chicago Times-Herald recently related a characteristic anecdote. He was a young German immigrant, who had not a dollar in the world and no relatives, friends, or acquaintances in America, and had worked his way westward from New York until he reached a small town in Ohio, where he secured a position as clerk in a flour and feed store. In an almost incredibly short time he learned the English language and had mastered the few details of the business.

One day he walked into another feed store a few blocks away, and said that he had heard that the proprietor of the place desired to sell out, and inquired the price. The dealer wanted fifteen hundred dollars. After a few inquiries the caller said: 'All right. I will call to-morrow at ten and we'll go over to the bank and get the money.'

No one knew anything about the young German. The feed store man who wanted to sell jumped to the conclusion that the prospective purchaser must have brought considerable money from Germany. The next day, promptly on time, the German called to take possession.

'Come on,' he said, 'we'll go right over to the bank now and get the money.'

Together they entered the bank. The German approached the cashier's window, introduced himself and said:

'This is Mr. Jones, who keeps the feed store on Main street. I have bought out his place for fifteen hundred dollars, and we have called to get the money.'

'I beg your pardon,' replied the cashier, 'but you have no account here, have you?'

'You don't understand,' earnestly remarked the German. 'I don't want an account at all; I want only the money.'

'But you have no money in this bank,' explained the official.

'Of course not,' assented the caller. 'If I had money I would pay it myself. But I haven't any money at all, so I must come to you to get it.'

'But we can't let you have money unless you first give it to us.'

'Then why is a bank?' excitedly demanded the would-be borrower.

The colloquy which ensued taxed so loud that the president of the bank came out of his private office to see what was the matter. He took the young German in hand personally. The German told the banker all about himself and his aims, and in less than half an hour the bank had lent him fifteen hundred dollars and held a first mortgage on a feed store owned by the happiest young foreigner in America.

That occurred many years ago, it is true, but that young German today is the head of a corporation capitalized at \$4,000,000, and his name, if I were to give it here, would be recognized instantly as that of one of the leading business men of the country.

DOCTORS AND HEALTH.

A Claim Made in Behalf of Glasgow and Some Facts Concerning It.

One does not naturally look to Scotland as a source of supply and jokes and pleasantries, but there has recently appeared (and it is now going the rounds of the press) what may perhaps be described as a Scotch joke. It is as follows: 'Greater Glasgow is often held up as a model municipality. There is something in the claim. With a population of 853,000 it has only 494 doctors. Scotch physicians hold a high rank in their profession; perhaps the fact should be considered as part of the joke that with a population of 854,000 Glasgow has only 494 doctors.'

There are in the United States more than 100,000 doctors, and it has not been observed by anybody that the death rate is less in those localities in which the number of physicians is small than in those in which as in New York and in most important Northern cities, it is large. As a matter of fact, and as the official figures show, whatever may be the case in Glasgow, there are actually more physicians, in proportion to the total number of inhabitants, in Scotland than in any other portion of the United Kingdom, the number of physicians and surgeons in Scotland being 850 per million inhabitants to 650 in Ireland and 550 in England. Indeed there are more physicians in proportion to the population in Scotland than in any other country of Europe. In Italy and in Russia there are fewer than 300 doctors for each million inhabitants; in France, Germany, Spain, Holland, and Belgium, there are from 300 to 400. It is never possible to compute with entire accuracy, however, the number of physicians, for, in some countries, surgeons are included; in other countries they are not. Some European countries carry on their register of physicians those employed in the army and marine service—physicians on men-of-war and on merchantmen; others do not. In some records dentists are carried as physicians, and in still others, though the number is less, veterinary surgeons are borne.

It is a fact, the knowledge of which is not, perhaps, generally diffused, that under the enlarged New York charter the city will be, to some extent, in the line of succoring the sick. Section 325 declares that



Oak Leaf Soap

Is having a very large sale in this province at present. Dealers who are handling it say that it is the best four cent wrapped soap that has ever been put upon the market. We ourselves think it is one of the best values ever turned out from our factory.

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

Don't Take Medicine

If you are weak and run down, use

PUTTNER'S EMULSION,

which is FOOD rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Jewelry

In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc.

We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right.

FERGUSON & PAGE. 41 KING STREET.

OYSTERS, FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

YOUR SPARE TIME. Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising, no previous experience required, but plain writers preferred. Permanent work to those content to earn \$6 or more weekly in spare time. Apply to WARREN P. CO., LONDON, ONT.

DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI AIDS DIGESTION. Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes.

It shall be the duty of any police captain to register in a book kept for that purpose the name and address of any person desiring or needing medical attendance and thereupon one of the doctors registered in said precinct is forthwith to be notified of the case requiring attention. If the patient pays, well and good; if he doesn't, then the physician is to present his claim to the Department of Health, which is to pay the physician \$3 in the case of indigent patients.

BREAKS OF FORTUNE.

Some Windfalls That Came Unexpectedly to Those Who Needed Them.

While most people find it very hard to acquire even a modest competency, others are more lucky, and to them fortunes come without even the asking. Several such instances have occurred of late years, some of them of an interesting character. It was only a short while since that a poor ragpicker in Birmingham suddenly found himself a man of wealth. By dint of working from dawn till late at night he had been in the habit of making the not very exorbitant income of \$2.50 per week. One morning he heard from a firm of solicitors in London, who requested him a call, when he would learn something to his advantage. He found that a long-lost brother, who had made money in Australia, had recently died there, leaving him a sum of £8,000.

At Tamworth, England, a tobaccoist has unexpectedly found himself the heir to a baronetcy. For some time past he has been in receipt of 25l. 6s. a week, having served as a sergeant in the Suffolk Regiment; but finding this sum inadequate he took a tobaccoist shop at Tamworth, and was apparently contented with his lot, when he awoke to find himself a baronet of the United Kingdom.

A schooner which went ashore off the American coast with 1,200 tons of coal being abandoned by her owners, was sold for \$70. Some 400 tons of coal had been got out of the hull, when suddenly the vessel slid off the rock and sank in deep water, only, however, to float again the next morning, and drift with the tide right into port. It seems that sufficient coal had rattled through the holes in her bottom to let the hull come again to the surface with some 300 tons of coal still in it. As the vessel then afloat she was worth \$3,000 or more to those who bought it for \$70.

A couple of lucky domestics have lately come into possession of a considerable sum of money through the death of their mistress, an old lady of eighty-five, who left them her entire fortune. The sum to be divided is \$120,000, and it is bequeathed to them in recognition of their long and faithful services, one of them having been twenty-five and the other eighteen years with the lady in question.

