

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT.

THE ELECTIONS ARE OVER AND LIBERALS ARE CROSS.

Some of the interesting things that happened during the day—the bets that were made and how they were made—some of them amusing.

Dominion elections come but once in five years but when polling day does arrive it leaves behind it many amusing incidents and stories, the majority of which are well worth repeating. The funny events which happened during the campaign have been very nearly all made public by the opposing press, but in the excitement of victory and defeat the same journals overlooked the petty guerres carried on in this ward and the lively tilt which happened in that district. The polling booths were much livelier this year inasmuch as the voters for three parties were engaged, instead of the usual dual partisanship. Hastening for votes was therefore of the warmest nature. The clerk of the weather was most benign and even invalid clerks were enabled to cast their ballots pro and con so pleasant was the day. At five o'clock when the casting of votes was suspended a grand rush was made by the followers of the respective parties to the Opera house, Institute and Sutherland's hall and gradually as the returns came in from the city and suburban districts they showed their approval of the figures placed on the boards with enthusiasm ranging from the zero point to boiling heat almost. The crowd that surged into the opera house was a victorious and consequently hilarious one. The successful candidates addressed the men, everybody smoked and a dozen or more stray conservatives were smitten down over the eyes and ears of their owners. Speeches were on draught, so to speak; any ambitious youth could have distinguished himself by facing the vast audience for the recitation of even "Mary's Lamb" would have brought forth loud applause. It was quantity, the crowd was looking for, not quality; and they got it. When the meetings broke up the principal streets were flooded with citizens. Each train brought more and between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock p. m., King street appeared indeed a miniature Broadway. Groups of excited electors and heeled on with their followings stood at every few paces relating the day's experiences, and ever and anon three cheers and a tiger would be heard given for a successful candidate as he passed along the street.

A lady whose husband was a most enthusiastic Independent rejoiced in the possession of a brand new black silk dress as the result of a wager. Tuesday was the ninth anniversary of their marriage, and, mistled perhaps, by the enthusiastic meeting of Monday evening the man made all sorts of wild promises and wagers, but the silk dress matter was the only one his wife held him to and he accepted the inevitable with about the same degree of meekness that the majority of Conservatives accepted defeat.

Perhaps the state of mind in which a follower of Mr. Hazen found himself when he discovered that by his own written promise he was obliged to walk from the foot of King street to the fountain in the Square in his stocking feet was the most amusing of all. He no doubt would have conveniently forgotten the matter but was reminded of it many times on Wednesday and on the evening of that day several friends among whom were five ladies assembled to witness his humiliation. When Germain street was reached his triumphant tormentors kindly consented to let him off the rest of the walk and in consideration of this favor the victim treated the party to ice cream.

A young lady who is one of the most devoted adherents of the conservative party, has found life almost unbearable since the 23rd of June. Her faith in the party was unbounded. Although exceedingly nervous as the evening progressed and defeats thick and fast were announced, her admirable courage never flagged for an instant not even when it was almost certain that there was no hope whatever. Wednesday morning brought some unexpected developments and it was faint hope was a grain of comfort. Wednesday morning brought defeat and several other things beside. The first of these was a telegram from her native county and contained the words "Cold conservative we there isn't it." During the forenoon three memorial cards with appropriate sympathetic messages were received from city friends, and as the day wore on a pair of black cotton gloves, a mourning hat band and some black ribbon were placed among the souvenirs. The evening mail brought more condolences while to add to her agony came two more telegrams one of them from the successful liberal candidate who is also a personal friend with this message "Resigned in Peace."

Since Thursday last no suspicious looking letter or parcel has been opened personally by the lady in question who confidently expects to be able to return all the articles in 1901.

With a good eye on the \$12,000 subsidy purse the "Telegraph" newspaper was receiving visitors in a manner ridiculously hospitable while its "vestments contemporary" was seemingly struggling to swallow the gall, smile and endeavor at any risk, to look pleasant. At the close of the election day the clergymen swelled the throng and more than once were the surprised voters seen wrangling most decidedly over the all-absorbing question of the hour.

During the day Col. Tucker the Liberal county candidate with his handsome equipage, footman and hackneys drove around town to the heavy heart-throbs of sentimental opposition. Mr. Ellis also rode but in his own conveyance. Dr. Fugley was seated in a stylish turnout with his wife and lady friends, while Messrs Hazen and (ib) crowded into a single-seated light carriage and guided the heavily burdened horse-womanly about the city.

In Dukes ward a well-known militia man and a gentleman sport were opposing one another at one of the booths. The contest was so keen between the gentlemen that the least straw of provocation would plunge them into dire conflict of words at least. The occasion soon came when the militia man hoodwinked a theretofore good Conservative and persuaded him materially to change his political ideas. The man voted Liberal whereupon the athletic organization opened up a volley of heated disapproval, claiming foul play, etc. The friends of the verbal antagonists seeing that the vocabularies of the heeled were fast diminishing put a stop to their wordy war by separating the principals.

Finance Minister Foster tried his best to have Col. Donville defeated in Kings

OBJECTED TO THE BAND.

AND THE FORRESTERS WENT TO THE TABERNACLE CHURCH.

The Newspapers Were a Trifle Premature in Their Announcements—The Forrester Have a Membership of 500 in Halifax-Splendid Demonstration.

HALIFAX, June 25.—The Independent order (of Forrester) paraded for divine service on Sunday, headed by a band of music. They attended the Tabernacle baptist church. How they came there, and why the Methodist lost the Forrester's silver collection, was rather peculiar. A prominent member of the Forrester is Mr. Dean who is also an attendant of Charles Street Methodist church. He told Rev. A. C. Borden, the pastor of that church, that the Forrester would be glad to have him preach to them on the occasion of their proposed parade. The Rev. gentleman consented. It was Dean's intention, however, to obtain permission from Brunswick street Methodist church, which is larger and grander, and more central, to have the parade there. One of the evening papers prematurely got wind of the proceedings and in an item announced that the parade would take place to Charles street headed by a band. This was the first the Charles street church people heard of the matter, and taking the newspaper paragraph as gospel truth, their authorities voted against allowing anything of the kind, the particular objection being to the Sunday band.

This action knocked Dean's calculations and arrangements completely out. Charles Street was put out of the question and he could not go to a sister congregation in the face of Charles Street's adverse vote on the Sunday band. With the refusal of the churches Mr. Borden, too, was out of the business. So the committee of arrangements betook themselves with neatness and despatch to the pastor of the Tabernacle baptist church, and an agreement was readily come to, for the Sunday parade to that place of worship.

The demonstration that took place was highly creditable to the order and was admired by all who saw it. Nine years ago the Forrester obtained a foothold in Halifax and today there are 800 names on the membership roll; pretty good progress. **MADE TO OBEY THE LAW.**

A Halifax Civic Obedience is Ordered to Promptly Obey on.

HALIFAX, June 25.—What privileges has a civic official regarding the observance of city ordinances not possessed by the ordinary, humble citizen? Chief O'Sullivan and Policeman Tim Sullivan think such an official has no law-breaking prerogatives not possessed by the civic servant master, the tax-payer. This was made manifest the other evening. It seems that a rather prominent civic official and a group of companions were standing in a shop entrance on Barrington street, watching passers by on that great promenade. The policeman's sharp eye and quick ear caught sight and sound of the gay company, and not being a "respector of persons" he told them to "move on!" This would have been a reasonable order to most people, but to this civic servant in question it was taken as a slight if not as an insult. Chief O'Sullivan happened along just as the first change of views took place, and he hesitated not to thrust in his opinion. It came in the form of a second order to "move on." Even in the august presence of the chief the civic servant felt like arguing the point. Naturally this slightly riled the genial head of the police force, and he plainly let his man see this. He was told that one man was as good as another and that if he did not "move on" he would be served with a summons to appear before Stipendiary Fielding at the earliest possible moment and explain why. This excothed utterance had the desired effect and the group, official and all, quickly disappeared in the darkness. The youth has now a more accurate idea of what a city ordinance may compel than ever he had before, which is well.

DID THEY DIE OF FRIGID.

Two curious cases of death in the North End talked about.

Two deaths occurred in the North End within the past week under such extraordinary circumstances that much has been said by the neighbors, especially with regard to the one of them, which is said a seven year old child was in a measure, responsible for.

On Sunday evening last, it will be remembered, this section of the universe was visited by a severe thunder storm accompanied by a deluge of rain. One section of the city felt the storm as much as the other yet no fatalities were reported in any place except Pleasant Point opposite Indiantown.

SIR LEONARD'S DEATH.

HE PASSED AWAY WEDNESDAY AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS.

A Familiar Figure on the Street—An Estimate of Him as Writer and Publisher by One Who Knew Him Well—His Funeral Takes Place This Afternoon.

All that is mortal of Sir Leonard Tilley will be laid away this afternoon. He died at an early hour Wednesday morning of blood poisoning caused by a slight scratch upon the foot, after but a few days illness. His was a familiar figure upon the streets and especially upon Canterbury where, in the Walker building, are the offices of the Imperial Trusts Company, of which he was president, as well as those of his two sons who are engaged in insurance and legal business.

Sir Leonard was not a buy man in the usual acceptance of the term. He always had time to talk to his friends and delighted to dwell upon the familiar times of years ago with some old friend who could remind him of the incidents of those earlier days. The writer has seen him frequently in the Board of Trade reading room lay aside the paper he was engaged upon and reminded by some paragraphs therein begin to talk of the events of a score of years ago. He had a good memory and was a most interesting conversationalist.

So much has been written about his work and his life that PROGRESS can add nothing new but in the Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe the author Mr. G. E. Fenety who enjoyed the warm friendship of Sir Leonard writes of him and his times as follows:—

Sir Leonard Tilley came into politics among the new school of liberals, just about the time that responsible government was won by the old liberal party and recognized by all parties in New Brunswick, in 1855. Mr. Tilley, perhaps, was the most successful and lucky politician that this province has yet produced—it success can be measured by his lengthened tenure of office, for with the exception of a couple of years perhaps, he continued to occupy an official position, of one kind and another, almost from the day he was first elected for St. John, until his final retirement from the Dominion Government, extending over a period of probably thirty years. It must have been luck or abilities to account for this favourable showing, but no doubt it was both combined with a suave and kindly bearing. Mr. Tilley became the first provincial secretary in the first responsible party government of New Brunswick, on its formation in 1855—an office which was looked upon at the time so difficult to fill on account of its financial duties, that nobody thought Mr. Tilley—then quite a young man—was capable; but his first budget speech settled that doubt, for he succeeded in its delivery; and the marshalling of his figures far beyond expectation, and was pronounced from that moment to be "a very clever man"—according to a colloquial expression. He was among the young reformers who gave to this province all the great changes the people enjoy this day—such measures as vote by ballot, enlarging the franchise, quadrennial parliaments, reduced expenditures in all the departments, etc., etc. As a liberal he was ever consistent and firm and strictly honest as a politician. Such a thing as "hooding" and jobbing with contractors and other such acts of spitticism, no liberal of that day would countenance for a moment. It remained a later period for this Upas tree to be planted by designing hands and take root in our soil to the destruction of every interest, life and property perhaps included. When consideration was proposed in

TRURO IS HAVING SOME VERY EXCITING TIMES.

Politics in the Shade.

TRURO, June 22.—Just now Truro is very much excited over the color question, and nightly, crowds assemble on Railway Esplanade and Igloo street, to watch and participate in the scenes occasioned by it. The colored population of Truro, amounting to at least one-third of the entire population, live in the West end of the town on what is known as "Nigger Island." In the extreme East end live another class of people, whose reputation is somewhat unsavoury; but also whose color is white. The East end people live in that locality known as the "Devil's Half Acre."

Some days ago a colored man insulted a lady while walking down Igloo St., and this gave rise to the scenes which for the last two or three nights have amused, alarmed and disgusted our citizens.

On Saturday night the police were called out but the mob was so great that nothing could be done. On Sunday the same was repeated and the police, mayor and town council were obliged to be on hand.

On Railway Esplanade groups of about fifty whites would surround a negro, then chase him all about the block. Many were arrested and lodged in jail, but still the feud goes on and from all appearances is likely to until the Riot act is read and the whites and blacks both made to keep their places.

Among the colored population are many quiet law abiding people, some of whom are well educated, but for the past three or four years the female portion have given no end of offence to the white people by walking in groups, throes and four tier deep down the sidewalk; when people going in an opposite direction would approach them there was one thing to do—get off the sidewalk, or have themselves made the target for all sorts of impudence.

The rebel whites are supposed to be headed now by a fellow who prowls about the esplanade with a blood thirsty twinkle in his eye.

So far only one man has been seriously injured a Mr. Cameron who is an upholsterer for Gordon and Keith who has had a knife stab in the throat which nearly proved fatal and was dressed by one of the town physicians on Sunday night.

One colored woman received what she is pleased to describe as "a slap across the gob." Today a report went abroad that no less than thirty-five revolvers were sold to colored people, but fortunately the report came from no authentic source so it is now hoped the wrangle is at an end. About fourteen years ago just such another feud arose, and it is claimed by those who are supposed to know that the colored population behaved much better because of the treatment they then received.

A Pleasant Excursion.

All seekers of a pleasant day outing on the 1st of July should bear in mind that the Steamer "Clifton" makes that popular and well known excursion to Hampton, leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m., stopping at Moss Glen, Clifton and Beeds Point, enroute. Return will leave Hampton at 3.30 p. m.

Well paper, and window shade. You will find the largest assortment—but unless you get goods in well paper at Mr. Arthur's book store, 50 King street.

BOARD OF WORKS.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF WORKS.

The Board of Works met on Friday evening last at 7.30 o'clock in the City Hall.

The meeting was presided over by the Mayor and was attended by the members of the Board. The Mayor reported on the work of the Board during the past week and the members discussed the various matters brought before them.

The Board decided to grant a subsidy to the St. John Railway for the purchase of new rolling stock. The Mayor also reported on the work of the Board during the past week and the members discussed the various matters brought before them.

The Board also discussed the matter of the proposed new street in the West end of the town. The Mayor reported that the Board had received a petition from the residents of the West end asking for the opening of a new street.

The Board decided to refer the matter to a committee to report on the matter at a future meeting. The meeting closed at 10.30 o'clock.

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1865, Mr. Tilley threw himself into the struggle, as an ardent supporter, and when the measure was finally carried, he became a member of the Dominion government.

From that moment old party lines throughout the Dominion became obliterated—it was then a fusion of parties—old Tories and even old Liberals as well as young clipped hinds like brothers, and performed what might be called a pilgrimage to Mecca (Quebec) to worship at the new shrine set up by our (Upper Canadian) former Mahomets,—and so they went, a strange mixture as I thought at the time, for in my opinion it is as natural for a man to be born a Tory or a Liberal as it is to be born a poet—the blood and the spirit go together, whence the inspiration comes. But then it must be allowed that in order to carry out the new project the best men of the province were required, and they had

to ignore their old differences and throw themselves into the new work; besides there could be no dividing issues—it was like the building of a new house—the partitions had not yet been set up—no tenants had yet got in to wrangle with one another and call names and make a great noise generally. So that the fusion of parties in 1866 was quite natural and right, in the construction of this new Dominion. We are told that the chameleon takes its color from the bark of the tree from which it feeds. We have been in business as a Dominion, nearly thirty years, but the party complexion of the government, with a short interregnum, has continued Tory to the present day. The big red has swallowed up the little red—the laws of gravitation have not failed to draw the smaller bodies to the larger; while the former liberals in their own provinces have long since become so absorbed that they are all alike pronounced to be Tory,—and on the other hand, what is now called the Liberal party, embraces some of the old provincial Tories—so that the goose and the gander plied with the same sauce cannot at this time of day say one to the other "you're another," for both parties have been scratched alike and overcome by the genius of the time.

A Showman's Grand "Ad."

Rufus Somerby spent a few days in this city this week and was joined by Mrs. Somerby and two children while here. The latter intend to enjoy the bracing air of St. John, at least until Mr. Somerby reaches here with his Monkey Theatre which appears in the opera house June 13.

Somerby is an enthusiastic manager. He goes among the people and his characteristic figure is always known. Last Tuesday evening when every inch of space was crowded by excited electors in the Opera house, Mr. Somerby had occasion to seek one of the managers of the house upon the stage. When the crowd caught sight of his flowing grey hair and broad sombrero there was a unanimous call for "Somerby" "Somerby" and Mr. Somerby was equal to the occasion. He did not talk about election returns but he told the crowd about his Monkey Theatre, "the greatest show on earth." It was a good advertisement. Mr. Somerby shows in Joggins lines tonight, in Sackville Monday afternoon and evening, and spends the week between Dorchester, Shediac and Moncton.

Mr. Stockton Was Not Engaged.

The statement that Mr. C. A. Stockton was engaged in the suit brought by Miss Ferris was an error. Perhaps it was because the despatch from St. Andrews appearing in the daily press gave his name as the plaintiff's attorney, that the mistake arose and later appeared in PROGRESS.

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Imperial Railway.

Monday, the 24th September, the train of this Railway will only be accepted, as follows:

LEAVE ST. JOHN

St. John, Fredericton, Moncton, and Miramichi. 12.30

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL

EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN HER CLOTHES.

No One Can Afford to be Indifferent to the Seductions of Dress—The Child Dudes and Precocious Infant an Abomination—An Ingenious Young Girl.

I never could understand why a fondness for pretty, and becoming dress in a young girl should be regarded as a sign of moral degeneracy, by straightlaced old people, who, having no charms of their own can well afford to be indifferent to the seductions of pretty clothes. It is a fact nevertheless that a taste for dainty clothing is so regarded by many people who should know better, and they wag their heads over every manifestation of interest in their personal appearance, that the luckless young folk avoid, and prophesy all sorts of evil which is to befall them in punishment for their vanity. I am not speaking of children, for although it is perfectly natural that every healthy child of the feminine persuasion to take an interest in her pretty new hat, or new dress, nothing is more abhorrent to all sensible people than the child dude, the precocious infant who thinks of nothing but dress, and only lives to outdo her little companions, in that respect, who talks fashions and has pronounced opinions about what she will, or will not wear, and flatly refuses to go to church in a cotton dress. This development of nineteenth century culture is an abomination and should be rigidly repressed. But the school girl in her teens, the little maiden standing "where the brook and river meet" is an entirely different person, and one who is well within her rights in taking a large amount of interest in herself, and her clothes! Indeed I don't know of anything sweeter than the pretty school girl of fourteen or fifteen who takes such an interest in her appearance that she is always neat and dainty, and keeps her clothes and her whole person as fresh and sweet as her bright face, and her pure soul. Such a girl always has her hair not only well brushed, and the oiled clean, and if a ring or two sparkle on her fingers, looking rather out of place for one so young, the fingers themselves are sure to be daintily clean, and the nails well trimmed and free from objectionable borders of grime.

It has always seemed to me that in some way which I can scarcely explain the outward form and raiment expressed the inward and spiritual woman, and that such expression began very soon, long before the woman ceased to be a child, in fact. A refined mind is sure to find expression in a love of dainty surroundings and the girl who is fond of spotless collars and cuffs, and fresh shirt waists, that sooner than do without them she will learn to do them up herself, and be independent of the laundress, is pretty certain to develop into a helpful useful woman, who is self-reliant, independent and probably a first class housekeeper. At any rate she will always be able to make the most of a little, and therefore succeed, where others would fail, and that in itself is a strong argument in favor of a fondness for dress in girls, since it might almost be said to be her liking for dainty clothes which first started her upon her career of usefulness.

It is a curious thing how the artistic temperament will triumph over all obstacles and assert itself in a child in spite of the most adverse circumstances. I knew a child once—knew her very intimately in fact—who was born with the most pathetic love of the beautiful and the least opportunity of gratifying or cultivating it that ever fell to the lot of any poor victim of circumstances. Her family had a rigid contempt for everything that was unnecessary in the shape of decoration or clothing; there was not a scrap of fancy work in the house, not even a sofa cushion, and as little drapery as possible, such things were useless in themselves, and they caught the dust and were unhealthy, and made unnecessary work. Flies and dust were the two great evils in life to be dreaded, in that household, so the sunshine was excluded most of the time, and the house kept cool and dark. There was also a firm conviction rife in the household that children should be dressed "sensibly," and that vanity in a child was more to be dreaded than symptoms of diphtheria. Therefore the human atom who loved beauty better almost than life, wore thick shoes and white cotton stockings, and on week days in summer she wore plain sensible dresses of dark gingham, with a white pinafore in the afternoons. On Sundays she had a white dress made just as plainly, and in winter she wore nice dark merino in sensible serviceable colors such as dark green, and dark brown. I can see those dresses now, with their long skirts finished with a deep hem, all solid substantial and plain—deadly plain; and I wonder if the poor little girl who wore them had any idea how she looked. She was a thin, pale, solemn child who needed plenty of color, and ample draperies to make her at all tolerable, and in her "sensible" gowns she was indeed a pathetic sight.

