



# Canada's International Exhibition

OPENS SEPT. 10th and CLOSES SEPT. 19th, 1900, ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Attractions Unsurpassed.

### Marsh, the Wonderful, Dives 70 ft. from a Flying Bicycle.

He performs the greatest feat of the century and is sought after by all exhibitors. This will be his only appearance in the Maritime Provinces this season. He dives seventy feet from a flying bicycle into a shallow tank. This feat is in plain view of all on the grounds.

### Baden Powell's Armored Train.

as it circled in the defence of Mating, will be another free-for-all.

### Funniest Coach Ride, ever seen is another out-door attraction.

### Magnificent Fireworks.

IN AMUSEMENT HALL.

### Powers Bros.

Recently returned from a European tour where they delighted the most critical audiences in the world.

### Rossi Bros.

Knockabout Artists, perform one of the most laughable acts ever staged.

### Kelly and Ashby.

Comedy Acrobats, have a magnificent billiard table and play a most extraordinary game upon it.

### Auguste Dewell.

is the prince of equilibrist and is a scholar and a gentleman.

### Novelty Trio.

Don't say what they will do till they appear. Then—Look out!!!

### Moving War Pictures.

In Agricultural Building Hall. The Edison Warograph Moving Pictures will be the sensation of the Exhibition. Here will be thrown upon a canvas of 300 square feet, wonderfully life-like and life size scenes of the British Boer War.

### HORSES.

Among the Horse Exhibits will be noted Stallions of several breeds, and colts by the great trotting sire "Bingen," 2.06 1/4, and by "Preseus," 2.06 1/4, the fastest trotting stallion in the world. There will be noted animals of other breeds, including a Clyde, from York Co., weighing 2,600 lbs. All these splendid horses will parade daily before the grand stand.

### CATTLE.

The Cattle classes include some of the very best animals to be found in Canada. Noted Guernsey, Ayrshire and Holstein herds from Nova Scotia, Quebec and P. E. Island, as well as New Brunswick. Shorthorns, Herefords and Polled Angus par excellence.

### SHÉEP.

Among the woolly creatures will be many noted black faces and white faces.

### SWINE.

Here the visitor can see the beautiful blonde rustling Tamworth and the hearty happy Berkshire brunettes and there are others.

### POULTRY.

Large and small, White, Black, Buff, Speckled and every hue. They will all be there. Over 900 birds. An incubator will bring off a hatch on the 14th—a sight worth seeing.

### Natural History Display.

This department, conducted under the auspices of the St. John Natural History Society and the active superintendence of Mr. C. F. B. Rowe, is a unique feature among Canadian Exhibitions. Here the Animal, Bird, Fish, Insect and Plant Life of the Province, and its Mineral Wealth as well, are displayed. Fifty varieties of Native Fish, swimming in their natural element in glass tanks, is the most striking feature. All lovers of nature cannot fail to be intensely interested.

### Dining Room and Lunches.

Good meals will be provided by a Committee of Ladies, in the Dining Room in the Main Building, and lunches can be procured at the Lunch Counters at any hour of the day and evening. Oysters and soft drinks of all kinds will also be supplied.

An innovation this year will be the SMOKING ROOM, where, from an adjoining Cigar Making Exhibit, lovers of the weed may enjoy a first-class smoke—and a quiet chat.

### BUTTER AND CHEESE,

and How it is Made. A magnificent display—and interesting competitions.

## Everyone Can Come.

### INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

From Sept. 8th to 18th, tickets will be sold at all stations in New Brunswick, good to return up to Sept. 22nd, at single first-class fare, with 25 cents admission to the Exhibition added.

Tickets will be sold at this rate in Nova Scotia on the 8th, 11th, and 13th and in Quebec from Quebec City, Lévis and east, on the 8th and 13th.

### SPECIAL EXCURSIONS.

From Sussex to Coldbrook and Stations inclusive, tickets will be sold from Sept. 10th to 19th at single second class fare, with 25 cents admission to the Exhibition added, good to return same day. From P. No. 100 to Moncton inclusive, same dates, same fare and good to return 4 days following date of issue.

From points east of Moncton to Point du Chene and Amherst, same dates, same fare, and good to return two days from date of issue.

From points north of Moncton to Campbellton, at single second class fare, with 25 cents admission to the Exhibition added on the 10th Sept., limit for return 13 h.; on 12th, limit 15 h.; on 13th, limit 17 h.; on 14th, limit 18 h.; on 15th, limit 19 h.; on 17th, limit 20 h.

### SPECIAL DAYS.

On Tuesday, 11th and Tuesday, 18th.

Amherst	\$2.00	Campbellton to Eel River	\$3.25
Amis to Calhoun's	1.75	Bellefleur and Petite Roche	2.85
Pt. du Chene and Shediac	1.75	Charlo, New Mills and Laughlins	3.10
Painsec Jct. and Humphreys	1.50	Nash's Creek and Jacquet River	3.00
Moncton to Follet River	1.25	Bathurst to Red Pine	2.75
Petitcodiac and Penobscot	1.05	Baribogue to Baraboy River	2.50
Sussex and Apohaqui	1.00	Lake View and Kent Jct.	2.25
Norton	.85	Rogersville and Kent Jct.	2.25
Bloomfield and Passakeag	.75	Harcourt to Coal Branch	2.00
Hampton	.60	Canaan	1.75
Nauwigawank	.50	Berry's Mills	1.60
Quispamis to Riverside	.45		
Brookville to Coldbrook	.35		

### ON SEPTEMBER 11TH AND 17TH.

Halifax to Shubenacadie	\$4.75	On September 12 and 17th. from farthest parts of P. E. Island	\$ 3.75
Stewiacke to Truro	4.25		
Londonderry to Oxford Jc.	3.75		
Springhill Jc.	3.25	Summerside	2.75

### DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

From 8 p. m. to 18th, good to return till 22nd, at single first-class fare from all stations to St. John. \$4.50 is the rate from Halifax.

### SHORE LINE RAILWAY.

St. Stephen, from 10th to 18th, good to return 22nd, \$1.00 (without admission to Exhibition.)

All other Railways and Steamers leading into St. John and many connecting lines give return tickets at single first class fare.

## Read the Excursion Rates.

### THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip from Sept. 10th to 18th, good to return till Sept. 22nd, plus 25c. admission to Exhibition. There will be low rates for special days as follows—including admission to Exhibition:

THURSDAY, SEPT. 13th.	Return rate.	WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12th.	Return rate.
Edmonton	\$3.25	Plaster Rock	\$3.25
Green River	3.25	Arbuckle	3.25
St. Leonards	3.25	Red Rapids	3.20
Grand Falls	3.25	Tobique Narrows	2.95

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14th.	Return rate.	THURSDAY, SEPT. 13th.	Return rate.
Woodstock	\$3.25	Aroostook Jc.	\$3.00
Debec Jc.	2.25	Andover	3.00
Benton	2.25	Parth	2.75
Canterbury	2.25	Kilburn	2.75
McAdam Jc.	1.75	Bath	2.55
Harvey	1.75	Bristol	2.50
Tracey	1.45	Florenceville	2.45

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14th.	Return rate.	THURSDAY, SEPT. 13th.	Return rate.
Lowelltown	\$5.70	Aroostook Jc.	\$3.00
Jackman	4.20	Andover	3.00
Greenville Jc.	4.40	Parth	2.75
Brownville	3.75	Kilburn	2.75
Lake View	3.55	Bath	2.55
Mattawamkeag	2.85	Bristol	2.50
Denforth	2.30	Florenceville	2.45
Vanceboro	1.75	Hartland	2.35

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14th.	Return rate.	MONDAY, SEPT. 17th.	Return rate.
Fredericton	\$1.75	Presque Isle	\$3.25
Fredericton Jc.	1.35	Caribou	3.25
Hoyt	1.20	Fort Fairfield	3.25
Wellsford	.95		
Westfield Beach	.80		

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14th.	Return rate.	MONDAY, SEPT. 17th.	Return rate.
Houlton	\$3.25	Presque Isle	\$3.25
		Caribou	3.25
		Fort Fairfield	3.25

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14th.	Return rate.	MONDAY, SEPT. 17th.	Return rate.
Havelock	\$2.25	Millville	2.25
Cardigan	2.25	Cardigan	2.25
Keswick	2.15	St. Marys	2.15
St. Marys	1.85		

D. J. McLAUGHLIN, President.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary.

### PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

Perfume Leads to the Arrest of a Thief and a Murderer.

By the inoffensive odor of certain perfumes and scents, murderers and thieves have sometimes been detected. An interesting case of this sort occurred not long since in Paris, where a notorious burglar was arrested solely because he had a partiality for eucalyptus.

An elderly lady awoke one night in the city of Paris to find that the jewel box at the side of her bed was just being robbed by a burly, masked man. The lady controlled herself and feigned sleep, but she noticed the strong odor of eucalyptus that pervaded the man's garments.

As soon as he had gone she opened her bedroom window and screamed for assistance. But the thief had made good his escape, nor was he captured for a considerable time.

One day there called at the office of a Hebrew pawnbroker a gentleman-looking fellow who was desirous of pledging a few articles of jewelry. Now the pawnbroker had received a list of the gems stolen from the lady in question, and he saw that none of them were shown by the gentleman; but he had read in the newspaper account of the robbery concerning the strong odor of eucalyptus about the thief, and he at once noticed the smell of the fragrant oil pervading his would-be customer's clothing.

His suspicions were aroused, and he summoned a policeman and told his story. The result was the capture of a notorious burglar and the thief of the lady's gems. Another case hails from India. A merchant returning to his home from Calcutta took with him a small flask of spikenard, a costly perfume used in Hindu religious rites. He was robbed and murdered on the way. Months afterward the criminals, who had come under suspicion for other crimes, received an informal visit from the police, when the strong odor of the costly scent was discovered in their abode, and the half empty flask was unearthed beneath a stack of fuel in one of the rooms.

### PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

Perfume Leads to the Arrest of a Thief and a Murderer.

By the inoffensive odor of certain perfumes and scents, murderers and thieves have sometimes been detected. An interesting case of this sort occurred not long since in Paris, where a notorious burglar was arrested solely because he had a partiality for eucalyptus.

An elderly lady awoke one night in the city of Paris to find that the jewel box at the side of her bed was just being robbed by a burly, masked man. The lady controlled herself and feigned sleep, but she noticed the strong odor of eucalyptus that pervaded the man's garments.

As soon as he had gone she opened her bedroom window and screamed for assistance. But the thief had made good his escape, nor was he captured for a considerable time.

One day there called at the office of a Hebrew pawnbroker a gentleman-looking fellow who was desirous of pledging a few articles of jewelry. Now the pawnbroker had received a list of the gems stolen from the lady in question, and he saw that none of them were shown by the gentleman; but he had read in the newspaper account of the robbery concerning the strong odor of eucalyptus about the thief, and he at once noticed the smell of the fragrant oil pervading his would-be customer's clothing.

His suspicions were aroused, and he summoned a policeman and told his story. The result was the capture of a notorious burglar and the thief of the lady's gems. Another case hails from India. A merchant returning to his home from Calcutta took with him a small flask of spikenard, a costly perfume used in Hindu religious rites. He was robbed and murdered on the way. Months afterward the criminals, who had come under suspicion for other crimes, received an informal visit from the police, when the strong odor of the costly scent was discovered in their abode, and the half empty flask was unearthed beneath a stack of fuel in one of the rooms.

### PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

Perfume Leads to the Arrest of a Thief and a Murderer.

By the inoffensive odor of certain perfumes and scents, murderers and thieves have sometimes been detected. An interesting case of this sort occurred not long since in Paris, where a notorious burglar was arrested solely because he had a partiality for eucalyptus.

An elderly lady awoke one night in the city of Paris to find that the jewel box at the side of her bed was just being robbed by a burly, masked man. The lady controlled herself and feigned sleep, but she noticed the strong odor of eucalyptus that pervaded the man's garments.

As soon as he had gone she opened her bedroom window and screamed for assistance. But the thief had made good his escape, nor was he captured for a considerable time.

One day there called at the office of a Hebrew pawnbroker a gentleman-looking fellow who was desirous of pledging a few articles of jewelry. Now the pawnbroker had received a list of the gems stolen from the lady in question, and he saw that none of them were shown by the gentleman; but he had read in the newspaper account of the robbery concerning the strong odor of eucalyptus about the thief, and he at once noticed the smell of the fragrant oil pervading his would-be customer's clothing.

His suspicions were aroused, and he summoned a policeman and told his story. The result was the capture of a notorious burglar and the thief of the lady's gems. Another case hails from India. A merchant returning to his home from Calcutta took with him a small flask of spikenard, a costly perfume used in Hindu religious rites. He was robbed and murdered on the way. Months afterward the criminals, who had come under suspicion for other crimes, received an informal visit from the police, when the strong odor of the costly scent was discovered in their abode, and the half empty flask was unearthed beneath a stack of fuel in one of the rooms.

### PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

Perfume Leads to the Arrest of a Thief and a Murderer.

By the inoffensive odor of certain perfumes and scents, murderers and thieves have sometimes been detected. An interesting case of this sort occurred not long since in Paris, where a notorious burglar was arrested solely because he had a partiality for eucalyptus.

An elderly lady awoke one night in the city of Paris to find that the jewel box at the side of her bed was just being robbed by a burly, masked man. The lady controlled herself and feigned sleep, but she noticed the strong odor of eucalyptus that pervaded the man's garments.

As soon as he had gone she opened her bedroom window and screamed for assistance. But the thief had made good his escape, nor was he captured for a considerable time.

One day there called at the office of a Hebrew pawnbroker a gentleman-looking fellow who was desirous of pledging a few articles of jewelry. Now the pawnbroker had received a list of the gems stolen from the lady in question, and he saw that none of them were shown by the gentleman; but he had read in the newspaper account of the robbery concerning the strong odor of eucalyptus about the thief, and he at once noticed the smell of the fragrant oil pervading his would-be customer's clothing.

His suspicions were aroused, and he summoned a policeman and told his story. The result was the capture of a notorious burglar and the thief of the lady's gems. Another case hails from India. A merchant returning to his home from Calcutta took with him a small flask of spikenard, a costly perfume used in Hindu religious rites. He was robbed and murdered on the way. Months afterward the criminals, who had come under suspicion for other crimes, received an informal visit from the police, when the strong odor of the costly scent was discovered in their abode, and the half empty flask was unearthed beneath a stack of fuel in one of the rooms.

### PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

Perfume Leads to the Arrest of a Thief and a Murderer.

By the inoffensive odor of certain perfumes and scents, murderers and thieves have sometimes been detected. An interesting case of this sort occurred not long since in Paris, where a notorious burglar was arrested solely because he had a partiality for eucalyptus.

An elderly lady awoke one night in the city of Paris to find that the jewel box at the side of her bed was just being robbed by a burly, masked man. The lady controlled herself and feigned sleep, but she noticed the strong odor of eucalyptus that pervaded the man's garments.

As soon as he had gone she opened her bedroom window and screamed for assistance. But the thief had made good his escape, nor was he captured for a considerable time.

One day there called at the office of a Hebrew pawnbroker a gentleman-looking fellow who was desirous of pledging a few articles of jewelry. Now the pawnbroker had received a list of the gems stolen from the lady in question, and he saw that none of them were shown by the gentleman; but he had read in the newspaper account of the robbery concerning the strong odor of eucalyptus about the thief, and he at once noticed the smell of the fragrant oil pervading his would-be customer's clothing.

His suspicions were aroused, and he summoned a policeman and told his story. The result was the capture of a notorious burglar and the thief of the lady's gems. Another case hails from India. A merchant returning to his home from Calcutta took with him a small flask of spikenard, a costly perfume used in Hindu religious rites. He was robbed and murdered on the way. Months afterward the criminals, who had come under suspicion for other crimes, received an informal visit from the police, when the strong odor of the costly scent was discovered in their abode, and the half empty flask was unearthed beneath a stack of fuel in one of the rooms.

PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

PECULIAR EVIDENCE.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

Miss Travers encouraged by her recent marked success here will shortly give a recital in Halifax. There is also a possibility of her being heard in Chatham.

Mr. John Taylor of the Morrison Comedy Company is the possessor of a tenor voice the equal of which, it is said, has seldom been heard in this city. He has been studying for grand opera and leaves the Morrison Company in a week or two, it is said, to resume his studies in New York.

St. Andrews has a promising young singer in the person of Miss Mary Berrie, daughter of Rev. Mr. Berrie, pastor of the Methodist church in the popular summer resort. At the morning service last Sunday Miss Berrie sang "Calvary" in a way that elicited much admiration from those of the visitors who are still in St. Andrews as well as of the residents. Miss Berrie has a voice of surpassing sweetness and power and sympathy.

Anna Held has brought back to America the decoration of the Lion and Sun with which the Shah of Persia invested her as a mark of his appreciation of her abilities as a chanteuse, she having sung before him and the King of Belgium at Ostend "by special command" of His Majesty King Leopold.

After Lillian Blauvelt's appearance at the Worcester and Maine musical festival she will make her New York appearance on Oct. 16th, when she will have the assistance of a large orchestra. This will be her first appearance in that city in three years. She has also been engaged by most of the large orchestral societies and the leading choral associations in Eastern, Middle and Western cities. Her tour will not extend further west than Denver.

Edouard Strauss, whose American tour begins Oct. 20 at the N. Y. Waldorf-Astoria has added to his concert repertoire the following American compositions: Victor Herbert, selections from "The Serenade," "The Singing Girl," "Wizard of the Nile," "Ameer"; Reginald De Koven, selections from "The Fencing Master" and "Robin Hood"; Gustave Kerker, selections from "The Belle of New York"; Ludwig Englander, "The Rounders"; Ethelbert Nevin, "Narcissus" and "Radolph Aronson's" "Pickaninny" and "Japonica" serenades, and "Prince and Princess" gavotte and has others under consideration.

Hugo Becker, the cellist who visits America the coming season is the possessor of the finest violin in existence. It is one of the very few Stradivarius instruments that was made by this famous master and bears the date of 1708. The following is its history: It was found in a Spanish cloister, taken to Paris and afterwards bought by Villamure. Later it was secured by the well known cellist Elsie Christians, and after her death it disappeared. It is presumed that it was kept in the family and later sold by them to a member of the family of the Duke of Marlborough, and from whom some wealthy and influential admirers of Becker acquired it for him. In addition to the Stradivarius instrument, he will also bring with him another instrument of the old Italian make, for which he lately refused a large offer.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Morrison Comedy Company opened a return engagement at the opera house on Monday, and played on afternoon and evening to very large houses. The company gave excellent performances and succeeded in pleasing their patrons in a way that is hardly ever expected of a repertoire company. It is specially strong in specialties, and altogether is one of the strongest and most satisfactory repertoire organizations we have had here for some time.

Where is Cobb? opened three nights engagement at the opera house on Thursday evening. The ever popular Devil's Auction begins a weeks engagement at the opera house on Monday, and as the grand spectacular affair has always proved attractive to theatre goers here, there is no reason to believe that the coming engagement will be any less so, especially as the piece has a host of entirely new and up to date features.

The Devils Auction is an especially clean piece and there is not a word or joke, line or situation that would offend in any way. Entire new costumes from designs of Thomas Mollwaine are a great feature of the piece while new mechanical effects intricate properties and paraphernalia elaborate original and other light effects will further attest to manager Fales' liberality as to the production. The cast, with two exceptions will be

composed of entirely new faces, headed by that clever comedian and mimic Richard T. Brown and will in conjunction with other well known people make the large cast most notable.

New ballet diversissements have been arranged under the direction of Alfred and Madam Phasey of the Phasey school of dancing, of London, England, consisting of a Danse Grotesque in the first act, a very elaborate Chinese ballet in the second act and a number of entirely new dancing features in the third act.

The Corps de Ballet itself is composed of especially young, pretty and clever copyhees, secundos and ballerine and out side of grand opera is the only production of real ballet in America. Amalia Mavroff and Hilda Maccari have been engaged as principal dancers.

Marie Dainton a London girl is a rival of Cissie Loftus as a mimic, a singer and a dancer.

Late in the season Wilton Lackaye will be seen in as Jean Valjean in a play of his own built from Les Miserables.

Julia Marlowe will appear in When Knighthood was in Flower as a successor to her very popular Barbara Freitche.

Richard Mansfield will make a new Shakespearean production and may introduce a poetic drama by Stephen Phillips.

Henry Miller is said to be preparing himself for the main role in Mary Johnston's historical novel To Have and to Hold.

The New York Empire opened last week with Brother Officers with last spring's cast, Margaret Anglin is the Empire's leading lady.

"Charlie" Fleming son of May Agnes Fleming, who became a social favorite during his stay here with the Valentine Stock company, goes with Mr. Richard Mansfield next season.

"The Price of Peace" is to be the title of Cecil Raleigh's new drama, and rehearsals have already commenced at Drury Lane, London, under the direction of the author and Arthur Collins.

F. Marion Crawford will arrive from Europe this month to see Viola Allen in the opening performance at Washington on Sept. 24, of Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's dramatization of his novel "In the Palace of the King."

Maudie Adams is to be seen in L'Aiglon. It is said that in the American version much alteration and cutting have been necessary. It is hard to understand how a play written for Bernhardt will suit Maudie Adams.

Miss Jessie Bonstelle leaves Rochester, N. Y. this week for a visit to Europe in company with her husband, A. H. Stuart. Miss Bonstelle has had an offer to play a London engagement which offer she may possibly accept.

Mrs. T. P. Connor's play "The Lost Leader", which is said to be to some extent founded on the life of Parnell, is to have a London suburban production in September with Mr. Laurence Irving in the leading parts.

Grace George who made a luckless effort to start in that hopeless play "Countess Chiffon" will try anew in Her Majesty, a romantic drama built by J. S. C. Clarke from the novel of the same title by Elizabeth Knight Tomkins.

The Choir Invisible will be sent out again this season, but under adequate management with Henry Jewett as the principal character. Among his supporting actors Jewett will have that delightful and polished character actor W. J. Le Moyné.

The new play which Henry Arthur Jones has written for Charles Frohman is called The Lackey's Carnival. It will be produced in London next month. Another piece by the same author with Charles Wyndham in the leading role is looked for a London presentation in November.

After a years prosperity in other cities "Arizona" by Augustus Thomas reaches New York. The expectation is that it will last throughout the season and as Arizona is made after the fashion Augustus Thomas set for himself in "Alabama" and "Mizoura" it does not seem presumptuous to look for a long engagement in New York.

Jessie Busley whose portrayal of the variety actress in Hearts as Trumps created much favorable comment last season will continue to appear in that play this fall. The piece will be produced in various cities after which Miss Busley is to play one of the leading roles in a new Drury Lane melodrama which Charles Frohman will produce at the Garden theatre.

Annie Russell is to begin her season with A Royal Family, an English comedy by Captain Robert Marshall, who wrote His Excellency. Miss Russell's company will have the special attraction of two such facile comedy players as Mrs. Gilbert and Charles Richman. Lotna Doone in dra-

matic form is a pleasure Annie Russell is holding in store for her audiences. The play has been made by Louis N. Parker who will be remembered as past author of Rosemary.

Says the Boston Transcript about a young actor whose good work as Jones in What Happened to Jones and their pieces produced by W. S. Harkins is well remembered here. William Farnum, the young actor who will play Ben Hur during the run of this play at the new Colonial Theatre, is a son of Dustin Farnum, for many years a resident of Hyde Park, Mass., and a grandson of the late Mrs. Ira L. Banton, whose husband was one of the pioneers of Hyde Park. Young Farnum passed several years of his boyhood here.

Blanche Walsh's new play by Eugene W. Presbury in which she will star the coming season will be called Marcelle. Plans for her debut have been somewhat changed. Her first appearance was to have been in Philadelphia on Sept. 24, going from there to Montreal Oct. 1. She will now open in Montreal and follow Ben Hur at the Broadway theatre in New York when the Wallace drama will go to Philadelphia for a brief run. "Marcelle" is an historical romantic drama with a very strong love interest. The scenes are laid in France and Quebec in the years from 1750 to 1760. This production will attract special attention because of its variety of incidents, its rapidity of action, its strongly contrasted characters and magnificence of scenery.

Miss Walsh will play the role of Marcelle de Varney, a Huguenot. Hobart Bosworth was engaged as her leading man. Because of illness he has been forced to resign and the character for which he was cast, Robert Hardy an English captain, will be played by Ernest Hastings.

The following little bit of history in the life of James O'Neill who won so many warm admirers while here three years ago will doubtless be read with interest by all who had the pleasure of seeing him upon that occasion. James O'Neill possesses, beyond his magnetic personality, a life story full of interest. He was born in Ireland about forty eight years ago, and has won his way from poverty up to a position of influence and wealth. Most of his youth was spent in Cincinnati, and his parents designed that he should enter the priesthood. The imaginative boy chose the stage and when he was seventeen played his first part in the old National Theatre in Cincinnati. He obtained a position as "extra" in Edwin Forrest's company, where he had the dignified task of carrying a spear. Two years afterward, however, he played Cicilius to Mr. Forrest's Virginia. His success on the stage was then assured. He became a leading man at Hooley's Theatre, and afterward of McVicker's stock company of the Union Square Theatre, in New York. It was in these days that he appeared with Adelaide Neilson and made the beginning of his national reputation. At this time Mr. O'Neill was twenty-years of age, and for the past few years he supported Mr. Booth, alternating in the leading roles of the great tragedies, as Barrett did later. Mr. O'Neill turned his face steadily in the direction of the romantic drama, and has been its strongest adherent. The most notable incident of his career in recent years was in connection with the elaborate production of Selma Morse's "Passion Play" at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco. Herein Mr. O'Neill was cast for the Saviour and though at first entering upon it reluctantly, for he is a conscientious churchman, he finally essayed the character and created a profound impression by his masterful portrayal of the rare character. Enormous offers were made to the Pacific Coast managers for a New York production of the "Passion Play," but various impediments, not the least of which was an aroused public sentiment against the production, discouraged the enterprise. Since this time Mr. O'Neill has devoted himself to the classic repertory interspersed with "Monte Cristo," "Fontenelle," and other plays of romantic character. His appearance in New York last year as D'Artagnan was greeted with most cordial interest. This year he is to be the centre of the monster production of "Monte Cristo," which Liebler & Co. put on at the Boston Theatre Sept. 17.

Reason Enough. A novel and ingenious explanation of the cause of a singer's cough was recently given by a warm hearted Milesian. "And how is Mister Brown?" he inquired of one of the singer's friends. "I was hoping he'd be giving a concert in the town hall whilst he was here, so Mrs. Casey and

me could be favored to bear some more of his fine songs."

"He has a bad cough just now," said the friend.

"Oh now that's too bad," said Mr. Casey with feeling; but it's no wonder, all the same. That strong voice he has, pressing on his lungs, would be apt to give him a cough now and then, it's loikely."

The Reporter's Hall Holiday.

New reporter (tired out)—"Today is Saturday, and you know this state now has a Saturday half holiday law which—"

City Editor—"By Jinks! I nearly forgot it. Rush out and get up a five column article on how the day is being observed."

Greatun—Well, I have my new novel almost done.

Americus—Why, you haven't written a line of it yet.

"True, but I know just where I must go to steal each different thing I am going to use in it—Life."

"My! but you look queer," remarked the first moth.

"I guess so," replied the other: "I've been living a dog's life all summer."

"You don't say?"

"Fact. I got locked up in a closet that had nothing in it but the family skeleton."



Millions of Women use Cuticura Soap

Exclusively for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for alopecia, weakness, and for many sensitive antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold by all Colonial Chemists. FORTY DOLLAR AND CHEAP CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN B. COMPANY.



A very complete line of this reliable brand in Tea-ware, Bake-dishes, Fruit Bowls, etc., and also latest patterns in

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6d., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1s 6s. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

6d., 1s. and 1s-6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL.

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.



A Delicious Tubbing

and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert"

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL.

Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soaps.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY the THIRTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER A. D. 1900, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1900, in a certain case or matter therein pending in the master of the Estate of George L. Taylor, late of the Parish of Hampton, in the County of Kings, deceased, between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, defendant; and by amendment between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, Elean A. Taylor, Louise F. Oity, Elizabeth L. Currie, A. Florence Currie and Wendell E. Currie, defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises in the said decretal order, described as follows:—

ALL that lot of land situate lying and being on the south side of King Street, in the said City of Saint John, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City, on file in the office of the Common Clerk by the number four hundred and fourteen (414), having a breadth of forty feet on the said street and continuing back the same breadth one hundred feet together with all and singular the buildings heretofore privileges and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in any wise appertaining which said lot of land and premises is subject to a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated on or about the first day of November A. D. 1888 and made between the Testator George L. Taylor of the one part, and Elias Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executor and Executrices of the last will and testament of John Horn deceased for securing the payment to the said Executor and Executrices of the sum of eleven thousand dollars on the first day of November A. D. 1891 with interest thereon at five per centum per annum payable quarterly, all of which said interest has been paid up to the first day of May A. D. 1900 and subject also to the store and premises on the e. por or eastern half or portion of the said lot having the street number 64 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to J. Mc Murray Reid and Robert Reid, doing business as Reid Brothers, at the annual rent of seven hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November; and as to the store or premises on the lower or western half or portion of the said lot having the street number 64 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to the Gould Bicycle Company at the annual rent of six hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or to the undersigned Referee.

Dated this 30, day of July, A. D. 1900.

E. H. McALPINE, REFeree.

W. A. TRUEMAN, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

News and Opinions

OF National Importance

The Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year

Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 10c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year

Address THE SUN, New York.

tion

B.

St. John Natural History Rowe, is a unique feature. Insect and Plant Life of element in glass tanks, is to be intensely interested.

in the Dining Room in the Counters at any hour of the also be supplied. I, where, from an adjoining class smoke, and a quiet

on Rates.

10th to 18th, good to returners will be low rates for DAY, SEPT. 12th.

Return rate. \$3 25 3 25 3 20 2 95

DAY, SEPT. 13th. \$3 00 3 00 2 75 2 55 2 50 2 45 2 35 2 25

Return rate. \$3 25 3 25 3 25 2 95

Return rate. \$2 25 2 25 2 25 2 15 1 85

Return rate. \$2 25 2 25 2 25 2 15 1 85

Return rate. \$2 25 2 25 2 25 2 15 1 85

Return rate. \$2 25 2 25 2 25 2 15 1 85

Return rate. \$2 25 2 25 2 25 2 15 1 85

Return rate. \$2 25 2 25 2 25 2 15 1 85

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 11 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter. OTHERWISE, WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAME. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearsages must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.

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

POLITICAL CHANGES.

Since PROGRESS was issued last week there have been some changes in the political field. The premier of last week is not the premier of today. Mr. EMMERSON has retired in favor of Mr. TWEEDIE and a new government has been announced by this gentleman from the North Shore. The reorganization of the administration makes elections necessary in Kings, where Mr. Wm. Pugsley has been appointed attorney general, and in Queens where Mr. FARRIS formerly a forerunner member of the government, takes Mr. LABILLOIS' old portfolio and fills the position of Minister of Agriculture, Mr. LABILLOIS succeeding to that of minister of public works. Speaker HILL retires from that dignified position to enter the government without office.

Some of these changes have been spoken of for some time. The retirement of Mr. EMMERSON and the succession of Mr. TWEEDIE was regarded as a foregone conclusion. Few will deny that the new premier selected the best available men to form the government. Mr. PUGSLEY is a strong man with plenty of experience, eloquent and convincing whether in the house or in the excitement of a political campaign. As a lawyer he has few if any equals in the province, and he will fill the position of the leading member of the Bar of New Brunswick with credit to his profession. It is not likely that he will be opposed in Kings county but if he is, the opposition will have an opportunity of showing its weakness.

Mr. HORTON B. HETHERINGTON has been eager to measure strength with Commissioner FARRIS. He now has the opportunity. The people of Queens have not had a representative with office in the government since Mr. BLAIR was premier and they are not likely to reject a man like Mr. FARRIS with so large a stake in the county for Mr. HETHERINGTON.

The date of the elections have been announced for the latter part of this month. Premier TWEEDIE will no doubt be in the fight, if there is any. In the latter event there is no present reason for him to fear the result.

Mr. John V. ELLIS will receive the warmest congratulations from gentlemen on both sides of politics upon his election to the senate. He has been in politics for a quarter of a century and during that period has ever had the reputation of being a good, but not a subservient party man. He was quite independent upon many occasions and could never be relied upon to support questionable measures. Newspaper men will be pleased to know that another maritime journalist, and one so prominent as Editor ELLIS, has been chosen to sit in the Canadian senate. He has fought for the freedom of the press as well as the principles of the Liberal party and it may be that he will have opportunities to do good work for both in the future.

THE DIFFICULTY BETWEEN THE I. C. R. AND C. P. R.

The Canadian Pacific railway is not satisfied with its arrangements with the Intercolonial that loom up in the future. For a long time the Intercolonial practically ceased at Levis and the C. P. R. had full control of the Maritime province freight business to the west. But, since the acquisition of the Drummond county railway and the traffic arrangements the Intercolonial has made with the Grand Trunk system, the management finds that it is in a

position to compete with the Canadian Pacific for the through business from Nova Scotia and points in New Brunswick. More than this the Intercolonial has such a contract with the great rival of the Canadian Pacific that it cannot or will not deliver freight at St. John to the C. P. R. at the through rate for the west.

This decision has alarmed the Canadian Pacific railway and every influence has been brought to bear by certain members of the city government of St. John to induce the Intercolonial to reconsider its determination. In addition to this a gentleman well known in this city has been engaged to present the case from a personal standpoint to the merchants and people of St. John and he is circulating a petition for signatures to be presented to the Minister of Railways and the government asking that the Canadian Pacific shall get what it wants.

The circular is worded in a most ingenious way and anyone who is not acquainted with both sides of the case might be persuaded that the minister of railways and Intercolonial were endeavoring to injure the port of St. John by side tracking the Canadian Pacific. The very fact that the government and the department of railways have done so much for St. John in constructing a grain elevator, building wharves on the eastern side of the harbor and in many ways facilitating the business of the port is sufficient answer to this purely political insinuation. The C. P. R. wants return freight for the empty cars that bring grain and produce here now for the European steamers. It is stated that in the past they have preferred the ports of Boston and New York rather than St. John for this return freight for the west, though why they should be not quite apparent. Still it must be remembered that the Intercolonial when it begins to bring cargoes from the west will have empty cars too and why they should allow the C. P. R. to send its agents through the Maritime provinces and pick up freight with the advantage of its through rate is not very clear.

Let us look at the argument that the C. P. R. is distributing through Mr. H. R. McLELLAN. We print it in full:

"The Canadian Pacific Railway does not ask for any discrimination in its favor. It merely asks the government to allow business men the privilege of deciding for themselves whether they will send their goods to the West via St. John and the Canadian Pacific Railway or via Chaudiere and the Drummond County Railway, to be handed over to the Grand Trunk and its American connections. In return for this the Canadian Pacific Railway offers to do all in its power to divert the winter export business in all the vast territory covered by its lines to the ports of St. John and Halifax. The Canadian Pacific lines extend through Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the North West Territories, British Columbia and a portion of the Western States. It has also connections with American railways from which it will be able in future to draw a great deal of export traffic for St. John and Halifax. As Canada develops in population and wealth the amount of export traffic controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway will be enormous, and if it makes its winter port in the Maritime Provinces a great city must grow up there. But Mr. Blair's western supporters urge the government to deny the Canadian Pacific Railway, and let it make Boston its winter port if it chooses to do so.

"The excuse is made that the Intercolonial will get a longer haul, by handing freight over to the Grand Trunk than by allowing it to go via St. John and the Canadian Pacific Railway. But will the long haul pay? What sense is there in the government hauling traffic a long distance and losing money on it, if it can make more money by a short haul?

"The Canadian Pacific Railway offers to allow the Intercolonial a minimum mileage of 380 miles in the division of receipts when ever that allowance does not exceed local rates, and it is a well known fact that local traffic on railways almost invariably pays much higher rates than through traffic, so that the Intercolonial would make money on all freight handed over to the C. P. R. at St. John, whereas it might lose on freight carried over the long roundabout Intercolonial route to be handed over to the Grand Trunk.

"But the great thing to be considered is to whether all the vast winter export business, which the Canadian Pacific Railway controls, is to go to build up the ports of St. John and Halifax, or to be diverted to Boston."

In return for the privilege of this through rate the C. P. R. promises to do all in its power to make St. John "a great export port" and in the future "a great city must grow up" where it makes its winter port.

We in St. John, while pleased to listen to such words, know how often we have heard them before. What did we do on the West Side when we could get nothing

from the Conservative government but start negotiations with the Canadian Pacific? We gave this great railway an elevator and we planned wharves and warehouses that have since cost us nearly, if not quite a million of dollars. Every concession has been granted to the Canadian Pacific that was possible and in return we have built up a winter port business of which we have no reason to be ashamed. The major portion of the benefit has been reaped by the Canadian Pacific and now when a rival road wishes to set upon business principles the cry is raised that St. John will be injured and St. John side tracked because the C. P. R., that has been treated so generously by us, will go to Boston and New York. This is a distinct threat that will not be relished by the people who have paid their taxes so freely to build up the through trade of the C. P. R.

The young man who appropriated \$35 was sentenced by Judge FORBES to five years in the penitentiary with hard labor, while another young man who appropriated more thousands than this man did dollars got five years in the same place. There should be some explanation for this. None has been offered as yet but there must be some reason. Such comparisons as this are apt to give the masses a poor idea of the equality of justice—the destruction of which would be dangerous indeed.

A Figgish Lawyer.

A lawyer who has his office on Prince William street, and who is said to resemble no less, a personage than H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in some respects, has a peculiar, indeed a decidedly unique idea of the use of a public restaurant. His place of eating is situated on Charlotte street near the Y. M. C. A. and the other evening he made quite a fuss because two young men happened to occupy the seat he is accustomed to filling. One of the young men had noticed the lawyer turn a stranger out of his supposedly own place a few nights previous and the affair so irked him that he thought he'd let the legal light practice a little of his bulldozing on him—if he could. So when the lawyer arrived on the scene he at once acquainted the young man that he was in the wrong place.

The young man said he did not think that was, seeing that he the restaurant was a public place. With this the lawyer flew in a professional rage and not deigning to argue the case gave vent to a tirade of abuse. The young man unceremoniously got down on him however in language gentlemanly, but as plain as oatmeal porridge. Still the lawyer grumbled on as he sat in another chair, until the food arrived before him, when he, needless to say, he ceased to expostulate. His eyes snapped a little though.

JOYS AND WOBS OF OTHER PLACES.

Transparent shirtwaists Attractive.

[Annapolis Spectator.] A rather stunning looking woman, who wore the latest American fad, a network shirt waist, attracted considerable attention on Monday's Business from Yarmouth. She was a summer tourist across the border.

Halifax Awakening.

[N. S. Exchange.] A fiery meeting of some of the citizens of Halifax, was held Monday to "kick" in earnest against the suggestion of the City Council to place water meters in the houses using water from the high service. The meeting protested in a strong resolution against the city's proposed action.

The "Monkey and the Oats" Again.

[Windsor Tribune.] On Thursday two of our legal gentlemen were engaged on a case tried before Justice Parnham at Brooklyns, on an action for rent. Judgment reserved. Both lawyers will no doubt get pickings out of the case, no matter whether plaintiff or defendant is successful.

Local Jealousy Thats All.

[N. S. Exchange.] We notice that the people of Mount Unalaska are putting on considerable style. They have recently had their meeting house and schoolhouse painted. People in passing along might not at first sight be pleased with the style of the painting on the roof of the meeting house, but they may in time become accustomed to it.

How Bryan "Waxes" Eloquent.

[Montreal Star.] President McKinley has declined to use the graphophone as a means of communicating his views on the questions of the day to the listening public, but Bryan will say things at the coming wax. McKinley has a record written in history which he must stand by. Perhaps wax is the best material to write Mr. Bryan's record in.

Carpenter Clerics Crushed.

[Philadelphia Press.] A Syracuse clergyman has publicly rebuked the women of his flock who wear transparent sleeves and yokes on their corsets in hot weather, while a clergyman in another city has lectured the women of his congregation for taking off their hats in church. These clergy men are out of place in the pulpit. If they cannot find anything better to talk about than to find fault with the women for seeking some small relief from the heat they should find some occupation for which they are better fitted than that of preaching the gospel.

Father—Who prepared this pudding?

Mother (looking at her daughters in one session)—I wasn't told—the author desires to remain anonymous.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

To THE EDITOR, OF PROGRESS.—I was greatly amused at the declaration issued in the daily press by the executive of the Lord's Day Alliance, with a view of "removing certain misconceptions believed to exist in the minds of the public in regard to the part taken by it (the Alliance) in connection with the recent convictions for violation of the so called Sabbath Observance Law."

Their declaration as a whole is really an "eye-opener." Who was it that said that "the Alliance laid information against any violator" of the blue laws? or that "it has at present any idea of doing so." Ye Gods! what calumny! Why, poor innocents! they only "instituted inquiries resulting in placing the responsibilities upon the municipal authorities."

There were even some who thought that "the Alliance is the party on whom public disapproval shall fall for treating as law-breakers the employes of the street railway, which by its act of incorporation has a right to operate on Sunday." Such insinuations really testify to the total depravity of man. To affirm that any member of the L. D. A. would dream of giving precedence to the law of God over an act of incorporation is really preposterous. To the credit of the good people of St. John be it said however, that the number of those who would charge the members of the L. D. A. with such an opinion is indeed very small. Anyway we are informed by the president of the L. D. A. that all the above charges are nothing but base calumnies. It is interesting, however, to note the personal opinion of that personage.

"Personally" he says "I think the law a very good one it does not come up to the views of extreme Sabbatharians. There are some things permitted which I myself would like to see forbidden." Now, rack my brains as I would I cannot think of the "things" which after cutting off all innocent sources of pleasure and recreation, Mr. Fotheringham would still see forbidden, unless it be breathing through the nose which, as naturalists tell us, brings about the destruction of countless microscopic beings, which operation, by a slight stretch of the imagination, may be classed with the work of "slaughtering animals". Or it be in the act of masticating food which on close consideration is nothing but a reproduction, on a small scale, of a grinding mill in full operation besides, to put it in the language of Mr. F. these operations are not specifically named as exceptions in the Sunday act.

In conclusion, however, allow me to have a serious word with the worthy president of the L. D. A. and all others who strive to darken the sun at noon.

Do you really believe that it is sufficient to put the name of the Lord on your letter heads to justify any extravagant action that you may take in His name? Do you really think that by pressing legislation and police force into your service you will constitute yourself the arbiters of your fellow men's souls if you do you are mistaken. Such absurd, archaic and tyrannous laws as are now being enforced in our town will do more to alienate the people from the church and its ministers than the atheistic writings of a Paine or an Ingersoll.

You scoff at the editor who dares to affirm that "the people is the final court of appeal for all laws human and divine."

This only goes to show your imperfect knowledge of the Holy Writ as well as of the science of representative government. For those who are sufficiently imbued with the spirit of the Bible and the teachings of modern sociologists will unhesitatingly concede that the law, whether human or divine, was made for man, not man for the law such passages as: Lev. xviii, 5; Dent. vi, 24 and x, 13; Prov. iv, 4 and 111, 2; Matt. xii, 8; Mark ii, 27; Luke vi, 5 and xx, 38; are sufficient to show that the Bible is not a handbook for the mortification of the flesh, and that a somber face or morose disposition is no special recommendation to the favor of the Lord.

The truth cannot be disguised that the divine purpose in the revelation of his laws to man was primarily the felicity of the people to whom they have been revealed.

As to human laws, there is not a modern sociologist worthy of the name who would not own that the end of all human law should be "the greatest happiness to the greatest numbers" and that a law may indeed be "inscribed on the statute books of New Brunswick and solemnly confirmed by the highest court of the Province" but it is displeasing to the people for whom it was made (not to the "mercenary and pleasure-seeking" as Mr. F. is pleased to express himself) it has no right to exist. For the people, whom the worthy president of the L. D. A. derides as a necessity, constitutes indeed the greatest tribunal whose decision as to the valid-

ity of all laws passed by its own representatives and for its own welfare must on the long run prove both just and final.

As to the divine idea of what Sabbaths and holy days should be to the people, it would do the L. D. A. good to read up the following passages in Dent. xiv, 23-27; xvi, 11, 14 and 15.

I fear, however, that the extreme zealots will profit very little by the information contained in the above marked passages, for it is clear that they are determined to uphold the ascetical Sabbath even against the teachings of the Lord himself. Indeed it appears to me that the Lord and his disciples have been very fortunate to have lived before the organization of Sunday Alliances, for, in our own day if they happened to be seen plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath the L. D. A. of St. John would certainly "institute inquiries." I will not use the expression "lay information" which is so odious to the executive of L. D. A.) which would result in five dollars or ten days.

To those, however, who are not yet totally blinded by fanaticism or hypocrisy let me sound the note of warning. Beware of perverting the word of God and turning a religion of love into a law of oppression for by such acts instead of serving the Lord you really serve his antitype.

L. Z.

'We are going to move.'  
'What's the trouble?'  
'Can't stand one of our next door neighbors.'

'What has he done?'  
'He's president of the ice trust, and we've never had a piece of ice come into the house that he hasn't sized it up as it passed the window.'

Mrs. Suburban—"Our new cook uses such broken English that we can scarcely understand a word she says."

Mrs. Neighbors—"Oh, I wouldn't mind a little thing like that. We have been using broken china ever since our new cook was installed."

With our present facilities we are able to guarantee perfect work and promptness. Try us now and be convinced Ungars Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning work, Telephone 58.

'A pretty lot of children you are for a minister to have,' exclaimed a West Side pastor whose children were misbehaving at the dinner table. 'Then, why don't you change your business, papa?' asked four year-old Nellie.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

India's Famine.

As I lie in bed so cosy,  
And I cannot go to sleep,  
I am thinking of the hungry,  
Who their mighty rights keep.  
Ah, that frightful, awful famine,  
Out in India's far off land,  
Oh, the suffering, and starvation,  
In that burning, coral, strand.  
Why this suffering; why this dying?  
'Till me heart—ask today;  
And the answer comes now to me  
Health and food, both taken away.  
Taken from the willing Father's  
Who would toil so gladly now,  
That they might change starvation's motto  
That's been written on each brow.

Ah, the suffering, and the sorrow  
That fills almost every home,  
How they watch for each tomorrow  
Fraying that they help may come.  
Stricken fathers, wasted mothers,  
Farms and faces gaunt and thin,  
While starvation at the door step  
Only waits to enter in.

Men that once were strong, and stalwart  
Gentle women by their side;  
In the years so glad and happy  
When each one brought home his bride.  
Middle aged men and women,  
In the ranks I see them now,  
Sickness, hunger, want, starvation,  
I see stamped on every brow.

Little children, wan and wasted,  
Languid, feeble, frail and weak,  
Worrying their starving mothers,  
Why all this? 'Tis bread they seek.  
Healthy people of New Brunswick  
Give your aid—your succor send:  
Let it go to homes of sorrow,  
Let them see they have a friend.  
Sisters faintest stand beside them;  
Of your sunshine give one ray,  
Let them see love's not denied them,  
You will get all back some day.

Give from out your well filled purse,  
Brighten faces pale, and thin,  
Bar the door and keep him outside,  
Do not let starvation in.

FANNY M. WA. SMITH.

Quispamsis, N. C., Aug. 29, 1900.

In September.

Slow breezes stir in yellowed grasses,  
On golden stacks the sunshine stars,  
One maple wood in crimson masses  
In brave old autumn splendor wears.  
How cardinal flowers gleam as fire,  
To deck the meadow brooklet's way;  
But sober goldenrod sticks  
More richly greet the wealthy day.

With brilliant leaves and purple clusters,  
And stir of spiral tendrils rings,  
And less odorous about its lustre  
In brave old autumn splendor wears.  
I watch the gale colors blending,  
I hear the murmured harvest tone,  
And vaguely deem of spheres transcending  
The staid beauty of our own.

passed by its own represent-
ers on their own welfare must on
the eve both just and final.

divine idea of what Sabbaths
should be to the people, is
L. D. A. good to read up
passages in Deut. xiv, 28-
34 and 15.

however, that the ex-
cuses will profit very lit-
tle information contained in
marked passages, for it is clear
a determined to uphold the
 Sabbath even against the teach-
 Lord himself. Indeed it ap-
pears that the Lord and his disciples
very fortunate to have lived bene-
ficialization of Sunday Alliance,
own day if they happened to be
keeping ears of corn on the Sabbath
A. of St. John would cer-
tainly inquire. I will not
expression "lay information"
so odious to the execu-
D. A.) which would result in
on ten days.

however, who are not yet
ded by fanaticism or hypocrisy
and the note of warning. Beware
of the word of God and turning
love into a law of oppression
acts instead of serving the Lord
and his antitype.

L. Z.

going to move.'
be trouble?'
and one of our next door neigh-

is done?
resident of the ice trust, and
had a piece of ice come into
that he hasn't sized it up as it
window.'

urban—'Our new cook uses
English that we can scarcely
a word she says.'

ighbors—'Oh, I wouldn't mind a
like that. We have been using
ever since our new cook was

present facilities we are able
to perfect work and promptness.
and we are convinced Ungars
Dyng & Carpet Cleaning work,
58.

lot of children you are for a
have,' exclaimed a West Side
see children were misbehaving at
table. 'Then, why don't you
our business, papa?' asked four
ladies.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY
India's Famine.

in bed so cozy.
cannot go to sleep,
thinking of the hungry,
their mighty vigils keep.
at night, awful famine.
India's far off land,
suffering, and starvation,
at burning, coral, strand,
his suffering; why this dying?
me heart—I ask today;
an answer comes now to me
and food, both taken away.
from the willing Father's
would toll so gladly now,
they might change starvations
be written on each brow.

suffering, and the sorrow
fills almost every home,
they watch for each tomorrow
that then help may come.
as father's, wailed mothers,
and faces grieved and thin,
starvation at the door step
waits to enter in.

at once were strong, and stalwart
the women by their side;
young so glad and happy
in each one brought home his bride,
aged men and women,
ranks I see them now,
as, hunger, want, starvation,
stamped on every brow.

children, wan and wasted,
sickly, frail and weak,
they their suffering mothers,
all this? 'Tis bread they seek.
people of New Brunswick
your aid—your succor send:
go to homes of sorrow,
then see they have a friend,
fastest stand beside them;
our sunshine give one ray,
sun see love's not denied them,
will get all back some day.

from out your well filled purses,
hate faces pale, and thin,
a door and keep him outside,
let let starvation in.

FANNY M. WAUGH.
K. C., Aug. 20, 1900.



Commencing tonight and lasting ten days, St.
John people will be revelling in the interesting
sights and sounds of the city's annual Exhibition,
which this year bids fair to surpass all former fairs
in variety and excellence. The opening this evening
is a novel feature, and is programmed for the
benefit of those who cannot attend the Monday
morning opening. A concert and hop is the nature
of it.

On Monday the great influx of visitors will com-
mence. Hotels and boarding houses have already
booked hundreds of guests for the Exhibition ses-
sion, and householders are preparing for the usual
fall run of country cousins and other relatives.

Suburban maids and matrons are all the rage,
and the woman who cannot show a tinge of brown
upon her brow, cheek or shoulder is not in the swim
at all. In former years a woman who was tanned
thought herself unfit to appear on the streets, but
somehow started the suburban complexion as a fad,
and now it is fashionable. The women are all de-
termined to win the wagers they have made, and
from the time the sun makes its appearance in the
early morning until it sinks out of sight in the evening
they sit about on the unprotected benches or lie
on the sand, their faces turned toward the sun.
None of them wear hats and most of them wear
short sleeves or keep their sleeves rolled up so that
their arms can share the tan with their faces.

The next week or two will mark the mysterious
passing of the summer tide. She is with us today
along the river resorts and on the mountain tops,
her arms browned to the elbow, her hair out of curl,
her conversation a bewildering mixture of slang
and country dialect. Her going away is one of the
saddest notes of autumn. It happens somewhere
between the hotel and the town. She leaves the
place that she has made glad with her presence in a
carryall or perhaps a stage. Her trunk and vari-
ous boxes are disposed about her, together with all
the worldly paraphernalia that the summer woman
must carry home with her. She looks like a travel-
ling circus. Her bicycle, her coat case, with
umbrella and parasol are all in evidence, for these
are the things that will not pack and must be strap-
ped on somehow. Thus equipped the summer girl
throws back kisses to the other girls. When she
next appears you meet her in town a demurely
gowned young woman with a dotted veil drawn
over her nose and carefully arranged hair. She carries
the newest thing in umbrellas. It would seem
indecorous to ask her if she were still engaged to
the same man that she used to sit upon the piazza
with evenings until she was talked about, for she
has the dreamy far-off look.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody and child of Malden, Mass.,
are guests of Mrs. A. B. Wetmore, Spring street.
Mr. E. L. Corbett is spending his vacation in Bos-
ton.

Miss Minnie Stewart spent Sunday with friend
in Sussex.

Mr. Bliss Barnes of Hampton was in town for
Sunday.

Mrs. Walter M. Magee and her little son, Hender-
son, leave for their home in Boston this afternoon
by 8 30 Croix.

Mr. George E. Fairweather and family returned to
town this week.

Mr. Herbert McLeod spent the holiday with his
parents at Fenelonville.

A. B. Campbell of Kingston, Ont., was in town for
a few days this week.

The Rev. Alexander White of Clairmont, Toronto
was given a hearty welcome to the pastorate of
Main Street Baptist church by all the Baptist past-
ors of the city together with the ministers of the
other denominations in North End, and a great con-
gregation from the various Baptist churches
throughout the city. Addresses full of hearty ex-
pressions of good-will, and helpful advice, and
suggestions were delivered by the two returned gen-
tlemen present. The addresses were interspersed
with choice music. Solos were given by the Misses
Treuman and Young and Prof. Titus and a male
quartet composed of Messrs. Titus, Perkins, May-

Monday morning Mr. John K. Storey and Miss
Eva Scott, Peters street, were quietly married by
Rev. Mr. DeLustig, of Essex street, Methodist
church. Mr. and Mrs. Storey took a trip to Fred-
erickton and are now at home receiving the congrat-
ulations of friends.

The home of L. C. R. Conductor James Millikan
on Wright street was filled with a happy throng of
guests Tuesday evening, on the occasion of the
wedding of his second daughter, Miss Sophia B.
Millikan to Mr. H. G. Thomson, I. C. R. conduc-
tor. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. D. J.
Fraser, B. D., of St. Stephen's church, in which the
bride has been a prominent worker and Sunday
school teacher. The bride was gowned in a very
handsome dress of dove grey cashmere with pink
velvet and pearl trimmings and chiffon fichu. She
carried a beautiful bridal bouquet of white carnations
and maidenhair ferns. After the ceremony
luncheon was served and the bridal party then
drove to the Union depot where, amid showers of
congratulatory wishes, the tooting of
locomotive whistles, and the booming of nearly 80
torpedoes, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson left on the Mar-
time express on a honeymoon trip to Montreal and
Toronto. Mrs. Thomson's going away dress was a
very becoming one of grey camel's hair cloth with
hats of the same color. The young people were very
popular and many handsome wedding gifts bore
testimony to this. The groom's present to his
bride was a fine gold watch. Mr. and Mrs. Thom-
son will reside in Moncton.

Miss Laura Hopkins of Arrostook Junction and
Miss May Green of Perth Centre came down river
on Saturday, and are stopping at W. H. Smith's 45
Pitt street. They left on Tuesday for Acadia
College in Wolfville, where they are taking a
course.

Miss Annie Swift of Coal Branch, N. B., arrived in
the city last week, and has entered the Currier Busi-
ness University for a course in bookkeeping and
 shorthand.

Alderman Waring is partially recovered from his
illness.

Mr. W. T. Hubbard, his wife and three children
were passengers on the steamer Victoria, Monday
for Holderville, Queens county, to reside. They
have been living in South Africa, where they left
five weeks ago.

Mr. James Livingston, of the Cambridge, Mass.,
Times, and Miss Livingston are visiting Mrs. Living-
ston's brother, Mr. C. E. Ramsey.

Mr. J. A. Greco, of this city and Corp. W. Y. Wil-
son, of Fredericton, arrived home Monday from

South Africa. They are the first Canadian con-
tingents. Greco was with Lever and Wallace
was wounded. They were greeted at the depot by
friends.

Mr. Thomas Hanna, of the Pawtucket R. I. Times
staff, who has been in the city the past few days on
a visit, returned to his home Tuesday.

Dr. Smith and wife of Orangeville, Ont., are visit-
ing P. King, Carleton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bowden have returned from
their wedding trip. Mrs. Bowden will receive her
friends on the 12th and 13th of September at her
residence, 14 Rynders street.

Mr. J. E. Narrows, of Ottawa, is in the city on his
vacation.