The effects produced by suddenly acquired wealth are sometimes startling in the extreme. A suburban Parisian, who lately inherited £10,000 from an elderly aunt, at once began to look about for some outlet for spending the money quickly. At length the craze for building speculation seized him, and he built houses wherever sites were obtainable. He went on in this way for some time, when his mind became unbalanced, and he was found one day walking around his newly built houses, firing shots from a navy revolver at imaginary enemies. He was thereupon arrested and placed in an asylum.

Two Perfect Colors Found Only in Diamond Dyes.

Perfection in color or shade is sure to captivate the hearts of the ladies, who are always unerring judges.

The lovely pink produced by the Diamond Dye is a discovery that has gladdened the hearts of thousands. This Diamond Dye Fast Pink for Wool is clear, pure, brilliant and fast as a rock. One package gives a magnificent shade of pink on two pounds of goods—silk or wool; a medium shade on three pounds; or a light and delicate shade on four pounds.

Attention is also called to the Diamond Dye Fast Light Blue for Wool. This is a dye that gives a color far surpassing the light blues produced by European dyes.

Ladies having soiled white or cream dresses made from cashmere, nun's cloth or serge can have them dyed in rich shades of Pink or Light Blue and fitted for evening wear. This making of new dresses out of soiled, faded and cast-off garments means a great saving in dollars to thousands of families in Canada.

She Had to Save It. A poor man lay dying, and his wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. 'Don't you think you could eat a bite of something, John? Now what can I get for you?' With a wan smile he answered feebly: 'Well, I seem to smell a ham a-cooking somewhere, I think I could do with a little bit of that.'

'Oh, no, John, dear,' she answered promptly, 'you can't have that. That's for the funeral.'

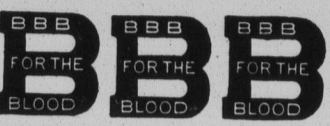
Philanthropist.—'I am surprised that a lady of your refinement and good impulses should wear a dead bird upon her hat.' The Offending One.—'But then, you see, a live bird would fly away unless it were tied on, and that would be cruel, you know.' Boston Transcript.

So many people love authority that it is always easy to find an umpire at a ball game.

FOR THE BLOOD

In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores, ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action.



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For the Higher Education of YOUNG WOMEN.

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The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world. Every pair of P. D. Corsets are tailor cut, and are made of the very finest materials only, and are known the world over for their grace, comfort and durability.

Obtainable from all leading dry goods stores in every variety of shape and style.

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Cures Sick Headache. Purifies the Blood.

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Cures Dyspepsia. For Biliousness.

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CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by

THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.

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WHAT A CAR COSTS.

Modern Railway Coach Worth \$4,000 to \$5,000.

The auditing department of a great American railroad corporation rivals in respect of its records and transactions a governmental department. The earnings of all the lines of the Pennsylvania railroad system in a year average about \$130,000,000, and the gross earnings of the Vanderbilt system amount to rather more—\$45,000,000 from the New York Central, \$21,000,000 from the West Shore and Nickel Plate, \$33,000,000 from the Chicago and Northwestern, \$13,000,000 from the Michigan Central and about \$15,000,000 from collateral lines or systems. These figures are large, but they appear still larger when they are compared with items of federal revenue. The total receipts of the United States government from customs during the fiscal year ending in 1896 were \$150,000,000, and from internal revenue taxes \$146,000,000. The two together made up \$296,000,000 of public revenue for the government of the affairs of a nation of 75,000,000 inhabitants, but the two railroad systems referred to represented together receipts of \$275,000,000, and if a third big railroad system were added the receipts of the federal government would be exceeded.

The accounts of big railroad corporations require care and much hard work, and the system of precise bookkeeping in railroad accounts (now a special branch of accounting) has been carried close to the point of perfection by the Pennsylvania railroad, which, for instance, gives to the fraction of a cent the expenses incident to the construction of a car or a locomotive. There are 30,000 passenger cars in actual use on the railroads of the United States, and the ordinary passenger car costs anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000, the difference representing a decided improvement in furnishing.

The following is a detailed statement of the cost of constructing the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania railroad, sample first-class, modern, up-to-date, luxurious passenger car, and some of the items are of interest. The wheels and axles represent a cost of \$332.35; the trucks upon which the car rests, cost \$533.62; the air brake represents \$131.75; the seat fixtures—twenty-five in number—cost \$50.50; the three bronze lamps, 18 50; the two gas tanks, \$84; the chandeliers, \$50.72; and the item of screws, which might not appear to be an important one, \$51.88. For the building of a car like the one taken in illustration 2,480 feet of poplar wood, 3,434 of ash, 1,100 of white pine, 2,350 of yellow pine, 450 of hickory, 400 of cherry, 700 of Michigan pine, 500 of oak and 439 of maple veneer were required. To build the car there were required in addition 13 gallons of varnish, 45 pounds of glue and nearly 3,000 pounds of iron, exclusive of 800 pounds of iron castings. For the furnishing of the car there were required 69 yards of scarlet plush, 44 yards of green plush, 61 yards of sheering and 243 pounds of hair. The springs on the car seats cost \$43.17. The basket racks cost \$77.35, the ash levers \$42, the bronze window lifts \$24.40 and the gold leaf for the embellishment of the woodwork \$14.58. For the window fasteners \$15.47 worth of material was required, two stoves cost \$77.56 and the tin used on the roof of the car \$41.44. The labor in the construction of the car represented a cost of 1,263.94, bringing up the expenditure to more than \$4,400.—New York Sun.

DYING IN THE CHAIR.

Electrician Describes the Sensation of Electrocutation.

An electrician who has been experimenting on himself in the electric chair, undertakes to describe the sensation of electrocution. 'A sudden shock is first felt, as if someone had struck you on the head with a heavy mallet. There is no pain. The brain feels numbness. Bright lights dance and flash before your eyes. Your head feels abnormally large, somewhat like that of a person troubled with vertigo. A heavy weight seems to be bearing down upon your head. The pulse is high, and a feeling of exhilaration takes possession of you. You feel as if you were treading the air, with everything around you a blank. You are alone—the only being, the only object, the only tangible thing in the universe. You gradually sink into insensibility. A fierce shock suddenly passes through your entire system. You are again struck on the head with the mallet, the same bright light dazzles your eyes, and then all is a blank. This second shock is caused by the turning off of the current. The experience thus detailed was the result of a comparatively weak current, which was gradually and cautiously turned on. It is safe to say that in cases of execution by electricity the victim experiences none of these sensations. In nine cases out of ten, he is killed instantaneously. To be exact, it takes 1.356th part of a second to kill a man in the electric chair.