Long before she was grown up her love of warmth and color and beauty asserted itself, and broke all bounds, and with it a most extraordinary ability for gratifying her passion. From filling up her plain room with ferns, ivies and potted plants, to

teaching herself to embroider, and puzzling out intricate lace stitches, there seemed nothing that pale solemn child could not do if she tried; and by the time she was fourteen she had emerged from the chrysalis state of her brown and green garments, and blossomed out into dainty raiment of her own making. Give that child a yard of white muslin, and a skein of embroidery cotton, and behold her next white dress a bewildering array of embroidered flowers and ruffles. A few skeins of silk and a strip of the material transformed her winter dress into a thing of beauty, while a bit of linen, or cotton, if the linen has not forthcoming was soon transformed in her hands into a set of collars and cuffs, and these were always fresh and clean, because she had taught herself the art of laundering them to perfection. Skirts, dresses, blouses, were always in such order that it was hard to believe they were not new. "I never let anyone else starch or iron my things now," she used to say. "Because no one can do it as well as I can myself." Before that girl was really grown up she was an expert milliner, dressmaker, and laundress, as well as excellent in embroidery, and all fancy work; she could easily have earned her living at either dressmaking or millinery, and many a dollar she did earn by making her friends dresses for them.

She has a profession of her own now, which somehow by hook or crook she managed to acquire; and she is just as independent and self supporting as any man in the land. I think I am right in saying that but for her love of pretty things, and her inability to get them except by her own exertions, she would never have risen above the dead level of ordinary girlhood. And yet I saw a letter written by that girl's mother, to a bosom friend, in which she described her daughter thus—"Mary is not pretty, but she is very fresh looking, and bright, she is sensible and clever enough as girls go, but I am sorry to say she already shows signs of being fond of dress. Perhaps however, she will improve as she grows older."

And the moral of this little story is, girls—don't let anyone persuade you that it is wrong to take an interest in your dress! Don't be a milliner's doll, thinking of nothing else, and there is no need for you to be either vain, or conceited, but if you have to choose between being what the girls call a "dude," or a slattern, by all means choose the former, and it may lead you to many pleasant possibilities, which the latter will never do.

SOMETHING ABOUT LAMPS.

The story of the Accidental Discovery of the Argand Chimney. To the Egyptians, have been given the honor of inventing the lamp, but it seems more than probable that they received it from the older civilization of India. The lamps originally used by the Hebrews, the Egyptians, and the Greeks were simple flat vessels with a small handle at one end, and at the side a little projection with a hole forming a nozzle. In the back was a larger opening, into which the oil was poured. The oil used was generally vegetable, but according to Pliny it was sometimes of liquid bitumen.

The lamp commonly used in Egypt at the present time is a small glass vessel, with a tube in the bottom in which is placed a wick of cotton twisted around a straw. The common lamp of India is a small earthen saucer, with a bit of twisted cotton for a wick. The ordinary traveller's torch or lamp in India is a bundle of strips of rags on the end of a stick, with oil poured over it. In "Bible lands" the lamp commonly used is a small earthenware plate, with the edge turned up to make it hold a small quantity of oil.

Among the most beautiful ruins of antiquity that have been preserved are a great number of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman lamps, formed of clay, metal, terra cotta, and bronze. The museum at Naples contains the finest variety of specimens to be found anywhere. These were recovered from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Some lamps were hung with chains to bronze candelabra; some were supported by beautiful brackets.

In 1784 Ami Argand, a Swiss residing in London, made an entire revolution in artificial light by inventing a burner with a circular wick, the flame being thus supplied with an inner and an outer current of air. To Argand we also owe the invention of the common glass lamp chimney. He was very desirous of increasing the light given out by the lamp that he had invented, and to that end had made many experiments, but all to no purpose.

One night, as he sat at his work table thinking he noticed an oil flask lying near, of which the bottom had been broken, leaving a long-necked, funnel-shaped tube. He carelessly picked this up and "alighted without thought" placed it over the flame of his lamp. The result astonished and delighted him, for the flame became a brilliant white light. Argand made practical use of the hint thus given him by devising the lamp chimney.

Strongest Rope. Given an equal number of strands to make up the rope, and each of the same circumference, it may be readily shown that wire twisted into rope form, will make a rope so strong as to admit of no comparison even with the best white hemp rope. Twisted hempen cords will sustain 8,746 pounds, if the rope be one inch thick; but one-eighth of an inch in diameter of iron will sustain more than one inch in circumference of hemp rope. No rope, whatever its material, could bear comparison with an inch rope made of piano steel wire, such a rope being able to bear not less than 268,000 pounds, or nearly 130 tons, before it could be torn by a dead weight.—Cincinnati Engineer.

CAPTIVE BALLOONS HARD TO HIT.

Surprising Results of Experiments with Captive Balloons.

The aerial spy has for some time been closely studied by French, German, Austrian, and Russian officers, and the results of recent experiments are noteworthy. It appears that it is not easy to shoot down a captive balloon. The balls of the modern rifles don't harm it much. The holes which they make in it are so small that the escape of gas is insignificant. This has been clearly proved by the results of an infantry fire at a balloon held at an elevation of 300 metres. The only possible enemy of a balloon is the shrapnel shell. Experiments with these shells have been made with balloons at elevations ranging from 200 to 800 metres and at a distance of from 3000 to 5000 metres from the firing ground. Out of thirty shrapnel shells the Russian artillerymen put twenty five balls through a balloon 200 metres high and 3200 metres from the firing ground. At 5000 metres from the firing ground the Germans made twenty holes in a balloon 250 metres high out of twenty-six shrapnel shells. But when the air ship was 800 metres in the air and the firing distance 5,000 metres, only two balls struck it out of sixty-five shells and three balls out of eighty shells during the experiments last year in Austria.

Wounds that the balloon receives are not generally mortal. Indeed, it often happens that the shrapnel and the broken fragments of the shells produce no more effect upon the balloon than the bullets of the small-bore rifles. With eight holes in the envelope the balloon still preserves its ascending power, and these that are brought down fall very slowly, like parachutes. But, on the other hand, when a huge rent happens to be made in it, the balloon drops rapidly.

From all these experiments the conclusion is that, in order to keep the balloon beyond the reach of dangerous projectiles, it must be kept 5,000 metres from the enemy and at an altitude of 800 metres. These conditions are severe, especially as in the experiments the oscillation of the air ship were calculated at twenty metres only, whereas in reality they are greater. The trials were then recommenced with the balloon rolling and with frequent changes in position. The "Budapest," which was the target, is a balloon 10 metres in diameter and 14 in height. They let it up to a height of 800 metres. A battery of eight guns was placed at 5,250 metres from the windlass. Firing was begun, but the balloon constantly changed its position. Men in shelter moved the windlass by means of a cable. This obliged the gunners to alter their pointing constantly. They fired eighty shells at it, that is to say, all that were allowed for the experiment; and when the balloon was hauled down it was found that there were only three insignificant holes in it, which had little or no effect upon its ascending power. Now it should be remembered that the eighty shrapnel shells represented 10,000 balls and pieces of broken shells. So the Austrian officers came to the conclusion that a balloon at that elevation and moved in the manner described had very many chances to escape all danger from the fire of an enemy, and that the efforts of the artillerymen should be directed against the windlass and the servants of the balloon.

An altitude of 800 metres is considered the maximum. Beyond that observations are uncertain. The distance from the enemy should be from eight to ten kilometers. Major Demard, who has had charge of the department of military aviation at Moudon-Chalais, who compiled the documents that we have here condensed, says that in order to toll the fire of an enemy's artillery it is not sufficient to a balloon in a straight line, because it is clear that instead of following it in its backward and forward movements the enemy would confine his attention to the extreme points of its reach, and fire upon it only when it came within the line of range. It is necessary to vary the direction of its movements and even its altitude. In this way the enemy would be compelled to alter the pointing of his guns constantly; and while this operation went on the aeronaut could quietly attend to his business in the line of observations. To put the thing in a nutshell, the captive balloon is able to defend itself with considerable facility.

Lancashire Pastime. Among the strange sports of Lancashire, England, is a game known variously as "coddam" or "tip it." As the Lancashire man of sporting tendency must have a wager on everything that engages his attention, a lot of money changes hands on this game, generally in a small way, but quite frequently in substantial sums. Indeed, there is a recognized champion player of "tip it," who is open to back himself \$100 to play anyone. And this is how it is played: The rival players take a button, or some small article, and sit on opposite sides of a table. The beginner puts his hands under the table, and taking the button in one of them, raises his closed fist into view, and the business of the other is to say in which hand the button is held. The button changes sides as it is found, and the game goes on till the points are reached. It is often played with two or four a side, and the champion will meet a dozen

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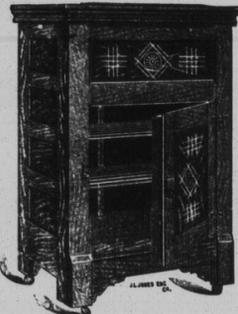


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Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Nothing has as yet developed anent the suggestion some time since made in this department, that public band concerts be supplied to the citizens from time to time during the summer months. No plan beyond a philanthropic possibility in the interest of the worn and weary, and also of the educational influences such concerts have upon mankind generally, was outlined. It is quite recognized that some of the more progressive and public spirited among our hotel proprietors do furnish a number of band concerts at intervals in the season, and for so doing they deserve the popularity such a step merits, but that is not enough. Something more should be done for public entertainment and instruction. When this suggestion was first made, early in the season, the idea that the Mayor should bear the expense connected with the plan, was wholly deprecated. It would not be just to that worthy gentleman; but there are others to whom there are large sums paid annually who could reciprocate in this way without any realizing sense of material expenditure. In another part of this paper today will be seen an item which tells that the city of Boston has managed to provide free public concerts for its citizens. What is there in the proposition to prevent the city of St. John doing in like manner?

Tones and Undertones.

A new comic opera, written jointly by G. Warren Currier of Boston and "Wally" Reeves of Providence, R. I., will receive its initial at Providence on the 29th, inst. It will be a society event because of its authorship and because it will serve as the first appearance in the professional ranks of Mr. Frederick C. Knights, a tenor of much promise. The title of the opera is "The Mandarin Yune."

Chevalier, the English singer of Coster songs, is coming to Boston, and the people of that city are wondering if he will be anything like his imitators.

"Pinarose" still continues to entertain and please people in this United States.

Melba will begin her season in this country next fall in concert. Schallchi is said, will be in her company. Fore-warned is forearmed and some of our enterprising and speculative citizens should govern themselves accordingly. Last season Halifax had Albany why not let St. John have Melba.

The six hundredth performance of the "Pops" concert, was given in Music Hall, Boston, last Monday evening. The following was the programme:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------|
| Marsch, "Queen of Sheba" | Gounod |
| Overture, "William Tell" | Bosini |
| Waltz, "Grubensichter" | Zeller |
| Selection "Robin Hood" | De Koven |
| Narcissus | Novin |
| Suite, "Peer Gyn" | Grieg |
| Love's Dream After the Ball | Calvinka |
| Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin" | Wagner |
| Overture, "Stradella" | Fictow |
| Waltz, "Arlequin on Voyage" | Zach |
| Folk, "Gypsy Baros" | Branca |
| Boccaccio March | Suppe |

Next week will be the last week of the "Pops" in Boston for this year. Last Thursday was French Composers night and last evening (Friday) was Italian Composers night.

"Evangelina" has been revived and is being given at Manhattan Beach with much success. Manager E. E. Rice conducts the orchestra in its playing of a new march.

Sousa's Band is playing in concert at Manhattan Beach.

A new Strauss opera "Waldemister" is playing at the Terrace Garden, N. Y. It possesses one of the most tuneful and rhythmic scores heard in that city for years. Next season it will be given by an English speaking company.

"Boccaccio" is the bill given at the Castle Square opera house, Boston, this week. Misses Lane, Mason and Diard are in the cast.

A Boston paper of recent date says that "Lottie Mae MacKay, the promising young soprano singer of this city, made her debut in operatic work at Halifax N. S. last week and scored an emphatic success. Miss MacKay was engaged some time ago by the Orpheus club, the leading musical organization of Halifax, to take the star part in the opera "Martha" and the result, demonstrated at the Academy of Music last Tuesday night, proved that it displayed excellent judgment in its selection.

A series of free public concerts on Boston Common has been inaugurated. They are given under the auspices of the city, by Baldwin's Cadet band.

TALE OF THE THEATRE.

On Thursday evening last Mr. W. S. Harkins and his capable company opened their return engagement at the Opera House, with the production of the "War of Wealth" a play by C. T. Dazy, the author of "In Old Kentucky." The play is considered much stronger than the one depicting life in the blue grass region, which was so popular when produced here some three weeks ago. The "War of Wealth" has never been put on in this city before. It is a melodrama, full of thrilling situations and in the hands of the several competent and talented members of the company, it is safe to assume, although too late in the week for fuller notice, that it

will prove a complete financial and artistic success. Mr. Ralph Boehl as scenic artist has already demonstrated his skill "In Old Kentucky" and, with his assistants, some of whom are St. John men, may be relied upon for superior work in his line. Nowadays not a little of the success of any theatrical production is due to the talent and ability of the quiet worker known as the scenic artist.

The Harry Markham company closed its engagement at the Mechanic's Institute last Saturday evening. They have since been playing in Calais and will return here next month.

Sir Augustus Harris, the first member of the theatrical profession to receive the honor of knighthood, died in England on Tuesday last. He was specially successful as a manager of theatrical enterprises.

The Augustin Daly company will open at the Comedy theatre London on July 6th next.

William Redmond who is favorably remembered here as an actor of much merit will be with Salvini next season.

Roland Reed will open the next season of the Boston Museum on the 24th of August next. He will produce a new play the name of which is not yet announced.

Miss Minnie Radcliffe who will be recalled as the leading lady of Harkins' company last year and who is a very estimable lady as well as a clever actress, will be a member of the Holland Brothers company next season.

Georgia Cayvan is still purchasing plays. She got a few more last week. At least it is so announced on her behalf. The starring bee is buzzing in her bonnet.

"The Last Stroke" is the title of a play with which the next season of the Boston theatre will be opened on the 17th August.

It is now authoritatively stated that Messrs. Abbey, Schofield and Grau will not relinquish control of the Tremont theatre, Boston.

Lizzie Derious Daly, an actress who has an American reputation for cleverness; was recently married to a wealthy manufacturer named Samuel L. Tuck.

The theatresouvenir craze is so general that a prize is now expected with every ticket purchased.

W. F. Owen (Billy) thinks that Joe Jefferson should be nominated for President of the United States.

What is called a "religious craze" in plays exists in England just now. The titles of the two latest are "Honor thy Father and thy Mother" and "Forgive us our Trespasses." Wilson Barrett led and others followed.

Barnum's "greatest show on earth" was delighting the Bostonians last week.

CHAT WITH ANTHONY HOPE.

Was a Lawyer When "I Thought I'd try My Luck at Writing."

"I think I must be a great disappointment to interviewers," Hope genially remarked. "They are always asking me about the eventful episodes in my life, and I have so few to tell them that I am beginning to be ashamed of not being more interesting. As a matter of fact, it has been merely the ordinary life of the English school and college, with a little work and good luck to follow. Was I born in London? No; in the country, in Hackney. My father was a clergyman there. I wasn't in the least a 'precocious child.' I may have been the reverse, because I didn't learn to read till after the usual age. My first love as an author was Ballantine, who wrote 'The three Middies.' I thought that a most wonderful book. Adventure, you see! When it was time for me to be packed off to one of the big public schools I had the good fortune to win a scholarship at Marlborough, which ranks among the

biggest of the schools. So to Marlborough I went, and there I stayed till I was fitted for Oxford. The only event to break the monotony of my career there was my winning a prize for an English essay. I didn't have to work very hard there, and I had a pretty good time at sports. But the best time of all was the four years that I passed at Balliol College, Oxford. There I played football and tennis. Cricket? No, not much. I'm not as great an enthusiast over cricket as many of my countrymen are. As for intellectual activity, I suppose I got a good deal of that at the 'Union.' You've heard of the 'Union' at Oxford, haven't you? It's the great debating society, with a fine history. Many men in English statesmanship have received their preliminary training in politics at the 'Union.' I came out there as a hearty supporter of the Liberal party, and many a fight have I fought in defence of Mr. Gladstone. I look back now on those years at Oxford as the happiest years of my life."

So much for Anthony Hope's training for his work in the world. "But how about literature?" I asked. "I suppose that while in college you were preparing for a literary career."

He smiled and shook his head. "Far from it. I never even thought of literature as my profession. At that time I looked forward to a long and prosaic existence as a barrister."

"What made you change your mind?"

"The public," he replied, "with a laugh.

"I studied for the bar and was admitted in two years. Then I passed several years in trying to work up a practice. This was so slow in developing that just for the fun of the thing I thought I'd try my luck at story writing. I found it easy, and in a pretty short time I had filled several hundred sheets of paper and finished a novel, which I called 'A man of Mark.' I despaired of finding a publisher willing to risk money on an untried writer, so I determined to bring out the book myself on what is called the commission plan. In other words, I paid a publisher for printing and putting the book on the market. Of course, I lost money on it; but now that the tide has turned in my favor I've brought the story out a second time, and it looks as if I were going to recoup my losses."

"Then, after leaving Oxford, you had gone seriously into politics?"

"Oh, yes. Very seriously; so seriously that I went down to South Bucks and stood as a candidate for Parliament against Lord Curzon was a power and had a great following in the district. But the liberals did well by me though I was defeated by a thousand votes. I really enjoyed the fun of campaigning immensely."

"And did you still keep up your interest in politics?"

"My interest—yes. But I've ceased to be active. Since the 'Prisoner of Zenda' made a hit, more than two years ago, I have devoted myself wholly to literature. My law practice had grown to be fairly large, and I found that I couldn't keep it up and write too. Later I think I may try political

work again, for I really enjoy it. What are my methods of work? They are very simple. I don't wait for moods, but I try to do a regular day's work six days out of seven, just as I should do if I were still in the law. I sit down at my desk at about 10 o'clock, and I stay there till luncheon. After luncheon I go at my task again, and I keep at it till about 4. Then I go about in society a little, and in the season for outdoor sports I try to play a little tennis. My father is the pastor of a church here, and I live with him. I am a bachelor."

—Leslie's Weekly.

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City people don't begin to know all the discomforts a long cold winter brings to people in the country. There is no hardship in leaving a warm house merely to step into a heated street car and be rapidly conveyed in comfort to wherever one's business takes one.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 27.

THE INDEPENDENT'S WORK.

Political providence appeared to be overlooking St. John on the day of election. The independents and the conservatives were vanquished and the liberals, Colonel Tucker and JOHN V. ELLIS were chosen by the people to represent them. Every one with the interests of St. John at heart is satisfied for this city cannot have too many friends at court at this period of her existence. With a liberal government in power it is the best thing for the city that two liberals should be in Ottawa from this constituency. While the independents were badly defeated yet it cannot be said that they did not accomplish the object they had in view. They hoped to do so by electing their own men to protest against injustice to St. John and remedial legislation but being unable to do that they have the satisfaction of knowing that their votes prevent St. John from being in the cold shade of opposition and elects men pledged against the fast line unless this city is given fair play. The liberals owe their election to the independents and it will interest both of the old line parties to know that the organization of practice and justice loving citizens who esteem our country above party will not disappear with the elections but is to be permanent. This proposition met with such hearty approval from all of the members of the executive and the district chairman that the decision was unanimous. So far the work of the third party has not been in vain. They have shown the people of Canada that no government can impose upon St. John with impunity. They will be ready to do so again should the occasion arise.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

The law of the survival of the fittest as applied to the struggles of life is apt to mean the law of the hunter. It is apt, too, as applied by the hunter to mean that the end justifies the means. In that sense it means the downfall of scrupulousness and the enthronement of unscrupulousness. It means too that in the end the conscientious man is driven to the wall and hence is locked upon by the unscrupulous as unfit to survive. His conscience is a blunder and rock of offence, and his Darwinian law as interpreted by its business votaries condemns him. We may assume that in the eyes of Eternal Justice it will be different and that a different result will follow. For the present however, the scrupulous man, finds a great many thorns in his path; and his balance at the bank is unsatisfactory.