Corp. F. W. Coombs, of 69<sup>th</sup> Company, first Cana-
dian contingent, was rapidly recovering from enteric
fever at Cape Town, in the second week in Aug.
The White Hill is down with fever at Belmont.

Miss Ethel Ramsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C.
H. Ramsey, returned to Montreal Tuesday to re-
sume her studies at the Sacred Heart Convent. An-
other daughter, Madams Ramsey, of the Sacred
Heart order, has just been transferred from Ken-
wood Convent to the Sacred Heart, Montreal.

Six mechanics from Montreal arrived in the city Tues-
day on his way from Newfoundland. Wednesday
morning Sir Mackenzie went to St. Andrews, from
whence he will go home. Senator James O'Brien
accompanied the ex-premier.

James Sprout and family, of Apohaqui, who re-
turned last spring to Montreal, Mass., returned on
Monday, via Yarmouth, and went last night to
Apohaqui, where they will again take up their resi-
dence.

E. W. Belding of the railway postal service and
Mrs. Belding left for the St. Croix, Tuesday evening
for a visit of two weeks in Boston and vicinity.

A notable wedding event took place Tuesday at
St. Stephen when Miss Josephine MacVay, daugh-
ter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph MacVay, was united in
wedlock to Arthur Cobban Smalley of St. John.
The Presbyterian church, in which the wedding took
place was beautifully decorated for the occasion.
The happy couple during the ceremony stood under
a magnificent floral bell. Rev. Dr. McKenna tied
the knot which made the parties man and wife. Miss
Vera Young was bridesmaid and Fred Taylor of St.
John acted the groom. After the ceremony at the
church which was packed with friends, a reception
was held at the residence of the bride's par-
ents. A large number were at the C. P. R. station
to witness the departure of the happy couple on
their wedding tour, which will include Boston, New
York and other cities. Mrs. Smalley will be at
home on October 2 and 3 at their residence, King
street east in this city.

The young people ball on Thursday evening was
a brilliant affair indeed, quite eclipsing all previous
events in this line. The assembly rooms were very
elaborately decorated with flowers, flags and bann-
ers. The table was decorated with red and white
flowers and theobon on the gas jets were covered
in red. Harrison's orchestra provided music for a
programme of twenty dances. The gowns worn by
the ladies were very beautiful and few were
noted as follows:

Miss Ella Payne, pale pink, black lace and nat-
ural hair.

Miss Beckwith of Fredericton, red and white
stuffed silk.

Misses Fenjoy, white organdie and lace.

Miss Constance Smith, pink and white silk and
lace.

Miss Nellie Thorne, pale blue muslin.

Miss Crabbe, white muslin prettily trimmed with
lace and ribbon.

Miss Agnes Blizard, Dresden silk and black
velvet.

Miss Constance Vail, cream silk blue trimmings.

Miss Crookshank, white over royal blue silk.

Miss Lavron pale pink silk chiffon and roses.

Miss Raimonde, Dresden silk and white, with
white, Miss Crosby, white muslin.

Miss Robertson, yellow silk draped with white.

Miss Elsie Robertson, blue and white silk with
lace.

Miss Donville, yellow and black silk, with white
trimmings.

Miss McMillan, white silk.

Miss Winnie Hall, blue silk.

Miss Thompson, striped muslin over silk.

Miss Hogan, blue silk.

Miss R. Egan, grey silk with velvet and chiffon.

Miss Mabel Schofield, white silk.

Miss Travers, black net over white satin.

Miss Furlong, pale blue trimmed with white.

Miss Alice Armstrong, white silk and lace.

Misses Baraby, white over sea green.

Miss Burns, pale pink and white.

Miss H. Raimonde, Dresden silk and white chiffon.

Miss Francis Raimonde, black satin and jet.

Miss Allison, red silk heavily trimmed with red
chiffon and ribbon.

Misses Titus both were in white over pale pink
with pale pink trimmings.

Mr. Robert Ashley and Master Herbert who
have been visiting Mr. C. F. Stubbs, Duke street,
left last Saturday for their home, New York.

Miss J. Kerr left Wednesday for Cleveland,
Ohio, where she will make a lengthy visit with
friends.

Mr. James Livingstone now editor and prop-
rietor of the Cambridge Times is enjoying a trip to
his old home and renewing pleasant acquaintances-
hips with old friends. Mr. Livingstone publishes
a vigorous and interesting paper in Cambridge and
is making a keen success of it. He takes a great
interest in St. John and while noting many changes
here cannot help concluding that they are for the
better. Mrs. Livingstone accompanies him on his
trip.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cain of
Allandale have been congratulating them on the
birth of a daughter.

Miss Lewis, granddaughter of the late Senator is
announced to be married to Kimball Scammell, C.
E. of Lancaster Heights in the near future.

Tuesday evening L. S. steamer St. Croix leav-
ing for Boston was simply packed with passengers.
Every stateroom had been engaged a week before
and cabin accommodations were gobbled up as early
as noon on the day of departure. The best officials
promised a lot of those aboard sleeping accommo-
dations on the floor, or on deck. Among those who
were passengers were:

Miss Nettie Smith, a trained nurse of Buffalo, N.
Y., who had been visiting Miss Stella Wetmore of
City Road.

Mr. Harold Sears of Pitt street who will spend a
couple of weeks at the club and in New York.

Mrs. Frobenberg of Boston who had been visit-
ing her sister, Miss Stevens of North End.

Mrs. Kenny and three children of New York also
Mr. and Mrs. Norton of Manchester N. H. who had
been visiting Mrs. Stevens of Union street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Belding of Union St. on a visit
to Boston.

(Continued on page eight.)

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired
Duroval, 27, Waterloo.

JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES
These Famous Costumes are sent direct by Parcel
Post, safely packed on receipt of Order and remittance
from the Largest Firm of Costume makers in the
World, JOHN NOBLE, LTD., Brook Street, Mila,
Manchester, Eng. THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.
They are guaranteed to be singularly high value in
cost, finish and material, and far superior in make to
shop bought costumes. All orders are promptly
executed and full satisfaction given to Customers or
their money Refunded. Owing to the reduced tariff
it will be more advantageous than ever for thrifty
purchasers to send to JOHN NOBLE.
These Costumes are thoroughly well-made and
finished in two very excellent wearing fabrics of
good appearance: (1) John Noble Cheviot
Serge, a stout weather-resisting fabric, and (2) The
John Noble Costume Costume, a cloth of
lighter weight and smoother surface.
of which are Sent
PATTERNS POST FREE.
A Full Dress Length of either cloth (6yds.,
32 ins. wide) for \$1.80. Postage, 6c. When ordering, \$1.80
please state colour and stock size required.
Colours are Black, Navy, Brown, Khaki, Myrtle, Grey,
Navy, and St.
Sizes in Stock are 34, 36, 38 ins. round bust (under arms);
Waists, 24, 26, 28 ins.; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 ins. long in front.
Any other size CAN BE MADE TO ORDER.
Model 1499. \$1.35
An attractive well made Young
Lady's Costume Carefully finished
with a neat back and well finished
Tailor shirt.
Lengths and Prices—
30 32 34 36 38 40 42 inches.
\$1.35 \$1.40 \$1.45 \$1.50 \$1.55 \$1.60 \$1.65
Carriage, 6c. Lengths are from
top of collar to edge of skirt in front.
Model 1500. \$2.56
A Fashionable Costume
Skirt well made, with
a neat back and well finished
Tailor shirt.
Lengths and Prices—
30 32 34 36 38 40 42 inches.
\$2.56 \$2.60 \$2.65 \$2.70 \$2.75 \$2.80 \$2.85
Carriage, 6c. Lengths are from
top of collar to edge of skirt in front.
The New Catalogue illustrating
hundreds of lines in Ladies' and
Children's Costumes, Jackets, Milli-
ners' Hats, Boys' Suits, Waterproo-
fing, etc. sent free on request of this
paper.
Patterns and Estimates for the making of any kind of Costumes sent Post Free.
Please name this paper when writing and send direct to—
John Noble, Ltd., Brook Street, Manchester, Eng.

WHITES For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery.
Caramel Snowflakes
Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Whenever and wherever there is a use for
THREAD Corticelli
Sewing Silk is Best
and Cheapest, for it lasts
longest and goes far-
thest.
Shades to suit every
color of fabric.
Every inch of the
12,000 miles of THREAD
turned out by the Corticelli
Silk Co's every
day is tested and found
perfectly uniform in
strength and size, and
free from knots or flaws.
Sold Everywhere.

When You Want
a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'
ask for
(Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.
GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.
E. G. SCOVIL—
"Having used both we think the St. Augustine
preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."
JOHN C. CLOWES
E. G. SCOVIL, 162 Union Street

Pulp Wood Wanted
WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Batting
or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can corre-
spond with the St. John Pulp and Paper Co., Ltd.,
stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial
feet, and the time of delivery.
M. F. MOONEY.

BRANDIES!
Landing ex "Corean."
100 Ch. V. Yilland XXX
100 "Tobac & Co.
100 "Royal, France
10 "Ochavie"
Quarts or Pints
For sale low in bond or duty paid.
THOS. L. BURKE,
25 WATER STREET.



This choice Cocoa makes
a most delightful beverage
for Breakfast or Supper.
Being exceedingly nu-
trititious, easily digested
and assimilated, it forms
a valuable food for in-
fants and children.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is being made in Halifax by the new boys and at the following news stands and centres.

- MORROW & Co. Barrington street
LIFORD STREET. Cor. George & Granville Sts.
CANADA NEWS CO. Railway Depot
J. E. FIDLEY. Brunswick street
W. A. LEWIS. Dartmouth
Queen Bookstore. 100 Hollis St.
Mrs. DeFries. 181 Brunswick St.

Sept. 6.—Mrs E. M. Keirstead, who has been spending the summer at the home of her father, Dr. Parker, Dartmouth, has returned to Wolfville.

W. L. Bates, Dartmouth, is visiting at the home of her father, J. W. Bates, Wolfville.

Miss Mabel Caldwell is visiting Walton, where she is the guest of Rev D. M. Cranall.

Mr W. E. Clayton, of H. M. Dockyard, left this morning for a trip to the Niagara Falls. He will probably return about the 20th inst.

Dr and Mrs J. D. Maher and Miss Maher, of St. John, are in the city visiting the doctor's sister, Madame Maher.

Miss Mabel Caldwell is visiting Walton, where she is the guest of Rev D. M. Cranall.

Mr Martin Scanlon, of Advocate Harbor, who has been to London and the Paris Exposition arrived here on the steamer Dahome, Monday.

Mrs J. Howard Goucher, of Kentville, is visiting at Mrs William Foster's, 10 Laurence street.

Miss Lillian E. McCole, teacher at Whiston's Commercial College, has returned to the city and resumed her duties.

William Shute is in the city on a visit. He is employed in the dress goods department of Shepard Norwell & Co's, Boston.

It is reported that Capt H. A. Panet, R. C. A., who was attached to "A" Field Battery previous to leaving for South Africa as lieutenant of the 1st Company, Second (Special Service) Battalion, R. C. A., to receive the appointment of staff adjutant of the Royal Military College, Kingston. Capt Panet is a graduate of the R. M. C.

News has been received at Quebec to the effect that Rev Father O'Leary, Roman Catholic chaplain with the First Canadian Contingent in South Africa whose noble work with the Canadian boys has gained for him widespread admiration, is now in London, having been invalided from the scene of the strife after an attack of enteric fever. The letter also contains the information that Father O'Leary, while in Cape Town was presented with a medal as a slight recognition of his service in the fighting line and later in the hospitals among the sick and wounded. It is proposed to present him with a testimonial on his return to Quebec.

A very pretty hymeneal event took place at the Tabernacle church Monday morning when Mr C. L. Power the Granville street dry goods man, lead Annie, the eldest daughter of Edward H. Barnstead to the altar, and were joined in the bonds of matrimony. Both being very popular the church was taxed to its utmost; the ceremony being performed by Rev. G. W. Schurman. The bride looked exceedingly handsome and wore a becoming travelling dress of blue material with hat to match, carrying a bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. Miss Bessie Barnstead sister of the bride was bridesmaid being attired in a lavender colored costume with black hat. Mr. Wm Estiano, Melrose, was best man. After the nuptials were performed, Mr. and Mrs. Power were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, where, in company with immediate relatives and friends of the family, they partook of a wedding breakfast, and were the recipients of showers of congratulations. The newly married couple received a nice collection of presents, including a handsome rocking chair from the members of the Tabernacle choir, of which the bride was a pains taking member. The groom's present to the bride was a gold watch and chain, and to the bridesmaid an apron. Mr and Mrs Power left on the Flying Blue-nose for Yarmouth; they will spend their honeymoon in the western counties. They will reside on their return at the Bonaville House, North street.

Harry T. Warene, who came to Halifax from South Africa on Tuesday last, will be married this week to Miss Florence May Condy of this city. The groom formerly belonged to Halifax, but for a number of years he has been out West, and his occupation was horse trainer and broncho breaker. He joined Strathcona's Horse and while at the front he became ill from fever and was invalided home. It was stated on his arrival at Quebec that he would no immediately on West, but instead of doing so he came to his native town and will be principal in the interesting event mentioned above.

Jessie Bower of Fort Clyde, Shelburne is visiting the city for the first time, and likes it very much. Mrs Lavell, of Orange, Mass., accompanied by her daughter, Frances Hartlen, is visiting her mother, Mr Chas Miller, Upper Water street.

Miss McLod, Halifax is visiting friends in Pictou. Miss Lillie McNamara of Halifax is visiting friends in St. Croix, Hants county.

Mrs Agnes Mack of Shelburne, who has been visiting friends in this city and Mahone Bay, has returned to her home.

Mr Geo E. Faulkner and wife, accompanied by their three children, have been visiting Fort Hawk'sbury, C. B., the guest of Mr and Mrs Forsyth.

Rev J. E. Strothard chaplain to the forces at Bermuda, who was last stationed at Bridgetown was in Halifax last week on a vacation trip to this Province. Mrs Strothard, since her residence at Bermuda, has been in ill health.

Miss Alice Copeland, Wolfville is visiting friends in Halifax.

Miss Crowe, Halifax, is visiting Miss Minnie Woodman, Wolfville.

Rev D. Pollock and Rev Mr Fowler are staying at Emma's Cottage, Wolfville.

Mrs Andrews of Halifax, is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Wood, Wolfville.

Misses Flo and Agnes Quirk of Halifax, are the

guests of Mr and Mrs Allan McEassac of Westville, N. S.

Douglas Howe, Deputy Registrar of Probate leaves tomorrow for Yarmouth on his vacation.

The Misses Marshall, Cunard St., are spending their vacation with friends at Margate Harbor.

Mr Albert Lavall of Orange, Mass., spent last week in Halifax, the guest of Mrs. A. McAndrews, Agricola street.

J. S. Wilson, Smithship, who has been enjoying a week's camping, has returned home.

Mr B. A. Weston left this morning by C. P. R. for British Columbia.

Miss Willis, Miss Robertson and Miss Cady are enjoying a short vacation at Upper Sackville, N. S., the guests of Mrs. Lewis L. Hamilton.

Prof McKay returned today in the Dalhousie from London. Miss Crow's Parish excursionists also returned.

Bernard Carr arrived today from Boston on the Florida; his many friends are pleased to see him looking even better than ever.

Mr W. J. Hutchins, formerly organist of St. Paul's and Mr James Winfield, formerly in charge of St. Paul's mission, arrived in the Dalhousie from England today. Mr Hutchins is staying with E. A. Wilson, Dartmouth, and Mr Winfield at the W. C. T. U. rooms.

Mr Mitchell has returned to Bedford after a pleasant visit to Halifax, N. S., says the Montreal Herald.

Miss Lillian Covey, Halifax, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Roderick McLeod, King street, Truro.

Mrs W. S. Watkins with her little daughter, Lilla, arrived at Truro Monday night from Sydney, and will visit with her brother, Mr J. E. Bigelow and family.

Mrs Jones has issued At Home invitations for Thursday from 4 to 6.30 on Bloomingdale. It will be held whether fine or otherwise.

Miss Maggie Roberts, popular nurse at Poor's Asylum, is spending a two weeks vacation with her mother at Pictou.

The marriage will take place on Sept. 26th of Mr Frank Ring of this city to Miss Sadie O'Neill, of Hackett's Cove.

The friends of Frank Heating will be pleased to learn that he is out again after a severe illness of two weeks.

Major John Walsh, chief superintendent dead let or office, Ottawa, is on a visit to the city.

Hon Mr Patterson and Hon Mr Fielding will arrive on the Maritime Express this afternoon.

BRIDGETOWN.

Sept 6.—Miss Annie Longley has resumed the duties of her school at Clementopolis.

Miss Edith Crosskill, of New York, is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Fred Crosskill.

Mr and Mrs Theo Quirk of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., are visiting their relatives in town.

Mr and Mrs J. White of West Somerville, Mass., are visiting Mrs S. W. Englewood.

Mr C. H. Harvey, of Dartmouth, has been in town for a few days, during the week.

Capt Wm. J. Harper and daughter, of Fall River, Mass., are guests at Mr Pleasant Farm.

Lamont S. Foster returned to Boston on Saturday after two weeks vacation among relatives and friends.

Mr Joe I. Foster left for Boston and Lynn on Saturday last, in which cities he will spend a short vacation.

Mr W. H. Morse left on Saturday for Montreal to take up the second year's work in applied science at McGill college.

Miss Winifred Morse leaves on Thursday for Wolfville where she proposes taking a course of study in Acadia Seminary.

The Misses Janet and Ethel Howse of Boston are spending a few weeks with their parents Mr and Mrs Wm. Howse.

Mrs Darborn and children and Miss Knodell of St. John, have been spending several weeks at the home of Mrs George Hort.

Miss Viola Corbett, of Melrose, Mass., who has been visiting her father, Mr Wm Corbett, of Clarence returned on Monday.

WINDSOR.

Sept. 6.—Mr Strang, who has been visiting his brother, has returned to Boston.

The Misses Cooney, Halifax, are guests of Mr and Mrs E. Klump, Curry's Corner.

Miss Lou Wilson, Boston, is visiting in Falmonth and will remain for a month.

Dr Jas Proctor, New York, was visiting Mrs. Irons at the fort this week.

Mrs Burgess, Cheverie, is visiting her daughter, Mrs S. A. Johnson, at Parrsboro.

Rev G. A. Lock, Le Have, is visiting friends in Middle Musquodoboit and Guys River.

Mr Tom Wood left on Saturday's Blue-nose for Boston, where he will remain for a few weeks.

Miss Covin, of Ottawa, is spending a vacation in Falmonth, the guest of Mrs Thomas Temple.

Mr and Mrs E. H. Dimock left on Friday evening last for Canning, where they will remain for two weeks.

Miss Ogilvie, who has been training for a nurse in Boston, is in town, the guest of her aunt, Mrs Willet.

Miss A. E. Robinson went to Halifax on Saturday and remained until Tuesday with her sister, Mrs Trenaman.

Mrs J. C. Smith leaves on Saturday for Melrose Mass, to be present at the wedding of her son, Mr A. C. Smith.

Miss Lillie Dakin is visiting her sister at Weymouth, and will visit Mrs A. A. Shaw, Boston, before returning home.

Alex Miller, of Somerville, Mass., is anticipating a visit to his father, Wm Miller, Curry's Corner, some time this month.

Mr Arthur Hill of the Halifax Banking Company's staff, left on Saturday for a two weeks' visit with friends in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs Benjamin Vaughan went to Boston on Saturday to visit her daughter, Mrs J. W. Patterson.

Mrs Vaughan will also visit in Amesbury.

Glad to have a call from Mr E. H. Trapnel, who came from Newfoundland to spend two or three days in Windsor. All Windsor will be glad to see him.

Dr H. W. Cain, Melrose, Mass., arrived in town at Thursday afternoon, and left for home on Saturday. The doctor was looking after some mining interests.

Mr A. G. Johnston, Halifax, spent the holiday in town, and returned home Tuesday, accompanied by Mrs Johnson, who has been visiting Mrs Joseph Kilcup.

Mrs Jos MacDonald, of Wolfville, and little son, Kenneth, are spending a month in town at the home of Mrs J. C. Smith. Mr MacDonald spent Sunday in town.

Mrs Arthur Payne and little girl of Somerville, Mass., have been visiting Mrs Ellen Smith, St. Croix, for several weeks, and leave for home on Saturday next.

ANNAPOLIS.

Sept. 6.—Miss Cynthia Grant of Boston, is visiting her sister, Mrs C. S. Bishop.

Mrs George Young is back at St. Andrews.

Mr and Mrs Estance Rice who have been visiting the latter's mother Mrs Haddon returned to Boston Friday.

Master Theo deBlais is visiting Mrs J. J. Ritchie.

Miss Maggie Sloan of Kenville who has been visiting in Yarmouth, is in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs D. Copeland.

Mrs James Watson and son, Russell, of Weymouth, are spending a few days at Annapolis.

Mrs Fillel of Weymouth, is visiting her daughter Mrs Walter McCormick.

Miss Emma Brooks went to Annapolis last week for a few days.

Mrs and Mrs Henry Manthorn of Liverpool, who have been visiting friends at Annapolis and Bridgewater, returned to Liverpool on Saturday.

Miss Flo Sperry of Petit Riviere, who has been visiting friends in Annapolis, returned home on Wednesday.

Bestie, of Ottawa, who are among our regular summer visitors, returned home yesterday.

The Misses Bertha and Ella H. Wakesworth, who have been spending the summer with Mrs J. L. Peters, left for their home in Starblehead on Wednesday.

GET UP!

That's the morning call of Chanticleer. It's a welcome cry to a well man. But to a man whose sleep seems to have been only an unrefreshing stupor...



In such a physical condition health is most surely and swiftly restored by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, and it cures through the stomach diseases of liver, lungs, kidneys, etc.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.

"Your Golden Medical Discovery" and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have been of great benefit to me," writes (Prof.) Pleasant A. Oliver, of Viola, Fulton Co., Ark.

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, cloth binding, sent free by the author, on receipt of 50 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of customs and mailing only.

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

J. D. TURNER.

Provincial Lunatic Asylum. TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES.

TENDERS will be received until SATURDAY, the EIGHTH day of SEPTEMBER, proximo, at noon, at the office of the secretary, Imperial Building, 31 Prince William street, Saint John, N. B., for supplying the Provincial Lunatic Asylum with the following articles for one year from the first day of November next, viz:

Beef and Mutton, per 100 pounds, in alternate hind and fore quarters; of beef, the fore quarter not less than one hundred and thirty pounds, and the hind quarter not less than one hundred and ten pounds; or by the side not less than two hundred and forty pounds, as may be required.

Such beef and mutton to be of the best quality and subject to the approval or rejection of the commissioners or their agent.

Creamery Butter. Creamery Butter made (and certified) at any creamery in New Brunswick, per pound.

Groceries, etc. Rice, East India per 100 pounds. Barley, per 100 pounds. Beller Oatmeal, per 100 pounds. Brown Muscovado Sugar, per 100 pounds. Brown Extra C Sugar, per 100 pounds. Yellow Refined Sugar, per 100 pounds. Yellow Extra sugar, per 100 pounds. Green Sugar, per 100 pounds. Coffee, ground, per pound. Tea, quality to be described, per pound. Soap, yellow, per pound. Soap common, per pound. Beans, per bushel. Coddish, per 100 pounds. Molasses, describe quality, per gallon. Salt, coarse, in bags.

Drugs and Medicines. Drugs and Medicines, according to specified list to be seen on application at Secretary's office.

Flour and Meal. Flour—Best Manitoba patent. Also best 80 per cent. Ontario patent, equal to Goldie's Star, of 195 pounds in wood. Cornmeal—No. 1 best kiln dried, of 195 pounds in wood. All of the above to be delivered at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum in such quantities and at such fixed periods as required. All supplies to be of the very best description and subject to the approval or rejection of the commissioners or their agent.

Hard Coal. Anthracite Nat Coal, Best Lough Soft Coal, Best Honeybrook, Best Old Company for stove, per ton of 2,000 pounds.

Soft Coal. Springhill Nat Coal, run of the mine; Springhill Coal, screened; Cape Breton Caledonia Coal, run of the mine; Cape Breton Caledonia Coal, screened. Grand Lake Coal, run of the mine; Grand Lake Coal, screened. Joggins Coal, run of the mine; Joggins Coal, screened. Per ton of 2,000 pounds. Each kind to be weighed on the Fairbanks scale at the Ins Station. Certificate of quality must be furnished. All supplies to be delivered at the Asylum in such quantities and at such times as may be required. Payments to be made quarterly. All supplies to be of the very best description and subject to the approval or rejection of the commissioners or their agent. Not obliged to accept the lowest or any tender. Securities will be required from two responsible persons for the due performance of the contract.

ROBERT MARSHALL, Secretary and Treasurer. Saint John, N. B., 7th August, 1900.

Canada's International Exhibition, ST. JOHN, N. B.

OPENS SEPT. 10th. CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

Applications for space in the Industrial Building should be sent in early as the best locations are being rapidly taken up.

Tenders for special privileges are being received. Special inducements are offered to exhibitors of working machinery.

Very low excursion rates to St. John on all railways and steamers. Exhibits will be carried practically free on several lines.

For price lists, entry forms and other information, address CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary. D. J. McLAUGHLIN, St. John, N. B. President.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp 309 Bull Building, Detroit, Mich. Gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

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

J. D. TURNER.

Scribner's FOR 1900

{INCLUDES} J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERI IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PELLETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

No Yankee Humbug but good honest value in Maypole Soap the great English Home Dye DYES ANY MATERIAL ANY COLOUR FREE book on Home Dyeing by applying to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

Canada's International Exhibition, ST. JOHN, N. B. SEPT. 10th. CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

Cure For Men. Received this day, 10 Barrels of 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, first of the Spring catch.

scribner's FOR 1900 INCLUDES BARRIE'S 'Tommy and (serial). DODORE ROOSEVELT'S 'Cromwell' (serial).

ARD HARDING DAVIS'S and special articles. NORMAN'S The Russia day.

by WALTER A. WY. author of 'The Workers'. STORIES by Nelson Page, James, van Dyke, Seton-Thompson, Wharton, Thanet, Allen White.

AL ARTICLES Paris Exposition. IRLAND'S article of and exploration. ARVARD FIFTY AGO," by Sena- PAR. ART FEATURES FROMWELL ILLUSTRATED by celebrated American artists. de Chavannes, JOHN LAFARGE, illustration in color. Illustrative schemes (in black and white) by APPLETON CLARK, BRETTON, HENRY MORRIS, DWIGHT L. ELMEN- and others. Illustrated Prospectus to any address. SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

TRURO. [For news in Truro by Mr. G. O. Follen, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.] Sept. 6.—Miss McKay is home from a short but very pleasant visit with friends in Antigonish. Mr. Fred Fuller has gone to St. John where Mrs. Fuller is visiting home friends. Mrs. F. A. Laurence, Mrs. E. Phillips, Mrs. Geo. Lewis and Miss Schurman, have all arrived home from their trip to the Paris Fair. Dr. Walker drove over the mountains to Wallace, Monday, accompanied by his sisters-in-law the Misses Mackay. Mrs. Geo. Doukin gave a very pleasant evening last Friday to a number of young people, in honor of Miss Gertrude's friend, Miss McKersie from Moncton. Mr. Munroe Archibald is home from the north coast for a few days' visit, with his parents. Mr. Archibald leaves at once for the far north home, in the Alaskan territory. Mr. Fred Rowley, Inspector for the bank of Nova Scotia, was in town a day or two this week, a guest of friends at Elmhurst. The announcement of the death of Mr. W. H. Tremaine's death, early Monday morning was a severe shock to his many friends and to the whole community of which he was a highly esteemed and respected member. Mrs. Tremaine and the family have widely expressed sympathy in their sudden bereavement. Mr. R. S. Eaton, Kenville, spent Sunday in town with friends and proceeded east Monday, to Antigonish and points of interest in Cape Breton. Mrs. B. L. Tucker, Parrsboro, is in town, visiting friends.

YARMOUTH. Sept. 6.—Capt. and Mrs. S. B. Robbins and Miss Minnie Robbins left Monday morning for a trip through New Brunswick. Mr. A. D. Jost who is now employed with a wholesale drug firm in Boston, was among the Yarmouth excursionists Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Richardson arrived from Toronto on Saturday and left for St. John on Tuesday morning. Mr. Richardson who was formerly manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in this town holds a similar position in Toronto. Mrs. G. M. Wilson of Pubnico is visiting relatives in Halifax. Mr. Charles L. Fower, formerly with Mr. George S. Taylor, Yarmouth, and Miss Annie Barnstead were united in marriage in Halifax on Monday morning and arrived here on the fast train that afternoon. The happy couple who are guests at the Grand, will remain in town until Saturday when they will take a steamer for Halifax where the groom conducts a prosperous dry goods business on Granville street.