If You Are Subject to Cramps.

You know how important it is to have a prompt remedy on hand. Nervous-nerve pain cure—has a wonderful and immediate influence upon this malady. It relieves in one minute and cures in five. Pleasant to the taste, and the best remedy in the world for pain.

FOR KATY DELANEY.

Dwight Hopkins vaulted the hedge between his lawn and the Winslow's and went and joined Irene, who was studying her history on the veranda.

Kate Delaney came through the entry from the kitchen, where she had been calling on the cook. She was a distant connection of the cook's.

Kate Delaney went to the large school. She was in this year's graduating class.

Kate Delaney murmured 'How do you do?' and went out hastily, her face averted. Dwight looked sharply after her.

'What's the matter with Katy?' he inquired of the cook, who was paring potatoes in the kitchen.

'I wasn't anything I said to her,' the cook answered. 'It's what she's been saying to me.'

'She's feeling terrible bad because she can't graduate,' said she. 'She hasn't got any dress to wear, and she can't get any.'

'I don't suppose I would in her place. Well, it's a pity. Poor folks do have it awful hard,' said the cook, turning the cold water on the potatoes.

'A pity! I should say it was,' said Dwight. He bent a sober face over his wheel.

And he continued to think of it. 'Katy Delaney's a first-rate girl. It's pretty tough on her to miss commencement.'

He finished with his bicycle and went out on the piazza with a magazine. It made no difference. He could not get Katy Delaney out of his mind.

'I don't care,' he said, aloud, 'it's a shame! And if I can't turn my hand for somebody once in a while—I'm going to do it!'

He ran upstairs, and found his pocket book, and took out a roll of bill the \$25 his father had given him. He folded them in a sheet of letter paper scribbled, 'From a friend; for your graduation dress.' And he sealed it and directed it to Kate Delaney, and ran out to the letter box.

And five minutes later he startled Irene Winslow by a second appearance before her. He planted himself with his feet apart and his arms folded.

'I can't have any party, Irene,' he said. 'Dwight Hopkins!' said Irene, with a struggling suspicion that Dwight had lost some portion of his senses.

'It's so,' said Dwight. 'I suppose father would give me some more money, if I teased him, but I shan't.'

He told Irene all about it. 'You see,' he explained, 'it was a pious shame, and I couldn't stand it thinking about it. She's always stood higher in her class than Margaret Cary or any of those girls; and the idea of her having to miss commencement, and all the fun because she hasn't a dress—'

'I know!' said Irene. Her voice had a little tremble in it. And there was such a look in her eyes that Dwight turned red and coughed.

'Fahw! 'Twasn't anything,' said he, and he began to talk about Lynn Trumbull's new shotgun.

When he started for school the next morning, Irene was waiting for him at her gate.

'I've had an idea,' she said, 'an inspiration. You can have your party just the same, if you will. It won't be the kind you were going to have, but wait till I tell you! I thought it up last night.'

They were still talking so earnestly when they mounted the schoolhouse steps that they bumped squarely into Bob Logan.

He found out the next day. He and the rest of the S. T. C. club, and a few chosen outsiders, received invitations from Dwight Hopkins to a party.

They came in yellow envelopes, and they were written on neatly cut strips of brown wrapping paper. 'Hardtimes Party' was written in one corner, and 'Please wear your oldest clothes' in another.

Curiously and excitement raged among the S. T. C. Dwight besieged with inquiries. So was Irene, whose complicity in the matter was more than suspected.

But they had nothing to say. 'It's all on the invitations,' they averred. 'It's a hardtimes party, and you're to wear your worst clothes; that's all.'

An atmosphere of fascination surrounded the affair from the first. It was not too much to say that the S. T. C. had never made preparation for a party with more eagerness. Evelyn Burns' Germans even had never caused more discussion and constabulation and general excitement.

'Everybody's accepting; I haven't had a regret. Look here!' Dwight said to Irene, with glee, and he pulled out of his pockets several handfuls of strange looking notices.

They were written on all sorts of cheap and outlandish papers, from foolscap to the back of an advertising card and the torn-off margin of a newspaper.

'Good! They're getting into the spirit of it already. We'll have no end of fun,' said Irene.

Dwight's father had some business out of town that day, and it was 8:30 when he got home. Dwight had informed him that his party came off that evening; and he saw the lighted windows with a pleasant thrill of expectation.

'Somebody came forward, when he entered, with a hearty, 'How are you, father? Glad you've come—but he did not for a moment recognize the person.'

'What's this?' he gasped. 'Eh? What's this?' Dwight was receiving his guests, and Irene was assisting him. Dwight was seated in a coat he had outgrown two years ago, and whose sleeves did not reach much below his elbows; and a pair of trousers in which he had helped to paint the back porch, but daubed freely with paint; and an old red handkerchief concealed his lack of a collar.

'Irene Winslow wore a faded old shirt waist; a bicycling skirt with two large rents in it and the hem partly ripped, and some old shoes with their toes stubbed out.'

'What is it?' said Dwight. 'It's a hard-times party, father.'

Flora Osborne and George Clemont were coming down stairs. They shook hands with their host cordially. Flora was arrayed in an old cotton frock, in which she had picked up, until his original color was lost in a solid mass of stains; and George wore a jacket whose buttons were missing, trousers wrinkled and mud-stained, and frayed round the buttons, and some tennis shoes which burst out at the sides.

Irene's mother was there, and Dwight's father took a seat beside her, and there they sat and watched the arriving guests, and laughed until they were fairly tired.

Certainly it was a remarkable occasion. The parlors filled rapidly with, apparently, a respectable crowd of young tramps and beggars. It looked as if all the rag bags in town had been emptied. Every fresh arrival was greeted with hilarious shouts, and surrounded by a loudly gay mob. There mirth swelled to a deafening clamor.

Sheridan Rider was the last comer, in a coarse and respectable boot black would have scorned. When the merriment he excited had subsided, the host made an announcement:

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'we will now begin to dance. The orchestra will consist of Miss Winslow and myself, who will play a selection after a new method.' And Irene struck up a waltz on a comb covered with paper and Dwight twanged a jew-harp in accompaniment.