The Westminster Review, for June, has an article entitled "The new Islam and Its Prophet." According to this writer the early life of the Arabian prophet was blameless; and when he appeared to the sword as a means to attain his end he accepted the doctrine that any method is right in a good cause. From that moment there came a certain taint upon his whole conduct. In like manner the prophet of the New Islam to wit, CECIL RHODES—believes the English race the "secret of the salvation of the world," and that his mission is to paint as much of the world's surface red as lies in his power; as likewise MOHAMMED "believes that he was best serving his Maker better by dispatching his fanatic followers to over run the world." But while the reviewer does not object to the mission of CECIL RHODES, and evidently believes that a world embracing empire by the English race is a consummation devoutly to be wished, he does not object to his method. Like MOHAMMED he thinks CECIL RHODES has fallen from his high estate. He says: "If we substitute 'gold' for the 'sword' we have not summed up the tendency which has become more and more marked in CECIL RHODES of late years? It is this which has led him to attempt to force the Transvaal Republic into the United States of South Africa by means which even his most devoted admirers find it hard to condone. His utter reliance upon the power of money, and a certain unscrupulousness and a deficiency in ethical

development have done much to undo his work of the last ten or fifteen years." Nevertheless if the JAMESON raid which which was in great part due to CECIL RHODES, had been successful would not those whose interests were thereby promoted, and for the most part those whose interests were not affected one way or the other have applauded the daring filibuster his success would have been defended upon the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The Boer might have won a passing sympathy from the outside world but his overthrow would have been complete. But the filibuster was unsuccessful and the audacious and unscrupulous depends in this world judgement on success. The tables are now turned and President KRUGER curiously demands the punishment of CECIL RHODES.

A few days ago various papers contained the announcement that the Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR Chancellor of Exchequer and conservative leader in the House of Commons had resigned; while the report was unconfirmed it had a little coloring of truth given by Mr. BALFOUR's voluntary withdrawal of the Education bill at Monday's sitting of the house. The success of the CECIL family in the leadership of the conservatives since that party was returned to power by the general elections last year has not been very extraordinary and it would not be very wide of the mark to say that the CECILS have failed ignominiously. The result of Lord SALISBURY's foreign policy has been an entanglement in Egypt to which his most intimate followers have dared only to refer in carefully chosen words, with evident shamefacedness. With a wholly unprecedented majority behind him Mr. BALFOUR permitted the business of parliament to come to a complete deadlock. That this state of affairs has been due to defective leadership rather than to the effectiveness of the Opposition is shown by the fact that the abandoned Education bill which had occupied the House of Commons nearly the whole of the current session was shelved because it had been weighed down with nearly 150 amendments offered by Mr. BALFOUR's mutinous following. Unwieldy parliamentary majorities usually contain the germ of their own disintegration; but who would have supposed that the Tory breakdown would begin so soon after the recent and almost unparalleled triumph.

There is a vast difference between the wild enthusiasm which the Derby victory of the PRINCE OF WALES aroused in England and the stolid indifference of the German people over the triumphs of the Kaiser's new yacht meteor.

This surprising indifference is by some ascribed to the German hatred of English manners and customs; but this will hardly be accepted as the true explanation for the ordinary man would conclude that the defeat of an obnoxious rival should cause great rejoicing rather than almost scornful indifference. The correct version of the matter seems to be that in spite of the Kaiser's encouragement and example he has not been successful in naturalizing sport in the German Empire. At the German universities duels with the poisonous "Schlaeger" constitute what might with a very liberal construction of the word be termed "athletic," while outside the universities the popular craving for outdoor sports is still satisfied by two very tame and indifferent games with unpronounceable German names.

The result of the election in Cumberland, N. S., seems to excite general surprise and amazement, not only in Nova Scotia but throughout the Maritime provinces. Aside from the fact that Hon. MR. DICKEY was a cabinet minister his personal popularity was very great, whereas until very recently Mr. LOGAN was scarcely known outside of his native town of Amherst. His law practice in Springhill however brought him in touch with an element that was likely to leave nothing undone that would secure his election. A good man was beaten, a good man is elected; and as in the past Cumberland sends to Ottawa a representative who will command the respect and esteem of all with whom he is brought in contact politically or socially.

As to the truth concerning the awful catastrophe in Northern Japan becomes revealed the horror grows. The latest reports estimate the number of human lives lost in the tidal wave which accompanied the recent seismic convulsion in the Island of Jesso, over 30,000. This disaster will take its place beside the historic earthquake of Lisbon and the explosion of the Japanese volcano Krakatoa, both for the terrible energy of the seismic phenomena and for the appalling sacrifice of human life.

Chicago has just finished the publication of her delinquent tax lists which covered one hundred and fifty two pages of the Inter Ocean; and this is one of the least of the great city's delinquencies.

Minister of Justice DICKEY, of Cumberland, is the only Conservative over whose downfall any regret has been expressed. That it was due to over confidence of the party, together with one or two injudicious statements made by the candidate regard-

the condition of the working men in an important section of the county, does not make the defeat any less humiliating.

The Grand Old Party was too far gone for even the fine plumage of one plumed knight to save.

TWO CANDIDATES LEFT AT HOME.

Halifax People Regret the Change—Some Heavy Election Bets. HALIFAX, June 25.—The election is over and the vanquished and victors are enjoying themselves each in their own way. PROGRESS readers remember the serious breach in the liberal party in this city in connection with the nomination of Russell and Keefe, at that time many adherents of the Tories' action made up their minds not to vote, but when election day was yet two weeks off all of that feeling had completely disappeared and everybody was working with a will for the common council. It is doubtful if one vote was lost on account of the disagreement regarding the nomination; every liberal found he liked the opposing faction better than the enemy.

From time immemorial Halifax has been represented at Ottawa by one Protestant and one Catholic. To-day both Catholic candidates are left at home and the two Protestants are elected. This, following on the dropping of the Catholic candidate at the last local election is significant. It is not more significant than it is regrettable. It is sincerely to be deplored that the happy arrangement, which so long has satisfied from. Who did the "knifing," and why it was done, people are now trying to find out; each party blames the other for what has come to pass. There is no telling what developments may result in the future on account of the "knifing" of Tuesday's election. Let it be hoped, as Mr. KERRY said, that the wrong done will be soon forgotten.

The gamblers, as usual, got in their work pretty well in this election. Betting was very general in Halifax. One man who frequently visits Halifax is said to have taken \$3,000 on Conservative success. Another merchant of the city had \$1,000 on the Great Raquet Player and 600 hours had runs ranging from \$500 down at stake; accordingly it may be concluded that the sad or the joyful countenances worn the day after election were occasioned not always on account of political success, but often more because it meant a depleted or an inflated purse, as the case might be.

FEARS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Maud Muller.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day, Mounted her wheel and rode away, Beneath her blue cap glowed a wealth Of large red freckles and dim-rimmed eyes. Singing, she rode, and her merry glee Frightened the sparrow from his tree.

But when she saw several miles from town, Upon the hill-tops, a coming dawn, The sweet song died, and a vague unrest And a sort of terror filled her breast— A fear that she hardly dared to own, For what if her wheel should strike a stone!

The Judge scowled sternly down the road— Just then she heard a tire explode! He carried his wheel into the shade Of the apple tree, to await the maid.

And he asked her if she would kindly loan Her pump to him, as he had lost his own. She left her wheel with a sprightly jump, And in less than a jiffy produced her pump.

And she blushed as she gave it, looking down At her feet, once hid by a trail of gowns. Then said the Judge, as he pumped away, "You've my wheel, but I've your pump to-day."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees; Of twenty-mile runs and centuries; And Maud forgot that no trailing gown Was over her blooming laughing gown.

But the tire was flat, alas—a day! The Judge remounted and rode away. Maud Muller looked and sighed, "Ah me! That if the Judge's bride might be!"

"My father should have a brand-new wheel Of cloth or make and let the best of steel. "And I'd give one to me of the same design, So that she'd cease to borrow mine."

The Judge looked back, as he climbed the hill, And saw Maud Muller standing still. "A prettier face and a form more fair I seldom gazed at, I declare!"

"Would she were mine, and I today Could make her put on bloomers away!" But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold, And abandoned to think how they would scold.

If he should, one of these afternoons, Come home with a bride in pantaloons! He married a wife of richest dowry, Who had never succumbed to the bloomer's glory;

Yet oft while watching the smoke wreaths curl, He thought of that freckled laughing girl; Of the way she stood there pigeon-toed, While he was pumping beside the road. She married a man who cycled in a store, And many children played round her door.

And then her bloomers brought her joy! She cut them down for her oldest boy. But still of the Judge she often thought, And sighed o'er the loss that her bloomers wrought, Or wondered if wearing them was a sin, And then confessed: "It might have been."

And for the Judge? Alas for mild! Dreams were their only stock in trade. For a wise word of tongue or pen, The wisest are these: "Leave pants for men!"

Ab, well! For all his hope still remains— For the bloomer girl and the man of brains, And the heretofore bloomers may Be not allowed to block the way!

The St. Denis Academy, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratie Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe.

PROGRESS gives below the best idea of the comprehensive character of the "Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe," by publishing the chapter headings and a list of the illustrations. It may be noted that among the illustrations there is a splendid engraving of Sir Leonard Tilley from a recent portrait which he had taken for this purpose.

CHAPTER I. Early Recollections of Mr. Howe.—Old Party Lines Obliterated.—The Author's First Recollection of Joseph Howe.—The Father and Brother of Joseph Howe.—William Howe, the Great Raquet Player and the Earl of Dalhousie.—Joseph Howe's Birth Place.—Halifax Society.—St. Paul's Church Dignitaries.

CHAPTER II. Human Nature always the Same.—The Family Compact.—And the Political System of the Times.—The Condition of the Press.—Mr. Howe's Journalistic Commencement.—Attacks upon the Public Abuses of the Day.—Colonel Cathcart and the Garrison Fire.

CHAPTER III. The Publishers in Halifax Seventy Years Ago.—Editor of the Recorder.—Mr. John S. Thompson, Father of the late Minister of Justice.—Afterwards Queen's Printer.—The Coalition Government.—New Queen's Printer Appointed.—The Subsequent Owners of the Recorder.—Halifax Mechanics' Institute.—The Acadian School and Dalhousie College Buildings.

CHAPTER IV. Dalhousie College.—King's College Founded upon Church Principles.—The Small Pox and Cholera Epidemics.—Sir Colin Campbell's Noble Conduct.—The Grand Parade.—The Able Men once Graduates of King's College.—Generals Williams and Inglis.

CHAPTER V. Sir Wm. J. Ritchie, late Chief Justice of Canada.—Rev. Dr. Crawley and the Disruptions in the Church of England.—Bishop Inglis and Rev. Mr. Twining.—Church Families Turning Baptists.—Thomas C. Halliburton ("Sam Slick")—His Career in the Imperial Parliament.

CHAPTER VI. Residence of "Sam Slick"—Persons leaving their Native Homes to Reside in England.—A Late Recor of Trinity Church, St. John, and a John Reesor of St. George's Church, Halifax.—Bishop Inglis' Horse.—Admiral Sir Provo Wallis.—Battle Between the Shannon and Chesapeake.

CHAPTER VII. St. George's Church and the "Old Dutch Church"—The Pew System and Jealousies Therewith.—Old Mirey.—"The Club" writers in the Novascotian.—Howe's Friends and Contemporaries.—Imported Officials.—The Countess of Bessington and "Gore House," London.

CHAPTER VIII. Mrs. Howe, Wife of Joseph Howe.—Her Amiable Qualities.—"Rambles" Over the Province.—Natural Advantages of Nova Scotia.—Charles Dickens and Joseph Howe as Press Reporters.—Labour in the Gallery of the House of Assembly Reporting.—The Power of the Novascotian Newspaper.—The System of Government in 1850 (Both Local and Provincial).—Howe Destined to Become the Greatest Man in Canada.

CHAPTER IX. Mr. Howe's Serious Illness.—Mr. Howe the Originator of the "Cunard Steamers"—The First Atlantic Steamer, the "Cyrinus"—Messrs. Cunard & Co. Place the Steamers on the Ocean, 1840.—The Halifax Hotel Falls and is Turned Into an Officers' Quarters.—The Duke of Kent.—The Prince's Lodge.—The Duke of Orleans (Afterwards King of the French) in Halifax.

CHAPTER X. The Last of the Old Lodge.—Ruins of the Building.—Remains of the Old Flower Beds.—The Hermit's Cell.—Departure of the Duke of Kent from Halifax.—Some of His Furniture Still in Halifax and New Brunswick.—Suggestions for Renovating the Lodge.—Accession of William IV. and the Dramatic Display in Halifax.—Public Lotteries in the Old Times.—The Avon Bridge, Windsor.

CHAPTER XI. Trial of One of His Majesty's Officers for Murder.—The Hanging of John Leigh.—Halifax Industries in the Olden Time.—"Fish, Flesh and Fowl"—The Dockyard.—Familiarities of Intellectual Men.—William IV. a Great Babbler.

CHAPTER XII. Magisterial Corruption.—Howe Indicted for Criminal Libel.—Howe reading up Law to Defend Himself.—He Speaks for Six Hours.—Amidst Great Crowds and Great Excitement.—Verdict of Acquittal.

CHAPTER XIII. Service of Plate Subscribed to Mr. Howe by Nova Scotians in New York.—His Presentation and Address in the Old Court House, Halifax, by the Late Thos. Forrester, Esq.—Great Crowds Assembled.

CHAPTER XIV. Mr. Howe Elected a Member of the Legislature.—The Able Men He had to Encounter.—His Great Abilities.—His Ambition Compared with that of Other Great Men.

CHAPTER XV. Opening of the Legislature in 1837.—Commencement of the Reform Movement.—Howe's Maiden Speech.—Attack Upon the Closed Doors of the Old Council.—Howe at Close Quarters with an Old Antagonist.

CHAPTER XVI. Series of Resolutions Moved Against the System of Government.—To be Forwarded to the Colonial Office.—Anger of the Council.—Mr. Howe's Final Reply on the Closing Debate.

CHAPTER XVII. Extracts from Mr. Howe's Able Speech in Closing the Debate Referred to in the Last Chapter.—He Discusses his Opponents Separately.—The Great Effect Produced by his Reply.

CHAPTER XVIII. Howe Challenged to Mortal Combat.—He Accepts the Challenge and Fights.—His Magnanimity.—Challenged a Second Time, but Declines the Honour.—Former Duels.—Monsieur Tonson.—Howe and Keefe.—Unlucky and the Bull.

CHAPTER XIX. Mr. Howe and Railways.—Public Meeting at Saint John Mechanics' Institute.—A Dinner Party.—George Bancroft's Graciously Remarks over the Death of President Lincoln.—The Late Civil War in the United States.—Mr. Howe in a Novel Field of Debate.—Howe's Speech at a Public Meeting at Birmingham, England.

CHAPTER XX. Earl Grey's Tribute to Mr. Howe's Eloquence.—"Joe Howe" Twelve Feet High.—George T. Phillips the Auctioneer.—Mr. Howe as a Poet.—Poems to Queen Victoria and the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

CHAPTER XXI. Mr. Howe on Colonial Changes.—Mr. Howe Chosen Speaker of the House of Assembly.—Charles Dickens in Halifax.—The Canadian Rebellion of 1837.—The Disabilities of the Reformers.—Sir Francis Bond Head, a Failure.—The Old Family Compact.

CHAPTER XXII. The Rebellion Crushed.—Bad Generalship.—Order Restored.—Lord Durham Sent to Canada.—His very Able Report Showing the Causes of the Rebellion.—Tory Insult to the Governor General and Burning of the Parliament Buildings.—Arrest of Lord Durham's Report.—Mr. Paulet Thompson Sent Out to Canada.—Coalition Government.

CHAPTER XXIII. "Daddy Chalker"—Old Liquors in Halifax.—Peppermint "Daddy" and Shrub.—The Popular Minister who Stole Sermons.—Mode of Burials in the Old Time.—Wine at Funerals.—Objections to the Hearse when Introduced.

CHAPTER XXIV. Lord Falkland's Franks.—His Scribbles in the Press.—Howe's Fight with Falkland.—The Latter Shoots his Horses on the Common Before Leaving the Province.

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



BAR-ROOM SOBRIETY HUNT CO.

Inspector Banks and Recorder MacCoy Are Equally Relentless.

HALIFAX, June 25.—The bar-room screen in Halifax must go, and that right quickly. Inspector Banks says he has made up his mind to this, and what is perhaps more important, Recorder MacCoy is similarly determined. A move would have been made in this direction last week had it not been for Lawyer Wallace, who asked that nothing be done by the recorder or the police for a week till a chance had been given to make an appeal to the privy council regarding the legality of the anti-liquor campaign was sufficiently great to prevent anything being done in the way of an application for leave to appeal, and unless action is taken for this appeal within the next day or two, the dogs of war will be let slip on saloon keepers who keep screens in their windows. Banks says he is anxious to get at the screens and MacCoy is equally relentless. The latter laughs at the talk of appeal, and contends that the ultra vires of the liquor law is too well established to allow any one but a fool to think of throwing good money after bad in the shape of appeal expenses.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress in for sale in Halifax by the new ways and at the following news stands and offices.

She came, she sang, she conquered! A hackneyed expression, but to the point. Miss MacKay certainly did conquer the hearts of everyone in this city of talented amateurs.

It is difficult to state praise, when praise is so justly due. We need not criticize, for criticism is not necessary; in fact would be out of place. While the whole performance was perfect, Miss MacKay was more than prima donna. I would predict a brilliant future for this talented young lady.

After this everyone, except the politically bent, is looking forward to the Nautical Fair. The desertion of the very, unavoidable, is to be deplored. It will make a very serious difference to the finances.

Mr. J. W. Stairs and her little boy arrived on the same steamer after over six months absence.

As I predicted last week, E. G. Col. O'Dwyer, F. M. O., has been appointed to Alderhot.

There have been a number of cricket matches on the Garrison grounds during the past week.

Invitations were to have been issued for a large dance at Admiralty house on the return of the fleet.

Major and Mrs. Trotman leave for England the last week in July.

Mr. Halsey, Lieutenant to Admiral Ensign, has gone on leave.

Mr. Brush, the King's regiment, is at present on leave in Halifax.

WINDSOR.

Progress in for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store and by F. W. Dakin.

Wednesday, June 23.—The usual conversation in connection with the exercises of Kings college, took place Wednesday evening in Convocation hall.

On Thursday the exercises proper commenced with the usual service in Christ church at half past ten.

The students ball in the evening was a most delightful affair and the dancing was kept up with spirit until the small hours.

Each department under the highest classed supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

Miss Lawson, a handsome gown of mauve satin. Miss Ryan, pretty pink satin.

Miss Russell, pink moire. Miss Eville, white satin and lace.

Miss Lawson, cream satin. Miss E. N. Dimock, white moire skirt, chiffon waist with a quite trimmings.

Miss Locke, dainty white muslin. Miss Hannington, pale blue.

Miss Blanche Hannington, white crepon. Miss Palmer, white silk.

Miss Kilham, gown of dresden chiffon over white silk. Miss McKay, cream satin.

Miss Sutherland, dress of pale green satin. Miss Jean Smith, pretty white silk.

Miss Lizette Smith, pink and white silk. Miss Black, pale pink crepon, pink ribbon.

Miss Christie, yellow dresden silk. Miss Wiggin, dress of yellow silk and chiffon.

Miss Willet, pale blue crepon and ribbon. Mrs. O'Brien, black silk, lace and jet trimmings.

Mrs. Dimock, black and yellow. Miss Mcham, black silk.

Miss Ashworth, white crepon. Miss Manners, black silk.

Miss Lillian Manners, black and pale green. Mrs. Harvey, black lace.

Miss Locke, white muslin. Miss Gosip, blue and white silk.

Miss Pearl Haley, pink and pale blue plaid silk. Miss Grace McCallum, white crepon.

Miss Franklin, white silk. Miss McCallum, yellow crepon, trimmed with Dresden ribbon.

Miss Nora Blanchard, white embroidered muslin and pink ribbons. Miss Berts Smith, yellow muslin and violets.

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

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest

Carriages PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Spring Painting. That well-known Painter and Decorator,

Cornelius Gallagher is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating. Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable.

Fergus, Ontario BEEF, Mutton, Veal, Spring Lamb, Turkey, Chickens and Fowls.

THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

Millinery, Dress Making.

Mrs J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B. Will be found the latest Parisian styles and newest models.

Stained Glass Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal.

The Wheat..... Used in making OBELISK FLOUR is subject to the MOST SEARCHING TEST known to modern milling.

The Wheat..... W. S. CLAWSON & CO., MILLERS, Agents, 10 Water St., St. John, N. B.