CHATHAM. Sept. 6.—Miss Richard of Fredericton, is visiting friends in town. Mr. Frank Sadler of Fredericton spent the holiday in town. Miss Edith Eliegar returned from Ecuinac last evening. Miss Mary Marquis is spending her vacation in Chatham. Miss S. G. Benson left Thursday to visit friends in Belrose, Mass. Mayor Loggie and daughter, Miss Annie, went to Fredericton Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Fraser, of Chatham are visiting Mrs. Jelliff, Cross Point. Messrs H. Strang, K. Bress, F. Chezman, M. McArthur and A. Cotter spent the holiday in Moncton. Mrs. W. T. Connors and daughter, Kathleen, left this morning for Boston where they will reside in future. Mr. Kerr Loggie's many friends are glad to see him in town again, having returned from his summer quarters at Pokeshaw. Mr. H. E. Johnston, son of Mr. D. T. Johnston, Bathurst, has been transferred, by way of promotion from the Wallaceberg, Ont, branch of the Bank of Montreal, to the Windsor branch.

MONCTON. Sept. 6.—Mr. W. C. Hunter of this city, is visiting relatives in St. John. Claude Peters of the Bank of Montreal, New York is in the city on his holidays. Mr. A. D. Cotter of the Bank of Montreal, Chatham, spent Labor Day in Moncton. Mr. L. Robertson, formerly of the Bank of Nova Scotia here, now of Montreal, is in the city on a holiday trip. Miss Edwards Bradley of Newton Hospital, Mass arrived home Monday for a couple of weeks' vacation. Miss Beatrice of Toronto, is visiting in the city, the guest of her brother, Mr. H. R. Boulton. Among the Monctonians who took in the races at Springhill Monday were Messrs Geo. Mcweeney, C. F. Burras and O. O. Humphrey. Miss Mildred L. Houghton, who has been visiting in the city the guests of Miss Blanche Brown, St. George street, returned to Boston Tuesday.

Mr. John Bedford returned home Monday after an absence of three months spent in New York and different parts of the New England States. Mrs. Will H. McCoy of Boston, arrived home Monday on the C.P.R. after an absence of a year. She intends spending a month or two in the city with friends. Miss Tweedie spent the holiday in Halifax. Mr. A. D. Cotter of the Bank of Montreal, Chatham spent Labor Day in Moncton. Miss Gammon has returned from a few weeks' visit to her home at River John, N. B. Prof. Watts came over from Charlottetown Monday and was in town for a few days. Miss Agnes McDonald, who has been visiting her parents for the past three weeks has returned to St. John. Miss May Bell of St. John, who has been visiting at Capt. McDonald's for the past few days has returned home. Father LeBlanc of St. Joseph's passed through Moncton Monday on his way to Quebec to meet the students from that section.

Mr. Samuel Gordon accompanied by his little daughter left on Saturday for St. John where she will visit her brother, Mr. J. B. Jones. Rev. A. M. Hubley of Sussex was in town Monday on his way to Ottawa to attend a meeting of the Reformed Episcopal church synod. Mr. Hubley will remain in Ottawa for some weeks, taking the work of his son, who is also engaged in the ministry and will occupy his father's pulpit in Sussex. Mrs. A. J. Lutz and daughters, Helen and Hilda, returned to Moncton yesterday from a two months' vacation in Cambridge, Mass., where they have been visiting Mrs. Lutz's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scott. Miss Harriet Colpitts, daughter of Mr. H. H. Colpitts, who left about a year ago on a trip to the Pacific coast and different points en route, returned home Monday. Miss Colpitts spent seven or eight months in California.

TOURNA COLED IN ONE DAY. Take Luxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Sec. W. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

months in the Kootenay district. Mrs. W. R. Gould and daughter, of Chatham who have been visiting friends in Moncton, left this morning in company with Mrs. T. Anderson, for a trip to Sackville, Amherst and Halifax, and before returning will visit Parrsboro. Messrs. Harry Outter, Moncton, Daniel McKensie, Stellarton, and J. Dion, River du Loup, left on Monday and Mrs. F. S. Archibald returned last night from Cape Breton. Mr. S. J. Sturgis returned home this week to attend the Lewiston fair. Mrs. W. F. Hicks went to Campbellton where she will spend a few weeks. Miss Johnston of St. John is visiting in the city, the guest of Mrs. N. Sinclair, Weldon street. Mr. Robert Bell of Sackville, spent Sunday and Monday in the city, the guest of his son, H. S. Bell, Church street. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Simpson returned last night from a pleasant ten days' trip to Charlottetown and different parts of Cape Breton. H. F. Alward, attorney at law, who has been practicing law at Fredericton since January last has removed to Sackville, Westmorland Co. The Maritime express last night for Des Moines, Iowa, to attend the seventh annual convention of the brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which meets on Sept. 10th. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Chapman, who have been visiting the Paris exposition and other points of interest in Europe, reached Amherst yesterday, having landed at Halifax. Mr. Chapman is expected home today; Mrs. Chapman will remain with friends in Amherst for a few days.

WOODSTOCK. Sept. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Harrison returned from their vacation trip last week. Mrs. D. F. Merritt left on her return to Montreal, Thursday of last week. George A. White, Mrs. White and son, are back from their holiday trip. Geo. Chamber, L'Anse-au-Loup, was in town Thursday after an absence of 20 years. J. C. Hartley and family left on Thursday morning on a sojourn at St. John's lake. Harry McManus, Boston, is enjoying a visit to his sister and brothers in this town. Manager MacLeod of the Bank of Nova Scotia is at his desk again after his vacation. Hon. A. C. Blair, Minister of Railways, was in Fredericton on Tuesday and in St. John on Wednesday. Dr. Jameson, Philadelphia, is spending his summer vacation with his father, C. S. Jameson, Richmond. A. C. Allingham and Mrs. Allingham, Montreal, are visiting his father, Richard Allingham, Chapel street. Councillor Brymer of Perth was in town last week en route from a business trip to Prince William.

Mr. and Mrs. Storey, Brockville, Ontario, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Balmain during the week. Rev. H. D. Marr returned from his visit to Grand Manan, on Thursday last week, greatly benefited physically by his rest. Dr. Bartley a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental college son of Thomas Bartley, North Richmond, is assisting Dr. Manzer in his business. Mrs. George W. Brown of Marysville, York county after visiting her father, John Burpee up per Woodstock and other friends in this section left on Monday to join her husband at Madison, Me. Mrs. C. L. Smith is visiting friends in Cambridge Queens county. Mrs. S. H. Wright and children returned from Windsor Mills last week. Mrs. Stevens of Windsor Mills is visiting her brother, H. B. Wright. At a single Stephenson, who spent over a year in Michigan has returned home for a few weeks. Mrs. W. T. Kerr, Boston, is visiting her many friends here; with her sister, Mrs. James Woolverton. Mrs. W. F. Smith and Miss Ella Smith are home from St. John. Right Rev. Mgr. Connolly, V. G. St. John, and his two nieces were guests of Rev. Wm. Chapman last week. Mrs. George Beckwith has returned to Boston. Mrs. Merritt has returned to Montreal. Miss Grace Winslow, Fredericton, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Perkins. Miss Cameron of Kingston, Kent Co., has been visiting Mrs. Dimmock. Mrs. Pearson of Pittsburg has been visiting her aunt, Miss Hume. Mr. B. M. MacLeod, manager of the bank of Nova Scotia has returned from his vacation to F. E. I. Miss Alice Connor started Friday, Aug. 24, on a trip to Boston and Chicago; she expects to be gone about a month. Mrs. Wesley Vanwart, Fredericton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Balmain.

CAMPBELLTON. Sept. 6.—Geo. Kerr and family of Dundee leave Wednesday morning for Sumas, Washington. W. J. Jardine of the Moncton Bank of Nova Scotia is spending a couple of days in town. F. Graham of the Bank of Nova Scotia returned Thursday from his vacation in Truro. Miss Bertha Rogers has gone to St. John where she will take a course in the Commercial College. Miss Isabel McKensie left for Fredericton Friday last where she will attend Normal school. She was accompanied to Chatham by her father Mr. R. McKensie. Miss Millie Elliott, of Moncton who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. E. W. Chandler, returned home Friday accompanied by Mrs. James Kelso, and Mrs. Chandler. Messrs. Lyon McKensie, A. Jardine, H. W. Parker, J. Wall, C. Lutz and N. Boudreau, are enjoying a at week MacKendrick's lake.

ST. ANDREWS. Sept. 6.—Mr. Justice Street of Toronto, whose interest in golfing has made him a most desirable summer guest here, arrived at St. Andrews on Saturday last. His daughter will be greatly missed in the musical circles of St. Andrews society. Mr. T. G. Shanagheeny's family closed up their summer home the first of the week and returned to their Montreal home. Mrs. E. M. Hasen and Miss Hasen have returned to St. John, after spending a great part of the season here. Rev. Dean Sills has closed up his summer cottage. His family returned to Portland this week. Dr. Scott, who has been at the biological laboratory for several weeks, returned to Toronto on Tuesday. Prof. Prince of Ottawa rejoined his family in St. Andrews on Friday last. Mr. A. W. Norcott of Dorchester, Mass., has concluded a very pleasant visit to St. Andrews. Mr. Edward Brit is home from Boston on his annual vacation, so also is John Donahue. Frank Dutton, a graduate of the U. N. B. has been

appointed assistant teacher in the St. Stephen high school. Dr. Stabbe and wife of Wilmington, Del., have been guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Bowser, Cedar Croft. Mr. Jas. McKenzie of St. Ste; has retired from the building business to accept the position of master mechanic in the St. Croix Cotton mill a position for which by his business training he is admirably qualified. Miss Margaret Kerr of St. Andrews is in charge of the Bayside school this term. Mr. R. B. Hanson has returned to his studies in the Halifax law school. Mr. and Mrs. George R. Hooper have closed their summer residence and returned to Montreal. Their 1900 visit will be long remembered in St. Andrews. Dr. S. T. Whitney of St. Stephen has been elected president of the N. B. Dental council. Mrs. C. J. Lyford and Mrs. Stephen Gardner of Calais, have been the guests of Mrs. Henry Gillespie, at Pendlebury cottage lately. Latest styles in wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantity and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

THINGS OF VALUE. "My mother-in-law has gone to the mountains." "You're ok pleased." "Yes; she'll find out soon she has found something that she can't walk over." There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient, what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a pure and unadulterated state, a remedy for many and various ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the feeblest systems are led into courageous and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the dormant organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite, Northrup & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, as attested by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it. "I might have known better than to trust my money to that broker." "So, comfounded him! I's disappearance." A PAINFUL MEDICINE—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to exert painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Farnesie's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the troubled mind.

"Mamma," said little Johnny at the breakfast table the other morning, "this butter is awful old, isn't it?" "Why do you think it is old, dear?" asked his mother. "Because," replied Johnny, "I just found a grey hair in it." Great Things From Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution today owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in their early stages. Farnesie's Vegetable Pills are a healthy condition and all will be well. Farnesie's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose. Listen to my son's plea. He glanced down at his nammoth cheeks and smiled. "It is loud enough to hear without listening." "Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. R. Crandell, Fort Ferris, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS' EUCALO AND OIL. I was cured in ten days and a little of it into my ear, and but for one half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine." He—I love the ground you walk on! She—I don't blame you. It's worth \$900 a front foot.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as the clearest and most efficacious in curing consumption and all lung disease. "After all" asserted the youthful machine politician, "I believe in 'ring' methods." "Oh, George!" she cried, "this is so sudden."

Prescriptions Are something that require the utmost care in dispensing. It has been my aim for the past nineteen years to procure the purest drugs and chemicals and then use the utmost care to dispense every prescription to the physician's entire satisfaction. When you feel ill do not run away with the idea that some quick nostrum would be best, but consult your family physician. Find the real cause of your trouble and have your prescriptions accurately dispensed from the purest drugs by the most competent dispensers of the reliable Pharmacy.

Allan's White Pharmacy 87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Telephone 439 when the doctor calls, and I will send for your prescriptions and have them carefully dispensed and delivered at your residence with all possible despatch. Mail orders promptly filled. BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bins. Aged Bell's of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK. RICHARD A. McCURDY, President. STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 31, 1900. Income, \$ 58,890,077 21 Disbursements, 38,597,480 68 Assets, 304,844,637 62 Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61 Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 60,132,548 91 Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,062,665,211 64 Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86 J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B. JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice. Progress Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER a SPECIALTY. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

THE DUFFERIN This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. RAMBO WILLIS, Proprietor. Victoria Hotel, 61 to 67 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Viola Shaw of West Medford, Mass., who has been visiting her friend Miss Olive Golding, Union Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Uzzar (parents of the former Waterloo street, handymen) returned to their home.

Mrs. S. Lockner of Sydney St. and her granddaughter Miss Reid, en route to Bo-ton.

Miss Ethel Peoly of Union St is on a visit to relatives at the Hub.

Mr. Walter Stowell of Richmond street, one of the chief electricians in the St. John Railway Co power house on Union street has gone to North Sydney to assume a very remunerative position in the new electrical works there.

Mr. Andrew Macnease of Halifax, is spending two weeks vacation with friends in and around the city.

Miss Ethel of Halifax who has been visiting Mrs. Williams of Union street for the past month returned to her home via "Raper" on Wednesday.

FREDERICTON.

Procession for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick's and J. H. Hawthorne.

Sept. 6—The extremely warm weather of the past week has made camp life still very enjoyable and all the camps have, yet large parties who enjoy the beautiful September days on the water and the other pleasures of camp life.

Mrs. John Black returned home on Monday after a pleasant visit of several weeks with Mrs. Medley at St. Andrews.

Mr. W. Frank Beverly of New Bedford, Mass. is at Grange Cottage the guests of his aunt the Misses Beverly.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Creed who have been visiting in Nova Scotia during the vacation arrived home on Saturday.

Mr. Arthur Slipp is looking particularly proud and happy today as he is receiving the congratulations of his friends on the arrival of a son and heir, at his home.

Fair. Before returning they will visit the Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Tillsonburg and Montreal.

Mrs. Charles' argument entertained a number of her friends at 2 1/2'clock tea at her pretty home, No. 1085 Friday. A number of visitors of the Miramichi were present.

On Friday evening a number of young folks were entertained at the Masse in a very delightful way. The party broke up about midnight, and as good night's were said the general expression was—a most pleasant evening.

Miss Annie Anslow, Windsor, N. S., who has been visiting points on the north shore during the last few weeks returned home on Monday. Miss Anslow who is always a welcome visitor to Newcastle, speaks very highly of the hospitality of the residents of the Miramichi.

Mrs. Stanley and Miss Eda Parker left yesterday morning for New York. They will spend a day or two in St. John en route.

Miss Bessie Crocker left today for Backville where she will attend Mount Allison Ladies college. Miss Crocker will be greatly missed in social and musical circles here. She was organist in the Methodist church.

Mrs. Wm. Withersell, Miss Withersell and Mrs. Stone and child left for Bo-ton yesterday. Mrs. Stone who resides in Bo-ton has been visiting on the Miramichi for the past few months.

Miss Agnes Phelan is visiting friends in Loggieville.

"Seeing is Believing."

When you see people cured by a remedy, you must believe in its power. Look around you. Friends, relatives, neighbors all say that Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, cleansed the blood of their dear ones and they rise en masse to sing its praises. There's nothing like it in the world to purify the blood.

Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie A. Lavo, Richmond, Quebec.

Hood's Sarsaparilla NEVER DISAPPOINTS

The solemn words came to an impressive end, the old statesman wiped the tears from his eyes, and as if inspired by the Almighty, heartily responded, 'Amen!'

That prayer had a great effect upon the hard old statesman, and through him, upon the chancellor and the emperor. It might almost be said that it added Germany to the list of consenting states, and so saved the Peace Conference from failure.

In the fullness of his heart the bishop made that prayer, just as any other son does who loves humanity and prays for it. He cast it at the feet of God, who took care of it, just as he takes care of all prayers that are offered in faith and love.

Consulting the Pathfinder. When Mr. and Mrs. Porter decided to go to Lowell Brook for the summer, instead of spending three months at Nantucket, as had been their custom for many years, they began to consult time tables.

"I wish we'd asked the Bankers about trains, before they went abroad," said Mrs. Porter, as she opened the book and glanced down the first column. "I know there's something rather complicated about getting there. It's on a branch, you see. The only time I ever visited them was the year before we were married, and then father drove me over the road from Woodstock."

imagine,—"and 't' means 'stop only on signal.' I don't know how it seems to you, John Porter, but it looks to me as if the railroad company much preferred anybody should go to Lowell Brook—"

Mrs. Porter stopped abruptly put on her eyeglasses and looked closely at the page.

"John," she said, with a gesture of despair, "this is Lowell Brook I've been looking up, and I've got to begin all over again!"

Reveling in Gold. A Boston merchant of great wealth, believing that certain symptoms indicated that he would become insane, consulted a specialist and under his advice became an inmate of a private asylum. For twelve years his recreation was the piling up of gold coins and then knocking them over. At times he washed his hands in gold eagles and half-eagles. At the end of the long seclusion he returned to his counting-room, and in twelve months confirmed the thoroughness of his recovery by making five hundred thousand dollars. He died of yellow fever in Cuba, where he had gone to look after his sugar plantation.

A similar passion for handling gold coin is now and then exhibited by men who suddenly become rich. George Augustus Sala, in his 'Life and Adventures,' tells of a London journalist who speculated in rail road stocks. His first venture netted him five thousand dollars. Drawing it in gold, he repaired to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold in the bed, and went to sleep literally in the sands of Factolus. The man was so crazed by his good fortune that he let's pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the wonderful violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concerts—he insisted on being paid in gold—used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soulie, wrote a book entitled 'The Memoirs of the Devil.' It took; the publisher paid him for the first volume ten thousand dollars in gold. The author carried the coin to his bedroom, poured it into a foot bath, and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet and fro in a bath of gold coins, smoking, meanwhile, the biggest of Havanas.

The love of money is one of the dangerous passions.

Advertisement for SURPRISE Soap. Includes image of a man and text: "That Snowy Whiteness can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of SURPRISE Soap which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes."

Advertisement for CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. Text: "Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Itches, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Clapped Hands, Chilblains, Earsache, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally."

Advertisement for FARM HELP. Text: "ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc."

Advertisement for "God Bless Our Home". Includes image of a man and text: "Some days you're disappointed in your laundry unless you send it here! We don't do the rough edge kind. If your collars are worn on the edges we smooth them up for you."

Advertisement for AMERICAN LAUNDRY. Text: "We help you in your troubles by careful attention to your laundry work. No saw-tooth collars—no scorched bosoms or cuffs—everything done right or done over. Can we help you?"

Advertisement for DYEING SILKS. Text: "nothing equals that wonderful English home dye MAYPOLE SOAP Brilliant fast colors. SOLD EVERYWHERE. FREE book on Home Dyeing on application to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"I'll sue you for damages," said the man who had been licked, as he tried to brush off the dust of conflict.

"Oh," responded the victor, "if you are not damaged enough I can save you the trouble of going to law to get more," and he made at him again.

She—Yes, I'm going to call on the new neighbors.

He—Why? Have you heard that they are good people?

Hotel Silver

can hardly be too good. The pattern must be tasty, the plating extra heavy, the metal extra good—in a word, hotel silver plated knives, forks and spoons should bear this stamp.

Advertisement for Wm. Rogers. Text: "The kind that lasts. Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada."

Latest styles of Wedding invitations at an announcement printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print

ST. GEORGE.

SEPT. 5.—A pleasant party including Miss McLean, Ottawa Miss Annie McVicar, Miss Wall, Boston, Miss Jessie Wall, St. Stephen, Miss Winnifred Dick, Miss Blanche Gillmor, Senator Gillmor, Mr. T. H. Simmons and Mr. Dawes Gillmor returned on Wednesday from a delightful outing to Nova Scotia on the Caribou.

Miss Fannie Smith is visiting her brother in North Sydney.

Mrs. R. A. Stuart, St. Andrews spent last week with her friend Mrs. R. P. Gillmor.

NEWCASTLE.

SEPT. 6.—Ald. Hennessy and daughter left on Friday morning's express to attend the Toronto BORN.

To the wife of Joseph Cain, A. Landale, St. John Co. on the 25th of July, 1900, a daughter.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

How fast the seasons change. Why the dry goods and furriers stores are already exposing next winter's furs for sale and many are even at this early date making their selections in order to get just what they want, and buy of the choicest. Furs have become more popular in the last five years than ever before and the variety is larger. Furs come from every country on the face of the earth to supply Canada a woman with warm, comfortable garments for the cold weather, and it is said that the fur-bearing animals are becoming scarcer and scarcer.

This is sad news, for what in the world should we do here in New Brunswick without them. There would be no pleasure in winter at all then, and we should all have to shut up shop and go south 'till the robins nest again.

Twelve million animals are killed every year to furnish us with furs, said a fur drummer to a PROGRESS reporter on Wednesday. Some of these fur-bearing animals, like the sea otter have been almost annihilated, and the beaver has disappeared from all but the most distant regions. Statistics show a constant increase in the supply of furs, but this does not mean that there are more fur-bearing animals in the world. It signifies simply that under the impulse of the greater demand and better prices more persons engage in hunting and trapping the animals.

Every animal that has hair on it is hunted today for its hide. The lion as well as the rabbit the monkey as well as the cat, the fox as well as the seal, the bear and the otter, animals of the polar region and those that live near the equator, mammals and amphibians.

The muskrat furnishes the largest, then the opossum. Skunk and true marten are next in importance. The marten is found largely in Canada and the northern part of the United States, and so are the polecat and ermine. Fox skins are sold in very large numbers, 250,000 having been used in 1898. But there are all sorts of grades among the foxes. The common red fox is of least value.

The blue fox and silver fox are most valued. The blue fox is sometimes almost as white as the snow on which it lives and at other times of a darker color. It is this second kind which is most largely sought for. Last year the best specimens of blue foxes were sold for as high as \$1,200 each. But the famous silver fox is greatest of all, for its dark skin is liberally sown with white hairs. It is found mainly in the ex-

treme North, near the Arctic Ocean, in Alaska, Labrador and Siberia, and besides it is very rare. Some specimens of this fur have been sold during the last year for \$1,700.

After the first fall of snow, about the middle of October, the fur hunters bury themselves in the forests, taking with them two dogs, who drag along the sleigh loaded with the necessary supplies. These consist of some blankets, ammunition, traps, sometimes a tent and very little provisions. They rely chiefly upon the animals slain for food.

After laying the traps—a work of no small trouble and labor—the hunter must be ever on the alert, for the wolf is ever ready to rob his traps of any animal caught therein, and the hunter doesn't like to catch furs for wolves.

September is here and the epicure who has been abstaining from his favorite oyster dishes is rejoicing for the bivalve will once again come into prominence at all sorts of spreads. Popular superstition says that oysters should be eaten only during the months of the year which have names containing the letter R. Therefore, during May, June, July and August, lobsters are tabooed both by the avowedly superstitious as well as by those persons who scorn the so-called silly sayings, but nevertheless follow them to the letter.

Here in St. John, as is the case with all good things, the oyster is ever popular; in fact, according to the dealers they are in greater demand than any other variety of sea food. Everybody eats oysters occasionally, while in some homes served a day passes but that they are served in some dish or other.

Fish stores and restaurants here sell oysters all the year round but though there is more or less of a call, the sales are very small compared to the records made in the months which are properly in the season. Though the summer oyster is palatable and indeed highly acceptable in the absence of the delicious varieties that are sold at other times in the year, there is a marked difference between those sold in the warm weather and the oysters which begin to arrive as soon as the R months start in.

It's not so much the taste, dealers say, that distinguishes the summer oyster from those on sale in the season as the looks; the warm weather oyster is of a dark color that is far from attractive and presents other appearances that are a little better than repulsive. These qualities are of course foreign to the bivalves which are devoured during the cooler months.

One of the causes which bring about deterioration in the oysters on sale in the summer is the removal of the beds by the planters from the warm shallow places to cold deep water to prevent spawning. The planters do this to meet the demand from the summer resorts and say that bivalves are not injured by the process. Epicures as well as scientists however, say that the check injures the health and wholesomeness of the oyster.

In a general conversation the other evening when a number of convivial friends were exchanging experiences of one sort and another, one of the party, a telegraph operator in one of the two local despatch offices, spoke most interestingly of his "listening" to the great news centres talking to one another.

"During the night hours particularly," said the operator, "this plan of passing away the time is most interesting. It often occurs that some of us are idle, so by throwing open our receiving instrument we can hear the gossip of Europe, or latest war news, passing through from the North Sydney end of the big Atlantic cable."

"Then we can hear the big American and Upper Canadian cities ticking back to North Sydney, in fact the everlasting tick-tick from all corners of Canada and United States constitutes a one-sided "conversations," as delightful as it is unique. But it soon gets an old story."

There was a curious experience at a wedding in the northern end of the province the other day. The bridegroom had an impediment in his speech, and as he was nervous he stammered awfully through the service. When, however, it came to the most important part he stuck hopelessly at "will" the result being that the

bride was in agony and the congregation bursting with a desire to laugh while the rattled man was bogging over the W. At last the officiating clergyman began to consider seriously whether it would not be better to reckon the word by the intention than the speech, and proceed with the service, when the bride's agony broke out in an impromptu—"Oh, do say it John, do say 'I will' do say it, John," she wailed, and the unexpected shock had the desired effect. The word came out with a jerk, and the service proceeded. The bride was undoubtedly right, however, for if the bridegroom had not said "I will" he would have had an excellent weapon in domestic rows.

"One day while I was hustling along Lexington avenue wid St. John, me hansom," said the New York cabby, as a smile lighted his face, "a pedestrian, as they calls 'em, starts to cross in front of me and is knocked down and rolled to the curbstone."

"Hello! Are you kilt?" says I, and I holds up and looks down at him.

"Not at all, sir," says he as he rises and bows to me as nice as you please.

"Then are you much hurt?"

"Ojly a bruise or two, thank you kindly." "Wid that he limps off and I drives on. Half an hour later, over on Fifth avenue, a galoot saunters out in front of me and is knocked down and run over by two wheels."

"And phwat's the matter wid you, me laddybuck?" says I as I comes to a stop.

"Kindly excuse me, sir," he says as he stands on his feet and bows to me like a lord.

"But ain't you the chap as I runs over on Lexington avenue half an hour ago?"

"The same, sir, and I'm begging your pardon for the trouble I'm making."

"Wid that he walks away wid the marks of the wheels showing on his body, and I drives on. I goes down to the arch and across to Madison avenue and up again, and it isn't over twenty minutes before me horse knocks somebody down at a crossing and I feels the kerridge go bump! bump! I stops and looks around, and a man gets up from the wet pavement and bows to me and says:

"Really now, but I beg of you to overlook me carelessness."

"Whoop! says I, 'but it's you again! Didn't I run over you on Lexington avenue?"

"Thanking you kindly, but you did."

"And on Fifth avenue?"

"It's true, begging you pardon."

"And now, it's the third time?"

"It is, sir," says he, as humble as you please, "but I'm a man as is willing to do the right thing. Here's a couple of dollars for your trouble, and if I puts you to any more it's five."

"And off he goes with a limp in both legs and six muddy wheel marks showing like rings around his body. And I did not see again. There was a man for you sir—there was a man as was a man and a gentleman, and I only wish that I could meet the likes of him a dozen times a day!"

There not quite as bad as this in St. John, but look out for them at the Grand Union Hotel crossing on Mill street.

"There's a man over there waiting for a car who at this present moment wishes the earth would quake and swallow him, I'll bet dollar to doughnuts," said the observant bystander at the foot of King street, Labor Day mornin'.

"Why, what's the matter wid him," asked the other man rather puzzled.

"Well there's a whole lot the matter with him," answered the discerning fellow "and it's he himself who imagines the eyes of all St. John are on him."

"Did your wife ever do any clothes pressing for you?" continued the bystander.

"Ever press your pants?"

"Look at that poor fellow. He's well dressed, but bless me take a squint at those trousers—there he's turned round, see?"

"Don't you notice how there pressed?" That time-honored mistake of economical womankind, she's pressed them on the sides instead of the front and back.