They danced for two hours. The guests took turns providing the music. The boys whistled, the girls played the piano, but the comb and paper stood high in favor, and some of the performers produced surprising results with it. Bob Logan said it beat the opera house orchestra all hollow. Snapper was served at 11. It was served on small tables in the dining room, each of them ornamented by a tin candlestick holding a tallow candle. The refreshments were ham sandwiches and doughnuts and lemonade.

'Hard-time sandwiches and poverty lemonade,' Dwight explained, 'not to be served more than four times to any one person.' But some of them went beyond the limit and all of them ate hungrily.

Then they danced an hour longer. No-body wanted to go home then, they were having too good a time. And Bob Logan voiced the emphatic opinion of everybody in a neat speech, which he made from a chair, a striking figure in a coat split up the back and a hat of which nothing remained but a ragged brim.

'I desire to thank our host,' he said, 'for the most unique entertainment—'

'And the bulliest,' said Lynn Trumbull. 'In the history of our club,' said Bob. 'Or any other,' said the chorus.

'And if laughing is good for the health as the doctors say it is,' Bob concluded. 'We've all laughed enough to night to keep us alive and well for the next twenty-five years.'

And there followed a volley of cheers, and a reluctant breaking up.

'I should like to know what these young rascals of ours will think up next?' Dwight's father said, when everybody had gone save Irene and her mother.

'Irene think this up said Dwight. 'We cannot complain,' said Irene's mother, 'if all their projects are as economical as this and as successful.'

'It cost \$2.63,' said Dwight, exactly. 'Well, now that you've had your fun,' said his father, 'you'd better take your money and give them the party you expected to give—hadn't you?'

Dwight and Irene exchanged looks. 'Wouldn't for anything!' said Dwight, hastily. 'I'm sick to death of pink silk dresses and long gloves, and orchestras behind palms, and chicken salad and ice cream, and the rest of it. Aren't you, Irene?'

'Of course I am. We are all. It was a blessed relief,' Irene answered. And she added softly, with innocent eyes on the chandelier.

'I heard Katy Delaney taking to Maggie Long this morning. She was telling her all about her graduation dress. It's going to be a white barred muslin, with white ribbon trimmings. She's got slippers and gloves and a fan and everything, and she's had enough money left to get her mother something to wear, so she can come and see Katy graduate. She wondered and wondered who sent her the money, and she was so glad and happy about it that she was crying.'

'Pshaw!' said Dwight, and he began to whistle.

'What's all this?' said his father. 'Irene Winslow!' said Dwight wamingly.

But his father refused to be left in the dark. He smiled in a peculiar and thoughtful way when Irene had finished the explanation, and he looked Dwight over. 'He did say as much; he remarked, merely, that he'd just as list have Dwight for a son as any other boy he could think of just that minute.'

The hard times party became celebrated. The local paper printed a detailed account of it, and the S. T. C.'s talked about it for four weeks, and went in groups and had their photographs taken in the costumes they had worn.

But for Dwight and Irene the best of it came later, when Katy Delaney read an essay at the high school commencement, and received her diploma. She looked well in her white dress trimmed with bows of white ribbon, and she was a radiant picture of pride and bliss. And for Dwight and Irene the best of the hard times party was then and there.—St. Louis Star.

A Winona Lady

Saved From a Life of Torture.

Paine's Celery Compound Conquers after Years of Failures With Other Medicines.

Mrs. G. H. Parker, of Winona, Ont., was for eighteen years a complete martyr to neuralgia, that cruel and merciless tormentor of thousands of old and young in Canada. During her long years of agony she had the service of some of the best medical men, and consumed any quantity of patent medicines, but all failed to drive off the tyrant that was making life a burden.

It is in Towns and Villages That They are Most Dangerous. The old proverb about 'idle hands' is illustrated daily in these modern times in almost every place, large or small, just as it no doubt has been daily illustrated for several thousands of years—and yet we stupidly fail to master the lesson which it conveys.

The shipkeeper is the caretaker of the ship while she is in port. He is likely to be a man who has followed the sea; it may be in the employ of the house whose vessels he now looks after. He may have sailed before the mast or he may have been a mate or perhaps the master of a ship.

The shipkeeper goes aboard sometimes when the ship arrives in the harbor, but usually when she is first tied up to the wharf. The crew is discharged the minute the ship's lines are made fast, and the Captain goes very soon, it is likely on the same day. The ship may have come from a China voyage, or a voyage to some other distant seas and have been gone for months, and he starts for home as soon as he can—down East or wherever it may be—there to remain until the ship is nearly ready for sea again.

The shipkeeper is the watchman of the ship, and he looks after her in many ways and sees that no harm comes to her. He sees that the stevedore's men don't drop blocks on deck and that no injury of any kind is done to her inboard, and he sees that harm befalls her from tugs or lighters or other craft. And he keeps the ship in order. He is more than likely to be a man who knows a ship slow and aloft, and to take a sailor's pride in her, and a personal pride in the ships of the house that employs him.

Suppose you see in South street a fine ship that takes your fancy and you walk down the wharf to go aboard of her. If you find the gang-way leading up to her side bright and clean, not even any dust on it, the manrope a fresh, bright bit of rope, brass manrope stanchion planted in the rail handsomely polished strips of canvas laid upon the brass-covered treads of the steps leading from the gangway platform up to the rail of the ship, upon the brass-covered rail itself, and upon the steps down to the deck within, why, it really wouldn't be necessary to look any further to know what kind of shipkeepers was aboard here. But if you look down from

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. It features a circular logo with a strawberry and the text 'DR. FOWLER'S EXT-OFF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, And all SUMMER COMPLAINTS of Children or Adults. PRICE, 25c. Beware of Imitations.'

less offensive misdemeanors. At last these have culminated in a crime so revolting that everyone who hears of it is chilled to the heart with horror.

In large cities the idlers abound, but the police usually keep them in decent order and compel them to remain in certain quarters. It is in towns and villages that they are most high-handed and most dangerous.

It is hardly worth while to preserve our knots of idlers in order to secure this doubtful benefit. Let us get rid of them. If admonition and the settled determination of the decent part of the community cannot do it, let the law be invoked as it may be in most places.

These little groups of idlers are breeding places for evil thoughts, evil words, evil deeds. Profanity and vice flourish there. They should be broken up and banished at any cost.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE SHIPKEEPER. What his Duties are—Course of Life on a Ship in Port. The shipkeeper is the caretaker of the ship while she is in port. He is likely to be a man who has followed the sea; it may be in the employ of the house whose vessels he now looks after.