Presbyterian church on Wednesday afternoon and was one of the prettiest seen in Windsor for some time.

Among the visitors in town for several weeks were His Lordship Bishop Courtney, Mrs. Courtney, and Mr. Walter Courtney.

Mr. Kaye of Brooklyn N. Y. was in town over Sunday a guest at "Claremont."

The marriage of Miss Morris daughter of Captain D. H. Morris and Mr. L. C. Hamilton of Halifax was celebrated in St. John's Presbyterian church on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock.

Miss Alice Gillette is at home from Mt. St. Vincent for the holidays.

Mr. Beverly of St. John was lately here for a short time.

Miss Minnie and Beattie York are at home from Boston for the summer.

Mr. Robert Gibson has returned from a visit across the Atlantic.

Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight, or else why should so many continue to use ill-smelling, oily, and often useless preparation for the relief of pain.

THE POOLS NOT ALL DEAD YET. Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight, or else why should so many continue to use ill-smelling, oily, and often useless preparation for the relief of pain.

Truro. Progress in for sale in Truro by G. O. Fallon & D. H. Smith & Co.

June 21.—Miss Maggie (chance, Matilda, who was visiting Mrs. A. C. Page at "High Elm" returned home the first of the week.

Mrs. A. C. Page's tea last Wednesday afternoon was a very pleasant one.

Principal and Mrs. J. B. Calkin entertained the Normal students at their charming home "Fern Hill" last Thursday, from five to nine.

Mr. J. J. Snook gave a very pleasant evening last Thursday to a number of Miss Ida's friends.

June 24.—The wedding of Miss Mable Huestis daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Huestis to Charles E. Casey of the law firm of Loran and Casey took place at eight o'clock last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, Victoria street.

Mr. Hooper of Moncton was in town on Wednesday.

June 24.—Rains Somersby's trained monkeys are billed to appear here today, and as the only excitement lately has been of a political nature, they are sure to draw a crowded house.

June 25.—The public examination of the advanced department of the school here taught by Henry Harvey Stuart of Fredericton, was held on the 23rd instant.

Ask your Wine Merchant for BARKHAUSEN'S CLARETS, and take no other [if he has not got them, send direct to the Agents.]

About Duck Suits.....

For the warm summer days DUCK SUITS are almost a necessity, and there's nothing so cool and comfortable when the very hot days arrive. The prices of our DUCK SUITS are the same as you pay your dressmaker for the work alone.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT.

Financial statement table with columns for Assets, Liabilities, Surplus, Total Income, and Net gain in 1895.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. WILL RESTORE Pale, Weak and Emaciated CHILDREN. As a Flesh Restorer, Puttner's Emulsion has no Equal.

Brushes! Finest Quality French and English Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Nail Brushes.

W. C. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 28 King St.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE. THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer), all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price.

McIntyre & Townsend, ST. JOHN, N. B. Sole Agents in Canada for BARKHAUSEN & CO., Bordeaux, "the largest shippers of Fine Wines from France."

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trimmer, and in the bookstores of E. S. Dag...

Miss Jennie Howie and Miss Marie Howie of Oak Bay spent a few days with their friend Mrs. Almon I. Teed during the week week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tucker of New Bedford, Mass., accompanied by a lady friend have been visiting during the past two weeks Mrs. Tucker's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. M. H. Tucker.

Mr. John E. Alger arrived home on Tuesday from trip in Ontario and California. He arrived here yesterday, and will spend some time with his sister, Mrs. Mathew Hannah.

Miss McKenzie arrived from Scotland this week, and will spend several months with her cousin Mrs. James McRie.

Mr. C. H. Smith of St. John, was in town on Tuesday, and was warmly greeted by his friends. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clarke drove to St. Andrews on Tuesday, on a brief visit.

Mrs. John D. Chapman has gone to St. John to visit her father, Sir Leonard Tyler.

Miss Bliss is the guest of Mrs. J. B. Gasong. Mr. Wellington Dargatz and Mr. Everett Smith of Woodstock, were in town this week.

Mr. Henry F. Todd arrived from England on Tuesday, after an absence of six weeks.

Miss Maggie Arnold, who has been attending the Chorus school for girls, Windsor, returned home to spend the holidays with her parents.

Miss Marie Rouch, St. John, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Geo. Gough.

Mr. Leonard is the guest of Mr. C. T. White, Church avenue.

Miss Marie Blakeley, Petticoats, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Teakles.

Miss Sarah Byrne and Miss Alice Byrne, of Sacred Heart Convent of St. John, are home to spend the vacation.

Miss Worden is spending a few weeks in Boston, Mass.

Miss Fenton, St. John is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Landolfer, W. G. Standish, T. Hall and M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Mr. G. Wetmore Merritt, St. John, spent Wednesday in town.

Mr. Wm. Burnett student of McGill college is spending his vacation at his home here.

Mr. Sydney Watson and children are the guests of Mr. J. G. Smith.

Everybody is looking forward to the arrival of Rufus Somerby's band of trained monkeys which comes Tuesday night recommended as it is sure to draw largely.

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Imitations in Plenty. There are imitations of Columbia Bicycles everywhere—all said to be "just as good" as the famous American machine. But imitations are not Columbia Bicycles. STANDARD OF THE WORLD. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Drink Montserratt IN HOT WEATHER. It is Cooling, Refreshing and Invigorating. It is the Pure Juice of Cultivatd Limes, and a very wholesome summer beverage. Dilute with water and sweeten to taste.

LIMETTA CORDIAL. It will be found the finest article of its kind on the market. It is cooling, refreshing and invigorating. It is the pure juice of cultivated limes, and a very wholesome summer beverage. Dilute with water and sweeten to taste.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I CURED A HORSE OF THE MANGE WITH MINARD'S LINIMENT. I CURED A HORSE OF THE MANGE WITH MINARD'S LINIMENT. I CURED A HORSE OF THE MANGE WITH MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Ferguson & Page. 41 KING STREET. Have a large stock of Silver Novelties, suitable for most presents. For Summer Wear: Belts, Buckles, Blouse Sets, Belt Pins, Garters, etc.

CALL IN DRIVE OUT INDIGESTION AND DYSPESIA. THE LITTLE DOCTOR, K. D. C., it will drive out all forms of indigestion and dyspepsia. FREE SAMPLES OF K. D. C. AND FILLS. Mailed to any address, K. D. C. CO., 124, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Were you ever soaked through? Fibre Chamols. in your costume, putting the Rigby water proofed line through your shirts and waists, it is the same price as the plain—yet you'll find that both comfort and style for this interesting is unaffected by any amount of moisture or crushing and never become limp. The Stylish Stiffness and Grace it gives outfits everything. But protect yourself from poor imitations by asking to see the Red Star Label on every yard.

EMULSION. It restores health and brings back the bloom to the face. It is a rich tonic and a rare musical treat.

WOODSIDE. Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Woodcock.

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HOTEL ABERDEEN. Of course it's imitated—anything good always is—that's endorsement, not a pleasant kind, but still endorsement. HIRE'S Root-ber is imitated. HOTEL ABERDEEN. ST. JOHN, N. B. New Office Prince William Street. Near Post Office. Passenger Elevator and all modern improvements, including ordinary and therapeutic baths. Rooms all large and airy. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Jersey dairy supplies. Steam proof water filters. Convenient sample rooms for commercial travelers. Terms, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day. G. R. FUGLEBY, E. M. TRER, Proprietors.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

of 15 boys who were to graduate this year, for a few direct words of advice and commendation. In his own peculiar way Mr. Troop urged them to be true to the teaching and guiding they had received at Roxbury and commended them for the report they had won for themselves.

Origin of the death of Sir L. S. Tilley who was the patron and very warm friend of the two colleges the closing exercises at the Sacred Heart Convent were of a particularly brilliant nature this year, although, as usual, they were strictly private.

FREDERICTON.

Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fennell and J. H. Hawthorne. June 25.—Owing to the serious illness of Governor Fraser, the parlor concert which was to have been held at Farnham Place tomorrow evening has been indefinitely postponed.

The Sounding Board.

is the soul of the Piano. Without it the spirit of the instrument would be dumb. It therefore needs no argument to show that a piano's richness of tone and musical value depend on the quality and construction of the sounding board.



The Rev. Willard Macdonald and Mr. L. W. Osborn have returned home from Toronto. Mrs. Rank leaves on Friday for Galt Out, and will spend the summer at her home there. Miss Louise Symonds is visiting friends in the city.

At race courses near the ocean the horses are often taken into the water for the benefit of a salt water bath. Horse owners living along shore have done this regularly. The farmer, the fisherman, whoever owns horses, living near the shore, takes them down about once in so often for a salt water bath, maybe on Sunday mornings, when the horses are not at work, and when they are cool and in fit condition to go in.

THE MULE AND THE LIVE WIRE.

A Sedate Hybrid's Lively Interval with an Unexpected Electric Current. The electricians of the various electric companies in this city all have a variety of amusing stories up their sleeves, one of which they occasionally let out, but the best one heard lately was that told by Capt. Thomas Chamberlain, in charge of the city fire alarm and police telegraph system, while en route to Monroe Park the other afternoon to witness a ball game.

There is a part of the Spring Hill road trolley that is not protected by guard wires and not long ago one of the telephone companies was stringing some wires at the lower end of St. Francis street, when one of their wires fell across one of my wires, and then onto the trolley. Around at the corner of St. Michael and Commerce streets my wire, which was thus charged with the heavy current, passed about half an inch from one of the converters of the Electric Lighting company, and an arc was formed. This burned my wire in two.

USE OF THE SENSES.

Habit and Experience Play a Part in Seeing and Hearing. If we ask ourselves just how it is that we see, hear and receive impressions from the senses, we shall soon discover two things. The first is that the explanation "we see with our eyes," "we hear with our ears," is not quite satisfactory. It is easy enough to explain how certain rays of light impinge on the retina of the eye and certain waves of air on the drum of the ear; but how these purely physical things of sight and hearing no one can explain.

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook." It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

crease is recorded, the total product for the first ten months for home consumption being 3,388,147,300, or an increase of 617,804,480. Consequently the statement of a decrease, which was attributed to the bicycle, is false.

PAIN'S SUMMER SPECTACLE.

Cuba and the Struggle for Independence to be Presented at Manhattan Beach. "Cuba" is the title of the great fire spectacle which manager Pain has had prepared for this summer season at Manhattan Beach, and will give in the great open-air theatre. The first representation is announced for next Saturday evening, and, if the weather is fine, the audience will have an opportunity to see as elaborate a work of its kind as ever has been offered at Manhattan Beach.

The scene of "Cuba" is laid on the outskirts of Santiago, and shows the fortifications in the most effective manner. The subject appealed to the management because of the interest taken in the Cuban revolution by the American people. Though no definite result has yet been reached by either side, and the fate of the island still hangs in the balance, there have been sufficient incidents during the revolution upon which to base an interesting story for a spectacle. The reason why Santiago was chosen for the scene is that it was near that city that the first outbreak occurred. Here the insurrection was cradled.

The opening scene will be a fete day, with its sports and specialties. There will be also the drilling of troops, the landing of a filibustering party, the capture of part of it, a drumhead court martial, the interference of the American Consul in behalf of American citizens, the bringing out of the condemned prisoners to be shot, the blowing up of a fort, and a fight between Cubans and Spanish, ending with the placing of a wall of fire between the two armies.

MONKEY SKIN.

Monkey skin is the latest of the leathers—it is new this year—used for making pocketbooks, card cases, memorandums, books, belts &c. It has a drab color, and articles made of it cost about the same as similar articles of seal skin.

CIGARETTES AND THE BICYCLE.

An Alleged Increase of Smoking Among Women Who Ride a Wheel. The statement that the sale of cigars and cigarettes is steadily decreasing is not borne out by the Government statistics. For the ten months of the fiscal year ending April 30, 1896, the cigars manufactured for home consumption only in this country numbered 3,508,200,487, or an increase of 68,458,754 over the last fiscal year. In cigarettes an even greater in-

ALDERMAN MORROBIN RESIGNED.

He is Made Chairman of the Assessors and Resigns From the Council. One of the events of civic interest which has been overshadowed by the election excitement is the shuffling in the assessors' office. Mr. W. F. Bunting who has filled the chair for so long a time was retired and Alderman McRobbie appointed in his place. Few people will find fault with the change for long ago it was apparent that it would be necessary to take some action regarding the constitution of the board.

But coupled with the charges comes the announcement that the salary of the chairman is to be increased to \$1500—is \$300 more than it was—and that Mr. Bunting is made an additional assessor at a salary of \$500. This means an additional expense of \$800 to the city which is not likely to meet with general approval. Mr. McRobbie may not be directly responsible for the additional burden but if the statement is correct that he thought \$1500 even too little for the chairman then he had something to do with it. He was one of those who entered civic life upon the wave of tax reduction reform and he has been a "reformer" in the matter of expenditure ever since up to the present time. As chairman of the treasury board he had many opportunities to suggest and encourage this reduction of the expenditure. The recommendation for the change in the assessors' office came from his own department and while he probably took no hand in the matter he should have kept the salary at the old figure even if it meant a personal sacrifice. In the opinion of PROGRESS this would have been to his interest in the future for no man in the council had the same opportunity of becoming the chief magistrate of the city next year as Alderman McRobbie. His present position is a secure one and he is well able to improve upon the assessment system.

"MARTHA" WAS A SUCCESS.

The Four Performances Netted Over Two Thousand Dollars. HALIFAX, June 25.—The Orpheus club's performance of "Martha" was the musical event of the season, both artistically and financially, excepting of course, the Albari concert. For four nights our amateurs found themselves before audiences that crowded the academy of music, making houses worth probably not a dollar less than \$2,000, in addition to a matinee netting over \$100. The expense of producing "Martha" was about \$1,600, or perhaps a little less, so that the Orpheus club should have netted \$500. It seems however, that the net receipts aggregate only \$200; a large amount in affairs of this kind; the orchestra alone, for instance costing \$200.

Max Well whose training ability and whose baton made the opera the success it became, was one of the heroes of the piece. Miss Lettie McKay, of Boston, a niece of Alderman Mitchell, the prima

UMBRELLAS MADE, RECOVERED, REPAIRED BY DULUTH, 17 WATERLOO STREET.

Doans, surpassed the fondest hopes held regarding her. D. C. Gillis never before appeared to such musical advantage. Mrs. J. McD. Taylor was as good as ever she is, which is saying a good deal. Mr. Holdsworth, whom the play bills announced as "of London" has a fine baritone voice, which was appreciated none the less because people who asked who he was, were told that "he is a clerk in the Halifax office of the Furness steamship line." One of the most valuable men in the whole production has been less frequently mentioned than any one else, and that is "Tom" Payne, who presided at the piano. Such choruses were never before heard in this city. The Orpheus club are to be sincerely congratulated.

Value of Swedish Cookery.

It has been suggested that the different cooking classes that are established in various parts of the city should devote one lesson of each course to Swedish methods of cooking. There is much that can be learned of competent Swedish cooks. Those who are really valuable have gone through systematic training in their own country. The standard of excellence is high there, and the cooks are trained to respect the material intrusted to them, making careful and judicious use of it.

Throughout most of the century, since the election of Napoleon's aide-de-camp, Bernadotte, as their crown prince, Sweden has been greatly influenced by French standards of taste in literature, manners, dress and in the household arts, and exceptionally in that of cooking. Yet there is a decided difference between French and Swedish cooking, which would especially commend the latter to the average American, as better suited to our tastes and needs. Swedish dishes are less highly seasoned than French, and they are more substantial. Entrees of various kinds, giving imposing length to the menu but not satisfying the appetite of giving much reinforcement to the vital powers, are in their line. Excellent methods of cooking meat and fish, delicate sauces for both; rolls, biscuits, pancakes and many light, inexpensive, quickly made, wholesome and tempting sweet dishes are among the specialties of the Swedes.

THE VIENNA BAKERY

All who have tried our BREAD and CAKES Are delighted with them. We use the purest and best materials, and are sure of giving satisfaction. 13 Waterloo Street. Telephone 991.

Get Hood's

Hood's Pills easy to buy easy to take easy to digest. 25 cents.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1896.

PHYSIOGNOMY A STUDY.

HOW TO READ SIGNS OF CHARACTER IN THE FACE.

Do Not Rely Upon Features Alone—The Index of Honesty—The Nose as a Guide to Character—Large Mouths for Lovers—About Thick Eyelids.

Criminals often try to assume an expression of innocence, and sometimes so far succeed as to deceive the average person. The very fact that they do this is proof that they know that people study the lines and curves of the face and the expression of the eyes, mouth, nose and chin, and by doing so are enabled to read much of a person's character.

Edgar C. Beall, M. D., editor of the Physiognomical Journal, who has long given much study to physiognomy, when asked to give some of the results of his work, said:

"There is something peculiarly fascinating about the study of physiognomy, for the reason that signs of character in the face are so easily observed. While they may be inspected with a great deal of scientific accuracy and care, and indeed, ought to be studied with a good deal of precision in order to make sure of correctness, they seem to be very easy to read. They are under and over our very noses, as it were, and we constantly look at faces and imagine that if we only had access to a dictionary of physiognomy we could interpret this line or that curve, this contour or that arch of nose, eyebrow, chin, &c., and soon discover a great deal of what we would like to know.

"The best way to read character is to observe all the indications that may be found in different parts of the organization. For instance, it is not well to rely entirely upon one feature of either the head, the face, the hand, or the body alone; and if we see that a faculty is shown by the head, the face, and the body at the same time, we can be more certain that it is not neutralized by something else in the character. As an illustration of this, take the sentiment of conscientiousness. If we look for a deficiency of this quality in the head, we expect the cranium to slope off laterally at the top, on a line with the ear, something like a gable house roof; but if we are not permitted to place our hands on the head we may be much more certain our opinion as to a deficiency if we find that the eyes are slanting, if the lower face comes down to a point, and also if the hand tapers and the shoulders are sloping. Any feature that has this sloping peculiarity will give us a hint in the same direction.

"By the way, perhaps nothing in physiognomy is more important than the indices of honesty and truthfulness, we all, at some time or other, feel a deep interest in the question of some one's trustworthiness and reliability. It may be a business partner, a cashier, or what is still more interesting, a sweetheart. There are many signs of integrity that have value to the scientific character reader which could hardly be estimated with safety by an inexperienced person. For instance, a blushed or pale complexion, a colorless eye, and very blond hair are rather unfavorable signs of moral stability, but it would be very unfair to jump to the conclusion that all persons of golden hair and pale blue eyes are dishonest.

"Perhaps the first facial sign of conscientiousness which people either consciously or unconsciously observe is in the position and expression of the eye. The first thing to notice is the angle at which the eyeball is placed. In a perfectly honest character the opening should form as nearly as possible a right angle with the face. Then there is a tendency to squariness rather than roundness in the form of the upper forehead and the lower jaw at the same time, the evidence will be still more complete. It is important to consider this straightness of position from the fact that it is much more permanent than the expression. If the gaze is direct, and both eyes seem to look exactly at the same point without any shifting or dancing of the eyeball, we may be pretty certain of truthfulness and candor. But eyes may sometimes have the opening of candor and at other times the expression of falsehood. A single moment would not suffice for the forming of an opinion.

"Beware of eyes that have an unmistakable cast; that are restless and uncertain in their motions. Habitual liars are almost sure to betray themselves by this peculiarity. Another sign of a certain phase of dishonesty may be found in the sagging of the upper eyelid. However, this droop refers principally to indirectness of expression, and does not necessarily imply willful or malicious deception. It may exist with a very high order of honesty. In such a case the individual may be expected to act with a great deal of shrewdness and tact without overstepping the lines of justice. This also often accompanies talent for diplomacy and suavity. A good general sign of honesty is in a well-marked development of the bony system. People with very small bones are more likely to be

sinuous and elastic in their movements, and consequently elastic in their thoughts and methods. This sort of laxity or malleability in the physical structure naturally extends itself in the mind to matters of justice. On the contrary, any condition of firmness and stability of tissue or color points to integrity of character.

"The nose occupies a place in physiognomy equally as prominent as its position on the face. People will look at the nose more quickly, perhaps, than at anything else. The nose, or, more strictly speaking, the middle third of the face, contains the register of the point the individual has attained in general development, but particularly on the lines of intelligence and force of character. A large nose may be taken as a generalization of masculinity. To understand the meanings of a large nose, we should consider the elements that are more characteristic of man than of woman. First among these we think of courage.