"Ha! ha! ha! he looks like a square rigged ship doesn't he?" Poor fellow, no wonder he looks abashed and worried. He goes to take this car coming, go home; perhaps raise a row about that pressing job, and swear off letting his wife ring in the old economy cry every time he wants his clothes fixed, and take them to a tailor for shaping."

About the smartest thing some people ever did was to be born rich.

A HARD CLIMB.

The Perilous Feat Performed by a Mountaineer Climber.

Climbing a mountain twenty-three thousand feet high is no child's play, as the party that, with Mr Fitz Gerald for leader climbed the great mountain Aconcagua found to their cost. Mr Fitz Gerald, in his recent book, "The Highest Andes," gives an account of his experiences in this, the first ascent of the mountain. Aconcagua is situated on the frontiers of Chile and the Argentine Republic. Mr Fitz Gerald is an American, known for his explorations among the mountains of New Zealand. Three Englishmen shared his exploits upon the present occasion. Of the six Swiss and Italian assistants, Matthias Zurbriggen was the leader.

The great difficulty was the cold experienced at a high altitude. The party ascended eighteen thousand, seven hundred feet to a camp chosen by Zurbriggen, but after one descended to a lower level. Although the temperature was not unusually severe, the minimum recorded being one degree Fahrenheit, men actually sat down and cried like children.

On December 30th—midsummer in those parts—the party again went to the high camp, and next day tried to reach the summit. It looked so near that they thought it could be reached in five or six hours. An hour after starting, however, Zurbriggen's face became very white. He protested that he felt well, but acknowledged that he was so cold that there was no sensation whatever in his feet. He lied dancing about and kicking his feet against the stones.

As frozen feet are one of the great dangers in mountain climbing, the leader began to be alarmed. He had the guide's shoes taken off, and set the porters to rub his feet. To the horror of all, it was found that circulation had practically stopped. Snow and brandy were used for rubbing,

and all to no purpose.

It began to seem as if amputation would be necessary. But gradually sensation returned, and with it such intense pain that the rubbing could hardly be borne. At last the boots were slipped on again without being laced, and Zurbriggen, supported between two of the party, was assisted down the mountain.

Next day three of the party, including Zurbriggen, made another trial, but were unsuccessful. Sickness and giddiness attacked them, and they were obliged to lie down from sheer exhaustion. Coming down was almost worse than going up. Fatigue and numbness constantly caused them to fall. A terrible depression took hold upon them, and no one cared even to speak. Their one desire was to get down to the camp.

It was not until the sixth attempt that one of the party, the guide Zurbriggen, reached the summit. He went forward when the others were obliged to descend. Mr Fitz Gerald says:

"I shall never forget the descent. I was so weak that my legs seemed to fold up under me at every step and I kept falling forward and cutting myself on the stones. I do not know how long I crawled in this plight making, for a patch of snow in a sheltered spot. On reaching it I lay down and finally rolled down a great portion of the mountain side.

As I got lower my strength returned, and the nausea disappeared. I reached our tent about five o'clock. Zurbriggen arrived an hour and a half later. He had gained the summit and planted an ice-axe there, but he was so weak and tired that he could hardly talk. A month later two of the party got to the top and found the ice-axe."

Experience taught the explorers that there was only one position of rest in these high altitudes: Sitting or lying down caused a relaxing of the muscles of the

legs, which acted disastrously when the ascent was resumed, for the lower limbs seemed to have lost power, and after a step or two were racked with a dull aching.

The only position of rest was to stand with the legs apart, the body thrown far forward with the hands grasping the head of the ice-axe, while the forehead rested upon the hands.

Jumped For the Highest Wager.

In the "History of the West Branch Valley" Mr. Meginness tells the story of Marcus Huling's famous jump.

Huling was walking along the river bank when he suddenly became aware that he was pursued by Indians. Realizing that his only hope of safety lay in flight, he ran with all speed toward the precipice at Blue Hill but the Indians rapidly gained on him. Driven to the edge of the frightful precipice, with the savages yelling in his rear, he determined to jump preferring to die in this manner rather than to fall beneath the tomahawk.

Seizing a large overhanging branch of a tree, he leaped over the brink and landed some ninety feet below on a shelf of rock, unharmed! From this point he jumped forty feet farther into the river, and escaped with only a dislocation of his shoulder.

The savages were obliged to run round for a mile and Huling had time to make his escape. It is supposed that the breach broke his fall, and saved his life. Huling, on being asked about it, replied: "I jumped for a greater wager. I jumped for my life!"

A Bird Story.

A charming story of an incident connected with the great fire in Chicago is told in one of our exchanges, a family living near the lake shore had a large number of pet birds. They had built an aviary, a long narrow room with glass windows reaching from ceiling to floor. Passers-by often stopped before the house to watch the

pretty creatures fluttering about, to hear their songs or to see them bathe.

One afternoon in the week of the fire a cloud of fluttering wings moved wearily up the street. Presently these birds, most of them canaries, caught sight of the aviary with its happy denizens. Straight towards the windows they flew, some of them against the glass itself.

The ladies of the house were quick to take in the situation. They hurriedly shut their own birds into a compartment of the aviary, and then threw the windows wide open, retiring from sight that the spent travellers might feel free to enter.

After a few minutes, first one and then another flew inside, where they settled down, panting, grateful for rest and safety. I was some time before they attempted to eat for bathe. After the strangers had eaten of the bird seed and rested, the other birds were allowed to enter, and it was difficult to hear the chorus of songs which arose when the home birds and the strangers met.

This incident is vouched for by one of the ladies who was a witness to it.

Le Palais de la Femme.

All Americans visiting Paris this summer are prone to make comparisons between the current French fair and the Columbian exposition at Chicago, and the consensus of opinion seems in favor of Chicago. Undoubtedly the present World's Fair excels in certain artistic details, as of decoration and statuary, but it falls short in grander features and effects.

Judged solely by its Woman's Building, as compared with the splendid structure dedicated to the interests of American womanhood at the Columbian fair, the exposition of 1900 sinks into insignificance. For while the Palais de la femme, on the Champ de Mars, is a graceful little structure, it contains nothing of interest save in the matter of dress and toilet. Of the higher education and development of the

sex it gives no indication, and indeed, for the most part, it has thus far been given up to theatrically performances of the lightest character.

France has produced many noble women of the highest abilities; but as evidenced by the present Palais de la femme and what is in it, the great majority of French women of the present generation are still engrossed chiefly in matters of personal adornment, and have not become much interested in those more serious questions which stir women in the United States.

Wrong Conclusion.

"Well, remarked a loungee at the railway station in a college town, the day after commencement, 'I know of course, that's what she is, but I should hardly have expected her to label her trunk so.'"

"What do you mean?" asked another loungee.

"Don't you see?" rejoined the first, pointing at the letters "S. G. G.," conspicuously marked on the large trunk standing on end at the edge of the platform. "That means 'Sweet Girl Graduate.'"

"My name, sir," austere replied a dignified young woman standing near, "is Sylvia Gale Gibson."

There was no further conversation concerning that trunk.

While They Wait.

"Ici on parle toutes les langues,"—all languages spoken here,—the legend which may be seen just now over many Paris restaurants, is not altogether misleading. Says the London Chronicle:

A visitor recently remarked to the manager of a restaurant which made the above comprehensive claim:

"You must have a great many interpreters here."

"Not one," was the reply.

"Who, then, speaks all the languages?"

"The customer, monsieur."

Advertisement for Snow Whitening soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing its benefits for skin whitening.

Advertisement for Carbolic Ointment, describing its uses for various ailments like chafed skin and rheumatic pains.

Advertisement for Farm Help, mentioning the need for farm labor and the services provided.

Advertisement for Our Home, featuring an illustration of a man and text about home improvement or services.

Advertisement for Laundry, mentioning services for washing and ironing clothes.

Advertisement for Soap, highlighting its quality and availability for purchase.

Advertisement for a business or service, mentioning a 'poet is born' and other details.

# From the Hands of Her Enemy.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

I'd have given anything he wasn't coming just now, but I suppose it can't be helped.

Lady Emma sighed a little, and straight way poured herself out another cup of tea. The room was dimly and pretty enough to delight the heart of any reasonable woman, or man either, for the matter of that.

The scented logs burnt and crackled in the wide, low fireplace, and the dancing flames played hide and seek amongst the shadows of the carved oak wainscoting, and lighted up now and again the faces of Lady Emma and her guest, who was also her cousin—Vere Tempest.

He looked thoughtful at his pretty cousin of whom he was very fond and proud, but did not at all times quite approve.

Emma was in the habit of doing such rash things; she took such unaccountable fancies to such—in his eyes—unaccountable people.

He often wondered she hadn't let herself in for all sorts of disagreeables.

She was too good-natured—too impulsive.

By Jove! he was glad he wasn't Trelawney, her husband.

Why, the poor fellow must live upon a kind of moral rack! Not that there was the least possible bit of harm in the sweet, charming little woman; she was all that was dear and good. Still—

'Vere, you aren't listening to me, I can see. It's too bad of you.'

Vere turned guiltily.

'Oh, yes, I am, dear! You were mentioning someone you designated as 'he.' Who is 'he,' and why 'just now?'

This query, put with a humorous twinkle in the handsome blue eyes brought his cousin—whose delicately arched brows were knitted in thought—up to the point at once.

'You are always so practical, dear Vere,' she replied, with the charming smile which was one of her chief attractions; 'so I suppose I shall have to give the 'why' and wherefore. He is Mr. Adrian Crawford, who has written to fix his visit to us for Monday next, and Magdalen Durer is coming tomorrow. Now you have it all in a nutshell.'

With this she looked triumphantly at her visitor.

The slight start Vere Tempest had given at the mention of Magdalen Durer's name did not escape the sharp eyes of Lady Emma, and she watched him closely, as instead of answering her directly, he put another question—

'Who is this Mr. Adrian Crawford that you should not wish him to come on Monday, and what has he in connection with Miss Durer?'

'Nothing whatever; only I would rather they did not meet. I must say it's very provoking.'

And Vere could see that she was really more put out than she chose to say.

'But why? he asked. 'I don't see—'

'You don't know, and I can hardly explain,' Lady Emma broke in thoughtfully. 'I'm afraid I've been rather foolish, Vere; but when we were in Paris three months ago—you remember that delightful trip I wrote and told you about?—Vere nodded—'

'We met this Mr. Crawford. He was in quite a good set, if not the very best, and George and I took a great fancy to him; at least—correcting herself—'I did, at first.'

'He's awfully good-looking, and good form, and—and all that, but there's some thing strange about him. . . . To tell you the truth, Vere, I can hardly describe it. Perhaps 'uncanny' is the term to use. He has a way of fixing his great, melancholy dark eyes upon one, and it makes me just—creep! I never know at the moment whether I haven't a positive aversion to him. . . . But there, it's hardly fair to discuss him thus, when you will be house fellows so soon. I darsay you'll get on with each other awfully well.' But this was not uttered in very hopeful tones.

'My dear little cousin, I have a conviction that I shall detest him,' said Vere coolly; 'but have no fear—I will keep the peace for your sake, and if necessary, give him a wide berth. But now you haven't told me what Mag—Miss Durer has to do with this weird being who makes you 'creep,' and his visit.'

Lady Emma looked aggrieved.

'Now you're laughing at me,' she pouted.

'Captain Tempest instantly disclaimed any such idea.'

'About Miss Durer?' he reminded her.

'Well, you see, Magdalen is not like most girls—'

Indeed, she is no,' put in her cousin, who was now listening most intently.

Emma Trelawney took no notice of this interruption.

'She has a strange, dreamy temperament. This man may influence her, and I should blame myself. He affected me—'

commonplace me—in no ordinary manner; and you must own dear Magda is peculiar—magnetic, and when two strange, magnetic people come together—don't you see Vere?'

'No I don't see, Emma,' replied Vere, rising abruptly, 'and I don't want to say anything harsh, but really you should be more careful whom you pick up—abroad especially—and invite to your home. I wonder what Trelawney's thinking of.'

'But George liked him so much, and backed up my invitation so cordially,' interrupted Lady Emma almost tearfully.

The George is a—but there, little woman, don't be so upset about it! I'm sure the fellow—even if he turns out to be as good as gold—ain't worth it. Any way he isn't worth you and I falling out. Why! tears, Emma! This will never do.'

And Vere set himself to work with such good will to bring back the smiles to his pretty cousin's face, that they were on the beat of terms when the entrance of Sir George Trelawney and another man broke up the late-a-tete, and at least one of the two forgot for the time being all about Adrian Crawford and his coming.

But that night, when Trelawney Court was wrapped in darkness and silence Vere Tempest sat smoking far into the small hours, thinking, and his thoughts were all the time on the same object—Magdalen—beautiful Magdalen Durer, whom he now knew to be the love of his life—the one and only woman in the world for him—and whom he hoped one day to win for his wife.

How he had looked forward to his visit to the Court, when he should have her practically to himself to woo and, maybe, win!

And all was to be spoiled by the presence of this foreigner!

Say! was he a foreigner?

He couldn't exactly remember what Emma had said—anyway, he was a charlatan, imposing upon simple women with what he called 'magnetism.'

Well, he would prove that a good honest love was worth all this latter-day nonsense. Weighed in the balance it would be found wanting.

And so comforting himself, he finally got to bed.

## CHAPTER II.

'And now, Emmie, dear, whom have you staying in the house? Who are my fellow guests, and am I likely to have a good time? You know I'm not like some of your smart friends—you always say I'm 'odd,' and I suppose I am.'

Magdalen Durer made this remark with a smile, rather sad than bright.

Here was a lovely face—lovely in the highest sense of the word; delicate in feature as in coloring, add with an expression of innocence in the clear, violet hued eyes but rarely seen.

And in those same starry eyes was some thing which stirred the heart of the guest—a look as though the spirit of Magda Durer was not of this world.

Magdalen's young life had been a strangely lonely one.

Bereft of her mother at an early age, she had been, although so young, almost entirely thrown on her own resources, her father, a student entirely immersed in his books and scientific researches, knowing and caring little about a girl's requirements.

Were he to have been told that the solitary life in the heart of the country was ill-suited to a girl, and particularly to one of his daughter's sensitive, dreamy temperament, he would have opened his eyes wide in wonder.

His old and privileged friend, Lady Helen de Lacy, who was the widow of a deceased squire in his neighborhood, had indeed ventured to put all this before him.

'Magdalen is too young and romantically inclined to lead so isolated a life,' she told him when the girl was sixteen years of age. 'Send her to school, my friend; let her be amongst others of her own age and class. Neither you nor I, and most certainly not old Marbra, are suitable companions for the child. Alas! my entertaining days are over; whilst, as for you, you never cared for such things.'

There was a certain wistfulness in the old lady's face as she said this—almost pathetic. Perhaps she was thinking of the days of her own youth, when she was the toast of the county, and the man before her had been one of her most ardent admirers.

Mr. Durer smiled his far-away smile.

'What can she want more than she has?' he inquired placidly, with his eyes furtively fixed on the MS. before him. 'I thought I had given her all she requires. She can have more—'

'She ought to be amongst girls of her age,' repeated Lady Helen vehemently angered for the moment by the utter selfishness of the old man. 'I will take the trouble of your hands if you will only give me permission. I will find a suitable school—indeed, I know of one—where she would have exceptional advantages, and the companionship of the sweetest of girls—Emma Fairfax, the daughter of a very dear friend of mine. Only agree, and I will make all arrangements at once. You can well afford it.'

'Yes, oh, yes, money is no object!' replied Mr. Durer absently. 'I have, I am thankful to say, enough and to spare of this world's goods; only, it never struck me that Magdalen required more than she has,' he added, harping on the same old string.

Lady Helen could have boxed his ears. As it was, she stamped her small and neat foot, and said briskly—

'Then I have your consent? That's settled. I will forthwith write and prepare Madame Dupont for her new pupil. By the way, the school is in Paris. You have no objection, I suppose?'

'Oh, none—none whatever!' answered

Magda's father. 'If she acquires the language perfectly, she may be of use to me in my literary work. See here,' and he opened a musty volume, from which Lady Helen fled in dismay and disgust.

So unopposed was she, and so determined on getting her own way, that she did get it, and the upshot of it was that in a month's time Magdalen Durer crossed the Channel and became a boarder at Madame Dupont's very select establishment for the education of the daughters of the nobility and gentry.

Here she remained two years, and during that time made a life-long friend in the person of bright, vivacious Emma Fairfax, and when some time later, Emma became Lady Trelawney the friendship only ripened.

Magda was always heartily welcomed to Trelawney Court by her old friend and her husband. Today she had arrived at the hospitable mansion on one of her visits, and was at the present moment comfortably ensconced in a deep arm chair, invitingly drawn up before a blazing fire in the bedroom allotted to her.

Her friend Emma half knelt, half rested against her, on the white fur rug.

'Let me see, dear,' she said, in answer to Magda's question. 'There's Mrs. Lionel Martin and her husband, poor little man! You can hardly see him behind her petticoats, she grows so huge! You know them I think—and there's that dear, sweet, muscular Christian, the Rev. Arthur Herbert, who bikes to church, and golfs during the week, and doesn't think a game of cricket on Sunday an unpardonable sin.'

'You'll hear him preach tomorrow. Such a wholesome sermon, and only ten minutes in length! I always feel as though I'd had a moral shower bath after hearing him. Then Captain Leslie is here, and Sir Wilfrid Stone, your old admiral, and that pretty smart little widow, Mrs. Norton whom we met at Scarborough, and—oh! of course, Vere—Vere Tempest,' with a sly glance at the delicate profile, the color of which, to her intense satisfaction, deepened somewhat at the mention of this last name.

'And on Monday,' she resumed half hesitatingly, 'Adrian Crawford will be here. I wonder what you will think of him Magda. Now, don't lose your heart to him, dear—I believe he could make any one do anything if he chose—and I should be so sorry—' Emma wound up, somewhat vaguely.

Equally vaguely she wondered why her beautiful friend had suddenly grown so white.

'Isn't it time for tea, Emmie? Let us go down and see—I am longing for a cup,' said Magdalen, rising abruptly.

And thinking matters over long afterwards, Lady Emma thought it strange that the girl had made no manner of answer to her remarks concerning Adrian Crawford.

It has been already intimated that Vere Tempest was anxiously looking forward to this meeting with Magda.

He had met her some few months ago, and had been strangely fascinated by the lovely visionary girl who was his favorite cousin's chiel friend.

He had anticipated this visit to Trelawney Court with much eagerness, for he was now assured that upon the answer to one question he fully intended to put, his life's happiness depended.

But then, there was that man Crawford! Why did his name haunt him?

'Pshaw! What had he or she to do with a half-foreign adventurer—a charlatan! Thinking thus, he finished dressing for dinner, and went down to meet Magdalen.

Rarely had Magdalen Durer looked more lovely than she did this evening.

The clinging folds of the soft yellow gown she wore threw up the wonderful tints of her reddish wavy hair.

A flush was upon her fair, delicate face, a subdued light in the dark purple eyes.

'She was glad to see him; both lips and eyes told him so.'

The evening passed all too quickly to these two.

A glimpse of paradise was opened, as fleeting as it was fair.

That night they found themselves alone in the conservatory, the soft warmth, the scent of the exotics, the shadows cast by the still palm trees, appealed to their senses.

Magda knew, with a mysterious intuition, that she was beloved.

An intense longing for rest, for safety, possessed her.

She feared—she knew not what.

That touch changed his life for ever. In a moment she was in his arms, and words of tenderest love were poured into her willing ears.

'I love you! Darling! how I love you!' he whispered, straining her to his breast in a passion of ecstasy. 'I do not think you realize in the least what you are to me! Tell me, my sweetest, you love me.'

'Yes, I love you, Vere.'

The trembling shyness with which she uttered his name was irresistible.

He kissed her eyes, her lips, the ripples of her glorious hair.

He was intoxicated with his happiness.

'And you will be true to me, Magda?' he said, in a voice broken with the intensity of his emotions. 'You will not let anyone or anything come between you and me? I could not lose you now, my life, my darling!'

Even as he uttered the words a cold thrill—a presentiment for which he could not then account—took hold upon him.

A shudder ran through the girl.

She closed her eyes, and for the moment her lover feared she was about to faint.

'You are ill, dearest,' he cried anxiously, putting her in one of the wicker lounges which were invitingly placed here and there amongst the tropical plants. 'Let me bring you a glass of water—wine—why, you are white to the lips! What is it? What have I said, or done, to cause this?'

The weird sensation had passed from him; only anxiety for his beautiful Magda remained.

'No, no!' she said catching his hand, and detaining him. 'I am better now. It is nothing; the scent of the flowers is so long. Please say nothing about it; I only thought—I fancied—that—that—'

Her voice died away.

A look of fear was in her eyes.

'What, my darling, what?' inquired her lover, now seriously alarmed.

'That I saw a face there—over there—among the orange-trees.'

Vere sprang in the direction in which she pointed.

He dashed aside the branches of the trees but not a trace of anyone could be found.

He returned to Magda.

'Darling,' he said, 'it is but your fancy. We are alone.'

The color came back to her face.

'Yes; I suppose it is only my fancy. I am nervous to-night; but you are with me Vere. I do love you.'

She put her hand in his, and laid her beautiful head against his shoulder, and sitting thus, and whispering to each other words too sacred for each ear, the golden moments flitted by.

'We must return to the drawing-room,' said Magda at last, rising from the low seat. 'Emmie will wonder what has become of us,' with a divine blush.

'I do not think so,' said Vere, smiling. 'I fancy she will guess.'

## CHAPTER III.

On re entering the drawing room many interested and furtive glances were bestowed upon the handsome young couple.

Emmie saw at once how matters stood, and was unobtrusively glad.

It was what she had long wished for, and secretly schemed to bring about.

She swelled with pride taking all the credit to herself.

Her first attempt at match-making was a success.

It realized all her expectations, and so she kissed and congratulated both, and the following day the whole house party was in a merry mood, and the wedding was a speedy wedding prophesied.

'We will all walk over to church to-day,' said the pretty hostess at breakfast. 'It is only a mile through the park; we shall then pass the lake and judge for ourselves of the skating prospects for tomorrow. Pringle tells me it will hold well by then.'

They were all delighted at the welcome news, particularly the pretty little widow, Mrs. Norton, who being a Canadian, freely confessed that she adored skating.

She was in the midst of an animated flirtation with Captain Leslie, and Lady Emma told herself complacently that she should very likely have another engagement to announce before her party broke up.

They all started in the best of spirits, giving themselves plenty of time to enjoy the walk, and yet not to be late for eleven o'clock service at the picturesque little church which nestled in a cosy hollow at the extreme end of the village.

Captain Tempest managed by skilful strategy to get his beautiful betrothed all to himself.

It must, however, be owned that he had in this innocent plot a warm ally in his cousin.

'Leave it to me, dear boy, I'll manage it. I remember how it was when George and I were engaged,' with a tender little sentimental sigh. 'Only, we never had children such as I intend to arrange for you and darling Magda. Aunt Mary was a perfect dragon! Quite the old school; though the most natural things in the world horribly improper, and wouldn't let us go the length of the avenue without a chaperon! I don't know but what it was more fun after all,' she wound up her blue eyes dancing.

'You shall be our chaperon, you dear little woman!' said Vere, kissing her affectionately. 'We want no other—and you are glad?'

'Glad!' she echoed, 'why, it has been my dearest wish—the dream of my life. You say boy! don't you realize that it is I who have managed the whole affair?'

Vere Tempest smiled.

He thought otherwise, but he was too happy and grateful to contradict her.

What did it matter to him how it had been brought about?

When he went down into the big hall, with its cheerily blazing fires, and Eastern rugs of varied hues flung here and there upon the polished oak floor, and decorated on all sides by trophies of the chase, he found Magdalen awaiting him, alone.

Vere thought, with a lover's partiality, that Magda looked, if possible, more beautiful in her turs than she had done the night before.

The soft richness of the costly sables, with which her violet velvet jacket was bordered, was indeed eminently becoming to the delicate purity of her complexion.

She turned upon her lover.

He caught her to him with a cry of rapture.

'You are mine—you are mine!' he said again and again. 'Nothing shall come between us my life.'

He kissed her on the lips, and noticed that they were cold beneath his passionate

**TAKES THE CAKE**



... DOES ...

**PACKARD'S**  
Ladies' Special Dressing

**GIVES THE BEST SHINE.**  
CLEANS AND PRESERVES THE LEATHER.

AND CAN BE PURCHASED AT ALL SHOE STORES  
**25c.**

**L. H. Packard & Co.**  
MONTREAL.

'Say it, darling; say that nothing shall part us.'

'I cannot say it,' Magda replied quietly and sadly. 'There are forces of which we know but little—forces stronger than our love—against which our feeble will is as nothing.'

'What can you mean, Magda?' asked Vere, deeply impressed against his will at the solemnity of her tones. 'Nothing can now part us save death, and that, of course is not in our own hands; but you are well—you are strong—and, my dearest, you have given yourself to me! I will hold you against the world. You are fanciful, darling.'

She smiled, and suffered him to place her hand upon his arm, and they passed out together into the crisp brightness of the wintry morning.

As they neared the lake, which was at best a gloomy spot, overshadowed by trees, and bordered by reeds, they noticed that the sky was smooth.

A bitter wind swept across the leaden-brown sea, and Magda shivered beneath her turs.

Vere passed his arm round the fragile shoulders.

'You are cold, sweetheart. Let us hurry on; it is a weird, eerie kind of spot. One could easily imagine any deed of darkness done here.'

He laughed a cheery laugh, as though defying all the ill-luck in the world.

But Magdalen looked grave, and her lover saw that all the brilliant color had died out of the sweet face.

'Yes,' she said, as they turned into the path through the woods; 'it is a depressing place. Have you ever heard the legend attaching to the lake?'

'No, dearest; and you are not going to tell it to me now. It is something tragic, and this is no time for such things. Are we not happy? See, there is the church, and good, faithful Emmie is waiting in the porch to give us the protection of her presence.'

Long afterwards did the memory of that peaceful happy Sunday come back to Vere Tempest with a bitter pang and a heart-sore from which there was no escaping.

'You cannot think, darling how happy this makes me,' whispered Emma to her friend, with a little squeeze of the hand. 'The wedding must be soon; there is nothing to wait for.'

'Nothing at all!' put in Vere eagerly, delighted to have such a champion at his side.

They three had detached themselves from the rest and were walking home together.

Somewhat, as though by mutual consent, they avoided the gloomy lake.

'Magda, when will you give me my happiness?'

He bent towards her, and Emma instantly became desirous of possessing a particular bunch of scarlet berries.

'I cannot tell—I cannot say—I dare not—I mean—'

Magda's face was deathly in hue.

Maidenly shyness was all very well, but this was something more than that.

It seemed as though a great horror was upon her, and, although deeply hurt, he forbore to press the question.

## CHAPTER IV.

Magdalen Durer stood in her room, ready dressed for dinner.

It was still early.

She had but this moment heard Emma come upstairs.

She had dismissed her maid, and was alone.

She was trembling from head to foot, and her beautiful face was almost grey in its pallor.

Moreover she was saying to herself softly below her breath—

'I must go down, I feel—I know he is in the house, although I did not hear him arrive. I feel, too, that he is waiting for me, and expects me. Oh! if it were only any place but the conservatory. God knows how thankfully, how gladly, I would break this bond—this cruel bond that binds me body and soul; and Vere poor Vere—'

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

The safest and surest cure known for Biliousness and Sick Headaches and for Constipation, all Liver and Bowel Complaints, is

**Parson's Pills**

ONE PILL IS A DOSE

They make new, rich blood, prevent bile from accumulating and eliminate it. Enclosed in glass pills. Postpaid—25 cents a bottle!

**L. JOHNSON & COMPANY,**  
Boston, Mass.

**CANCER**

of the  
of the  
of the

For Canada and other countries, please book-free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Medicine Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading.

A CHAT WITH DENMARK'S KING. Dr. Talmage Writes of His Visit to the Royal Palace at Copenhagen.

Copyright, 1900, The Christian Herald, N. Y. The King of Denmark was absent from his capital, and so the Crown Prince received us in his palace and all his family came in with hearty greetings, and a more delightful domestic group was never gathered. From the unconventional manner in which they received my family and myself, one would not think there had never been a crown in the ancestral line or ever would be. Himself on the way to a throne and a brother of the Princess of Wales and of the King of Greece and of the Dowager Empress of Russia and all his life mingling with royalties he was less pretentious than any of the officers in the ante-room of the palace. He freely and familiarly conversed of the great international questions which are now disturbing Europe and Asia. He will soon take the government, for his father is eighty four years of age and must soon by natural law put down the sceptre. The Queen, though heir to uncounted millions, has not been made worldly, but is chiefly interested in religious work in all parts of the world. The home life of this family is an illustrious example to all the domestic life of Denmark, as the home life of his sister on the throne of Russia was an inspiring example to all the homesteads of Russia.