Strength and sensibility came back as quickly as they had deserted me, and I followed the dogs at top speed to learn the fate of the fleeing convict. A hundred yard dash brought me in sight of the race stables and within hearing of a chorus that made my blood run cold. The dogs had caught sight of their game and a dozen yelping like a pack of hellhounds; a dozen horsemen and stable boys were shouting at the dogs and trying to turn them from the fugitive's track.

TRYING THE BLOODHOUNDS. A Fugitive's Waiting Race That Gave a Nervous Spectator a Scare. 'The dogs! The dogs!' The cry of agonized apprehension was simultaneous with the appearance of a man with dishevelled hair, distorted features, and the torture of fear in his eyes, who leaped from the arroyo and dashed past with the speed of the wind.

The horror was still upon me when the head of the convict appeared at the open window, ten feet above the ground, and to my amazement, he greeted the people and dogs below with a jeering laugh. 'That was a dead easy one,' he said, 'I'll laughingly. I could have been here ten minutes ago, but I wanted to give you fellows a scare.' The dog recognized the man they reached him. They jumped toward the window, striking against the side of the barn and falling back, while they yelped and howled in impotent rage until the foam streamed from their red chops.

'For years I have been greatly troubled with nervous debility and affection of the kidneys. I believe I tried every proprietary medicine under the sun, but none seemed to give me any relief until I had tried South American Nervine. To my surprise the first bottle gave me great relief. I have persevered in taking it, and can say that I have not felt so well, for years, I do heartily recommend this great cure.'

G. G. Chapin, Jeweller, of Burk's Falls, Says He is a New Man Since Using the Great South American Nervine—His Testimony is Endorsed by Thousands of Others.

THE IDLER. It is in Towns and Villages That They are Most Dangerous. The old proverb about 'idle hands' is illustrated daily in these modern times in almost every place, large or small, just as it no doubt has been daily illustrated for several thousands of years—and yet we stupidly fail to master the lesson which it conveys.

A NEW MAN. G. G. Chapin, Jeweller, of Burk's Falls, Says He is a New Man Since Using the Great South American Nervine—His Testimony is Endorsed by Thousands of Others.

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WHAT A CAR COSTS. A Railway Coach Worth \$4,000 to \$5,000. auditing department of a great railroad corporation rivals in its records and transactions a mental department. The earnings of the Pennsylvania railroad system in a year average about \$45,000,000 from the New York, \$21,000,000 from the West and Nickel Plate, \$33,000,000 from Chicago and Northwestern, \$1,000,000 from the Michigan and about \$15,000,000 from all lines or systems. These figures are, but they appear still larger when compared with items of federal government from customs; during the year ending in 1896 were \$150,000,000 from internal revenue taxes \$146,000,000 of public revenue for the nation of 100 inhabitants, but the two railroad referred to represented together \$275,000,000, and if a third big system were added the receipts of federal government would be exceeded. Accounts of big railroad corporations care and much hard work, a system of precise bookkeeping in accounts (now a special branch of) has been carried close to the perfection by the Pennsylvania which, for instance, gives to the cent the expenses incident to the construction of a car or a locomotive. 30,000 passenger cars in actual use on the railroads of the United States, ordinary passenger car costs any from \$1,000 to \$5,000, the difference representing added improvements in recently appeared a detailed of the cost of constructing at the shops of the Pennsylvania railroad, ratclass, modern, up to-date, lux-sewing car, and some of the it-interest. The wheels and axles a cost of \$332.35; the trucks up-car seats, cost \$53.62; the represents \$131.75; the seat fix-five in number—cost \$50.50; the two lamps, 13 50; the two \$84; the chandeliers, \$30.72; m of screws, which might not be an important one, \$51.88. riding of a car like the one tak-4 of ash, 1,100 of white pine, 450 of hickory, 400 of 9 of maple veneer, were re-build the car there were re-addition 13 gallons of varnish, of glue and nearly 3,000 pounds of 800 pounds of iron required 69 yards of scarlet yards of green plush, 61 yards of 343 pounds of hair. The car seats cost \$43.17. The ash window lifts \$24.40 and for the embellishment of the \$14.58. For the window last-7 worth of material was re-stoves cost \$77.56 and the tin roof of the car \$41.44. The construction of the car repre-1 of 1,263.94, bringing up the to more than \$4,400.—New

ING IN THE CHAIR. Describes the Sensation of Electro-cution. The man who has been experiment- in the electric chair, under-cribe the sensation of electro-dden shock is first felt, as if struck you on the head with t. There is no pain. The numbed. Bright lights dash ere your eyes. Your head re-ly large, somewhat like that troubled with vertigo. A seems to be bearing down d. The pulse is high, and ex-ilaration takes posses- You feel as if you were air, with everything blank. You are alone—the e only object, the only tang- universe. You gradually ensibility. A fierce shock through your entire sys-; the same bright light dar- and then all is a blank. ock is caused by the turning t. The experience thus e result of a comparatively which was gradually and ed on. It is safe to say execution by electricity the ces none of these sensations. at of ten, he is killed instan- e exact, it takes 1,200th to kill a man in the elec-

Subj: ot to Cramps. w important it is to have a w hand. Nervilla—nerve wonderful and immediate his malady. It relieves in cures in five. Pleasant to e best remedy in the world

BALL OF FIRE HAUNTS A GRAVE.

The Dead Man Played Cards for a Woman, Won, and Was Murdered.

A lonely grave on the edge of an old barren orchard a half mile south of Broadhead, Ky. contains the remains of the first man murdered in Rockcastle county. The grave is situated on the summit of a steep cliff some thirty feet in height, which borders a seldom travelled passway known as the Negro Creek road. A more lonely spot with more dreary surroundings is hard to imagine. The grave referred to is marked by a sandstone rock three feet in height by three feet in width, and bears the following inscription in rudely carved characters:

DAVID EVERHART Was Born in October. Murdered Sept. 22, 1810.

There is a tragic story connected with the death of Everhart that was well known to the generation that has all but passed away, and in this manner has been handed down to the present times.

Everhart came to Kentucky from North Carolina with a party of adventurers, and for a time they dwelt in Rockcastle county, whither they had been attracted by the fabulous stories of Swift's silver mines, said to have been located in that section of the state. Tradition speaks of Everhart as a wild, dissipated man who was wholly without fear, and as a gambler who would stake his life upon the turn of a card.

Everhart and his companions erected near where the railroad water tank now stands at Broadhead a rude log shanty, remnants of which are yet to be seen. From there they would daily sall forth to prospect for silver. One of the party a man by the name of Wise, had with him his daughter Mary, who is said to have been a girl of rare beauty.