"Women have a kind of fortitude and endurance often even greater than men in emergencies, but it is not natural for a woman to march out into an open field to fight. She accomplishes by art what man attains by strength. Woman is an alchemist; man is an engineer. Woman is a magician; man is a mechanic. The arch or prominent bridge of the nose, therefore, is the most distinctive facial mark of aggressiveness, independence, and the spirit of dominion. The prominence in the upper part of the nose signifies attack, while the greater development in the lower part has reference to defence of family and self.

"One quality of interest to all people is magnanimity. Scarcely anything in human nature is more despicable than small-souledness, the petty meanness that slanders us when our backs are turned; the cowardice which always stays in the dark, and which seeks an unfair advantage on all occasions; which is ever watching for a chance to 'strike below the belt.' This pusillanimity is more likely to be present in the upper part of the nose is much sunken. One of the meanest noses in the world is depressed all along the bridge until within half an inch of the end, where it expands into a ball, the whole feature lying rather flat against the face, with the nostrils expanded. This drooping ball at the tip is an almost infallible sign of selfishness and callous ingratitude. A modification of this type may also denote a great deal of cautiousness and shrewdness. The latter qualities are well illustrated in the nose of ex-President Harrison.

An interesting example of a vulgar nose was possessed by the late Shah of Persia. There was a peculiar drooping and general flatness of the feature, and an almost indescribable curl of the nostril. "The turned-up nose, nez retrousee, is understood by almost everybody. It is more natural to woman, and denotes impulsiveness, brightness, alertness, sometimes pertness, and a lack of reflection. People with short, curled-up noses are rarely profound, philosophical, or original. Creative energy and great force belong more naturally to the Gladstone type. Long noses of the beaked variety are inclined to be grasping. The most unselfish nose is that which is most perfectly formed but inclined more to the feminine than to the masculine type. It should not have the combative arch, nor yet the shortness of the undeveloped pug. Thin noses are almost certain to be wanting in business sagacity, while breadth just above the nostril may be taken as an index of trading talent. If to this breadth be added a prominent bridge and a drooping point, as is common among the Jews, we may look for energy in business as well as shrewdness in judging human nature. Excessively large noses are often simply a rank growth and their lack of value may be detected by close inspection, which will reveal a certain broadness and obtuseness in all the lines. Broad noses are the more economical; narrow noses belong to spendthrifts.

"Much can be determined by resemblances to the lower animals. If a person has a face like a fox we may be pretty sure of loxy traits. The late theological leader, W. Q. Judge, had a face of this type. There was a good deal of felinity in the face of Mme. Blavatsky. Bismarck looks like a mastiff. Lurking animality is often betrayed by great prominence of the cheek bones.

"Thick eyelids are not creditable, although they often lend a good deal of fascination to a face. They are likely to accompany some phase of voluptuousness or untruthfulness, or both. Annie Besant being tried for the murder of her mother, has voluptuous eyes. Round eyes are constant. Flat eyes are polygamous.

"Mouths are most interesting to lovers because they express the affections. Large mouths are peculiar to orators, singers, large eaters, and lovers, and there is really a connection between all these functions, if one stops to think. For what is love without eloquent speech? What is more natural for a lover than to proclaim his devotion in poetry or song? A small, pinched-up mouth, with thin lips, would be able to do but little of interest to others. The more perfectly proportioned and harmonious the mouth, and the more refined its lines, the more refined will be the affections. The chief pole of sex love is in the centre of the

upper lip, which gives a peculiar prominence, and forms the centre of the Apollo's bow. The full lower lip is a sign of benevolence.

"Many people look for signs of love in the chin, and associate intensity of affection with the prominence and breadth of that feature. However, it is the muscles rather than the bones with which the love element has to do. As a well-known writer on physiognomy says: 'We do not look with our bones.' Confusion on this point has arisen from the fact that a strong will, which is indicated by a prominent chin, is likely to be associated with a strong love nature. Schopenhauer would explain this by saying that love is but a form of expression of the desire to live, so that prominent-chinned people, like the notorious Aaron Burr, are usually passionate lovers. A retreating chin may often be found in a voluptuous person, as in the case of Mrs. Alice Fleming, but in such a character the love is fickle and evanescent rather than deep or steady."

TO HAVE GOOD HAIR.

Expert Advice Regarding Hair, Soap, Brushes and Other Things.

No matter how many baths a woman may take a day, or how fastidious she may be as to every detail of her toilet, she can never pass as a thoroughly well-groomed woman, unless able to present to the world an entirely clean scalp, and hair glowing with life and vigor. Many women with the best intentions along these lines fail through ignorance or mistaken methods; so that the authoritative work on the hygiene of the hair from a leading specialist in scalp diseases may serve as a law to the unenlightened.

"In the first place" said the specialist, "the scalp itself should never be combed. Most skin diseases are easily preventable, but to have an absolutely healthy scalp proper methods must be followed from childhood. Many mothers, for instance, are in the habit of combing their hair on the scalp itself with a fine tooth comb. There could not be a more reprehensible practice, for though to a certain extent it removes the dirt from the hair and the scales from the scalp, if there is any tendency to inflammation, as there almost always is, the irritation of combing only increases it, and the last stage of that child is infinitely worse than the first. Only by most careful after-treatment can the evil results of such measures be overcome, and it is doubtful if the scalp is ever quite restored to its original healthy condition. In fact, the only cure or stimulant that a normal scalp of either child or adult ever requires is frequent washing."

"How often do you recommend washing the hair, doctor?"

"A child's hair should be washed once in two weeks and not often, except in summer time. The small sweat glands secrete oil as well as sweat, and being much more active in hot weather, the hair becomes much greasier and the interval between washings should be reduced to ten days. In most cases, if this care is taken, ringworm and all diseases incident to children's heads may be avoided. With adults, the same general rules obtain. There is no objection to a woman washing her hair once a fortnight, and if there is an over secretion of oily substances, she should decrease the time to once in 10 days. If she does this persistently, she will find that the exceeding secretion of the skin will have been modified to a considerable extent. Where the skin runs to the opposite extreme, as is often the case, one should always, after the shampoo, rub in a little grease with the tips of the fingers. This is taken up by the skin and prevents after-soiling."

"Now, doctor, as to details, what is the very best method for washing the hair?"

"In the first place, never allow yourself to be influenced to use anything in washing the hair but soap—a bland or super fatting soap; the preparation which gives the best results is the tincture of green soap. Make a good lather of this all over the head, and then wash and rinse in water at a temperature of about 105 degrees. If, however, there is a tendency to inflammation or eczema, soap must never be used except under the advice of a physician. Most of the grayness nowadays is due to eczematous inflammation of the scalp, which passes under the name of dandruff. Like many other diseases, dandruff is parasitic. It is perfectly and entirely possible to arrest this disease and the grayness caused by it, by the use of the green soap combined with some mild antiseptic. Washing the hair every fortnight as I have advised, and the application of a mild antiseptic every night is bound to eradicate dandruff and arrest grayness, unless, of course, the grayness is hereditary. Much premature baldness is also due to dandruff, and that is the reason why it is so necessary to begin the care of the child's scalp in infancy.

"The reason why baldness is so much more frequent among men than women? It is due to their continual wearing of stiff hats, not only in this but in preceding generations; and if the use of the present hat is continued for some centuries, it is doubtful whether our descendants will have any hair at all.

"As to hair dyes, except for the damage

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COLORADO STEAMBOATS.

When the Water Gives Out They Proceed Upon the Mud.

Among the winter attractions of southern California is a trip to the mouth of the Colorado river, writes a Pomona, Cal., correspondent of the New York Sun. The navigation of the river at low water is alone worth seeing. It is western river navigation of the extreme type.

No river in the country changes its channel so often as the Colorado. It leaves the famed Missouri in the shade. It changes not merely by the day, but by the hour. A pilot never tries to remember it, as on the Mississippi, but runs by the appearance of the water. Even this is so often deceptive that the boats are built to run almost as well on mud as on water. The Mojave is 150 feet long by 31 broad, with three decks, three boilers and two engines, a flat bottom and a big stern paddle wheel, and can accommodate sixty passengers. Now she slides at full speed down a long reach of timbered banks, then suddenly strikes bottom with a heavy jolt. But there is no danger and little delay. She may stop entirely, but the engines keep puffing, you feel the boat moving again, and after a few minutes of crawling, she goes again at full speed. She simply rides this shifting mud. Perhaps at the next bar she has to swing around sideways and wiggle over, but she is equal to the emergency. At times a bar is reached where this device fails, and then she swings around, stern to the difficulty, backs water with the big wheel, and in a short time washes out a channel through which she rides with ease into the next stretch of good water. Thus, with evolutions to meet the various emergencies of the cranky stream, she threads its winding course amid evervarying scenery.—Providence Journal.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

The Kettle in the Hotel—A Hard Struggle With Modern Improvements.

Many tales are told of the mistakes made by rural visitors in city hotels, and very often the long bow is drawn until it is in danger of snapping asunder under the strain. But here is one which is absolutely true, and which happened at the Irving House on Sunday.

A gentleman from the regions of bucolic simplicity, accompanied by his wife, registered at the hotel, and about 10 o'clock in the evening the clerk was confronted by the husband, who remarked that they were ready to retire, and who wanted to know when the bed was to be put into their room. A bellboy was despatched to show the verdant guests how the folding bed operated, and for a period of several minutes all was quiet in the office when the man from the country again put in an appearance. He wanted to know if they couldn't have a wash bowl and a pitcher of water. Again the bellboy was sent up to explain the mysteries of a stationary washstand. But more trouble was in store for the attaches of the hotel, when an apparition clad in airy garments was seen beckoning from the top landing of the stairs. It was the gentleman from the country, who wanted to know how the "goob-dern light" was put out. The bellboy accompanied him to his room, whereupon the countryman pointed to the hand grenades labelled "fire extinguishers," and said he didn't know whether to throw them on the electric light or not. The boy turned off the light, and no further trouble ensued.

But the stranger had made three trips to the office when he might have touched the electric call bell.—Philadelphia Record.

MYSTERIOUS ROADDED.

Phenomenon Not Accounted for on a North Carolina Railway.

Between the forty-ninth and the fifty-fifth mile posts on the Carolina Central railroad there is a piece of track for a distance of nearly six miles that presents a singular condition that so far amounts to an inexplicable mystery. All trains going and coming go to grinding and start a terrible squeaking when they get on this six miles of track. The noise comes from not only one car, but every locomotive, every coach

and every car of whatever kind sets up a grinding as it turns a curve. The noise is something like the screeching of an ox cart that has no grease on it, and it is made by every truck in a train. The track is perfectly straight, and as there is no curve at all, the cause of the grinding and squeaking has mystified the railroad people. Every effort has been made to ascertain the cause of the difficulty. The locomotives have been examined, the coaches and cars have been scrutinized, every cross-tie and every rail has been inspected, every joint has been looked at, and every foot of the track has been regauged, but no explanation could be discovered. The section master has almost crawled over the six miles on his knees in search of the cause; the roadmaster has tried his best to ferret out the matter, and the superintendent has been over the track and inspected it—all of them making repeated efforts time and again to find out what is the matter—but they have given it up as a bad job. They have not only not been able to discover the cause of the noise, but have been unable to discover any theory to explain the mystery. It is one of the railroad mysteries of the age, and has been going on for twenty years. During that time the cross-ties and rails have been replaced several times with new ones, but without effect.

Autographs.

Mr. James Ellsworth, of Chicago, an intimate friend of Paderewski, gave him a dinner a short time ago, says the San Francisco Argonaut, and each person who came was obliged to perform some feat by which he could earn his living, provided his usual resources were taken away. Paderewski had many hard tricks handy. Theodore Thomas, with his hands tied behind his back, by some miraculous management, unbuttoned his waistcoat and took it off with his hands still tightly fastened. The guests then asked for autographs, and Mr. Ellsworth remarked: "I have Paderewski's autograph, which he wrote on my shirt front some time ago," and thereupon the valet brought the garment into the room, and behold! the shirt bosom bore the signature of the maestro written across the front. At once each manly chest was presented to Paderewski, who, with pencil in hand, signed his name on the star-shaped linen. As a result, eleven shirts have been permanently retained from circulation, so to speak.

A London Ceremony.

Seventy-seven deserving old men, and as many old women, the number representing the years of Queen Victoria's age, received the Queen's Maundy at Westminster Abbey this year. Each man received \$11.25 and each woman \$8.75; then red and white purses were given to them, the red containing a sovereign in gold and 30 shillings, the white, as many pence in silver as the Queen is years of age.

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ed the fondest hopes held D. C. Gillis never before ch musical advantage. Mrs. r was as good as over she saying a good deal. Mr. whom the play bills an- which was appreciated none people who asked who he that "he is a clerk in the of the Furness steamship the most valuable man in action has been less frequent- man any one else, and that tyne, who presided at the choruses were never before ty. The Orpheus club are congratulated.

of Swedish Cookery. suggested that the different ate that are established in of the city should devote one course to Swedish methods re is such that can be omnipotent Swedish cooks. re really valuable have gone matic training in their own standard of excellence is and the cooks are trained to material entrusted to them, and judicious use of it. Napoleon's aide-de-camp, as their crown prince, Swe- greatly influenced by French ate in literature, manners, the household arts, and in that of cooking. Yet decided difference between Swedish cooking, which ily commend the latter to merican, as better suited to needs. Swedish dishes are omed than French, and they tantial. Entrees of various imposing length to the menu ing the appetite of giving ment to the vital powers, as. Excellent methods of and fish, delicate sauces for scuits, pancakes and many neive, quickly made, whole- pting sweet dishes are among of the Swedes. in the preparation of mo- could be cleanly and pre- duced each family in which duced would be decidedly the acquisition of knowledge

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ighted with them. We use at best materials, and of giving satisfaction. Waterloo Street: 1901.

Sunday Reading.

A LITTLE SWISS HEROINE

Who Died Willingly for Her Inmate Father's Sake.

I heard of a little girl who lived near a deep ravine at the foot of one of the mountains in Switzerland. A huge rock had fallen down the mountain-side and lodged in the ravine, and thus made a natural bridge, so that those who wished to pass from one side of the mountain to the other could do so comfortably. The mother of this child was an earnest Christian, and often told her daughter about the Saviour. At first the little girl did not care very much about what her mother said, but at last the mother's prayers were answered, and her little one accepted Jesus as her Saviour. Her father was not a Christian, and never gathered his loved ones around the family altar.

One day, when about to cross the deep ravine upon the rock bridge, the mother saw that it was just ready to fall. The frost had loosened it. She told her little child that if she ever crossed it again it would fall, and she would be dashed in pieces. The next day the father told his child that he was going over to the other side across the bridge. She said to him it was not safe, but he only laughed at her. He said he had been across it before she was born, and that he was not afraid. When the child saw that he was determined to go she asked him if she could with him.

While they walked along together, she looked up in her father's face, and said, 'Father, if I should die, will you promise to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven by-and-by?'

'Pshaw!' said he, 'what put such a wild thought into your head? You are not going to die, I hope. You are only a few days old, and will live many years.' 'Yes, but if I should die, will you promise to love Jesus just as I do, and meet me in heaven?'

'But you are not going to die. Don't speak of it,' he said rather brusquely. 'But if I should die, do promise, father, you will be a good Christian and come up and live with Jesus and me in heaven.' 'Yes,' he said at last.

When they came near the crossing-place, she said, 'Father, please stand here a minute.' She loved him dearly, and was willing to run the risk of dying for him. Strangers as they were, she walked quickly and jumped upon the loose rock, and down it went with the little girl. She was crushed to death. The trembling parent crept to the edge, and, with eyes dim with tears, gazed wildly upon the wreck. Then he thought of all his little child had told him about how Jesus had died to save us. He thought he had never loved his child so much. But he began to see that he had far more reason to love Jesus, who had suffered much more to save him from the 'bottomless pit.' And then he thought of the promise he had so carelessly made to his daughter. What could he do but kneel down and cry to God to have mercy upon him? If they meet in heaven, do you think that daughter will be sorry that she sacrificed her life for her father's sake? No, but she will rejoice that her action was used to lead him to God.—'Christian Herald.'

God Still Holds His Place.

At the present day you can approach a truly religious man and face him with any amount of discouraging statistics. You can tell him that fewer people are attending church. You can point to the mighty power of the press and say that the power is increasingly used for the purpose of evil, and still after you have said your worst, you cannot compel your religious man to believe the worst or to believe that mighty agency is to have any other power than to fulfill the purposes of God in the world. You can point to the institutions of religion. You may say: 'Here is a flaw, or here is a defect, or you may say that religion is a failure and that life is not worth living; and still the man who has been introduced to God will only smile at your words. He knows because he knows God, that this universe of ours is, in spite of its defects, but fulfilling the great, the divine will of Him who was and is and is to be. And the spirit of a great hopefulness will take possession of the soul of a religious man just in proportion as he finds himself in the presence of these things which are dark and discouraging. He will confess that, so far as the universality of life is concerned, nothing is plainer than this, that God, the God of love, still holds His universe, in every department, in the holiness of His hand; that His will is to be done in earth as in heaven, and that His kingdom is to come here that it may come there.—Dr. Nehemiah Boynton.

Prayer and Praise.

If you want power in your home, in your Bible-class, in your social circle, in your nation, or in the Church of Christ, then come into contact with Jesus in this trust of faith that accepts His life fully, that trusts Him fully for yourself; and you will be able by faith to influence your family, by faith to overcome the world, by faith to bless others, by faith to live a life to the glory of God. Go thy way; thy soul liveth, for it is Jesus Christ who liveth within you. Go thy way; be not fearful; but rest in the Word and the power of the Son of God. Christ has entered with new life into your heart: go away quietly, restfully, full of praise and joy and trust.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

REALITY IS THE GREAT EDUCATOR

Life is the Oldest and Best Endowed University in the World.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., writes on 'Substitutes for a College Training' in June Ladies' Home Journal, which makes a most acceptable contribution to a series of papers to young men, an especially practical one in supplementing his articles on the value of college training in the May issue of that magazine. Dr. Parkhurst asserts that 'there is a certain keenness and vigor of discipline that can come to a man only as he lives out by a fall, or his temper tried by the pricking of those infernal tires, he will return in the evening with his nerves in perfect order and his limbs as little tired as if he had been strolling for the same time up and down a terrace or a lawn. This means that he can choose friends or do business within half a county, instead of within two villages, and that his powers of locomotion will be multiplied at least fivefold, or in the case of the really and healthily, eight or ten fold. That is a new freedom, a great multiplication of power for men, and especially for women, who, we notice, enjoy it much more than men do, and contrive somehow to avoid the look of care which is the special mark of the bicyclist; and we shall be curious to note when time has been given for the change to operate fully, what its precise effects are. They will not all be good.

SOME PROPHECIES.

Some eighteen centuries ago a Galilean fisherman is reported to have uttered a prophecy, the strangeness of which is dull-bled to Christian ears by their familiarity with it and their conviction of its truth. He foretold that the gospel, which he had been divinely—as he believed—commissioned to proclaim, and which he asserted was inextricably blended with and based upon the teaching of the Old Testament writers, would abide forever. After the lapse of more than sixteen hundred years the cleverest man in Europe hazarded another prophecy, absolutely antagonistic to that of Peter of Bethsaida. He said that it had needed twelve men to start Christianity on its career, but it would only require one man to destroy it; and he predicted that within a further century the bible would be utterly forgotten. The hundred years which Voltaire allowed for the quiet extinction of Holy Writ is fully expiated. The growth of solvent forces, or what are occasionally considered to be such, at the present day is a thousandfold more powerful than Voltaire could have conceived it. The distance of time which separates us from the sage of Ferney is no measure of the enormous strides which science and learning have taken in the interval, and from every branch of this added store of intellectual equipment the fiercest light has been focused and concentrated upon the bible. Archeology and philology, history sacred and profane, all the natural sciences all the ingenuity of scholarship and criticism, have been directed against its authority and integrity, with the result that the bible never before had such a hold on the mind and heart of mankind as it enjoys at the present moment.—'British Quarterly Review.'

Holy Ghost's Teaching.

The Holy Ghost has come to train us in the school of love, Day by day He leads us out into some new lesson as we are able to bear it. And when things seem hard and trying it is just another class in the school of discipline, another opportunity of putting on Christ Jesus and learning either the patience, or the long-suffering, or the gentleness of love. An injured bishop was once complaining to Francis De Sales how a brother had wronged him, lied about him, and tried in every way to defame him; and the good saint listened and assented, saying: 'Yes, my brother, it's very wrong, it's very unkind, it's very unjust, it's very cruel; and then he added, 'but there is another side to it.' 'But,' said the Bishop, 'do you mean to say that there is any excuse or reason to justify this?'

Prayer and Praise.