The oldest daughter of the princely household is a marvel of beauty and good sense, speaking English almost as well as Danish. The younger daughter excused herself for an afternoon horseback ride, and on our way out through the palace park we saw her riding under the careful guardianship of a groom. After conversation the whole group accompanied us in a ramble through the royal gardens; amid trees themselves monarchs and by fountains that had crowns of rainbow and by flower beds where queens of beauty reigned. After the ladies of our party had captured all the princely photographs they wished to win, we left this brilliant home. But the kindness of these royal folks did not cease when we descended the steps, for the lovely group of the palace stood waving to us from the windows as long as we were in sight, so that the warmth of the welcome was not more marked than was the heartiness of the good-bye.

We rode through a forest where royalty hunts, and the deer stood quietly watching and fearing nothing, as though they knew we could not shoot. But what regard for trees! Would that we had as much of such reverence in America. Alas for the iconoclast of the ax! How it has defaced landscapes and despoiled climates in our own beloved land! But here in this royal park, they stand undisturbed and honored by all who pass. Vast unbragousness, with affluence of foliage in full leaf, letting fall here and there a few yards of sunshine to make the scene more picturesque and bewitching. Oh, the trees! No one but Almighty God could make one—so graceful, so strong, so uplifting, so suggestive, so grand, so intermediate of sea and heaven. No wonder they have been copied in the pillars of temples, for many of the cathedral pillars are only trees in stone. Aye, this entire king's forest in Denmark is a cathedral ages ago dedicated and these bending branches are the arches, and this fountain is the baptismal font, and the birds are the choristers at matins and vespers, morning and evening praising the Lord, and when shrill winds sweep through this forest they sound the soprano, and the roaring thunders roll the bass in the Grand March of God in the storm. Style of a cathedral built by the Creator thousands of years before the Architects drew the plan for St. Paul's at London, or St. Peter's at Rome, or St. Mark's at Venice, or St. Sophia at Constantinople, or St. Isaac at St. Petersburg. We wonder not at what George W. Morris, the great song-writer of America told us in our boyhood. He said he was seated in an audience in New York City when a great vocalist was rendering Morris' famous song, 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' and an aged man in the audience was so wrought upon by the ballad that he rose, and with tears rolling down his cheeks cried out: 'Will the singer who just sung that song please to tell us whether the woodman did spare that tree?'

It is remarkable that Copenhagen seems yet presided over by Thorwaldsen's spirit, although that greatest sculptor of his time dropped dead in the theatre of this city more than half a century ago. Though born here, a comparative small part of his life was passed in this Danish capital. His

father a carver of figureheads for ships, the immortal son began with such outtings in wood and kept on until for all ages to come he carved in stone the figures of Day and Night and the Seasons and Adonis and Ganymedes and Mercury and the Graces, and five hundred specimens of sculpture. When he returned from Rome, where he chose to study and work for the most of his artist's life, not only Copenhagen, but the nation, joined in procession to welcome him. He sleeps in the yard of the museum named after him, in a bank of flowers, the place selected by himself. But whichever way you go in the city, you find something Thorwaldsenian. While you worship in one of the churches, the twelve apostles look down upon you while they are wrapped in robes of marble that seem soft as velvet, and garments, the curves and wrinkles of which seem the work of a clothier rather than of a sculptor, while the countenances of the sacred twelve give expression to the courage or the caution or the widow or the faith or the love which was supposed to be the apostolic characteristic. Indeed, the most of Thorwaldsen's later works were consecrated to religion.

To me the most impressive of all his statuary is his figure of Christ. It is gigantic in size, but the alliance of tenderness and power in the countenance of our Lord, and the outspread arms of invitation, and the planting of the foot with infinite firmness, proclaim him ready to wipe a tear, or able to save a world. What power in sculptor's chisel to preserve from age to age the heroes, the emancipators, the rulers, the orators, the statesmen, the mighty men and women of the world. On the streets or public squares of all the great capitals of Europe there are equestrians that seem in saddle of bronze riding out of the past into the present. The equestrian statue of Peter the Great in Admiralty Square, St. Petersburg, is most remarkable; two sailors were so impressed with it that they resolved to ascend it, and having been accustomed to climb the mast they quite easily climbed this great statue, and one of them seated himself on the bronze horse before Peter the Great and the other behind him. But this gallop of the heavens was interfered with by the police who considered it a desecration for these sailors to attempt to ride with the famous emperor. The offenders were arrested and tried and fined three hundred roubles each. They complained to the court that the fine was excessive, but the judge replied: 'If people ride with royalty they ought to expect to pay for the honor.' In a more sensible way than that employed by those sailors, we all feel like expressing our admiration for the sublime art of sculpture.

To us the sculptor's chisel means more than the painter's pencil. Though so long this art of expression in stone has impressed the world it will be about the last art to leave it. Having looked into the face of the last century of the world's existence. After most of the other arts have perished at the end of the world, and the painter's canvas has crumpled in the last configuration, and the musician's harp-strings have broken under the fingering of the last fire, sculpture will still confront the ruin of the earth, its Canova and Thorwaldsen; statuary baptized in flame, and the equestrians in stirrups of bronze and marble will ride their horses into the red surges of a burning world.

KAFFIRS AND WHITE WOMEN.

Blacks in Africa Very Rarely Offend Against the Women of the White Settlers.

A Kaffir at Johannesburg was convicted a few days ago of the crime of assaulting a Boer woman. The sentence was confirmed by Gen. Lord Roberts and the man was shot. It is to the credit of the Kaffirs that there is seldom any reason to complain of their behavior toward the white women of South Africa. The blacks of that region outnumber the whites five to one, but in all the years of the white occupancy the men of the native tribes have been conspicuously free from crimes against white women. This fact is all the more noteworthy because the blacks have frequently been at war with the whites, and they are also in overwhelming numbers in places where there are very few white settlers. It is also remarkable that there are so few crimes of this nature in view of the fact that the blacks are very badly treated in most of South Africa.

At the Pan African Congress in London last month several of the speakers told of the hardships and humiliation inflicted upon the blacks by the white race in South Africa. In many of the towns they are not allowed to walk on the sidewalks. In Natal they are not permitted to enter post offices by the doors used by the whites, but special entrance are reserved for them. The Boers show the least consideration for the blacks of all the white race. The Boer

farmer regards the negro as nothing but a beast of burden. The black man is not permitted, in the Transvaal, to own land nor even to be large without a pass. The intelligence and character of some of the natives have lifted them considerably above their fellows and enabled them to acquire some wealth, this fact however, makes no difference with their social position as far as most of the whites are concerned. One and all they must travel in parts of the railroad trains, which, as one of the speakers expressed it 'are more fit for beasts than men.' The franchise, thus far, has been wholly out of the question for any of the blacks in that most civilized part of Africa. Mr. G. W. Christian declared that in Rhodesia the negro is compelled to work without adequate pay and that the chiefs are forced to find gangs of blacks for the gold mines, where they work for many months at the absolute mercy of white overseers.

This is a fairly accurate though gloomy statement of the position of that part of the millions of blacks who come most into relations with the dominion though numerically inferior white population. On the other hand, it may be said that the tribes of South Africa on the whole are not yet nearly so far advanced in civilization as the negroes of this country. Their efficiency as laborers, on an average is considerably below that of our Southern negroes. After they have earned a little money, most of them wish to go home and remain in idleness till their cash is spent. So it happens that the labor question is a serious one in South Africa and many Indian coolies are imported to do work that the whites would gladly have the Kaffirs do if they were, as yet, developed so far as to be more reliable and industrious.

C. P. R. HOUSE BOAT.

A Most Delightful Outing Home for Those who Desire It.

The new C. P. R. house boat which is now completed and ready for occupation has been visited by a large number of Nelson people, all of whom declare it to be an ideal outing home. The boat is completely furnished in every respect. The four state rooms with their four double and four single berths are equipped with everything one would desire in a bed room at home. In the dining room is all that a dining room requires, silverware, glassware, etc., and the room itself is sufficiently large to accommodate any party that could travel on the boat. The kitchen is complete, too, and in fact, there is nothing lacking anywhere. All of the rooms are carpeted and the hallway is laid with oilcloth. Upstairs you are in the open air, with an awning to shield you from the sun and a hammock if you would lay down and read and rest. No more delightful place to spend a week or two, could be imagined, provided, of course, the boat is anchored in some one of the thousand beauty spots of Kootenay Lake. Nowhere, perhaps, in all the Dominion of Canada is there a body of water offering to the man of the reel and fly or he of the gun such inducements as are offered anywhere on Kootenay Lake and nowhere are there more delightfully secluded places than can be found here. And it is to give visitors the opportunity of seeing all this, under most pleasant conditions, that the C. P. R. has caused to be built this house boat. It is to be rented to parties and at a figure which makes it within the reach of everybody who can afford an outing. The boat itself will rent at \$5 per day, with a minimum charge of \$20. It will be towed to any point that can be reached from Nelson at the regular towage charge of 50 cents a mile, with a minimum towage charge of \$5. All that those who rent the boat have to do, is to stock it with eatables and drinkables. Nothing else is required by them unless they desire a servant and this the C. P. R. officials will undertake to secure for them.

Strictly True.

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of 'Putnam's.' Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

Just So.

He was enjoying an ear of corn in the good, old-fashioned way. 'You look as if you were playing the flute,' his hostess remarked, smiling. 'Oh, no,' was the amiable retort, 'it's a cornet I'm playing, by ear.'

He Fetched It.

'Hooraw, boys!' exclaimed an enthusiastic veteran of the civil war, as a regiment of the volunteers of 'ninety-eight marched by on their way to the railroad-station. 'It's keepin' everlastingly at it that wins. You can conquer anything or anybody if you keep tryin' long enough, I know wha'

I'm talking about; I've been there! Thirty seven years ago to-day I laid on my stummick kneedeep in swamp water, with the mosquitoes stabbin' me in a thousand places, and the gnats and gad-snappers eatin' me alive, and waited ten hours for the sun to rise. That's jest what I done, boys.'

'What happened then, Uncle Jack?' inquired one of the volunteers. 'What was the result of your waiting for the sun to rise?'

'Why—er—er—it rose,' replied the veteran.

HIS FATHER'S BURGLAR DOG.

Jerome K. Jerome Tells About a Scheme for Household Protection.

A great many burglaries had lately taken place in our neighborhood and I rather came to the conclusion that it was time he bought a dog. He thought a bulldog would be the best for his purpose, so he purchased the most savage and murderous looking specimen that he could find. My mother was alarmed when she saw the dog. 'Surely you're not going to let that brute loose about the house!' she exclaimed. 'He'll kill somebody. I can see it in his face.'

'I want him to kill somebody,' replied my father; 'I want him to kill burglars.'

'I don't like to hear you talk like that, Thomas,' answered mother. 'It's not like you. We've a right to protect our property, but we've no right to take a fellow human creature's life.'

'Our fellow human creatures will be all right so long as they don't come into our kitchen when they're no business there, retorted my father somewhat testily. 'I'm going to fix up this dog in the scullery and if a burglar comes fooling around—well that's his affair.'

The old folks quarrelled on and off for about a month over this dog. The dog thought the matter absurdly sentimental and the mother thought the dog grew more ferocious looking every day.

One night my mother woke my father up with: 'Thomas there's a burglar downstairs, I'm positive. I distinctly heard the kitchen door open.'

'Oh, well, the dog's got him by now, then,' murmured my father, who had heard nothing and was sleepy.

'Thomas,' replied my mother severely. 'I'm not going to lie here while a fellow creature is being murdered by a savage beast. If you won't go down and save that man's life I will.'

'Oh, bother,' said my father, preparing to get up. 'You're always fancying you hear noises. I believe that's all you women come to bed for—to sit up and listen for burglars. Just to satisfy her, however, he pulled on his trousers and socks and went down.'

Well, sure enough, my mother was right this time. There was a burglar in the house. The pantry window stood open, and a light was shining in the kitchen. My father crept softly forward and peeped through the partly open door. There sat the burglar eating cold beef and pickles, and there, beside him, on the floor gazing up into his face with a blood-quivering smile of affection, sat that idiot of a dog, wagging his tail.

My father was so taken aback that he forgot to keep silent.

'Well, I'm—' and he used a word that I should not care to repeat.

The burglar, hearing him, made a dash and got clear off by the window; and the dog seemed vexed with my father for having driven him away.

Next morning we took the dog back to the trainer from whom we had brought it. 'What do you think I wanted this dog for?' asked my father, trying to speak calmly.

'Well,' replied the trainer, 'you said you wanted a good house dog.'

'Exactly so,' answered the dad. 'I didn't ask for a burglar's companion, did I? I didn't say I wanted a dog who'd chum with a burglar the first time he ever came to the house, and sit with him while he had his supper, in case he might feel lonesome, did I? And my father recounted the incidents of the previous night.

man was fairly inside. Then he made one savage spring at him, at him and it the chain had not been about the fellow would have earned his shilling dearly.

The dad was satisfied, now that he could go to bed in peace; and the mother's alarm for the safety of the local burglars was proportionately increased.

Months passed uneventfully by, and then another burglar sampled our house. This time there could be no doubt that the dog was doing something for his living. The din in the basement was terrific. The house shook with the concussion of falling bodies.

My father snatched up his revolver and rushed down stairs and I followed him. The kitchen was in confusion. Tables and chair were overturned, and on the floor lay a man gurgling for help. The dog was standing over him choking him.

The pater held his revolver to the man's ear while I, by superhuman effort, dragged our preserver away and chained him to the sink, after which I lit the gas.

Then we perceived that the gentleman on the floor was a police constable.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed my father, dropping the revolver, 'how ever did you come here?'

'Ow did I come 'ere?' retorted the man, sitting up and speaking in a tone of bitter but not unnatural indignation. 'Why, in the course of my duty, that's 'ow I come 'ere. I see a burglar getting in through the window, so I just follows my gentleman and slips in hafter 'im.'

'Did you catch him?' asked my father. 'Did I catch 'im?' almost shrieked the man.

'Ow could I catch 'im with that blasted dog of yours 'oldin' me down by the throat, while 'e lights 'is pipe and walks out by the back door?'

The dog was for sale the next day. Verdict Accordingly.

Coroner—'You say the deceased fell from a fifty feet wall. How did it happen?'

'Witness—'Well, yez see, somebody sed, 'Look down 't' th' bottom, Moike; there do be a toine lookin' woman goin' by.' An' he looked too suddint an, fell over, yer honor.'

Coroner—'Ah, just as I thought. Same old story—a woman at the bottom of it.'

'I broke off with that girl because I got afraid to marry her.'

'Did she show signs of a bad temper?'

'No; but after we had exchanged about a dozen letters she began to use cheaper letter paper.'

Are the Kidneys Deranged? If So, Uric Acid Poison is in Your System, and Your Sufferings Will be Great—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Make Healthy Kidneys and Cure All Uric Acid Troubles.

The most painful, the most fatal, and, consequently, the most dreaded disease of the human body, are caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood.

The nature of your ailment will be decided by your constitution. The poison left in the blood by deranged kidneys will find lodgement in the weakest part, and set up some dreadful disease.

It may be Bright's disease, diabetes, or dropsy. It may be the twanging pains of rheumatism. It may be chronic stomach troubles or bladder ailments. Whatever the form of disease this poisoned blood may cause, the cure can only be brought about by setting the kidneys right.

The experience of tens of thousands of men and women in Canada and the United States points to Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills as the most effective means of setting the kidneys right. No other kidney medicine can produce such irrefutable evidence of its wonderful curative virtue. No other kidney medicine has received such hearty endorsement from physicians. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered that Dr. Chase is a prince among physicians.

MAKES THE CAKE... DOES... PACKARD'S... Special Dressing... GIVES THE BEST SHINE... CLEANS AND PRE-SERVES THE LEATHER... L. H. Packard & Co. MONTREAL.

it, darling; say that nothing shall not say it, Magda replied quietly. 'There are forces of which we are little—forces stronger than our own against which our feeble will is as... can you mean, Magda? asked deeply impressed against his will at amidst of her tones. 'Nothing can get us save death, and that, of course our own hands; but you are well are strong—and, my dearest, you you yourself to me! I will hold you the world. You are fanciful, d... smiled, and suffered him to place her upon his arm, and they passed over into the crisp brightness of the morning. they neared the lake, which was at gloomy spot, overshadowed by the dark and bordered by reeds, they noticed it was smooth. Have you ever heard the legend under wind swept across the leader's face, and Magda shivered beneath... passed his arm round the fragile... are cold, sweetheart. Let us hurry a weird, eerie kind of spot. One only imagine any deed of darkness... aughed a cheery laugh, as though all the ill-luck in the world. Magdalen looked grave, and though w that all the brilliant color had of the sweet face she said, as they turned into the ough the woods; 'it is a depression. Have you ever heard the leg- tobing to the lake? dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things. Are happy? See, there is the church, d, faithful Emma is waiting in the give us the protection of her... afterwards did the memory of that happy Sunday come back to Vere with a bitter pang and a heart- which there was no escaping. cannot think, darling, how happy as me,' whispered Emma to her with a little squeeze of the hand. 'Wedding must be soon; there is to wait for.' dearest; and you are not going to me now. It is something tragic, is no time for such things.

# The Battle of Tien Tsin.

The first mail letters from China to the English press since the commencement of hostilities have appeared this week. Writing from Taku on June 17 the correspondent of the Times says that, although it is difficult to know exactly, the garrison of the forts there when the attack began was probably made up of 3,000 regular troops, the greater part of whom were entire strangers to the place, having been marched in only a few days before. They were good men as Chinese soldiers go, and came principally from the same province—Hunan—as their General Liu.

The correspondent describes the position of the allied fleet as follows on the day before the battle: The British Fame, first class destroyer, took up a station near the four Chinese destroyers at the Taku Naval Yard. The British Algerine lay about one third of a mile from the inner north fort. About one quarter of a mile above the Algerine lay the Russians—Bohr, Koreetch and Gilyak—moored in line, the latter too close to the lower end of Taku village, a closely built town of mud houses. In the Tongku reach, the next bend of the river, lay the German Itlis moored to one of the railway wharves, with her head down river. A little lower down the French Lion lay anchored in the stream. At another wharf higher up lay the Japanese Atago, and above her the United States steamer Monocacy, a paddle-wheel river steamer. The Atago had landing parties, but other wise she was not engaged. The Monocacy took no part in the affair, as her captain was ordered to maintain a strict neutrality, but she did some excellent Red Cross work and gave shelter to a number of foreign women and children, who there found sure protection and a generous hospitality.

Shortly after midnight the action began. The inner north fort opened fire on the Algerine. In a few minutes the Algerine replied, and shortly afterward the Bohr, Gilyak, and then the Koreetch returned the fire. The Itlis at the railway wharf at the same time put in a few shells and the Lion also fired three or four rounds.

Looking down toward the forts from the Tongku Reach the spectacle was a really fine one, as most of the forts and all the ships in the Taku Reach were exchanging a rapid cannonade. But it was a grander sight still, and one that will never be forgotten, when in a few minutes, and without hardly a word being spoken, the Itlis cast off from the wharf and quickly gathering way steamed rapidly down the stream. Without a single light or sign of life about her, and in absolute silence she sped swiftly toward the foe. As she rounded the bend opened up the Taku Reach and the vessels below saw the gallant German coming to their aid, cheer after cheer rose first from the Gilyak, then the Koreetch and Bohr, and there was no mistaking the ringing welcome that went up from the Algerine. The Lyon, lying at anchor in the stream, had fire to weigh and then turn upon the ebb side, but at the bend she was only half a mile from the Itlis, and as the brave Frenchman hove in sight he too met with a grand reception. The Itlis took station close to the Algerine, and the Lion brought up near the Koreetch, both vessels getting into close action before they swung to their anchors. The whole of the forts were now delivering a heavy cannonade from their western faces at the six gunboats with ranges that would barely average one mile.

At the commencement of the battle the Fame was detached to join the Whiting in an attack on the four Stettin destroyers lying alongside the naval yard. As they approached, the Chinese crews jumped up on the wharf and bolted. The Fame grappled one and towed it round to Tongku, then the Fame, a towboat belonging to the Taku Tug and Lighter Company, under the command of Mr. Macrae, grappled the next another towboat, the Fahwans under Mr. Blanchard, made fast to the third, and the Whiting brought up the rear with the fourth. As the latter was mooring her prize she got holed in the aft stokehold with a small shell and she at once beached till the shot stopper was fixed. These four beautiful 32 knot destroyers, abandoned without a blow being struck or a shot fired in their defence, are worth more than £100,000. Here were four most perfect and modern destroyers, and, given a couple of hours of a dark, rainy night and manned by resolute crews they could easily have accounted for most if not all of their enemies' fleet in the river.

Brave and gallant as the Chinese undoubtedly were, there could not have been

a single well trained artilleryman among them. Their projectiles were badly driven, with powder charges sometimes far too heavy, at other times so light that it just tumbled the shot a short distance. The guns were laid badly in line, and the elevation worse. Many of the guns had to be fired with extreme depression from the high redbouts. But where the Chinese gunners lost the day was in the shells failing to explode. Most of them either had no bursters or the fuses were too defective to fire the charges. That six small gunboats should receive the fire from two miles of fortified lines for six hours and escape destruction can only be accounted for in this way. The same gun would deliver a shot first on the port side of the Algerine and then on the starboard side a few feet off the beam; the next shot would go clean over her mast.

Between 4 a. m. and 5 a. m. daylight broke, and, with the flood tide to make, the gunboats, with the exception of the Gilyak, got under way. It was now evident that the Chinese had kept their best fire in reserve till daylight. The north forts poured out a much more vigorous fire than before, while the fire from the great south fort and the new fort was many times more severe. The Gilyak received a heavy projectile on her starboard beam at the water line; she made water and listed heavily, but she still kept up a lively fire. A collision was passed, and the ship being pumped out she remained at her moorings. For some time she was really in distress, and the waspish nest of snipers in the village pestered her worse than ever. The situation at this time was very serious for the allies, they steamed about boldly into the fort reach to get closer to the forts in a perfect storm of shot and shell.

Here and there in the smoke and spray a glimpse would be had of a gallant little gunboat—the Algerine, her decks alive with men stripped to the waist and working desperately, upon the bridge over the quarter deck a little group of Englishmen stood as calmly as if they were steaming up the Solent, though four big ventilators close to the bridge were badly pierced with light projectiles. The Itlis close to her and fighting just as hard; the Bohr and Koreetch steaming up and down the reach, their heavy cannonade never silent; the distressed Gilyak now getting into full swing again; and, above all, the brave little Lion, with her four large tricolors flying, steaming to any point where she could be of use, no matter what the risk. The Itlis moving downward toward the south fort was struck on her starboard bow by a heavy shot, which, passing inboard, cut into the forward boiler. She was at once a mass of steam, her captain was badly injured, and she was beached on the Taku side of the fort reach. As the light strengthened the storming parties could be seen about the north forts, the Orlando and the Japanese close together, and the Russians on the other side. All cheered and waved their arms in mutual encouragement.

At 4.54 a. m. came one of the turning points of the battle when a magazine in the northern end of the south fort blew up, and this checked the Chinese fire for a time but soon they showed themselves more determined than ever, and between 5 and 6 o'clock it certainly looked as if the attack had failed. Some of the heavy case-mated guns on the north bastion of the south fort were piled so far round as to send their blast up the reach. At this time also a greater proportion of the Chinese shells exploded. But at 6.18 a. m. the main magazine in the south fort blew up and rose about one thousand feet into the air a dense black mountain of smoke and debris and burning powder, the concussion being terrible. Every gunboat stopped firing and the forts also, and every eye was turned upon the appalling sight. Then after a few moments of comparative silence broken only by the echoes of the explosion and the former gun reports, a glorious cheer rose from the gunboats, the Russian, Japanese and British storming parties, the destroyer crews and the merchant steamers all united in one victorious shout which must have struck despair in the hearts of the Chinese garrison. It did so, for their fire gradually slackened and ceased at 6.43 a. m.

Shortly after 6 o'clock the storming parties advanced into position, and at about 6.30 a. m. the British flag was hoisted on the north fort and afterward the Japanese. All resistance had now ceased, and the garrison tried to get away. From the south port a dense mass of fugitives es-

aped across the plain and mixed with the village inhabitants flying from their homes. During the morning the forts were completely occupied by the allies. A large number of Chinese prisoners were employed in throwing the dead into the river. The garrison was 3,000 men, and they had about 1,000 casualties. Most of the guns were in good order and several had never been fired.

Writing from Tientsin on June 29 the Standard's correspondent says: 'Shell and fire have combined to wreck property and what these have spared the Cossacks have destroyed. The wretched destruction worked by the Russian troops has been indescribable. The residents have been compelled to leave their homes for some allotted shelter from the bombs, or because they have been doing home guard and volunteer duty. Yet, during their absence even when it has lasted only a few hours, their houses have been broken open, and their private property, business papers, and valuables simply torn to pieces. And this net in isolated residences apart from the beaten track, but right in the heart of the settlements, which are so small that they can be walked all over in ten minutes. Many persons have lost everything but the clothes they stand in simply in this way, and it is causing very bitter feeling. Other nationalities have had some share in this disgraceful business, I regret to say, even our own men not coming out quite clean handed; but the Cossacks are the worst and most continual offenders. Yet we owe our lives to the presence of the Russian force, and people bear this in mind as a credit balance on the Russian behalf.'

On July 4th the same correspondent writes: "A great mistake was made at the outset in fancying this was a case of the Yang-tse riots over again and a potting picnic against an ignorant, unarmed rabble. The unarmed rabble are fairly cute in their tactics and it is only by a very happy chance that their attacks have been of second rate quality. They are quite as up to the mark as their simi, or Tientsin would have been in ruins long since. It is commonly supposed that the Chinese will do nothing in the rain and under ordinary circumstances this is true enough. It is equally true that heavy rain put an end to the Tientsin massacre twenty years ago, and I believe there are other records of the course of events being favorably influenced by the weather. But in this case more than one attack has actually been commenced in a downpour, and it has now rained heavily for two hours without affecting the battle in the least. This may seem a small matter, but it is one of the many indications that we are meeting the Chinese under abnormal conditions, and shall have to take the situation seriously."

What You Liked, Too.  
An old maid came across these hints amongst some of her youthful scribbles:  
When you are married and have daughters of your own remember that once upon a time you liked—  
To giggle at the choir boys.  
To kneel on the street car seat and look out of the window.  
To lick all pans, kettles and dishes which held any sweet substance, also the egg beater when it was covered with frosting.  
To play guessing games with the children after you were in bed at night.  
To eat the scum from boiling jelly.  
To play shinny and ball with the boys.  
To wear your best clothes sometimes when it wasn't Sunday.

A Quiet Affair.  
'You might just say, as you usually do, that it was a quiet wedding and let it go at that,' said a moss grown but shrewd Arkansas citizen, who had dropped into the sanatorium of the able editor of the 'Tumlinville Banner' with a bit of news. 'You see everybody went there with the expectation of participatin' in a fight and prepared accordin', and found that everybody else had come with the same expectation and similar preparation, and the result was just about the peacefullest weddin' I ever had the pleasure of witnessin'.'

More Effective.  
'I suppose,' remarked the seeker after knowledge, 'we will pursue the same policy in China as in the Philippines—the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other.'  
'Not exactly,' replied the War Department official. 'The regulation uniform for Chinese service will have a large pocket for the Bible, leaving the other hand free to operate a machine gun.'

Brother Dicky and the Boxers.  
'Well, well!' exclaimed Brother Dicky, after earnest attention to the reading of the morning paper. 'Dum Chinamen is wusser dan de Spaniels fer fightin'. Dey sho is! De Numited States' order 'stop in

dar, take 'em two by two, tie dey pigtaile together, th'ow 'em fight it out lak' cats—dat's what! De church whar' I preaches at sent two missionaries over dar, en what you reckon dey done wid 'em? W'y, dey sot one ter ketchin' rats fer 'em, en n'er one ter b'ilin' rice! Yes, sub! En one er dem was rough on rats—fer sho! En ter show de workin' er Providence, de sperit moved de one what wuz in de rice b'ilin' business ter p'izen de whole family atter which he made his escape en preach de gospill in peace! De only way to convert dem Chinamen is ter kill 'em lust en preach dey funeral atterwards!'