Everhart and Cyrus Thomas were suitors for the girl's favors, but her fickleness kept each of them in uncertainty, and in this way a fierce enmity was engendered between these two men. Finally they agreed to play a game of cards for the possession of the girl, the loser not only to renounce any claim he might have upon her, but was to take his departure from the country also.

This arrangement was agreed to by all parties, and the momentous game was played in the log shanty after the day's work was done, the girl herself being a witness to it. An exciting game it was, too, both men keeping well together until the final deal, when Everhart turned a win-trump, which gave him the game and the girl.

This angered Thomas, and he sprang upon Everhart, stabbing him with a glittering knife. At this juncture the lights were extinguished, and no one, of course, knows exactly what happened, but passers by the shanty next morning discovered Everhart's body, covered with wounds, lying upon the threshold. His companions had disappeared and were never heard of again.

The dead man was buried in the lonely spot spoken of above and some years afterward his relatives in North Carolina caused the rude stone to be erected which marks the grave today. One remarkable feature in connection with the last resting place of the unfortunate man is that the grave has never sunk a foot in all the years since it was first filled. This is no surprise to the superstitious mountaineers, however, who aver that a murdered man's grave never sinks.

The vicinity of the lone grave is said to be haunted, and many are the gruesome stories current of the unnatural occurrences that transpire there. No one will willingly be caught in the locality after nightfall, the best men in the county concurring in the opinion that the place is frequented by visitors from 'the other side.' The favorite story in this line tells of a ball of fire which burns steadily and brightly at the head of the grave every night. No one has ever had the courage to approach the spot near enough to solve the mystery. It is also told that a shadowy man, bearing a coffin upon his shoulder, emerges once a year from the old orchard and travels hastily across an open space, disappearing near the forsaken grave.

Taking Its Own Portrait.

It seems like something of an achievement to make a wild deer take its own portrait, but such a feat was lately accomplished by Mr. Charles Hughes of Red Bluff California.

He conceived the idea of causing a wild animal to take a flashlight photograph as it passed along a trail in the Coast Range of mountains secure under cover of night.

To accomplish this purpose Mr. Hughes set up the camera a short distance from a trail over which deer were known to run, and then connected the shutter and the flashlight materials with a trap. When the deer stepped upon the trap the camera was opened and the flashlight set off at the same instant. Mr. Hughes thus secured the negative in the dead of night, and when there was not a soul within sight or hearing of the animal.

On developing the negative Mr. Hughes found the photograph of a deer. The frightened appearance of the animal as he was startled by the sudden flash of light is clearly shown in the picture.

No Indecent.

Castleton—How few girls go in bathing here this season! Dilback—Yes. The grand stand back of the bathing beach has been washed away.—Judge.

DISEASE CONQUERED.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS WIN ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY.

A Reporter's Searching Investigation Into A Case at Orangeville—The Claims Made on Behalf of This Medicine Fully Borne Out—The Greatest Healing Medicine of the Age.

From the Orangeville Sun. In a cosy little house in Margaret street, in this town, lives Mr. John Garry, his wife and family. They are indeed a happy family, although a few years ago a sadder household would be hard to find. Their happiness was not occasioned by the sudden obtaining of a fortune, but by something much more precious—the restoration to health of a wife and mother when everyone whispered that she must die. Our reporter heard of Mrs. Garry's illness and cure, and for the benefit of our readers investigated the case; what he learned is well worth repeating. A few years ago Mr. Garry kept a well known hotel at Cheltenham and was known far and wide for his kindness and hospitality; his wife too, was noted for amiability. However, she was stricken with a peculiar sickness, her health failed rapidly and from one hundred and forty-seven pounds her weight became reduced to ninety-five pounds. Fainting spells became frequent, and a continual pain in the back of her head almost drove her frantic. Physicians were in attendance, but the doctors all said there was no hope. Mrs. Garry saw death staring her in the face, and the thought of leaving her little children caused her much sadness. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but thought they could not possibly do her any good when physicians had failed to alleviate her sufferings. Hoping, however, almost against hope, she procured a supply, and wonderful to relate she had not been taking Pink Pills long when the dreadful symptoms of her illness began to pass away, and to-day she is the picture of health. A few months ago Mr. Garry and family removed to Orangeville, and in conversation with our representative Mrs. Garry said:—'I cannot find words to express my thankfulness for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. Why it is almost miraculous. I wish that every one who is suffering as I was will hear of this remedy. We always keep a box of the Pink Pills in the house.'

Wrong end up.

Monsieur Calino having taken a farm, he is very careful to instruct his assistants to take the proper and systematic course in all they do. 'Be sure you begin your work at the bottom,' is his favorite maxim, and he repeats it whenever he sets his men at work.

Lately he had occasion to dig a well on the place, and put to this duty a couple of men experienced in that line of work. 'And be sure,' he said to them, 'as they got their picks and shovels ready, that you begin your work at the bottom!'

It was still more curious reversal of things, perhaps, which led one of Monsieur Calino's servants, a good woman, to come running to him one day with the announcement:

'Quick, monsieur, come here! Your little Jean has fallen into the ditch, and he's into the mud up to his ankles!'

'Up to his ankles?' said Calino. 'Why, that's nothing!'

'Oh, but I forgot to tell you,' said the woman, 'that he's in head first!'

BORN.