On this Continent. No chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthy; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

WEDDINGS IN WALES.

Curious Customs Relating to the Ceremony Which Still Prevail in Some Places.

Many and curious were the old customs in Wales relating to marriage. The following is an account of the bidding ceremony, and old custom which is said to be celebrated even to this day in rural parts of Wales: The bidder goes from house to house with a long pole and ribbons flying at the end of it, and standing in the middle floor in each house he repeats a long lesson with great formality. He mentions the day of the wedding, the place, the preparations made, etc. The following is a specimen: 'The intention of the bidder is this; With kindness and amity, with decency and liberality for—and— he invites you to come with your good will on the night of the current month—a shilling or two or three or four or five—with cheese and butter. 'We invite the husband and wife, children and men servants, from the greatest to the least. Come there early; you shall have your meal and drink cheap, stools to sit on, and fish if we can catch them, but if not hold us excusable, and they will attend on you when you call upon them in return. They set out from such a place and such a place.'

TWO SORTS OF BELLOWS.

The blacksmith stands blowing his fire. What long sweeps he takes with his lever! Now up above his head, now down to his knees. And the fire—how it snaps and roars! The great bellows open wide to suck in the air and then the weights press it out through the nozzle. But suppose some morning the bellows had but three or four inches 'play.' Somebody had tampered with them. Their movement is restricted by a cord or a stick. The bellows have what, in a pair of human lungs, we call an attack of asthma; that is difficult breathing.

For the lungs are a pair of bellows. The blood is pumped and exhaled. When they work well the blood is supplied with oxygen, which unites with the carbon to make a slow fire, and so keep us warm. There isn't much feeling in the lungs; in that respect they are like the smith's bellows. But when they stop we die; and even when they work badly the owner has trouble right off.

This is happening to people all the time, and among them lately was Mr. W. Stephen, of Bogside Cottage, Rayne, near Inasch, Aberdeenshire. 'My breathing became so bad,' he says, 'I thought I should suffocate.' That was a feeling to scare a man. He consulted a doctor, and the doctor gave him medicines and applied blisters. Inhalations were also tried, but no particular good came from any of these things. Time ran along, as it always does, and Mr. Stephen found himself getting weaker and growing weaker. In fact, as he says himself, he could scarcely move about.

The doctor said his patient had chronic bronchitis. Now bronchitis is an inflammation of the big tubes that lead in among the cells of the lungs. They are like the branches of a bush after you leave the main trunk that stands on the ground. Bronchitis is caused by some long tolerated impurity of the blood suddenly developed by a cold. This may easily set up a derangement of the nerves of the lungs—the nerves of motion—and the lungs partially collapse and we have asthma. So you see the two complaints belong to the same family, and are likely to act together in making mischief. Now let us hear again from Mr. Stephen.

He says his illness began back in June, 1890. At first he merely felt out of sorts, just as the weather seems to feel when it is getting ready to give us a big storm. Outside and inside Nature is quite good to us as we deserve—she gives notice of the coming rain, but we don't see or we don't care. All the worse for us. Our friend had no long trouble at first. His stomach appeared to be at fault. When he ate he almost immediately suffered from pain and tightness of the chest and palpitation of the heart. After this came the bronchitis and asthma. Well, we now quote from a letter dated from his home, August 23rd, 1793: 'After suffering for nine months—all that time not able to work—and no treatment doing me any good, I made up my mind to try a medicine that had benefited my wife—namely, Mother Seign's Curative Syrup. I did so, and in a few days I felt better; my breathing was easier, my appetite returned, and I digested my food. Indeed, I was soon as strong as ever, and went back to work. Then my daughter, who had been ill for years, took the Syrup, and a few bottles made her strong and robust. You may print this statement if you wish. (Signed) W. Stephen.'

THE STUNTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Dr. South Africa as the scene of the worst pre-arranged of the British Minister in more show as the result of four months of an active African policy than Mr. Chamberlain can produce to-day. One thing we may, however, be certain of; and that is, no Minister, no matter how imbecile, could have fallen to the share of Mr. Chamberlain. President Kruger has had the best of Mr. Jameson; he has 'beaten' the Uitlanders; he has 'beaten' Mr. Cecil Rhodes; and now he has 'beaten' Mr. Chamberlain. The net result of four months' attempt to shake the position of the shrewd old gentleman who is said to transmute over the Transvaal has been to establish British impotence, to convince Mr. Chamberlain himself that he can do nothing, and to reduce a somewhat high-flying Colonial Secretary to a condition of collapse.—From 'The Progress of the World,' in June Review of Reviews.

Hay Fever and Catarrh Believed to be 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the flowers, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, dissolves the powder over the surface of the nasal passage. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Head-ache, Sore Throat, Coughs and Sneezing.

Mr. York—Don't you have trouble in keeping track of your city limits?

Mr. York—Yes, but there is a strong movement on foot to abolish them altogether.—Truth.

The Deadliness of Fatigue Poison.

Maggiori and Mosso have recently made some experiments as to the nature of the poison engendered by fatigue, which are replete with interest. These investigations together with Wedensky and others, find that if the blood of a fatigued animal be injected into another animal that is fresh and un-fatigued, all the phenomena of fatigue will be produced. A chemical analysis shows that this poison is similar to the vegetable poison curare into which some tribes of Indians dip their arrows. This poison when injected into the blood, causes the victim to die in terrible torture. The poison produced by fatigue has many points in common with it, and is as truly a deadly poison. In cases where it is created more rapidly than it can be carried off by the blood, the effect on the whole organism is demoralizing, and possibly to a dangerous extent.

Van Felt—Will you marry me? Miss Sears—Not on your life! Van Felt—Would you mind putting it in writing? Miss Sears—Why should I do that? Van Felt—Just to decide a bet!

ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH.

THE BOWMANVILLE NEWS INTER-VIEWS MR. JOHN HAWKINS.

And is Given Particulars of a Nine Years' Suffering From Asthma, From Which He Has Been Restored to Health When His Case Was Looked on as Hopeless.

From the New, Bowmanville.

During the past five years the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have developed into a household word, and from several cases that have come under our personal observation, there is not the least doubt in our minds but that they are a boon to mankind, and in scores of instances have saved life when everything else had failed. The cure of Mr. Sharp, whose case we published some time ago, was one of the most remarkable that we have heard of. Today he is as well as ever he was in his life, and is daily knocking about in all weathers attending to his farm duties. Recently another triumph for Pink Pills came under our observation, and after interviewing the person cured, he gave permission to make the facts public, and we will give the story in his own words. Mr. John

WHISKY FROM POTATOES.

Overproduction Likely to Give Corn an Energetic Rival.

The enormous overproduction of potatoes last summer will probably result in the establishment of potato distilleries in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, where the tuber can be bought for five cents a bushel or less. Potato whisky is made and consumed on a large scale in Germany and Austria, and every traveller in Ireland is offered a sample of 'potteen.' Few, except the natives, ever have the courage to do more than look at it. However, small quantities of 'potteen' are imported into the United States, and stuff bearing that name, and probably equally as effective as the genuine, can be had in every city. The American distillers have not experimented much with potatoes. They say the potato flavor is not relished by men used to the Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania, or Tennessee article. A \$20,000 plant is being erected at Manawa, Wis., according to press dispatches, to use up part of the surplus crop of 1895. The venture is being watched by other distillers, and if it proves successful corn will have a formidable rival. It is estimated 297,000,000 bushels of potatoes were sold or consumed last year, compared with 170,000,000 bushels in 1894. Many states not specially adapted to potato raising went into the market, and as a result potatoes are now selling here to peddlars at 12 or 14 cents a bushel, and choice stock is going in small lots at 55 cents. It is believed, the planting in 1896 will be less than in 1895, but not in the great potato states—New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois, and Colorado. If distillers can use potatoes they can always find stock at low prices, as the starch manufacturers do.

EBYSIGHT OF SOMNAMBULISTS.

The Eccentricities of Those who Walk in their Sleep.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux attests the case of a young ecclesiastic who was in the habit of going up during the night in a state of somnambulism, taking pen, ink and paper and composing and writing sermons. When he had finished a page he would read aloud what he had written, and correct it. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made any use of his eyes the Archbishop held a piece of cardboard under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper upon which he was writing. He continued to write without being in the slightest degree incommoded. In this state he also copied out pieces of music, and when it happened that the words were written in too large characters and did not stand over the corresponding notes he perceived in error, blotted them out and wrote them over again with great exactness. Negretti, an Italian sleep walker, sometimes carried a candle about with him, as if to furnish him light in his employment; but when a bottle was substituted he carried it, and after taking two more boxes, to the astonishment of those who were over again with great exactness.

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Nerve.

Van Felt—Will you marry me? Miss Sears—Not on your life! Van Felt—Would you mind putting it in writing? Miss Sears—Why should I do that? Van Felt—Just to decide a bet!

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ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH. THE BOWMANVILLE NEWS INTER-VIEWS MR. JOHN HAWKINS. And is Given Particulars of a Nine Years' Suffering From Asthma, From Which He Has Been Restored to Health When His Case Was Looked on as Hopeless. From the New, Bowmanville. During the past five years the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have developed into a household word, and from several cases that have come under our personal observation, there is not the least doubt in our minds but that they are a boon to mankind, and in scores of instances have saved life when everything else had failed. The cure of Mr. Sharp, whose case we published some time ago, was one of the most remarkable that we have heard of. Today he is as well as ever he was in his life, and is daily knocking about in all weathers attending to his farm duties. Recently another triumph for Pink Pills came under our observation, and after interviewing the person cured, he gave permission to make the facts public, and we will give the story in his own words. Mr. John



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SCOTT IN EDINBURGH.

PASTOR FELIX TALKS OF THE GREAT MINSTREL.

His Work in the House of Parliament—The foundation of his "Health to Lord Melville"—His Charming Home Life—His Best Literary Work.

Edina! Scott's darling seat! —Burns. Mine own romantic town! —Scott. Marmion.

The "brighter season of the year" having been filled with the toils and sports which were the subject of our last chapter; the first signs of snow, and the opening of the Session, recalled them to their city home in Edinburgh. In "Marmion" he gives us a hint on this annual fitting.

"When dark December gloms the day, And takes our Au' sunn joys away; When short and scant the sunbeams thrave Upon the weary waste of snows, A cold and profitless regard, Like patron on a needy bard,— When sylvan occupation's done, And o'er the chimney rests the gun, And hang, in idle trophy near, The game pouch, fishing-rod and spear: When wry terror, rough and grim, And grybound with his length of lim, And pointer, now employed no more, Cumber our narrow parlor floor: When in his stall the impatient steed Is long condemn'd to rest and feed: When from our snow-enrich'd home Scarce cares the hard step to roam, Since path is none, save that to bring The needful water from the spring: When wrinkled new-page, thrice com'd o'er, Requiies the dreary hour to more, And darning polidican, crossed, Inveighs against the lingering post, And answering housewife sore complains Of carrier's snow-impeded wains: When such the country cheer, I come, Well-pleas'd to seek our city home: For converse, and for books, to change The forest's melancholy range; And welcome, with renewed delight, The busy day and social night."

Scott's first Edinburgh residence, upon leaving his father's house at No. 25 George's Square, was No. 19 South Castle street. In this he occupied a flat, immediately after his union with Miss Chaperon. His more permanent and interesting city home, however, is 39 North Castle street, which next to Ashiestiel and at Abbotford is the pilgrim-shrine in the traveller's mind, with which the liveliest scenes and most important events of his matre life in Edinburgh are associated. His duties in the Parliament House were not very burdensome. His presence there was required only four times a week, and then only from four to six hours. Many have gone in that they might look on the great writer and Minstrel as he sat beside his desk or table, busily engaged in writing or attending to the business of the session. And we are told of the Outer House, where, in off hours, he might often be seen, "making his acquaintances merry over his stories." His appointment to his clerkship came not through the Tory party, of which Scott was a devoted adherent, but through the Whigs; though at the time of the publication of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Pitt was so delighted he determined to do something for the author. For all he promised to do, however, he was more than rewarded by the splendid eulogy in the Introduction to the first canto of "Marmion." Yet when the poet went to his desk in the Parliament House, it was as the nominee of the opposite party, which of course excited astonishment and some adverse comment. It is the sting of these remarks, and the sense of his ambiguous political ground, it is supposed, that prompted one of his bitterest political squibs,—his "Health to Lord Melville," a nobleman "who was then, unjustly, as Scott believed, under impeachment by the Whig Government." Of course this was not passed lightly over by those whose Whiggism was more than skin-deep; and was by some literally cherished against him. Canning, however was pleased and indicated his pleasure in a complimentary letter. Scott, had however, committed an error, and with the growing consciousness of this, his tribute to Fox, following upon that of Pitt, may be considered as an acknowledgment.

But let us go in fancy, to the house in the city where he lived through the most prosperous period of his history, and till the great crisis in his affairs, in 1826. How little there is in the house itself to excite our interest, but for the fact that the great Minstrel lived here! How within these walls he lived, in converse with books and friends, with wife and children, and the muse of poetry and romance! How deeply he enjoyed, how prodigiously he worked, in this narrow bound; and here what delight he took in dear little "Marjorie,"—whose sweet story the loving hand of Dr. Brown has given us; and how he related here (not pretending, like Carlyle to despise such things) the sense of public favor; and the great name and affection that he had won among his fellow-men. To this home he became most deeply attached; and one of the sharpest sorrows of his life was the necessity of parting from it. "It was his pride," says his biographer, "very often when he took strangers home with him, to stop at the crossing of George street, and point out to them the beauty and airiness of the situation. In one direction was St. George's church, in another the whole length of George street, with the monuments of Pitt and Dundas. In one direction the castle on its commanding rock, in the other the Firth of Forth, and the shores of Fife beyond." This was

the house in which "the vision" of the hand was seen from a neighboring one in George street, of which Lockhart has given the account. This house was situated close by, and at right angles with that of Scott. "It was a party," says the biographer, "of very young persons, most of them like Menzies' and myself, destined for the bar of Scotland. The weather being hot, we adjourned to the library, which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he, 'I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hard in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' I rose to change places with him, accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand, which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' said he, 'I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unweary'd, and so it will till the candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books.' 'Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably,' exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth of our society. 'No, boys,' said our host, 'I will know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's.' This was the hand that in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the two last volumes of 'Waverley.'"

Howitt and Robert Chambers went one day, into the house to see if the window was still there to be seen, through which the hand was visible; but a wall had been built which obstructed the view. The coveted sight was however obtained from a dwelling near by, and they had the privilege of inspecting "the widow at the back of Scott's house, and could very well have seen any hand at work in the same situation." The house was at the time occupied by Professor Napier, the editor of the Edinburgh Review.

How often were met in the dining hall of this house the flower of the land, intellect, genius, and beauty. What evening parties and delightful reunions of friends here, in the midst of this most congenial of households. How he sat with radiant face, and poured out his full soul, in laughter and in song! How lavish in converse of intellectual treasure, pouring out in a brilliant, wonderful mixture, recollections, knowledge, anecdote, snap sense, or mad rollicking fun. Now reciting some poem— for he was always generous in his praise of others, and given to the rehearsal of their verses rather than his own. He loved and admired the best verse of Wordsworth; and may be would repeat "Kilchurn Castle" to his company, "with a trumpet voice, while his gray eyes now glowed and now gloomed, and alternate fires and clouds seemed to flicker and flit over that pile of forehead." And then every shadow of melancholy would be driven away by some ludicrous anecdote, "while his lungs did crow like chariot wheels, his syllables in the struggle growing more emphatic, his accents more strongly Scotch, and his voice plaintive with excess of merriment." Why it is tonic even to read of it! One feels like bracing back, and lifting a glass to toast his memory: Here's to Walter Scott and may God bless him!

There were some associate statesmen, of pretentious gravity and consequential bearing, who stood ready to chide Abraham Lincoln for what they counted his mistimed and unseemly levity. They misunderstood and were more ludicrous than he. So some undertook to cheapen the conversation of Scott, as lacking in logical consecutiveness. It reminds of the pretension that Burns once rebuked; when a pedant, who had in his hearing misquoted as well as misinterpreted his author, attempted to criticize the "Elegy" of Gray, as violating the essential rules of verse and transgressing against true diction. "Sir," exclaimed the poet, vehemently, with flashing eyes, and in a tone of extreme severity; "Sir, you have proved enough—you have proved that a man may be a good judge of poetry by square and rule, and after all, a profound blockhead." Here was a man, at least, who got quickly at the core. Henry Cockburn rebuked the critics of Scott, by saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but Scott's sense has always appeared to me more wonderful than even his genius."

What a rare glimpse we get of Scott's social nature in the opening of Dr. John Brown's "Marjorie Fleming!" And how the lovable side of his nature is portrayed in his sport in the study with the dear arch little maiden, the wonderful child, who perished like the frost benighted "primrose timelessly!" But let us go—for Scott's dinner-table was pronounced, "in the whole, a catholic one,"—in our fancy, to an evening party, where Skinner's "Tullochgoram" is the gathering march. Jeffrey, the advocate and reviewer, marches in, "with his sharp features, dark flashing eyes, frightened—seeming hair and brisk, delicious endless talk." Yonder comes to his place at table, Cockburn, "with his beautiful oval face and rich Scotch brogue."

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Across from him sits Constable, the publisher, "with his distinguished bearing and smiling eye." And who is that man yonder, with "the black beard, bull-neck, turned-up upper lip, and great glowing lips, who when he speaks has the ore rotundo voice? That is James Ballantyne the printer,—the Jamie Ballantyne of Scott's youth at Kelso, and John his brother, is there too, at the table, "with his theatrical airs, frowns, starts, twistings of features, and floods of merriment." And who is that fine genial elegant man, with the "mild dreaming countenance?" That is Westington Irving, who has delineated the home-life of the great Minstrel so charmingly. But who, in Heaven's name, is he who so confidently takes his seat, yet so clumsily—the Scotch otter, "with his Calibanic manners, strong stepherd-sense, grotesque humor, and inordinate self-esteem? Why, who can it be but Jamie Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd! Hear him, what a sensation he makes at table, 'calling, as the cups circulated, his host 'Walty,' and his hostess 'Charlotte,' till both scream with laughter. And there are two more, at the least, we must mention that man, Lockhart,—with his fine Italian features, haughty sneer, high, then; shrill, scornful laugh, and keen, cutting sententious conversation. But there is no presence at the board more outwardly magnificent than that of Wilson—the author of the "Noctes"—with his 'storm of golden hair,' glowing cheek, stately stature, wild, fearless eye, and talk wilder and more tamerless still. Reader, methinks we are in good company! And yet, in the midst of them all, Scott, when he was roused and at his best, shone preeminent, while his words, vying with the sagest or wittiest spoken.

"Out—did the meat, outdid the frolic wine." One evening Jeffrey came to the home and the table of Scott, with fear and trembling. Need had he to be apprehensive, for on that day had appeared the number of the Edinburgh Review, with his article on "Marmion," full of his sharp and stinging criticism. Perhaps it was out of no bitterness to Scott personally; but it was rough handling of a work of such power, which the people had so eagerly received. He sent Scott a copy of the Review, with an explanatory note, to which Scott responded cordially. With some reluctance he presented himself at the hour and was received by Scott with his usual bland courtesy. There was no outward indication that the arrow had gone home; and Jeffrey with all his acuteness might flatter himself that there was to be no disturbance of their pleasant relations. But there was in that home a wife, whose soul was stung by this thrust at her husband. Imagine his mortification, on parting, to receive a significant look from his hostess, and words equally significant: "Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey; they tell me you have abused Scott in the Review, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you well for writing it." It is said she never spoke to him again.

It may excite a feeling of wonder that constable, who had paid Scott 1000 guineas for "Marmion," should have suffered the poem to be sacrificed at the hand of Jeffrey in a Review over which he had control. But some things are to be considered. The poem had been awaited eagerly, and with a low hum of expectation the critics had commended what prodigy the poet should produce. When it appeared, though eagerly taken by the public, the judges were, or affected to be, disappointed. It is a shame to expect to much, and wait long for anything beneath the stars. Even if it be an Alp or a Niagara, we are disappointed when it is seen. Scott, too, it must be remembered was from the standpoint of both publisher and reviewer on the off side of politics; and political feeling entered notoriously into the literary criticism of that day, and men were diverted by coteries along political lines. Again sharp reviewing was as much the literary specialty of Jeffrey as romantic poetry was that of Scott; and it was in the interest of the public to let them both exercise their function, for both would pay. He well knew that the abuse of a book with any merit in it is the very thing that will bring it to light. Constable relied, evidently, on Scott's easy good nature; but the mark was overshot. Woe is the day, when such a man is actually offended: Subsequent movements, intended to widen the breach already created, until the poet eventually withdrew his patronage and influence from Constable and the Edinburgh Review, and lent his powerful aid to the establishment of a counterweight, both in literature and politics,—the London Quarterly Review.