### FISH-POINTING DOGS.

One Bad Effect of the Scarcity of Game About Greenwood Lake.  
'I just see a p'intor pup p'intin' a pickered down by the boat,' said young native near the upper end of the east arm of Greenwood Lake one day last month.

There were several guests sitting on the porch of the hotel and one of them jumped up and said: 'That's my dog, I'll bet.'  
Then four of the party hurried down to the shore to find the boathouse keeper and a boy and girl watching a pointer who was standing belly-deep in the water with one paw raised and his body rigid.  
'Guess he's got a fit or suthin',' said the boatman. 'He's been standing there as if turned to a stone for the better part of an hour, and we can't call him out.'

The owner of the dog remarked: 'That is a good kind of a fit to have,' and walking out upon a float he looked steadily into the water and finally saw a big pickered facing the dog and about five feet from his nose. 'Wait a moment,' he shouted, and running back to the house he got his gun and returned to the float. 'Steady, Dick,' he said to the dog, and aiming low at the pickered he turned it up with the first shot. 'Fetch!' he said, and the dog leaped forward and swam to the float with the stunned fish, which was taken from his jaws uninjured. It was found to weigh one and one-half pounds, which is good weight for 'dat' lake.

On the following day one of the party was out fishing with Ryerson and related the incident.

'Nothin' strange about that,' said the guide. 'Fact is that game's so scarce around the lake that the dogs have most all taken to p'intin' fish. I've got a pup to my house that's in the water most all the time p'intin' young bass, pickered, perch and sich, but I ain't lowerin' myself to shootin' no fish. You fish up the arm by my house and I'll bet you'll find the pup in the water on a stand p'int on a minnow or something.'

Sure enough the dog was there and on a stiff point, which he did not break until the boat scared away the fish which he was pointing. Jim said that the dog had to be tied up a great part of the time to prevent him getting stiff from steadily pointing fish in the water but that there was little else to train a dog on in the region around the upper end of the lake.

### Humility in Slavery.

A clergyman finds that the black man is worse off as a free man than he was as a slave, and therefore seriously proposes a revival of slavery. Shortly after the issue of the emancipation proclamation a Northern gentleman made the same discovery, and said to a begging black man who had come North, 'Wouldn't you like it better to be back in your own home with a master to take care of you?' 'Sah,' said the wretched sufferer, 'I don't know what you think of freedom, but the place I left am still open.'

### Unprepared Proverbs.

When a man feels doubt of his own argument he talks loud; when a woman has the same feeling she cries.

The proper study of mankind is man, but mankind is always fond of improper studies.

Before we can love right we must find the right one to love.

Only a woman can use up an hour saying no, but a man who is in love can easily dispose of half an hour saying good by.

### An Unconscious Disciple.

Trotter—'It's a favorite amusement among the Eastern fakirs to twist themselves into some muscle straining, nerve-racking, bone cracking posture, and—'

Miss Rivalton—'Isn't it funny how those odd Oriental ideas find disciples here?'

Trotter—'Why, what do you mean?'

Miss Rivalton—'Really, haven't you ever saw Mand Wayuppe play golf?'

### How It Looked to Him.

Summer hotel Clerk—'Here is your bill, sir.'

Guest—'You've made a mistake, I guess. This seems to be a bill-of-sale of the hotel and fixtures, gold links, tennis-courts, iron pier, bathing houses, dancing-pavilion, toboggan-slide, merry-go-round, electric fountain, and livery stable. I don't want

to pay for nothing but one room for two days.'

### Rather Fight a Chinaman.

McGowan (astonished)—'An' p'hy is it yer cyin'. Mac? Shure, yez gave th' coor a foine batin.'

McManus—'Yis, Oi gave him to foine black eyes; but Oi'd rather foight a Chinaman, fer I'm to be chated av the honor. Shure, he's so black they'll niver show on him!'

'What is your reason, inquired the sum-m'er tourist, 'for wanting something done to stop the young people of other cities from coming here to be married?'

'There are too many of them,' responded the esthetic citizen of St. Joe, who was not in any kind of business. 'They interfere with our view of the sunset.'

A Safe Promise.—He: 'Your father does not withhold his consent to our marriage because I am his employe, I hope?'

She: 'Oh, no! He says he'll give his consent as soon as you get your salary raised.'

Fred: 'They tell me at your office that you are only one of the clerks. And you said you were a director?'

Charlie: 'S! I am. I address the envelopes.'



### Women Are Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility and its type again in the frail flower, which languishes when neglected, and is so easily destroyed. It is a pretty simile and almost as perfect as pretty.

All women love flowers, and every woman who grows them knows that their health depends on daily care. Not alone are water and sunshine necessary to the health of the plant. Their leaves and roots must be guarded from the parasites which soon destroy the flower's beauty and undermine its life.

If a woman would care for herself as she does for her plants she would preserve her beauty and retain her strength far beyond the period when the average woman looks old and feels older than she looks.

### THE GREAT SECRET

Of woman's preservation of her beauty lies in the intelligent care of the womanly health. So close is the relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs and the health of the whole body, that whenever the feminine functions are deranged or disturbed the consequences are felt by every nerve in the body. Severe headache, backache, pain in the side, and bearing-down pains are borne with by so many thousands of women that one who is in sound health is a rare exception. Most women would give anything to know how to be cured. The way is very plain. Follow the path made by more than a half a million women who have been perfectly cured of womanly ill and weakness.

'I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Pleasant Pellets,"' says Mrs. Maria G. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C. 'Six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Pleasant Pellets" and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief. It was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicine. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much in thanks, it would be impossible for me to express by word or pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce.'

### NOTHING IS SURER

Than the effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It regulates the periods, stops disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the wife for motherhood, gives her vigor and physical strength, so that the birth hour is practically painless. It is the best of tonics because it contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. For working women in the home, store or schoolroom it is an invaluable medicine. It quiets the nerves, increases the appetite, and causes restful and refreshing sleep. Nursing mothers will find no tonic so beneficial to mother and child as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

### WHAT SHALL I DO?

That question is often on a woman's lips, for of her it is expected that she shall be ready to do something in any emergency in the home. When that question refers to health, sickness or disease, the answer will be found in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work contains 1008 large pages, and is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31-cent stamps for the book bound in paper or 50-cent stamps for the volume in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

nothing but one room for two

Rather fight a Chinaman... (an actor)...

...Yis, OI gave him to Joine... but OI'd rather foight a Chiny...

...to be chated v the honor... so black they'll never show on...

...your reason, inquired the sum... 'for wanting something done...

...to many of them, responded... in city of St. Joe, who was...

...Promise.—He: 'Your father... withhold his consent to our mar...

...Oh, no! He says he'll give his... soon as you get your salary...

...They tell me at your office that... by one of the clerks. And you...

...So I am. I address the en-



Women Are Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fair eyes are flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance.

...flower, which languishes when and is so easily destroyed. It is delicate and almost as perfect as...

GREAT SECRETS

...preservation of her beauty... intelligent care of the womanly... delicate womanly organs...

THING IS SURE

...effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite... It makes weak women strong... It regulates the periods...

WHAT SHALL I DO?

...on is often on a woman's lips... is expected that she shall be... something in any emergency...

Chat of the Boudoir.

Everything in the line of picturesque gowns turned out by English makers is being credited to Romney, and it that great and good man could rise and meet, face to face, a group of up-to-date Romney gowns he would sigh for oblivion.

The tall and slender girl is having things rather her own way this season, in some respects. For her are the flapping picture hats that make a short round girl look like a pump mushroom.

It is in the realm of tea gowns that the Empire impulse is most strongly indicated, and the adaptability of this fashion to this use may account for the unusual number of beautiful tea gowns shown even this early in the season.

A second gown of primrose crepe has a closed bolero of guipure, threaded on the collar and across the front with soft straps of black chiffon. The flowing crepe sleeve has an accordion-pleated lining of chiffon and the long tight fitting sleeve is of lace.

A robe of pale lilac cashmere has a bolero and flowing sleeves of brocade in shades of lilac and purple, and two broad bands of lace over purple panne velvet cross on the bust and define the bolero, while similar bands of lace edge the sleeves.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

The Russian blouse is once more in evidence, much more Russian and much more chic than its namesake of earlier seasons. In velvet it is particularly effective, and is trimmed with bands of embroidery on cloth or silk Russian coats, made of heavy cloth, blouse slightly at the back and very distinctly in front, and are elaborately braided and fur trimmed.

The bishop sleeve has made its way to definite favor, and with its fulness at the top, is a most comfortable fashion. It would have been hard to jump abruptly from the long tight mites sleeve to the bishop, but the flowing upper sleeves and soft undersleeves gathered into a plain wristband paved the way for the bishop sleeve with its fulness shirred into a tight wristband, and now it is perhaps the most popular model for autumn street gowns and cloaks.

Autumn neckwear shows but little that is new. Invention seems to have been squeezed dry for summer purposes, and the stocks and cravats worn with summer frocks will be adapted to winter use. Stocks of tucked silk, chiffon or velvet, lace barbes, scarfs of all kinds, are correct, but the clever girl will not trust a piece of ribbon around her throat and consider her neck dressed. The cravat must be made and finished daintily and must show it.

Certain little taffeta and satin stocks have appeared, whose ends are brought back to the front and are just long enough to tie in a tiny bow without loops, the ends being drawn up and finished with a small gold tassel or ball. Velvet cravats, gold embroidered, are also shown in the shops.

More variety and elegance are displayed in black goods than in colors so far this season, despite the prophecy that black is to be less worn than last year, save by elderly women. Pean de soie is the favorite black silk, but in the crepes and crepons and French novelties there is infinite variety. Soft clinging black wools embroidered with white, in dots or small scattered figures, are particularly effective without being conspicuous and should be beloved alike of maids and dowagers.

Panne velvet in all over Moorish and Persian designs is being much used for blouses, but the handsomest blouses yet seen are in white satin, silk or cloth, heavily embroidered. The flannel shirt waist is coming to the front in solid battations and confronts one wherever one turns. Many of the models, braided, embroidered, &c., seem to have lost their own charm of comfortable simplicity and to have gained nothing that takes its place. A shirt waist is a shirt waist, and a blouse is a blouse; and the two should go their several ways without interfering with each other.

The long, narrow purse, with chain and finger ring, seems to be the popular favorite, and is brought out in the most elaborate designs as well as in simple styles. One can pay \$25 or \$50 for it mounted in gold and jeweled, or one can pay \$1.60 for an ordinary specimen at a department store, but every woman carries such a purse at some price. The latest novelty in this line has been brought out by the firm that introduced the little purses of soft suede or castor, fastened with worked buttonholes and jewelled buttons. The new bag purse is only a larger edition of the soft, small purse, and its flap fastens with three buttons of opal, turquoise or some other semi-precious stone. A thin gold rod runs through the top of the bag to keep the soft leather from doubling into shapelessness.

The prevailing fancy for gold shows in millinery as well as in dressmaking. Stiff bows are bordered with flat gold braid, gold lace insertion or fine gold galloon is applied to chiffon, net, or velvet, for the soft folded toques. Fins gold cord is taken, in innumerable strands, and knotted into choux as one would knot baby ribbon. The same gold cord, in quantity sufficient to make a twist of considerable thickness, is wound about hat crowns and twisted through bows, much as one might use flower stems or grasses. As for the gold buckles, they are legion.

Some of the most exclusive shops are showing collars and boleros of cloth of gold, bordered and appliqued with heavy ecrú lace; and also lace collars and boleros, with gold cloth or tissue laid under the large open spaces of the design, while the rest of the lace is left transparent.

The hair is worn lower, and only those women who do not object to being out of fashion cling to the monumental pompadour. The part is the thing; on right side left side, in the middle, anywhere so long as it is becoming and is not pronounced. The straight-haired girl is more than ever to be pitied, for soft fluffiness is an absolute requisite in the up-to-date coiffure, and the delicious fluff curls around the nape of the neck that are now in vogue are not to be attained through curling tongs; or, at least, if attained, the achievement is a fugitive one, and the last state of that young woman is lamentable.

His Wife Cost her Weight in Gold. 'There is an old lady living in southern California, at the patriotic little mountain settlement known as American Flag, who is an object of much interest to strangers from the fact that she is probably the only woman on earth the valuation of whose person ever was literally appraised at her weight in gold,' said Major H. Gardner, late of the Census Bureau. 'She is 68 years old now, and the widow of one Jesus Castro, a Mexican. This Mexican was one of the first miners who struck a fortune in gold in the pioneer days of California. He lived in the Santa Catalina Mountains and returned home more than loaded down with gold dust. He fell passionately in love with his brother's daughter, a handsome girl of 17. She returned her uncle's love and consented to marry him. The priest to whom they applied, learning of their close blood relationship, refused to marry them. Castro offered as high as \$5,000 to the church as an inducement for the priest to perform the marriage ceremony, but the offer was refused. Then, as the old widow's story goes, Castro asked what amount of wealth would induce him to marry them. The priest, with the intention and expectation of impressing Castro with the hopelessness of his appeal replied: 'The girl's weight in gold.' 'Now the Mexican maiden, while not being over-buxom, was well-to-do in figure for one of her age, and Castro did not even pause long enough to ascertain what her weight might be. He exclaimed: 'Good, holy father.' 'Then he ordered scales to be brought, and, begging the girl to stand on one side of them, he poured glittering gold dust into the other side until the precious stuff balanced the weight of his inamorata. The priest was dumb with amazement, and it was a long time before he recovered sufficiently to say the promised words that made the twain one. Castro had won his bride at the cost of 125 pounds of his hoarded gold. He had a snug lot left, however, and the story is that he lived long enough to see the time that he would have taken a great deal less than her weight in gold for the wife on which his youthful ardor placed so great a value.'

The Queen's Pathetic Wish. Prince Albert, when visiting Liverpool to open the large new dock bearing his name, wrote to the queen inclosing a flower and a programme of the procession, says 'Come Notes. The same day her majesty, in a letter to Stockmar, upon whom the queen and Prince Albert so greatly relied as a counselor and friend, said: 'I feel very lonely without my master, and though I know that other people are separated for a few days, I feel habit could not make me get accustomed to it. Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days. And I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved.'

sovereign was never forgotten by the neglected maid.

The Use and Abuse of Health.

In matters of health, paradoxical as the statement is, the battle is not always to the strong. Indeed it is by no means rare to see cases where the direct cause of premature breakdown and death was an inherited good constitution. It is with health as with wealth—than which an ancestor has labored long to accumulate may be dissipated in a short time by a spendthrift heir; while, on the other hand, men are apt to be careful of that for which they have personally struggled.

It is an undoubted physiological fact that people who have inherited good constitutions, may if they choose, and barring accidents, live long lives; yet how often we see such people wasting this great gift in needless imprudences, priding themselves on the impunity with which they overtax their recuperative powers, in the possession of which they continue to insult nature.

But sooner or later nature always resents insult, and the day of retribution inevitably comes to the man who uses his principal health to gamble with, instead of contenting himself with the legitimate use of his interest.

It is, of course, does not alter the fact that one man may do things with impunity that would be suicidal in another. Our parable still holds good. His principal is larger; nevertheless, let him be satisfied with his comfortable six per cent., and not tempt fate with wildcat schemes.

Still clinging to our metaphor, we may say that, as there are many Dick Washingtons, who come to town with a penny in the pocket, but with careful thrift end by being lord mayors, so it may be with many who are poor in physical health. Recognizing their limitations, and living wholesome sanitary lives, they may actually create a constitution enabling them to enjoy long years of health and happiness.

This end is not to be attained by a fussy over-occupation with questions of hygiene, but by a brave determination, daily crystallized out, to eat properly, sleep properly, breathe properly, and pay due heed to nature's admonitions.

In this fight we have the comfort of knowing that nature herself is with us, her tendency being ever away from disease and toward health.

Sheets of Bread.

If you wish to dine off a sheet of bread, you must go to the great American desert, and ask the women of the Moki Indians to bake it for you. But if you are wise, you will not inquire too closely into the details of the process.

The preparation of the bread, in sheets hardly thicker than a sheet of paper, is a real feat among the Moki women. A corner in the principal room is set aside for the accommodation of a shallow trough, walled in with slabs of stone set on end. The trough is divided into three compartments, and in these the first process of bread making takes place.

When bread is to be made, a girl kneels behind each compartment. Shelled corn is then put on the flat stone in the first compartment, and with a course, oblong stone the first girl proceeds to rub it. The coarse meal thus prepared is passed on to the next compartment. Here it is again rubbed with a stone less coarse, and passed on to the third stage. The result is decidedly floury meal.

With a brush which is made of dried grass bound together with a string of jellie, and with which the floor is swept between times, the meal is then gathered up, and mixed with water to a thick batter. Then comes in the act of the baker. She takes a single handful of the batter and spreads it over a long flat stone, under which a fire has been for some time burning. The batter is made to cover thinly the entire surface.

When one side is baked she takes the bread by a corner and pulls it off dexterously, turning it the other side up. When it is done, a long flat basket receives it, and the baker turns the edges up all round, so that the air can get at it. Shet after sheet is baked until the basket is piled high with the blue bread, or "piki," which the baker pronounces "peka."

No salt is used in the batter, and the piki has a sweetish taste. It is usually blue, partaking of the color of the corn from which it is made. It is eaten dry or in a sort of soup. When the men go on a journey they take piki made into rolls, very much as one would roll up a sheet of wet paper, the bread being of about the same thickness as the paper.

The stones upon which the bread is baked are prepared by the old women of the tribe with great secrecy and much ceremony. They are very valuable, and



HOOD'S PILLS. Cures the torpid liver, and cures biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

are handed down as heirlooms from mother to daughter.

The first stage in the process, so says Popular Science News, is the smoothing and filling of the surface of the stone with hot pitch. It is then smoked and rubbed for many days, with an accompaniment of rude chanting. As far as a white man may know, the first rubbing is with a smooth stone, the next with pieces of wood, while the finishing work is done with the bare hands. The result is a jet black, smooth surface, to which the piki does not stick in baking.

Hunting Ostrich Nests.

Although the skin of an ostrich is worth from forty to one hundred dollars on the spot, the hunter of the desert usually prefers to search for the eggs when he has discovered an ostrich in flight. An English traveller in the Sahara, Mr. H. B. Tristram, describes this search.

Once, and once only, I had the good fortune to take an ostrich's nest, although such eggs were not infrequently brought in by the Arabs. We observed with our telescopes two birds standing for some time in the same spot, and were induced to ride toward them. They rapidly scudded off, but on intersecting their track we turned back and retraced it instead of continuing a vain pursuit.

An ostrich's track is by no means easy either to follow or to retrace, for his stride measures, when he is at full speed, from twenty-two to twenty-eight feet; and the oblong impression of two toes at so wide intervals affords no very evident track to any eyes less expert than those of a Bedouin hunter.

We retraced the impression to the spot where we had seen the birds standing together, and where the sand was well trodden down. Two Arabs at once dismounted and began to dig with their hands, and presently they brought up four fresh eggs from a depth of about a foot under the warm sand.

Ostrich egg omelet we always found a most welcome addition to our desert bill of fare, and a convenient and portable provision, for from the thickness of the shell and eggs kept perfectly sweet and fresh for a fortnight or three weeks.

Out of a Housewife's Diary.

I am completely disheartened. To night I entered the parlor suddenly and found my husband lying on one of my lovely new sofa cushions.

How impossible it is for a woman to make a home in the true sense when she is married to such an insensate man! Sometimes I feel that I should be glad to die!

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Nerves in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to Institute for the deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 710 Eighth Avenue, New York.

'No, thank you, I've got some money of my own,' said little Tommy, politely as the contribution plate passed in front of him on the occasion of his first visit to church.

If you put two men in the crime bed-room one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS FOR LADIES.

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocle, Peppermint, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EYAN & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

'The Universal Perfume.' For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

# The Indian Famine.

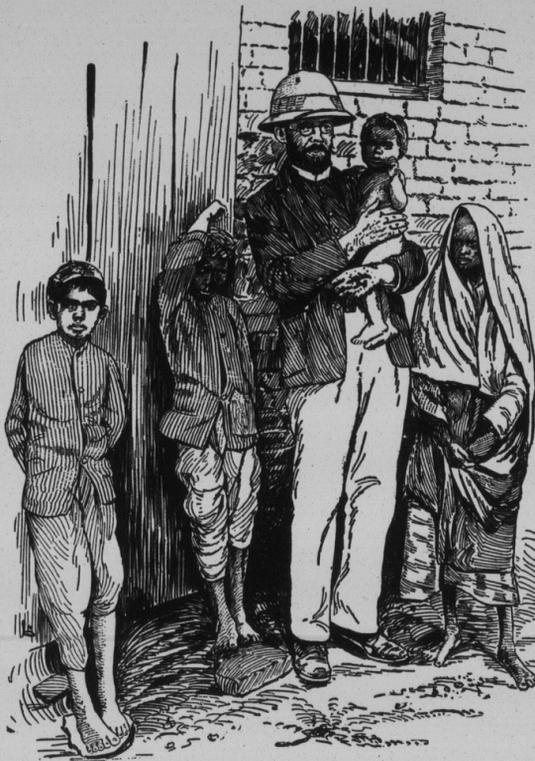
The famine is waning—what now? The period of acute distress is passed, but what about millions and millions left helpless and homeless? The death rate was perceptibly decreased, but what is to become of the half million orphans whose mother's and fathers have perished, and who are now stranded in the desolated land while they are yet only on the threshold of life?

India has been sick unto death. If the rains had not come this year, for the fatalities could not have numbered less than twenty millions. But with the rain and its promise of plenty, came relief, and the great patient is now in the period of convalescence. She needs still the closest attention of a doctor called Money, and of a nurse called Sympathy. America has been both nurse and doctor, has given both money and sympathy.

England has done the most for the distressed, of course, as by right she should; for India is her own, her greatest possession. Germany has helped a bit, and so has Russia and Holland and even Turkey; but next to England, the most money, the most help, has come from the land of stars and stripes. The American people have given of their substance over a million; the Presbyterian Board \$50,000; the Boston committee twice as much more; the committee of one hundred over \$200,000, and The Christian Herald, of New York, more than the amount contributed by all of these added together. Now the Red Cross Society invites subscription to still another fund, rather belated at the last moment, when a crop is promised within three months, but showing, first, that India still needs help and, second, that there is still confidence in the generosity of Americans to give, give, give, despite all that we have already given.

It cannot be repeated too often that the

were neglected. These children, these orphans, must be fed and clothed, and above all, educated in the ways of the



Courtesy of The Christian Herald. INDIA FAMINE, Missionary Ward and a Few of the Many Thousands of Orphans Requiring Help.

Christian living, if degeneracy is not to be the lot of India. Neglect these waifs now, these innocent victims of famine, and in a decade or two it will be noticed that India has retrograded, instead of going forward.

All the agencies for collection of relief funds in this country are planning to care for these helpless youngsters. But the plans in this direction, of all save one agency, are ill formed, clumsy in detail from lack of experience. This single exception is the agency known as the Christian Herald Famine Relief Work. This agency has had previous experience in caring for orphans. The other agencies and committees lack the benefit of such experience.

Right after the last famine, Dr. Louis Klopsch, owner of the Christian Herald, established a special Orphan Department of the Famine Relief Work. Since then, all through the three intervening years, he has supported and educated thousands of children from a worthless career, helped them toward a life of usefulness as men and women.

During the three years Dr. Klopsch has sent to India, promptly, each quarter, checks for many thousands of dollars, for

the largest contribution will be promptly acknowledged in the pages of this religious weekly.

Meanwhile measures for assisting cultivators to resume their occupation, and for helping the larger occupants to employ laborers are being adopted on a greater scale than has ever before been contemplated. Already nearly \$30,000,000 have been allotted for assistance while agricultural operations are proceeding.

These advances are made free of interest; no recovery will be made for twelve months after they are given out, and in the cases in which recovery cannot be made without hardship, remissions will be granted. Many of the poorer cultivators are being assisted from charitable funds. The dependants of cultivators who have only the means of maintaining only themselves while cultivating will receive gratuitous relief, and such relief will also be given to such cultivators as cannot obtain means of full subsistence while engaged on agricultural operations. It is believed that, by these efforts, almost all who are in need of relief will be provided for in their villages during the cultivating season.

The shelves of the British museum con-



Courtesy of The Christian Herald. AN EXTREME CASE.

This photograph, which was taken at the Godhra poor-house, shows the terrible wasting effects of famine on the human frame. Many of these cases are quite beyond the reach of medical skill. They are carefully tended in the poor-house and fed on milk and stimulants, but after a few days, when the patient seems well on the way toward recovery, the feeble flame of life flickers out.

famine waning does not mean the famine ended. Seven million people will for half a year to come, need the help of civilization. If such help should fail them even now, they would die; because a normal condition after so violent a shock is not quickly restored.

More important than any other phase of the aftermath of the famine, is the spectacle presented by the hundreds of thousands of little children left without a relation of any kind to look after them. It is the experience of all students of famine that more children than adults, proportionately, survive the period of woeful scarcity. Hence the great multitudes of orphans now wholly helpless in India is accounted for. Hence the efforts of all relief workers are now centered upon the children, who are the hope of the country.

What stuff would the next generation be made of if these children were not cared for? What mental, physical and moral deterioration would be visible in the people of India, if the lot of little tots of today, the brain and muscle of the near future,



Courtesy of The Christian Herald. INDIA FAMINE, Grinding the First Supply of Corn.

the care of the wards of the readers of his paper. The money for the purpose, \$15,000, being all that is required to support a famine-child for a whole year, has been sent to him by friends of his paper, generous hearted Americans all, and through

tain no account of a famine greater than this one which has sent over a million victims to the funeral pyre, this year in India. Lord Curzon himself admits that he has struggled with a famine greater in intensity than the [famine] of 1897, greater than any

previous visitation in any country. Last March, the Viceroy and Lady Curzon, Miss Leiter of Chicago that was, started on a tour of inspection of the breadless area. The second day on the field Lady Curzon shuddered, shed tears and retreated, hastened back to Calcutta. The young American sovereign had seen more human misery in a single day than she had expected to see in a life time. Besides, the famine authorities were not able to burn or bury the dead fast enough just then, and the Viceroy's nostrils were offended. She heard the awful groan for bread the groan of millions that was heard around the world. The tragedy of the century was and is here to be seen, a Spectacle of Human Misery on the mightiest scale. Never before have 10,000,000 people at one time been absolutely without a crumb to eat. More people have starved to death in India this year than were killed on the battle fields of this century.

The great hope of India, of course, is in security from famine, which means security from drought. The government is now considering most elaborate protective measures, such as the building of huge granaries, building irrigation works, driving artesian wells, extending the railway system, and encouraging new industries. And Dr. Klopsch has in view the establishment of numerous laundries in connection with the missions of various denominations. The most important protective measure is, of course, irrigation. The vast bulk of the people are agriculturists. To make them feel secure of their land, to ensure their prosperity, their escape from poverty and famine, is to ensure big paying returns on any amount of capital invested, in the construction of irrigation works. With plenty of water, the fertility of India's soil would become a proverb. Wherever there are driven wells, today, there is no famine. The government aims, besides, to connect all the great reservoirs built by the famine workers, with proper waterways. There is a saying in the India office in London: "To kill Famine, drown her." In other words, starvation in India can be averted in future, by literally flooding the land.

The next most effective protective measure is the extension of the railway system, so that food can be carried quickly to any distressed area. There are only 22,000

factures, multiplying railways and irrigation works, to utilizing the material resources of the country, and not only will there be no more famine, but India will be able in time to repay the outlay with compound interest.

### JUST A TRIFLE GAUDY.

The Old Man's Opinion of the Circus Wagon That Came When He Expected a Hearse.

"It's a hard life," declared the old circus man, "and I always say at the close of every season that I am through with it. But there is something in the life, the smell of sawdust, the glitter and noise, the changing scene, that appeals to a man who has once been in the business, and it is seldom that one leaves the life until death steps in. There is a good deal of humor in the business, too, as we are brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of men."

"I am reminded of a funny thing that happened to me a good many years ago when such a thing as moving a circus by rail was not thought of. It was part of my work at that time to drive our great 10,000 chariot, not only in the parade, but between towns as well. What little sleep I got I had to catch here and there on my seat while we were on our way to another town. One day my doze turned into a sound sleep, and when I awoke I discovered that the team, left without a driver, had turned into a farm yard and come to a stop before a hay stack, where they were quietly eating. While I was rubbing my eyes and trying to grasp the situation the old man who owned the hay came out where I was and walked around the chariot and looked it over with a critical eye.

"Well," said I, "with agrin, 'what do you think of it?"

"Gosh," said he, "a'n't hit jes' a trifle bit gaudy?"