- Arlington, Aug. 18, to the wife of Fred Pearl, a son.
Shelburne, July 13, to the wife of A. B. Bower, a son.
Truro, Aug. 8, to the wife of Mr. Barry Ripley, a son.
Moncton, Aug. 11, to the wife of S. J. Plunkett, a son.
Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 16, to the wife of H. B. Olive, a son.
Chamcook, Aug. 17, to the wife of Frank Bilis, a son.
Fort Greville, Aug. 14, to the wife of Bent Hatfield, a son.
Truro, Aug. 13, to the wife of Thomas Edwards, a son.
Tower Hill, Aug. 13, to the wife of Robert Waller, a son.
Yarmouth, Aug. 15, to the wife of Mr. J. R. Saultier, a son.
Yarmouth, Aug. 16, to the wife of Dr. A. J. Fuller, a daughter.
Parraboro, Aug. 8, to the wife of C. M. Fowler, a daughter.
Parraboro, Aug. 10, to the wife of A. H. Wagner, a daughter.
Parraboro, Aug. 11, to the wife of John Scaling, a daughter.
Amherst, Aug. 12, to the wife of Wright Tower, a daughter.
Kentville, Aug. 16, to the wife of John Laundry, a daughter.
Amherst, Aug. 14, to the wife of R. E. Pye, a daughter.
Mill Brook, Aug. 10, to the wife of Charles Deal, a daughter.
Wolville, July 16, to the wife of Capt. J. B. Tingley, a son.
Parraboro, Aug. 13, to the wife of Charles Trahey, a daughter.
St. Andrews, Aug. 14, to the wife of E. A. Cockburn, a daughter.
Waterborough, Aug. 9, to the wife of Thomas Hamm, a son.
Ellershouse, Aug. 15, to the wife of Mr. Crnik-shank, a son.
St. Andrews, Aug. 14, to the wife of Rev. A. W. Raymond, a son.
New Glasgow, Aug. 2, to the wife of Rev. C. P. Whidden, a son.
Salmon River, Halifax, July 21, to the wife of E. H. Balcom, a son.
Narrows, Aug. 9, to the wife of Rev. C. W. Townsend, a daughter.
Great Village, Aug. 13, to the wife of Harry B. Layton, a daughter.
Great Village, Aug. 10, to the wife of Rev. O. N. Chipman, a daughter.
Lynn, Mass., July 27, to the wife of Henry L. Campbell, a daughter.
Long Island, N. Y., June 24, to the wife of Rev. W. F. Duncan, a son.
San Fernando, Trinidad, July 27, to the wife of Rev. S. A. Fraser, a son.
Belgat, Ireland, July 23, to the wife of Capt. Alex. Fraser, of West New Glasgow, a son.
South Branch, Middle New Glasgow, Aug. 12, to the wife of Mrs. David Bradley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Boston, Aug. 16, Charles H. Marshall to Fannie Westmore.

- Wolville, Aug. 22, by Rev. Joseph Hale, John Ellis to Alice O'Brien.
Chester, Aug. 18, by Rev. A. W. Deist, John W. Johnson to Alice Hunt.
Pagwash, Aug. 18, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, John N. King to Ida M. Siddall.
St. John, Aug. 11, by Rev. J. B. Green, Harry B. Churchill to Edith Sadler.
Woodstock, Aug. 11, by E. D. Brooks, Burns J. Jamieson to Viola F. Lloyd.
Bridgetown, Feb. 8, by Rev. Wm. Lockyer, Fred Mitchell to Florence Robson.
Halifax, Aug. 12, by Rev. E. H. Fitman, Martin Williams to Della M. Warner.
Bridgetown, July 23, by Rev. H. Achilles, William A. Bent to Ada S. Crawley.
West Falmouth, Aug. 16, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Matthew Fison to Mary Paul.
Yarmouth, Aug. 3, by Rev. J. W. Smith, A. M. Gates to Miss Winnie Hamilton.
At the Mansse, Noel, July 31, by Rev. E. J. Rattos, Sidney Conley to Daisy McLellan.
St. Andrews, July 26, by Rev. James Fraser, P. P. Donald Punch to Janet McKenzie.
Bathurst, Aug. 11, by Rev. A. F. Thomson, William L. Curtis to Mary Alexander.
Bridgetown, Aug. 11, by Rev. F. M. Young, Ap-pliction Buckler to Miss Mary Swift.
Salisbury, Aug. 4, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, M. A. Laurence M. Stewart to Nellie Mingo.
Wolville, Aug. 11, by Rev. G. A. Sellar, Frederick W. Taylor to Annie Jarvis.
Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 8, by Rev. Patrick Kelly, Patrick V. Kenney to Sarah Golden.
Halifax, Aug. 19, by Rev. Dyan Hague, Joseph Edgar Hubble to Agie Annie Bower.
Rockland, C. C., July 7, by Rev. J. C. Sheakney, Marvin L. Hayward to Carrie I. Smith.
Boston, July 29, by Rev. Frederick N. Upham, Edgar Brooks to Margaret Willet Gates.
Pleasant Lake, Yarmouth, Aug. 4, by Rev. M. B. Brown, James Crawford to Annie Jarvis.
St. Stephen, Aug. 10, by Rev. J. E. Goucher, M. A. Thomas Burton McBride to Mary E. Fink.
Horton, N. S., Aug. 10, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, James Langill to Jessie Christina Adams.
Springhill, Aug. 10, by Rev. John Gee, assisted by E. E. Kenland, Carl Cooper to Leota Goodwin.
West Branch, River John, Aug. 11, by Rev. R. J. Grant, R. D., Rodrick A. Murray to Jewel G. Ritchie.
Bridgetown, Conn., July 21, by Rev. William Mc-nichol, Adelbert S. Simpson to Lillian M. Church.
At the Mansse Little Shemogue, Aug. 6, by Rev. Joseph E. Brownell, Ernest Turner to Mabel Sprague.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 18, by Rev. John H. Dennis, Mr. Kenneth G. McKenzie to Miss Jean-netta Kerr.
Salem Mass., River John, Aug. 11, by Rev. G. W. Gordon, James William Stevenson to Minnie Mingo.
Wallace, Aug. 11, by Rev. J. A. Astbury, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, Truman M. McLellan to Francis Elizabeth Morris.

DIED.