As 1808 drew to a close the rupture finally occurred. Brougham's article on "Don Pedro Cevallo" appeared in the twenty-sixth number of the Review; an article which, as to its literary quality is described as "perhaps the best specimen extant of his style, which had not then got so involved, parenthetical and cumbersome as it became afterwards." But it did the mischief. Scott and his political fellows were aflame, and irritated to the last degree, for this was a bomb-shell of power, whose fuse was hissing in the very midst of the Tory camp. Many citizens of Edinburgh at once withdrew their subscriptions. It is said that in Constable's list of subscribers to the Review there appears, opposite Scott's name, an indignant dash of Constable's pen—"STORT!!!" John Ballantyne was established as his publisher in opposition to Constable; and shortly the Quarterly Review, came out "in great force," under the editorship of Gifford.

Scott had yet one work to perform, that he might rise to the summit of his poetic fame. His tour de force—a fine piece of romantic story-telling as the world ever saw—was being formulated. All through the year 1809 he was engaged upon it; and in the early part of the month of May, in the year following, "The Lady of the Lake" was given to the public. That was a proud stroke for Scott; that was a bright and enthusiastic year! The public response was rapturous, the voices of acclaim were sounding far and near, and the most persistent dilly of a critic that ever stung the noble Pegasus, was complacent and satisfied. When did the publication of a poem ever produce such an instant, marvellous effect! It was as if the genius of Scotland had appeared, and drawn from her hills and waters, her crags and gles, a grey veil, and had let in a burst of sunshine on the glorious haunt of heroes and poets. Not only had we the lovely portrait of Ellen, the knights figure of Fitz-James, the half shadow warriors of the Trossachs, and the gloomy severity of Roderic Dhu; but Caledonia stood revealed! A thousand bosoms beat as one over these magical and vivid pictures, confessing with joyous surprise their great fidelity;—"This is my own, my native land!" The country turned out to see with the eye of imagination. "On all the roads leading to the Trossachs was suddenly heard the rushing of many horses and chariots. Old inns were crowded to suffocation; bad dinners and breakfast, and enormous charges were endured with exemplary patience; and new inns sprang up like mushrooms. Post-hire permanently rose. Every corner of that fine gorge was explored, and every foot of that fine loch was traversed, by travellers carrying copies of the book in their hands; and, as they sailed toward Glenlyne, or climbed the grey cauld of Ben An, or sat in the shady hollow of Coir-na-Urskinn, or leaned over the still waters of Loch Achray, repeated passages from it with unfeigned rapture. It was as if a ray from another sphere had fallen on and revealed a nook of matchless loveliness, and all rejoiced in the gleam and its revelation."

Walk where you will in Edinburgh, the memorials of Scott are all around you. His life, or his literary creations, are associated with almost every site or building as you move onward. We can do no more than to enumerate a few; such as the building where he sat as clerk of session; the homes of the Ballantynes and of Constable, and their places of business; the Canonate the Cowgate the Nether and West; Bows, the grass market, the place where the old Tolbooth stood; Holyrood, the Park, Muchat's Cairn, Salisbury Crag, Davie, Dean's cottage, Liberton, where lived Dominic Butler; Craigmillar sic memories, and the historic spectres of his creating. The intelligent beholder of this venerable city sees it through the glamor cast upon it by this man; and as one has properly remarked, he becomes astonished to reflect "how much more intense is the interest cast over different spots by his genius than by ordinary history." PASTOR FELIX.

"The place of business of Constable, was at one time that which is now the Crown hotel at the east end of Prince's street. That which is now the Commercial room, or the first floor, was Constable's book depot, and where he sat a good deal; and a door near the window, looking out toward the Register office, entered a lesser room, now altered, where Scott used to go and write occasionally. The private residence of Constable was at Falton, six or seven miles from Edinburgh. James Ballantyne's was in St. John's street, a row of good, old-fashioned, and spacious houses, adjoining the Canonate and Holyrood, and at no great distance from his printing establishment. John Ballantyne's session rooms were in Hanover street, and his country house, styled by him Harmony Hall, was near the Frith of Forth by Trinity. Of both the private and convivial entertainments at these places we have full accounts given by Lockhart. Sometime, he said, Scott was there alone, or with only two or three of his friends; at others, there were great and jovial dinners, and that all guests with whom Scott did not wish to be banished were seated here by John Ballantyne, in splendid style; and many were the scenes of uproarious merriment amid his "performed conversations," and over the Parisian delicacies of the repast.—Howitt.

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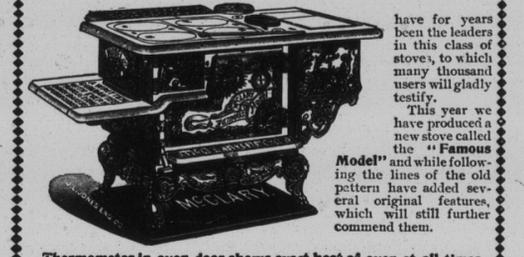
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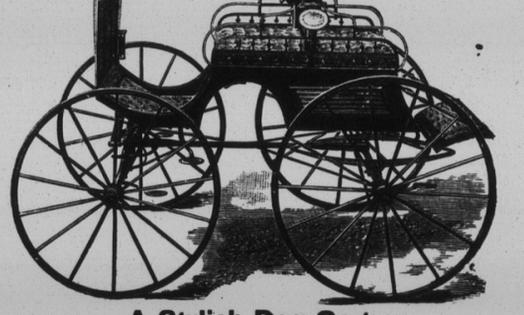
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WOMAN and HER WORK.

I wonder if there are any expressions, or even words, left in the English language which have not been twisted from their original meaning, and given some deeper, half hidden, and wholly objectionable signification? It seems to me that there are not, and one really grows heart-sick in the effort to speak intelligibly and yet steer clear of the numerous pitfalls with which modern smartness and modern vulgarity have surrounded what used to be the pleasant art of conversation.

I do not know whether it is better to be posted upon the subject; to possess as it were a mental dictionary of the double meaning which belongs to the simplest phrase, and thus be able at the expense of a soiled mind, to steer clear of the many traps that the unsuspecting fall into; or to go one's way in blessed ignorance of the consternation she is spreading broadcast amongst the better informed of her friends.

Which of us has escaped the sensation of being seated either in a crowded room, or at a table surrounded by several guests when some innocent young girl, or equally innocent man has made a remark which was simplicity itself, and yet to which there was attached a second meaning

and to keep the blessed safeguard of ignorance, which would at least prevent me from sharing the confusion of any other unfortunate who should chance to use, a word with two meanings, and I know I would feel far more comfortable if I were ignorant of their meaning, when such words were used and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Sometimes I wonder if everybody is the same, if there are no people in the world who can talk together intelligently, using their mother tongue as it was intended that they should and seeing no sinister meaning beneath the surface of any word? Surely there must be men and women in this world sufficiently intelligent and sufficiently refined to rise above such vulgarity, if we could only find them. But they are not easy to find, and the remedy for the double meaning plague is not easy to find either, so I suppose we must suffer from it until some reformer can be found with sufficient courage to start a purity of language movement and carry it to a triumphant issue.

Fashions for children seem prettier than ever and though they preserve a sort of family likeness to those of their mothers and elder sisters, still they are sufficiently different to avoid the appearance of being miniature copies of the grown up fashions. There is a certain permanence about the styles in children's clothes also, which is very satisfactory, they do not change as often or so rapidly as grown up fashions, and therefore they have a certainty about them which is very refreshing in the midst of the vicissitudes by which the rest of us are surrounded.

The gowns with the little guimpe was to have never really gone out of fashion, since they were first evolved from the clever brain of some fashion designer, and nothing could possibly be prettier for small girls between the ages of four and twelve. The guimpe may be lace trimmed and as plain, or as elaborate as the child's mother wishes and whether the dress be of pretty inexpensive gingham, or the dainty flowered silk which is so popular for little girls' best dresses now, it is sure to be a success, as the guimpe gives an air of daintiness to every dress. For ordinary wear, the careful mother generally makes it of the plain tucked lawn, which can be bought so cheaply, and is so easily laundered and always comes back from the wash, looking like new.

There are not many variations possible with these little dresses, the only choice lying between a full blouse with a belt, or a straight plain bodice; sometimes there is a bertha frill around the neck cut to fit the neck, shaped in squares or points and made of some contrasting color, or of plain goods on figured or figured on plain. If the material is cloth the edge is often finished with white braid, and the sleeves, which are usually short puffs are finished with a band of the same color.

Fine plaids or checks are just as fashionable for children as for adults, and finely checked wool goods in either blue or

to choose from, and the piques are so soft, and pliable this season, and in such pretty colors that they are greatly used for little skirts and the reefer jackets, which are prettier than ever with their wide collars and large pearl buttons.

Grass linen also figures largely in children's dresses this summer, and the trimmings are of narrow insertion in open work linen embroidery with a simple edging of the same for a neck frill, or else a frill made of a plain piece of the linen with a row of the insertion set on above a narrow hem. The guimpe waists of such dresses are of white lawn, or China silk, and the effect is very pretty. Often these little dresses are finished with a sun bonnet, or shirred hat, made of the same linen.



ALPACA AND SATIN, RIBBONS.

For girls of over twelve the dress problem is more serious, since they are very apt to have decided opinions of their own upon the subject, besides expecting more of variety in their dresses and, unlike smaller children, they have not the happy faculty of looking well in almost everything they put on. The blouse waist is the most popular style of bodice, and it may be plaited in box plaits, or gathered, and finished with stock collar and belt, of flowered ribbon. A pretty frock of blue serge has a blouse bodice, bishop sleeves, and a double collar. The vest, cuffs and second collar are of white serge, which is a very effective finish, but open to the objection of soiling quickly; shot silk may be substituted for it with very good results however.

Another dainty little dress is of blue and white striped challie, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and blue satin ribbon, which forms a square yoke.

A dress of beige-colored alpaca has a plain bodice fastened diagonally in front, the V-shaped opening is marked by a band of white alpaca, and buttons fasten the lower part of the waist.

Skirts of novel gowns for girls in their teens are gored, measured from three to four yards around the bottom, and the coat and skirt style is quite as popular with them as with their elders. Serge is of course the most serviceable material for children's



EMBROIDERED LINEN AND SWISS GOWNS.

brown and white make pretty dresses for school wear. The belts and frills may be of plain blue or brown finished with white braid or the tiniest of pearl buttons. Skirts for young girls of twelve and thirteen, are made full and plain with a wide hem, and sometimes a few tucks around the bottom. Thin silky crepons, and both china and taffeta silks are used for more dressy gowns, while for younger children white linen lawn with lace trimming makes the loveliest little slips for summer wear. Of course there are colored awns, gingham, and pique without end

wear, but alpaca is very extensively used this season. Plaid silks make a very pretty contrast with plain wool dresses, and one of brown, has a shirred guimpe and collar of plaid silk. Outing suits with jaunty coats are made of colored pique, as well as serge, and sailor suits of this material with plaited waists and wide collars of white linen, basiste, or the pique itself, trimmed with embroidery, will be worn by both small and large girls this summer. Now that is absolutely all I know about children's fashions at present, and I do

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RIPANS
ONE GIVES RELIEF.

hope the few hints I have managed to glean laboriously from various sources will be of some use to anxious parents. I notice that there is not a word about boys, and I deeply regret the omission, but the fact is I could not find out anything about them beyond the fact that the very small ones still wear garments which are indistinguishable from those of little girls of the same age, and my personal observation shows me that mothers seem to have an insane fancy for making miniature men of these poor little creatures by putting them into trousers almost as soon as they can stand alone, thus making them look like poor little monkeys, and causing the spectator to involuntarily glance round for the accompanying hand organ. Indeed the age for shedding the petticoat and donning masculine guise is getting so much earlier all the time, that I fully expect before long the boy of the family instead of being "short coated" at three months old, will be short pantied — But then of course I don't know much about children.

fragments from the floor and his knees and other surrounding objects capable of furnishing a resting place and tried to imagine that he was really enjoying those tiny and unsatisfactory bits in spite of the fact that they lost themselves in his teeth and came to naught.

Then perhaps he went forth on to the street and passed fruit stands innumerable, on each of which he saw the peacocks kernels in glasses heaped high and overflowing, each and every piece a full half of the nut's contents. Never a broken piece, never a fragment. If his heart was not filled with envy and with the desire of inquiry he was more than human.

Lighterage business about the harbor of New York has been considerably damaged by a new labor saving device in the building trade. It used to be that many lighters were employed in transporting from point to point the sand and lime that go to the making of mortar. A new concern, however, is now sending down scow loads of ready-mixed mortar from Cow Bay. This mortar, of three qualities, is ladled out into iron carts and sent to all parts of the city where building operations are going on, and the lighters are less and less employed for carrying the materials that go to the making of mortar.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

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

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

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GERMAN IDEAS ON DUELING.

A Lane Defence in Which Even Scripture is Quoted.

A significant contribution to the dueling question in Germany has been published in the official Militar-Wochenblatt. The writer divides his article into two sections, dealing respectively with the "idea of honor and the employment of the duel for its rehabilitation," and with the conflict between the practice and Christian principles. As to the first point, he argues that a distinction must be drawn between "external and internal" honor. The latter, which is a good conscience, can not be taken away; but the former, which is the recognition of one's personal worth by others, must be defended at all costs. It is by staking one's life for this honor, when impugned, that its rehabilitation is possible. The innocent man who falls in a duel has gone to his death, as it were, for the sake of his honor, while the guilty person has restored his honor externally and must settle the rest with his Maker. The author then proceeds to declare that the officers' corps possesses a peculiar sort of honor which is closely connected with its martial profession. In war the officer's duty is to lead his men into the jaws of death, and the fear of death which seizes even the bravest can only be overcome by holding fast in time of peace to the principle "death before dishonor." Herein lies the educational value of the duel for the officers. They may never fight one, but they know that they must be ready to do so in certain circumstances. "We are accustomed," he adds, "to retain well-trod methods and do not intend to sacrifice them to well-meant but false theories." The writer then quotes and expounds a large number of passages from the Bible, and by dint of twisting and turning proves to his own satisfaction that the practice is not forbidden by Christianity.

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My children are subject to croup, a necessary is to give them a dose, chest and throat with your Liniment, in bed, and the croup disappears. R. A. FRANKS, Rockport, Tex.

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AN UNOANNY STONE.

The Diamond Which Fought Misfortune Always to Its Possessor.

Some years ago a Paris jeweler told a story of one diamond which had passed over his counter no less than eleven times, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It was a beautiful stone of nearly four carats, of perfect color and lustre, but easily identified by means of a small "feather" in the tip of the lowest part. He bought it from an East India dealer and had it set in a ring. It was sold to a Countess in 1869, just before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. The Countess died in a few weeks, and the ring was worn by her husband. He was killed in the siege of Paris, and a few days after his death the ring was brought into the store for sale by a common soldier. He was arrested and the ring sent to the family of the dead Count.

Before the siege ended they brought in the ring and sold it to the dealer in order to procure money to buy food. Directly after the siege it passed into the hands of an English tourist, who visited the city to get a look at the ruin wrought by the Communists, and a year later back came the stone from the Indian buyer of the firm who, on being written to and desired to tell how he got it, stated that it had been the property of an English tourist hunter who had been killed by a tiger, and his friends sold the ring to get means to send the body home.

The stone was reset and soon found a purchaser in a prominent member of the demi-monde, who not long after was murdered in her room. After the articles taken by the murderer was the ring, and the firm began to wonder how soon it would turn up. They had not long to wait for all their people had by this time learned about the stone, and were on the lookout for it. After six months it was found in the showcase of a jeweler in London, who had brought it from a firm in Amsterdam. It was brought by the Paris agent and sent back to be started again by a woman of the town, who six weeks later was drawn out of the Seine with the gem on her finger, and, by a strange coincidence, it was offered to the firm that sold it by the police agents, the court having jurisdiction having ordered it to be sold. And so it went from hand to hand, attending with misfortune at every change, and usually bringing death to the possessor. Laborers in the Golconda mines used to say that when a stone was baptized in blood when first taken from the earth it caused the shedding of blood wherever it went, and the story of one such ill-omened gem goes far to confirm belief in such a superstition.

Why the Black Man is Black.

Why the black man should be so black is a question which, from early childhood, has exercised the minds of us. Our nurses used to tell us that it was "because he was born so," which sounds at first hearing a fairly clinching answer. Modern science likes to get a little more deeply into things, and many ingenious and conflicting theories have been put forward by scientists to account for the peculiarity. Some would have it that certain varieties of primitive man spent too much of their time exposed to the sun—the moisture of the air preventing them from being baked instead of baked—and I grew more and more tanned by slow degrees until they orbited at last into the perfect negro. The latest inquirer into the subject, Mr. A. H. Keane, adds a new element to those of solar heat and moisture. His theory is that "an excess of vegetable food, yielding more carbon than can be assimilated, it is largely responsible. Once betrayed into vegetarianism, our colored brethren grew, through processes of heredity, even darker and darker, and the black work has probably, by this time, gone so far that even a changed diet, persisted in through countless generations, would not now avail to change the Ethiopian's skin.—London Graphic.

Dogs in Madagascar.

Dogs are allowed to roam at large in Madagascar, and in their frequent excursions they have frequently to pass over the streams of this swampy island. Here they are waylaid by those horrid alligators, which regard a dog as a dainty morsel. This is how the canine quadrupeds contrive to dodge the "cocodrilles," as the French linguists call them. They will assemble in a pack of half a dozen or more near the bank of the river, and commence barking with all their might. Whereupon the alligators are seen converging to that spot in eager expectation of a copious feast. When all the alligators of the neighborhood have got together the dogs start off at a gallop and cross the river in safety 200 or 300 yards up stream. A remarkable proof of this of the instinct and intelligence of animals.

The Oldest Engine.

An old Newcome engine, near Bristol, England, is perhaps, the oldest steam engine now working. It seems to have been built about the year 1745, and is still employed about five hours a day for jumping water from a coal pit. The cylinder is five and one-half feet in diameter, and the piston has a stroke of six feet. The engine has a beam twenty-four feet long and about four feet deep, built up of many oak beams trussed together, and works with a curious creaking noise. The total weight is about five tons. Steam is now taken from some boilers in a neighboring establishment, the pressure being reduced for this engine to two and one-half pounds. The indicated horse-power is only fifty-two and three-quarters.

There is a beginning to all things. Cold in the head precedes catarrh with all its unpleasant and unhealthy symptoms. Hawker's catarrh cure cures cold in the head, catarrh and all catarrhal troubles. Only 25 cents.

In public speaking or singing, hoarseness or weak throat is very annoying. Instant relief is afforded by the use of Hawker's Balsam, the popular cough cure.

Cramp in the stomach yields at once to the effect of a few drops of Dr. Manning's German remedy diluted in water.

Don't let a cold take its course. Herry it out of your system by the aid of Hawker's balsam.

STEEL WOOL.

It is Used for Polishing in Place of Sand and Emery Paper.

Steel wool is an interesting product, the subject of a recent German patent, and is intended for use in all cases where sandpaper, emery paper, pumice stone and materials of a kindred nature are employed. In bulk it resembles both in appearance and to the touch, the hair commonly used for stuffing mattresses and chairs. The ordinary product known as steel shavings has for many years been used for rough work, in which the coarser grades of sandpaper are used; but the objections to the use of these shavings for the finer work of rubbing down varnish or paint on woods and for polishing metals were the harshness, and lack of uniformity in the threads, and the edges of the shavings being very sharp, thereby cutting instead of polishing; and being of many different sizes and shapes, would leave an uneven surface.

The idea of making a machine to overcome these difficulties originated years ago in Switzerland with an observing German, who noticed painters gathering the refuse derived from the manufacture of reed for looms, and picking therefrom the finer grades for the use in rubbing down wood and metal generally. Upon examination he found that this refuse consisted of flat ribbons of steel, the borders of which were placed off, and before being assorted was an admixture of fine and coarse grades. He discovered two defects in the material; first it was impossible to obtain any appreciable quantity of a uniform grade, and, second, the temper and quality of the steel were such that only indifferent results could be obtained.

Eventually he built a machine for the manufacturing of shredded steel or steel threads uniformly fine in quality, but still containing sufficient cutting propensities, and so delicate in texture that instead of steel shavings he called it steel wool. Then by carefully studying the temper and quality of steel best adapted to his needs he was enabled to perfect the product. The advantages claimed for steel wool are that it cuts more quickly and uniformly than sandpaper, does not clog or gum, and being both flexible and perfectly homogeneous, adapts itself readily to the shapes of carvings and mouldings.