"Well, what do you expect?" said I indignantly, at this implied reflection upon the great moral show that I represented.

"Well, I suppose hit is all right," answered the old man doubtfully as he looked it over once more. "I ordered hit, and I'll stand by my bargain. Hit seems ter me that hit is jes' a bit loud. But I suppose I ain't used to city ways."

"It was now my turn to be surprised, and I was about to ask him what he was driving at when he added that I might as well unhitch, as the funeral wouldn't be until 2 in the afternoon.

"Then there were explanations all around. It seems that the old man's wife had died, and he had sent to the nearest city for a funeral car, and had mistaken our great \$10,000 chariot for it. There had been a good deal of rivalry in the neighborhood in regard to funerals, and the old man had made up his mind to outshine them all, and I think he was disappointed in the end when he discovered that he had been mistaken.

### DIAMOND DYES

Will Dye any Article of Clothing from Feathers to Stockings.

The Only Package Dye That Makes Fast and Unfading Colors.



Courtesy of The Christian Herald. THE INDIA FAMINE.

These represent thousands who live without food till reduced to mere skeletons, unable to stand unsupported.

miles of railway in a land fully half the size of the United States. The rolling stock even of the existing railways is totally inadequate to the demands made upon it. Stocks of fodder purchased by charitable organizations lay for weeks awaiting transport, while the cattle for which the fodder was intended died in multitudes. Thousands of people in villages remote from railways, have died, not because there was no food, but because, owing to the death of cattle, there was no means of transporting the food. Another remedy for famine is emigration from India to the Straits settlements and the Malay States. There is a great demand in the countries mentioned for labor, and emigration would certainly relieve the stress on the country imposed by over-population and scarcity of crops.

The next protective measure in popular favor, is encouraging industries among the people other than agriculture. As a fact, if famine is to be fought successfully in future, India must be rendered much less dependent upon its resources as an agricultural country, and by this means acquire reserves of wealth to fall back upon in years of deficient rainfall. Carpet weaving is suggested as the first and most important of such industries.

Let the British parliament vote twenty or thirty millions sterling, to be administered by trustworthy officials in agricultural improvements, in developing manu-

Feathers, ribbons, silk ties, dress silks, shirt waists, dresses, costumes, capes, jackets and shawls can be dyed at home with Diamond Dyes so that they will look like new. Try a package of the Diamond Dyes, and see what a bright, beautiful, non-fading color it will make, with but little trouble.

Diamond Dyes are the greatest money savers of the age, as many a woman with one or two ten cent packages of these dyes has dyed her old dress a lovely and fashionable color so as to save the expense of a new one. Partly worn clothing can be made over for the little ones, and by dyeing it with Diamond Dyes no one would recognize that the dresses and suits were not new.

Diamond Dyes are adapted to many uses besides simply dyeing old clothing. Diamond Dyes give new life and usefulness to curtains, furniture coverings, draperies, carpets, etc. Beware of imitation and common package dyes; ask for the "Diamond" and see that you get them.

Waitress—"Roast beef mutton roast pork mashed brown potatoes beet pudding gorgonzola." "H'm, are not these things still in separate dishes?" "Yes sir." "Then why do you announce them as if they had already been made into hash?"

A mule never does much harm, for the reason that he is always closely watched. It is the old reliable family horse, which is trusted too much, that finally runs away, and injures the children.

First Boarder—"I wonder what makes his strawberry shortcake so heavy?" Second Boarder—"Don't know, but it ain't the weight of the strawberries on top, any-how."

...planning railways and irrigating the material re- country, and not only will ore famine, but India will be repay the outlay with com-

**A TRIFLE GAUDY.**

Opinion of the Circus Wagon When He Expected a Horse.

Life, declared the old circus always say at the close of that I am through with it. something in the life, the smell of the glitter and noise, the e, that appeals to a man who in the business, and it is e leaves the life until death e is a good deal of humor e, too, as we are brought into all sorts and conditions of

ended of a funny thing that e a good many years ago thing as moving a circus by ight of. It was part of my e time to drive our great 10- e not only in the parade, but e as well. What little sleep e catch here and there on a y e were on our way to another e day my dose turned into a e and when I awoke I discover- e left without a driver, had e farm yard and come to a stop e track, where they were quiet- e while I was rubbing my eyes e grasp the situation the old e the hay came out where I e ked around the chariot and e with a critical eye.

I, 'with a grin, 'what do you e be, 'a'n't hit 'em' a trifle bit e do you expect?' said I indig- e implied reflection upon the e how that I represented.

ppose hit is all right,' answer- e doubtfully as he looked it e. 'I ordered hit, and I'll e bargain. Hit seems to me e a bit loud. But I suppose e city ways.'

ow my turn to be surprised, e not to ask him what he was e he added that I might as e as the funeral wouldn't be un- e termoon.

ere were explanations all around. e the old man's wife had died, e sent to the nearest city for a e and had mistaken our great e riot for it. There had been a e rivalry in the neighborhood in e merals, and the old man had e mind to outshine them all, and e was disappointed in the end e covered that he had been mis-

**DIAMOND DYES**

Article of Clothing from e others to Stockings.

only Package Dye e Makes Fast and e fading Colors.

ribbons, silk ties, dress silks, e dresses, costumes, capes, e hawls can be dyed at home e d Dyes so that they will look e of a package of the Diamond e see what a bright, beautiful, e color it will make, with but

Dyes are the greatest money e age, as many a woman with e ten cent packages of these e d her old dress a lovely and e color so as to save the expense e. Partly worn clothing can be e for the little ones, and by dye- e Diamond Dyes no one would e that the dresses and suits were

Dyes are adapted to many e simply dyeing old clothing. e give new life and useful- e curtains, furniture coverings, e carpets, etc. Beware of imita- e common package dyes; ask for e "d" and see that you get them.

"Boast beef mutton roast pork e wnpots/oesbeespudding or e not these things still in sep- e?" "Yes sir." Then why do you e as if they had already been e ash?"

ever does much harm, for the e he is always closely watched. e reliable family horse, which is e much, that finally runs away, e the children.

der—I wonder what makes e ry shortsake so heavy! See- e—Don't know, but it isn't e if the strawberries on top, any-

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

She sighed heavily, and looked at herself long and steadily in the silver framed mirror.

Her face frightened her: it was whiter than the white satin gown she wore.

With shaking fingers she took from her dressing case a bottle of sal-volatile, mixed herself a dose, and then swallowed it.

The potent spirit revived her somewhat, and the faint color returned to lips and cheek.

She opened the door gently, listening for a moment as she did so.

Not a sound broke the silence of the dressing hour.

All were in their rooms engaged in the agreeable task of making themselves attractive for the evening's dinner party.

Magdalen closed the door of her room, and went noiselessly down the wide oak staircase to the conservatory.

To reach this she was obliged to cross the drawing room.

It was empty.

As though impelled by an unseen power she slowly passed through the fire lit room and, drawing aside the heavy curtains, entered the conservatory.

Under the palms stood Adrian Crawford.

Not until the curtains, fell behind her and the soft swish of her satin gown had melted into the silence, did the man come forward to meet the woman.

"Magda!"

Only her name, but the wonderful music of the voice, once heard, could never be forgotten.

He bent his sleek, dark head, and kissed her at the touch of his lips she trembled again.

She appeared turned to stone, save for the quivering of the diamond star that glittered above the white brow.

"Ah! leave me, Adrian," she sighed. "Have pity on me—take away that which you have laid upon me—let me be as I used to be before I saw you. You cannot—listen to me. I am engaged—oh, dear heaven! only on Saturday, to a good, true man, who loves me. I shall be happy with him. I want to be happy. I am so young—I want rest and peace. Adrian, have you no pity?"

His dark eyes burnt into hers, which dropped beneath what she read there. He smiled slowly, but did not answer the passionate appeal.

His eyes were still fixed upon hers.

"Adrian, don't you understand? I am going to be married. I have promised to marry him. I love him."

She gazed up into his face.

The hunted expression and the pleading in the lovely eyes would have touched a heart of stone.

But it made no impression on Adrian Crawford.

"You love me," he said in low, vibrating tones. "You do not want to, but you do. You cannot help it; it is your fate."

His voice had sunk to a whisper, and he took her chill hand in his.

Magdalen shivered, and the words seemed wrung from her pale lips—

"Then God help me!"

"It is of no use to struggle against Fate, Magda. You would do well to realize that. I mean, against that power which tools call 'Fate.' You are mine, and to possess your body as I do your soul is my desire and my will will. What you term your 'engagement' is nothing to me. I am sorry for him—the man—but take this evening—I give it to you and him. After to-night, Magda—"

He did not finish his sentence, but Magdalen dazed understood.

She turned towards the curtains, but his hand stayed her.

"It will be as well that you give no sign that we have met before. I know that to the present you have not done; and be careful. Now you had better go; but they will soon be curtains."

He raised her head, and passed through into the brightness beyond.

Lady Emma rustled up.

"Magda, dear, let me introduce M. Adrian Crawford—Miss Durer," and she rustled away again.

Crawford bowed low, and taking the seat beside Magda, exerted himself to please and fascinate.

He was at his best, and Adrian Crawford's 'best' was very good indeed.

Presently Vere Tempest came in hand- some, well groomed and honest looking—a typical Englishman and soldier.

Magdalen's miserable eyes, in which still dwelt that haunting tear, rest upon the man to whom she had given a hollow promise, as, alas! she now too well knew it to be.

He hurried to her side.

"I am late dearest! I can't think how it was he began in her ear; but—"

He broke off suddenly, and a slight frown puckered his forehead as he noticed who her companion was.

So this was Mr. Adrian Crawford!

This tall, slender, elegant man, with the Continental grace of bearing about his every movement.

The British novel became deeper.

Crawford saw it, and smiling, rose, with light words of well-bred apology, and Tempest sank into the vacant chair.

"So that is Emma's latest 'find,' is it?" he said, with a short laugh. "Well, I wasn't wrong. I don't like him—not a little bit. Magda, darling, promise me you'll have nothing to do with him; he isn't the kind of fellow I'd like my own girl to see much of. Promise, dear."

"I won't see him—more than I can help, I mean," adding quickly, as Vere was about to speak: "But we are staying in the same house, and one can't be rude to a fellow guest."

"No of course not," returned her lover, plying his mustache savagely.

He felt at that moment that he had it in him to be very rude indeed to this insolent, half bred foreigner, as he mentally termed him.

"I know you will do as I ask, dear," he said presently, but he did not appear half

satisfied.

It was a brilliant dinner party that evening.

Adrian Crawford held the whole table enthralled by his keen wit and the brilliancy of his conversation.

His satire was sharp, yet delicate, and this, added to the melancholy beauty of his half foreign face, predisposed the women, and most of the men, in his favor.

Although Tempest admitted the man's charm, he could not rid himself of the feeling of aversion with which he regarded his vis-a-vis.

Magdalen was beside him.

She was very silent, and her lover noticed jealously that her eyes were continually fixed upon the dark ones opposite to her.

Crawford had taken in pretty Mrs. Norton, who was looking her very best in a Faquin creoson, all rose color, brocade and iridescent chiffon, and was indulging in a wordy war with her, such as the little woman thoroughly enjoyed.

She was rallying him on his apparent nationality.

"It's no manner of use, pretending you're not from the 'sunny South,' she was saying. 'Italian' is plainly written upon your face."

"I don't wish to 'pretend,' replied Crawford, bending his dark, splendid eyes upon her. 'My mother was an Italian.'

"I thought as much," whispered Vere, who had overheard this scrap of conversation, to his companion. "Adventurer—charlatan!"

"Hush! Don't say that. You are unjust. You don't know—you can't know," replied Magdalen, and her tones were so agitated that Vere gazed at her in dismay.

"At this moment Crawford fixed his eyes upon her.

She rose hurriedly, white and trembling.

"You are ill!" exclaimed Tempest and Lady Emma simultaneously.

"Yes; I am ill."

And she sank back into her chair unconscious.

Confusion prevailed as Tempest tenderly carried his betrothed to her room, accompanied by Lady Emma.

Crawford went forward with offers of assistance, but Vere pushed him rudely on one side, with a curt "You're not wanted."

Adrian only struggled to his feet, with a peculiar smile, and resumed his seat.

"I can't think what made her faint," remarked Edith Norton to her companion when order had been restored, and the guests, at Lady Emma's express desire, were once more busy plying knives and forks. "The room isn't over hot. As for me I'm chilly; but then, I'm a cold-blooded little mortal. There! I feel how cold my hands are."

With a coquettish little movement she laid her small, jewelled hand on Crawford's coat sleeve.

Bending towards the fair, fluty head beside him, he took the white hand in his; his inscrutable eyes sought hers.

"You are not cold-blooded," he said in her ear. "I will tell you what you are. You are—"

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "Don't—no! no! no!"

She had become very pale, and the disjointed words fell graspingly from her lips.

She snatched her hand from his grasp.

The color returned to her face, and she laughed nervously.

"What on earth did I say? I can't think what came over me for the moment. I felt so strange. Mr. Crawford, if you looked long at poor Magda like—like that, I don't wonder she fainted."

Mrs. Norton was recovering herself. She looked up at him archly.

"I do believe that you have the evil eye," she said.

"I wonder how you can believe in such nonsense," broke in Captain Leslie, who sat on the pretty widow's other hand, and who was none too well-pleased at the way in which Adrian Crawford had been monopolizing her attention throughout the dinner. "Mrs. Norton, I'm quite surprised at anyone so charming and sensible as you being taken in by such stuff."

As he said this the gallant captain gave Crawford an unmistakable scowl.

Edith Norton laughed.

He was jealous then! What fun!

She looked from one to the other, foreseeing sport.

"I don't know about nonsense," she said. "I know there are such things, and I believe Mr. Crawford possesses the secret of them. You've only to look at him to tell as much. I believe he could mesmerize anyone very easily. You could, couldn't you?" with an upward glance that further maddened Jack Leslie.

"He'd better not try," he began angrily, and then remembered that, as yet, he had no earthly right to interfere.

"I am a mesmerist," replied Crawford gravely ignoring the other man's wrath; "but you would not be a good subject, Mrs. Norton. I shall not try my powers upon you."

"You had better not my friend," muttered Jack sotto voce.

Well, upon Magdalen Durer, oh! P said the pretty widow sadly, as she rose to leave the table with the other ladies. "I believe she is under your spell already, although you met her for the first time this evening."

Adrian smiled at her, his mysterious subtle smile, for which Jack Leslie could have kicked him.

Magdalen did not appear again that night and for Vere Tempest the evening was spoiled.

The following morning Magda came down to breakfast as usual, and made light of her fainting fit of the previous evening.

Tempest watched her anxiously.

He put it all down to Oswald, and again he asked himself "Why?" but no answer came to him.

It was a glorious day.

The sun shone out with a brilliancy that made one almost forget it was winter.

Lady Emma and her guests were in the

highest of spirits; the news had been brought up by one of the keepers that not only would the ice on the lake bear, but that it was in splendid condition.

"Capital, capital!" exclaimed her ladyship, gaily clapping her hands like the child she really was at heart. "George do you hear that? We are all going to the fall lunch time, and you must come too."

"It's all very well for you, my dear," said the good natured baronet, with a comical expression of dismay upon his good-looking face; "but you never think of us hunting men. I had so hoped last night that we were about to have a thaw."

"You nasty, selfish, abominable, creature!" exclaimed his pretty wife. "Come, Edith—Magda, let us punish him between us. He richly deserves it."

Sir George laughed, and escaped from his fair tormentors.

"Mind, we all start at ten thirty sharp!" called out Emma Trelawney in the hall.

"Mr. Crawford, you skate, of course?"

"Oh yes, Lady Emma—a little," was the reply.

"I should say there is nothing Mr. Crawford isn't equal to—it he chooses!" remarked Jack Leslie nastily.

Mrs. Norton had hardly spoken a word to him all breakfast time, and he left her must revenge himself in ever so small a way.

"You are right, Captain Leslie—there isn't," said Adrian Crawford, with that strange smile of his.

Edith Norton laughed, and told him she should, one day, call upon him to prove his words and then they all dispersed to don their skating costumes.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

**DANGEROUS EXTREMES.**

THE SEASON WHEN Paine's Celery Compound SHOULD BE USED.

Nothing Like it For Health-Building.

A sudden jump from torrid heat to weather of a changeful character! The change is a serious one for the ailing, weary, sleepless, despondent, irritable and for those whose nerve energy is almost exhausted. The quickly varying temperatures experienced during this month, add to the sufferings and burdens of men and women whose systems are deranged or broken down.

Long years of triumph and success have established the fact that Paine's Celery Compound is the infallible cure for the fearful ills that result from an impaired nervous system and impure blood.

Paine's Celery Compound makes nerve fibre and nerve force; it purifies and enriches the blood; it promotes sleep and gives to the entire system a fullness of health and strength that makes life a pleasure.

Our best people are users and friends of Paine's Celery Compound and recommend it to their friends; it is prescribed daily by some of our best physicians.

SEEKING MRS. GODFREY OFF.

Things They Remembered to Say and Articles They Forgot to Settle.

Do we ever say more idiotic things than when we go to railroad stations to see our friends off? Do our faces ever look more vacuous than when we hurl our last imbecile remarks at the car windows? Do we ever make feeble jokes or more imbrue our advice in commonplace? I think not.

Mrs. Godfrey is a charming woman, and she has been heard to say that she was proud of her friends; but do not think she was proud of them yesterday when they gathered in the Union station to bid her farewell before she left for Honolulu. Neither did she shine with any particular lustre. We were gathered in the women's waiting room when she came in. After she had greeted us all, bought her ticket and sent a man down to check her baggage a most appalling silence fell on the group.

"You'll write to me before you get to San Francisco, won't you?" Margaret Deane said with the most intense fervor.

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Godfrey answered. "I'll write to you six or eight times."

Another silence fell, broken by MacDonald. "Will you have to change cars?" he asked anxiously. MacDonald thinks no more of crossing the Continent than he does of buying a cigar, but he added: "It's the deuce to change cars, you know."

"No, I don't have to change cars till I get to 'Frisco," Mrs. Godfrey said. This remark was hailed as a joke and we all laughed uproariously.

"You are the jolliest woman!" little

**Seal Brand Coffee**

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity.

It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely.

**CHASE & SANBORN,**

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Wakfield said admiringly. "We'll all miss you awfully."

A chorus of regret arose. Mrs. Godfrey said that we must remember that she was coming back in the spring.

"And then you'll be our Honolulu queen," the Infant said.

"Now, don't get the plague, sweet old Mrs. Chisholm said, 'and have you got my belladonna plasters for seasickness? And have you got those tablets? They are so good if you—"

"Mrs. Godfrey, you ought to have some dried beef to chew if you get seasick," MacDonald said. Everybody now offered a sure cure for seasickness, and Mrs. Godfrey pretended that she would buy them all in San Francisco.

Another silence fell on the company. "I wonder what time you get to Omaha," Margaret Deane asked. Mrs. Godfrey didn't know nor care, but Wakfield and MacDonald got a folder and spent several minutes in fixing the exact minutes. We then held a short argument on the best position for a berth. Before this question in which nobody felt the slightest interest was settled, Wakfield discovered that it was time to go down to the train.

The women all squealed at this announcement; the men fought courteously for the privilege of carrying Mrs. Godfrey's hand luggage. We all went into the car with her. The men shook hands with Mrs. Godfrey and the women kissed her daintily between sobs. "Now, do write to us all," Mrs. Chisholm said, "and remember about the belladonna plaster."

"Yes, do write often and tell us all about the Sandwich Islands, the chorus cried. Good-by—good by."

We filed out of the car and then gathered in a knot under Mrs. Godfrey's window. We wiped our eyes and smiled out. Don't get married while you are gone," the Infant said in a sudden accession of idiosyncrasy.

Mrs. Godfrey laughed and Wakfield and MacDonald looked at the Infant as if they desired ardently to eat her—bones, picture, hat and all. Mrs. Chisholm said that marriage was a lottery. Nobody disputed this and Margaret changed the subject by asking if Mrs. Godfrey was sure she had her ticket and her check.

The traveller showed them to us. It was time for the train to move. We all said again. "Good-by—be sure to take care of yourself. Don't forget to write," and those other senseless things that people say through car windows.

Mrs. Godfrey smiled and said "Good-by, goodby."

The train moved out of the shed and we were turning away when the Infant had a gleam of lucidity. "Why, Mr. MacDonald you forgot to give her that box of candy and Mr. Wakfield has got his roses in his hands yet. The two men looked first foolish, then vicious. Mrs. Chisholm dived into her reticule and set up a loud wail. "And I forgot to give her the belladonna plasters." She turned to the Infant. "Here, dear, you take them. They'll be real convenient when you go to school this fall."

"Thank you," the Infant returned. She looked hopefully toward Wakfield and MacDonald, expecting them to follow suit with the flowers and candy, but they only glared at her and went up the steps toward the street. The rest of us followed. Some how we all felt that we had not distinguished ourselves in the parting hour.

Obedient Instructions

A certain charming young lady is visiting friends on Topoka avenue. She graduated from Kansas University and is still in her teens. The other evening she was having a tet-a-tete on the porch with the youngster who is the eldest son of her hostess—when the subject of age was brought up.

"And how old are you?" the little fellow asked.

"How old would you think?" came the reply, and to the young lady's amusement and his mother's discomfort (the boy promptly replied: "twenty five.")

His mother then told him that whenever he was asked to guess a young woman's

age he must say "16."

Sunday night a few friends of the Topoka avenue hostess came up. Again the conversation drifted to age. This time the young boy thought he would be all right, so when asked to guess the age of one of the young women he replied; "I guess you are 16, but you are older than mamma."

**A CARD**

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headaches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hohen, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. B. Waters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.

C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Pines, Druggist, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

"I understand it is pretty generally conceded now that golf is not a good hot weather game," remarked the man who doesn't play.

"Oh, the game is all right," replied the feminine enthusiast. "The trouble is we don't dress properly for it."

"What kind of a costume would you suggest?"

"A bathing suit."

"Let's play," he said promptly. "But of course she declined. If there had been nothing but sand on the links it might have been different."

"Mamma, is nurse a boxer?"

"Why, no, dear. What makes you ask such a question?"

"Cause she boxed papa's ears when he tried to kiss her."

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**

Genuine

**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**

Genuine

**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Dolly Drives the Powder Cart.

Say, Dolly. Dan Lewis wants me to go hunting with him this afternoon. Do you think you can take the team on to Lewiston?

'Oh yes,' I cried eagerly, in answer to my brother's question, 'if you'll let me!'

'Well, I want to go with Dan awfully,' Albert said, 'and I don't see anything to hinder. The horses are as steady as sheep and I shouldn't deliver any powder this side of Lewiston, anyway.'

This was when the powder mill were in operation at North Buckfield, Maine, fully thirty years ago. Albert drove one of the two-horse teams for delivering the powder to customers.

His route lay from Buckfield through the intervening towns to Portland, and included several outlying towns in Cumberland county. Occasionally I accompanied my brother on these trips.

Albert and I soon became accustomed to the proximity of the powder, and commonly thought no more of the danger than if the cart had been filled with sawdust.

'I haven't any objection to you end your sister and the horses putting up with me,' said one cautious man, 'but I'm not going to tempt Providence by keeping that powder cart nigh my buildings.'

Albert would laugh, he rarely argued the case, and drive the powder cart off to an open field a quarter of a mile or more distant, and leave it for the night, where, 'If it did take a notion to blow up, it couldn't smash everything to splinters,' as one old lady remarked.

dread of meeting teams, more particularly as the high way was so narrow in places that turning out was an impossibility.

I fancied the pines drooped their branches more than usual, and that their needles clustered hung more limp. The horses' hoofs struck with a soft resonance on the grass grown highway. I had driven only a short distance into the woods, when there came a sudden faint rattle overhead, and the languid pines began to stir under the impulse of the awakened wind.

'What is it, old doggie?' I asked. 'Do you think a woodchuck has run along along here?' He was a famous woodchuck hunter.

For answer, he gently thumped the leather cushion with his tail and contended his sniffling, his eyes fixed straight ahead. I could not hear anything except the wind, which had suddenly become so strong that the pine boughs were tossing wildly.

A faint twinge of anxiety shot through my mind at the idea of a fire coming near my inflammable load, and wishing to get out of the woods as soon as possible, I shook the reins and chirped to the horses.

Suddenly a volume of smoke poured down into the road. In an instant, as it seemed, the roar and the crackle of fire broke on my ears. Through the smoke I saw dusky flames shoot up the trunk of a pine a few yards to the right.

I strained my eyes to look ahead, but could see nothing for the smoke. The roar of the flames in the woods sounded thunderously loud and ominous. Cinders and burning pine needles were blown upon all sides.

The fire was nearer the highway now. Curling flames crept, serpent like, up the trunks of the roadside trees. Blazing pine-needles dropped upon the old canvas top and on the horses, but fell harmless on the animals' wet sides, for they were reeking with perspiration.

'Go 'long, Dick! Go 'long Jim!' I shouted to the galloping horses; and on we rumbled, while flames began leaping up the nearer roadside trees, and off in the woods the fire roared and snapped and crashed and several times I heard the crash of falling pines.

For answer, he barked louder, and I could see that he was scratching frantically at the powder casks. I made my way backward over the kegs to the dog, who pawed and barked more violently as I near.

The sides of the two remaining casks were glowing ember bright, ready the next moment to burst into flame. The explosion of one keg meant destruction to everything! In a frenzy of terror, I seized one burning cask and then the other and flung them out upon the ground.

The woods soon closed in again, and from this sign I remembered that we were nearly out of the forest. The blackened still glowing here and there, showed that the fire had been here, too.

A little farther on, and the burning woods were behind. The horses, panting and trembling with fear and exhaustion, checked their mad run and walked slowly forward. I shook all over, and my teeth chattered as if with cold.

'For goodness' sake, Dolly, why didn't you leave the old cart to blow up?' Albert cried.

'Well, you're a brave little goose!' he said, admiringly. 'You did what I would not have done. I wouldn't have gone through those burning woods as you did for all the powder carts in the country!'

'Pat—For no man will I wave a red flag when I have a grane wan!'

'Your lam!' is late getting off for your summer trip.'

'Every dog has his day,' sighed the rhinoceros, trying not to feel hurt at the laughter of the crowd.

'PAIN KILLER is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains it is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Dav's.'

The Beard That Grew. She—Why didn't you shave? He—I do. She—When? He—Just after you said you were nearly ready.

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk one—try it.

BORN.

- Windsor, Aug. 29, to the wife of Frank Shaw, a son. Yarmouth, Aug. 27, to the wife of Fred Metzler, a son. Hall's, Aug. 26, to the wife of Fred Metzler, a son.

MARRIED.

- Charlottetown, Aug. 21, Maise Cody to Archibald McKenna. Annapolis, Aug. 4, by Rev J. Davis, John Wood to Mary Corbun.

DIED.

- Halifax, Richard Calloway 66. Pictou, Aug. 19, Edna E. Ross 7. Glasgow, Thomas H. Gilbert 50.

DeSable, Aug. 19, Mrs Annie Mackinnon 30. Sherbrooke, N. S., Aug. 14, Wm L. Tate 28. Antigonish, Aug. 29, Charles McDonald 13.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, etc.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC

Short Line to Quebec VIA MEGANTIC. Lv. St. John 8.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

'IMPERIAL LIMITED' Ocean to Ocean in 116 Hours.

Knights of Pythias Meeting, Detroit, Mich. Aug. 27th to 1st. One fare for the round trip.

Summer Tours, 1900. Send for booklet. Shall be glad to quote rates for special tours on application to

W. H. C. MACKAY, D. P. A., C. P. R. C. P. A., C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Wednesday, July 4th, 1900, the Steamship & Train Service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lv. St. John at 7.00 a. m., daily arrive at Digby 9.45 a. m. Returning leaves Digby daily at 2.00 p. m. Arr. at St. John, 4.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lv. Halifax 6.35 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lv. Digby 12.30 p. m., arr. in Yarmouth 2.25 p. m.

FLYING BLUENOSE.

Lv. Halifax 6.00 a. m. arr. in Yarmouth 4.00 p. m. Lv. Yarmouth 8.15 a. m. arr. in Halifax 9.15 p. m.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., daily except Sunday immediately on arrival of the Express Train from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Suburban for Hampton 6.50. Express for Campbellton, Fergus Falls, Pictou and Halifax 7.15.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sydney and Halifax 6.00. Suburban from Hampton 6.50. Express from Sussex 7.15.

D. J. FORTINGHAM, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., June 15, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.