- Truro, Aug. 13, Leo Casey, 16.
Campobello, Aug. 10, Winslow O. 25.
Chatham, Aug. 7, Ann Broecker, 19.
Fairville, Aug. 20, James Duncan, 70.
Aylesford, July 11, Beriah Graves, 75.
Passesag, July 8, Al. x. E. K. Isaac, 78.
Oak Bay, Aug. 18, Horatio N. Toal, 76.
Bridgetown, Aug. 15, Kenneth Cameron, 34.
Eureka, Aug. 15, Kenneth Cameron, 34.
Milltown, Aug. 18, Miss L. M. Randall.
Truro, Aug. 16, Henrietta S. L. Cox, 27.
Be-wick, Aug. 14, Nelson Gardner, 65.
South Boston, Aug. 14, James Coffey, 35.
Wolville, Aug. 16, Nathaniel Spencer, 24.
Millstream N. B., Aug. 17, Patrick Reynolds, 88.
Glenestaport, Aug. 18, Mrs. Joseph Morton, 88.
St. Helena, California, Aug. 12, James Johnson.
Shubnaceville, Hants, Aug. 16, Fred Bennett, 29.
Marion, Me., Aug. 1, Mrs. William Henry Cole, 66.
Upper Falmouth, Hants, Aug. 2, Henry Cole, 66.
Centreville Anna Co., Aug. 6, Emily Messenger, 78.
Barnesville King's Co., Aug. 2, Ellen Fletcher, 78.
Enfield, July 18, Ann, widow of John Sheridan, 60.
New Cumberland, Aug. 14, Joshua A. Corkum 54.
Parraboro, Aug. 16, Frances, widow of W. Letch, 71.
East Noel, Aug. 9, Alma, wife of Andrew Denmore.
Georgetown, Antigonish, Aug. 14, Mary McPherson, 21.
New Glasgow, Aug. 16, Mary Graham, wife of Geo. Hills, 52.
Westchester Valley, Colchester, Aug. 16, James S. Giles, 67.
Little Bras d'Or, Aug. 3, Mary Ann, wife Mr. D. Young, 68.
Halifax, Aug. 18, Lucilla, widow of the late John Foster, 82.
Nashua, Aug. 21, Susan, widow of Robert T. London, England, Helen M. wife of Edward D. Chester, 87.
Tasket Wedge, Aug. 14, Emidis, son of Remi Boudreau, 8.
Moncton, Aug. 22, Annie, widow of the late Dr. W. Y. Thibault.
Glasville, Aug. 15, Janie, daughter of the late John Gray 27.
Avoirdale, Aug. 13, Edwin Watson, child of Thos. B. Watson, 4 years.
Rolling Dam, Aug. 12, Ernest M. son of Charles Hat, 4 years.
Milltown, Aug. 18, Charles E. son of George Mul-en, 2 months.
Lower Blackie, Aug. 5, Christina E. widow of John Fulton 36.
Admiral Rock, Aug. 8, son of Harrison and Julia Turple, 5 days.
London England, July 24, Helen M., wife of Mr. C. J. Chester, 9.
Liverpool, Aug. 12, Benjamin, son of Thomas and Elmira McLeod, 13.
Spa Springs, Aug. 13, George, child of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Marshall.
Moncton, Aug. 22, Weldon C., child of Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer.
Moose Harbor, Aug. 17, Lavinie D. widow of the late Wm. Wentzell, 74.
Tracadie, Aug. 15, Melinda (F., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Archer, 58.
Burn Brae, Upper Loch Lomond, Aug. 22, Gertrude Alice Robertson, 28.
Woodstock, Aug. 14, Pearl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Graham.
Newport Hants, July 29, Jennie, infant daughter of Rev. A. and Mrs. Daniel.
Newport, Hants, co. July 29, Jennie, infant daughter of Rev. A. and Mrs. Daniel.
Lime Rock, West River, Aug. 7, Clarence Walter, son of Walter and Mary McShannon.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth. The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4-Trips a Week-4 THE STEEL STEAMERS

BOSTON and YARMOUTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax. Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to and from Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach Lines, and steamers for South shore Forts on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Port, Liverpool and Lunenburg, every MON- DAY evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

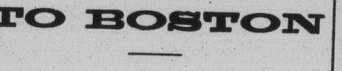
Steamer Alpha,

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon, returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock p. m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from L. E. BAKER, President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston. Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

International S. S. Co.

18 1/2 HOURS TO BOSTON



The Steamship 'St. Croix' will sail from St. John direct to Boston every TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 8:30 p. m. Standard. Fast Express to Boston.

Steamers 'Cumberland' and 'State of Maine' will sail from St. John, for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS

For Fredericton

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7:30 a. m. for St. John.

A steamer of this line will leave Indiantown every Saturday night at 8:30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate landings, returning Monday morning, leaving Wickham at 5 a. m., arriving at Indiantown at 8 a. m., until further notice; one fare. Return tickets, good for morning or afternoon boat on Monday. No return tickets less than 40c.

GEORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.

On and after Thursday, July 8th,

The Steamer Clifton

will leave Hampton for Indiantown.....

MONDAY at 5.30 a. m. TUESDAY at 3.30 p. m. WEDNESDAY at 2 p. m. THURSDAY at 3.30 p. m. SATURDAY at 5.30 a. m.

Will leave Indiantown for Hampton Tuesday at 9 a. m., Wednesday at 8 a. m., Thursday at 9 a. m., and Saturday at 4 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. KABLE, Manager.

HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN.

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

E. LABOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

J. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL

FREDERICTON, N. B.

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

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 21st June, 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Express for Campbellton, Pagwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 11.00
Express for Halifax..... 11.25
Accommodation for Moncton, Point du Chene and Berwick Junction..... 12.40
Express for Sussex..... 13.25
Express for Robesay..... 13.30
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30
 Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.30 o'clock, and Halifax at 20.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

- Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)..... 6.00
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 7.15
Express from St. John..... 7.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12.40
Express from Halifax..... 13.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbell-ton..... 13.25
Express from Robesay..... 13.30
Express from Montreal..... 22.30

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 16th June, 1897.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

TO THE.....

Canadian Northwest.

Second Class Return Tickets Via

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Will be sold to go on August 30th and Sept. 13th only, and good for return within 60 days, at the following low rates:

- To Deloraine, Boston, Estevan, Bismarck, Cath, Moosehill, and Danville..... \$28 each
To Regina, Moose Jaw and Yorkton..... \$30
To Prince Albert and Calgary..... \$35
To Red Deer and Edmonton..... \$40
SINGLE FARE EXCURSION TICKETS will also be sold to holders of these tickets between different points in the North West, to allow thorough examinations of the country for settlement, etc. Further particulars of Ticket Agents or of D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B. D. McNicoll, A. H. Notman, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 3rd July, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted).

- Live. St. John at 7:00 a. m., arr. Digby 9:30 a. m.
Live. Digby at 1:00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3:30 p. m.
S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parraboro, making connection at King-port with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

- Live. Halifax 5:50 a. m., arr. in Digby 11:45 a. m.
Live. Digby 12:05 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 2:40 p. m.
Live. Halifax 3:05 a. m., arr. Digby 12:45 p. m.
Live. Digby 12:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:00 p. m.
Live. Yarmouth 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 9:55 a. m.
Live. Digby 10:05 a. m., arr. Halifax 4:40 p. m.
Live. Yarmouth 8:30 a. m., arr. Digby 10:50 a. m.
Live. Digby 10:25 a. m., arr. Halifax 8:30 p. m.
Live. Annapolis 7:00 a. m., arr. Digby 8:30 a. m.
Live. Digby 4:45 p. m., arr. Annapolis 6:55 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth and Yarmouth and Annapolis. State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

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General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napawan, Lunenburg and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Christiesburg and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line (7 Mail Steamers).

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding of goods from Great Britain and the continent.

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Invitations registered for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa.

J. E. STONE, C. OREIGNTON, Asst. Supt.