THE LOST WAS FOUND.

The House Number Looked Strange and Transom Turned Over.

If any one had told him he was drunk he would not have resented it, but would have made an effort to maintain his equilibrium and dignify long enough to explain that he was only a little cozy-woozy. He realized that he lived at 206 Irvington street, and that his residence was on the right hand side as he walked along homeward. The uncertain light of early dawn, combined with the blur in his eyes, rendered it necessary for him to stop in front of every house and gravely brace himself against the railings until he could focus his eyesight on the number.

Finally he identified his house, but after arguing with himself for a couple of minutes he came to the conclusion that he was just woozy enough to make mistakes possible, and that he had got on the wrong side of the street and three blocks too far out, made a zigzag across the street and started back, but before he had walked three blocks he came to the end of the street. The weary pilgrim was bewildered. He couldn't understand it, but getting his directions, changed his course out on the street on the right side and kept on until he came to 509 again. He studied it from every possible point of view, even trying to stand on his head to read it, but it preverely remained 509.

Utterly bewildered, he sat down on the steps, and waited till a policeman came along. "I'm lost," he explained. "I wanted to go to 206 Irvington street." "This is the place right here," declared the officer. "Can't be. Think is 509." "No, it ain't; it's 206, but the transom is turned over." The lost was found.—San Francisco Post.

The Walks 100 Years Ago.

I was engaged in looking at these fine people when a lady and gentleman came whirling by and had almost overwhelmed me. I could not imagine what they were about. I had scarcely extricated myself from the danger with which they threatened me when another and another couple came twisting by in like manner. I found on inquiry that this was a favorite German dance called a waltz, and is performed in the following manner:—

The lady and gentleman stand face to face. The gentleman puts his arm around the lady's waist and with the other hand he gets firm hold of her arm. You would at first think they are going to wrestle. Thus prepared, and the gentleman having got so good a purchase upon the lady, they begin to spin around and around, with a velocity which would make me giddy in half a minute.—Twining Papers, 1781.

I CURED A HORSE OF THE MANGE WITH MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SANDERS.

I CURED A HORSE, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT. EDWARD LITTLE, St. Peters, C. B.

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Choicest Liquors. The very best brands on the market can always be obtained from the undersigned. The finest wines and good imported Cigars. For Sale at Reasonable Prices by THOMAS L. BOURKE Water Street, St. John.

DOGS WERE HIS TEXT.

A Chicago Clergyman Talks About the Fidelity of Man's Faithful Friend.

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones preached his annual humane sermon at Oakland Music Hall (All Souls' Church) yesterday morning, taking for his subject "Dogs' Faithfulness." Among other things he instanced the following achievements of dogs made in history and in song:—

Perhaps the most developed skill and conscience in the canine world is found among sheep dogs. One of these belonging to a Cumberland farmer, on the idle and cruel bet of the master, took a flock of sheep from Cumberland to Liverpool, a distance of over a hundred miles. The master won the wager, but lost the dog, who died soon after the feat was accomplished.

Idstone, in his book on the dog, tells of a Fifehire dog driving a flock of sheep seventeen miles, returning at intervals to bring along her whelps, which she had brought into the world on her way.

What of that Pompeian dog who was found stretched over the body of his young master? He wore a collar upon which was inscribed the heroic story that he saved the life of his young master three times—once from the sea, once from robbers, and once from the wolves.

Coming to the sublime fidelity of the Newfoundland dog and the St. Bernard, I have time for but two illustrations: The Newfoundland dog who in 1789 escaped to the shore from shipwreck off Yarmouth with the captain's pocketbook in his mouth. He kept it until he had picked a man whom he could trust, and to him he offered up his precious burden.

The story of old Barry, the great St. Bernard whose stuffed body is the attraction of the Berne Museum, has gone around the world—he who has been the means of rescuing forty-two persons from death on Alpine heights and then fell a victim to his benevolence, being killed by a traveler who mistook his preserver for a wolf.

Turn through English poetry in search of dogs, and by what a delightful company you find yourself surrounded. Beginning with poor Tom's curs in 'Lear' we find Burns' 'Two Dogs,' Cowper's 'Dog Bays,' Wordsworth's 'Little Manx,' and that other dog of Wordsworth who was found in the neighborhood of his master's skeleton, who had lost his life three months before. A sadder fate awaited the faithful dog of the geographer Mitchell, who lost his life in the Alleghenies, and the dead body of his faithful dog was found months afterward lying near the body of his master.

Mary Howitt has given us the story of 'Keeper,' Mrs. Browning her faithful little dog 'Flush,' Timothy Titcomb his 'Blanco,' and Mrs. Barbauld, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Sigourney, Thomas Campbell, Lewis Morris, have all had their dogs. Matthew Arnold has given us 'Geist's Grave' and 'Kaiser Dax,' while Trowbridge has given us 'Roger,' the Faithful Vega'ond, and Hans Britman tells us that one thing 'about that dog' that is not for sale, 'the vag of das dog,' tail.' Robert Browning had his dog 'Tray,' which suggests Stephen Foster's 'Old Dog Tray.'

We cannot take leave of these dogs of literature without noticing the two grandest of them all—Argus, the faithful hound of Odysseus, who, neglected and dying on the dung heap, alone of all the waiting friends in Ithica, recognizes his master in his own personality, and then, after twenty years waiting, died; and the great dog of the Hindu epic, the Mahabharata. The dog followed his Prince after all his human companions had fallen out by the way, clear up to the gates of heaven, and there, when the great god Indra refused the dog admission the Prince refused to enter without him.—Chicago Tribune.

ENGLISH CAVE DWELLERS.

Evidence of them Found in the Regions Made Merry by Robin Hood. The town of Nottingham is 124 miles north of London. A part of the low-lying ground close to the River Trent, where floods sometimes occur, but the rest of the town is built on a series of red sandstone hills. It is situated on the southeastern fringe of the great Derbyshire coal field, and the historic forest of Sherwood formerly spread almost up to the city walls. Now this forest has, in a great measure, been cut down and this has reduced the rainfall, raised the temperature and rendered the climate of the town dryer and more bracing than it used to be. The mean annual rainfall is now 25 inches and the temperature 47 degrees. As sandstone is soft and easily cut, it is only natural that the early dwellers in caves came and lived in holes dug in the hills of Nottingham; particularly as the forest, close at hand, was a good hunting ground, where game could be captured for food. Bronzes and other tools employed by these early and prehistoric inhabitants are occasionally found, and the first name known to have been given to the place was Snootingham. This, in Celtic, means "the home among the rocks." Afterward it became one of the towns of the kingdom of Mecca, and in the ninth and tenth centuries was one of the five chief northern strongholds of the Danes. Already what is now known as the Castlehill was a strongly fortified position, and it was in his attempt to capture this fortress that Alfred the Great was significantly defeated by the Danes. Two hundred years later, when William the Conqueror, in his turn, subjugated the Saxons, he rebuilt the castle of Nottingham and placed it under the command of his natural son, William Peverel. But it was here also that Saxons resistance continued for many a long year; for it was in the great forest harp by that Robin Hood and her merry men dwelt. These outlaws were Saxons who were dissatisfied with the Norman rule and preferred a life of brigandage to submission. The holes dug in the rocks, the passages made through the sandstone mountains, enabled these bold forerunners to occasionally appear in the town and close under the Norman battlements.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.

Her Promise True.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "A Country Sweetheart," "A Man's Privilege," etc.

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"If we have ever to see each other, Hugh, I fear it is a necessity. She is an unscrupulous woman, and—I am afraid to quarrel with her."

"Yet I never can forgive her. But go on, Belle. It was the day after your read the postscript that your accident here happened, you said."

"I never shall forget that day; it was the whole world seemed changed to me, and all that was worth living for seemed gone. Hugh, I spent a sleepless night, and in the morning when Aunt Lucy came in, to see her work I suppose, I was crouching over the fire, chilled with misery. She wanted me to go down to breakfast, but I refused, and after she had left me—I remember it so well—a sudden shower of hailstones came rattling against the windowpanes. I looked up, and then thought bitterly what was anything to me in the world outside or in. Then a strange restlessness came over me; a wild despair. I determined to go out and walk in the driving storm. I dressed with feverish haste, but when I was out the snow had blinded me, and I scarcely knew where I went. Then—oh, Hugh! how can I tell you that I was lying before me when the hail-storm struck the lake, and how may God forgive me—the mad thought rushed into my heart that I would go on

the fir ice, and so end my misery for ever."

"Belle? Belle? you should not have told me this," cried Hugh Gilbert, starting to his feet in uncontrollable emotion; "you unman me; completely unman me!"

"I wanted you to know," cried Belle, in a broken voice, "what all this has cost me; to know that I meant to be true to the promise I had made you, and that I never would have broken it but for that false lie. But let me go on with the miserable story. The ice bore me at first and I ran on; then suddenly it began to crack. I tried to turn back then, but it was too late. It split all-around me, and I was into the water. I remember a choking feeling of suffocation, and then nothing more. It was Stanmore who saved me; he had seen me go out in the storm from the windows and followed me. He swam into the half-frozen lake, and got me out more dead than alive—but I was very ill for long after."

"Then it was Lord Stanmore who saved you? To him you owe your life?" said Gilbert, gloomily. Somehow the idea was inexplicably bitter to his heart.

"Yes, Stanmore; it was very brave of him—after this—some time after, he asked me to marry him, and Aunt Lucy wished it—and I did."

Gilbert made no answer; he began walking up and down in front of the seat where Belle was sitting with restless footsteps; he was evidently greatly disturbed. Then suddenly he stopped; he hesitated, as if he were about to speak some words he had not strength to say.

"We must not talk of these things any more," said Belle, gently, looking up in his troubled face; "but I am glad we both know; anything is better than to love belief and trust, it is—"

"We love," murmured Gilbert, in a low voice. "Yes, that is the worst."

"A sort of icy feeling fell on my heart," continued Belle; "I went into the world; I became one of it. I was a hard, cold woman; I'll say you again, Hugh. Stanmore called me an ice woman once, and I thought I was."

"And now?" asked Gilbert, still in that low voice.

"Now I believe again," answered Belle, softly. "I know at least you were not untrue."

Again Hugh Gilbert hesitated; then he looked at her earnestly, and once more said down by her side.

"Belle," he said, "tell me truly, do you still wish me to go to Scotland, after you have told me this?"

"Yes," she answered, "I still wish it. I wish it to be friends; friends that cannot change."

She held out her hand as she spoke, and took it in his own. It was a silent compact between them, and they spoke no more of the past. Then presently he rose.

"I think I shall go now," he said, and she did not press him to remain. The secret sympathy between them told her that they would not care to meet Stanmore that day.

"You look so tired Hugh," she said, "All this has upset me," he answered, "but I will see you again. Good bye now."

Once more they clasped each other's hands, and then they parted. But Hugh Gilbert rode back to Marchmont with a bowed head and an unhappy heart. He had truly loved Belle; loved her at first for the sake of her fair face, but a stronger and deeper feeling towards her had quickly kindled in his breast. He had believed and trusted in her so thoroughly; he had loved her so truly. The letter that Mrs. Balfour had shown him, in which Lady Stanmore informed her that her niece, Belle Wayland, was going to be married in immedately to Lord Stanmore, had been a bitter blow to him. He thought he understood it all; a pretty girl, surrounded by worldly relations had succumbed to a temptation of marrying for wealth and position. He did not believe that Belle had quite ceased to love him. Their hearts had been too near each other for such a change. She had been weak, and over-whelmed, but this idea did not make the pang less keen.

And now when he knew all; knew that Belle had been shamefully deceived; that in her misery her life had seemed worthless to her, a great struggle took place in his mind.

"We had better not have met again," he thought, gloomily. "I should not, I suppose, go to Scotland. I tried to tell her this, but had not the strength. The vile woman who lied to her has wrecked two lives."

CHAPTER XXV. — STRATHMORE.

Belle, however, in the meanwhile was not thinking so despondingly. Gilbert's very presence made life brighter to her; filled her heart with new interests and hopes.

She would soon see him again; they were to be friends always, she told herself, and women-like this made her almost content. She did not reckon on the strong feelings of Gilbert's heart; nor remember the deep emotion that might arise and overwhelm his reason with irresistible force.

She looked very bright when Stanmore and Lady Stanmore returned from Hurst. Her cheeks were glow and her eyes shining, and after she had asked about Sir Dick, she told them of her visitor.

"Captain Gilbert has been here, Stanmore," she said.

"Has he? I'm sorry I missed him; did you not ask him to stay to dinner?" answered Stanmore.

"I did not ask him," replied Belle.

Lady Stanmore looked at Belle, but said nothing, and presently began to speak of the great change in Lady Probyn's appearance.

"I never saw a woman so changed," she said, "all her good looks are gone."

"I am afraid she has suffered great anxiety," said Belle, gently, and with much pity in her voice. "But I hope now all danger is over with Sir Dick?"

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"If we have ever to see each other, Hugh, I fear it is a necessity. She is an unscrupulous woman, and—I am afraid to quarrel with her."

"Yet I never can forgive her. But go on, Belle. It was the day after your read the postscript that your accident here happened, you said."

"I never shall forget that day; it was the whole world seemed changed to me, and all that was worth living for seemed gone. Hugh, I spent a sleepless night, and in the morning when Aunt Lucy came in, to see her work I suppose, I was crouching over the fire, chilled with misery. She wanted me to go down to breakfast, but I refused, and after she had left me—I remember it so well—a sudden shower of hailstones came rattling against the windowpanes. I looked up, and then thought bitterly what was anything to me in the world outside or in. Then a strange restlessness came over me; a wild despair. I determined to go out and walk in the driving storm. I dressed with feverish haste, but when I was out the snow had blinded me, and I scarcely knew where I went. Then—oh, Hugh! how can I tell you that I was lying before me when the hail-storm struck the lake, and how may God forgive me—the mad thought rushed into my heart that I would go on

the fir ice, and so end my misery for ever."

"Belle? Belle? you should not have told me this," cried Hugh Gilbert, starting to his feet in uncontrollable emotion; "you unman me; completely unman me!"

"I wanted you to know," cried Belle, in a broken voice, "what all this has cost me; to know that I meant to be true to the promise I had made you, and that I never would have broken it but for that false lie. But let me go on with the miserable story. The ice bore me at first and I ran on; then suddenly it began to crack. I tried to turn back then, but it was too late. It split all-around me, and I was into the water. I remember a choking feeling of suffocation, and then nothing more. It was Stanmore who saved me; he had seen me go out in the storm from the windows and followed me. He swam into the half-frozen lake, and got me out more dead than alive—but I was very ill for long after."

"Then it was Lord Stanmore who saved you? To him you owe your life?" said Gilbert, gloomily. Somehow the idea was inexplicably bitter to his heart.

"Yes, Stanmore; it was very brave of him—after this—some time after, he asked me to marry him, and Aunt Lucy wished it—and I did."

Gilbert made no answer; he began walking up and down in front of the seat where Belle was sitting with restless footsteps; he was evidently greatly disturbed. Then suddenly he stopped; he hesitated, as if he were about to speak some words he had not strength to say.

"We must not talk of these things any more," said Belle, gently, looking up in his troubled face; "but I am glad we both know; anything is better than to love belief and trust, it is—"

"We love," murmured Gilbert, in a low voice. "Yes, that is the worst."

"A sort of icy feeling fell on my heart," continued Belle; "I went into the world; I became one of it. I was a hard, cold woman; I'll say you again, Hugh. Stanmore called me an ice woman once, and I thought I was."

"And now?" asked Gilbert, still in that low voice.

"Now I believe again," answered Belle, softly. "I know at least you were not untrue."

Again Hugh Gilbert hesitated; then he looked at her earnestly, and once more said down by her side.

"Belle," he said, "tell me truly, do you still wish me to go to Scotland, after you have told me this?"

"Yes," she answered, "I still wish it. I wish it to be friends; friends that cannot change."

She held out her hand as she spoke, and took it in his own. It was a silent compact between them, and they spoke no more of the past. Then presently he rose.

"I think I shall go now," he said, and she did not press him to remain. The secret sympathy between them told her that they would not care to meet Stanmore that day.

"You look so tired Hugh," she said, "All this has upset me," he answered, "but I will see you again. Good bye now."

Once more they clasped each other's hands, and then they parted. But Hugh Gilbert rode back to Marchmont with a bowed head and an unhappy heart. He had truly loved Belle; loved her at first for the sake of her fair face, but a stronger and deeper feeling towards her had quickly kindled in his breast. He had believed and trusted in her so thoroughly; he had loved her so truly. The letter that Mrs. Balfour had shown him, in which Lady Stanmore informed her that her niece, Belle Wayland, was going to be married in immedately to Lord Stanmore, had been a bitter blow to him. He thought he understood it all; a pretty girl, surrounded by worldly relations had succumbed to a temptation of marrying for wealth and position. He did not believe that Belle had quite ceased to love him. Their hearts had been too near each other for such a change. She had been weak, and over-whelmed, but this idea did not make the pang less keen.

And now when he knew all; knew that Belle had been shamefully deceived; that in her misery her life had seemed worthless to her, a great struggle took place in his mind.

"We had better not have met again," he thought, gloomily. "I should not, I suppose, go to Scotland. I tried to tell her this, but had not the strength. The vile woman who lied to her has wrecked two lives."

CHAPTER XXV. — STRATHMORE.

Belle, however, in the meanwhile was not thinking so despondingly. Gilbert's very presence made life brighter to her; filled her heart with new interests and hopes.

She would soon see him again; they were to be friends always, she told herself, and women-like this made her almost content. She did not reckon on the strong feelings of Gilbert's heart; nor remember the deep emotion that might arise and overwhelm his reason with irresistible force.

She looked very bright when Stanmore and Lady Stanmore returned from Hurst. Her cheeks were glow and her eyes shining, and after she had asked about Sir Dick, she told them of her visitor.

"Captain Gilbert has been here, Stanmore," she said.

"Has he? I'm sorry I missed him; did you not ask him to stay to dinner?" answered Stanmore.

"I did not ask him," replied Belle.

Lady Stanmore looked at Belle, but said nothing, and presently began to speak of the great change in Lady Probyn's appearance.

"I never saw a woman so changed," she said, "all her good looks are gone."

"I am afraid she has suffered great anxiety," said Belle, gently, and with much pity in her voice. "But I hope now all danger is over with Sir Dick?"

CHAPTER I. — Hugh Gilbert and Belle Wayland are looking each other over with a certain amount of interest. Upon her return to the hotel, where she and her mother are stopping as usual, she is met by her sister, Mrs. Wayland, who has just arrived and has invited her mother and her to dine with her at her home. Belle is surprised to find Belle Wayland's sudden illness and is left apparently asleep in her room. After dinner Mrs. Wayland announces that she has gone out to meet Gilbert and is very sorry. Mrs. Wayland writes a account of the affair to her sister, Lady Stanmore, and the latter comes immediately to Brighton.

CHAPTER II. — Lady Stanmore comes to Brighton and has an important interview with Mrs. Wayland in which she decides Belle's future. Lady Stanmore reads a letter from Gilbert to Belle and lays her plans accordingly. She decides to marry Gilbert and the letter between the lovers. Lord Stanmore becomes deeply interested in the matter and the sister-in-law, Mrs. Wayland and Belle to spend a few weeks at his country residence.

CHAPTER III. — Belle begins a diary in order that she may send an account of each day to her absent lover.

CHAPTER IV. — Lady Stanmore thinks over the situation. She decides that Belle is not in love with Hugh Gilbert. She writes to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wayland, and tells her of her decision. Lady Stanmore opens a letter from Hugh Gilbert to Belle and burns it.

CHAPTER V. — Lord Stanmore becomes jealous of Sir Dick. Belle tells Lady Stanmore of her engagement and that lady ridicules the idea. They go to the beach.

CHAPTER VI. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER VII. — Lady Stanmore destroys a letter Belle has written to Hugh Gilbert. Jack Stanmore confesses his love for Belle to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wayland. Belle is shocked and tells her mother of her engagement to Hugh Gilbert.

CHAPTER VIII. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER IX. — Lady Stanmore destroys a letter Belle has written to Hugh Gilbert. Jack Stanmore confesses his love for Belle to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wayland. Belle is shocked and tells her mother of her engagement to Hugh Gilbert.

CHAPTER X. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER XI. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER XII. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER XIII. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER XIV. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER XV. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER XVI. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER XVII. — Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Belle.

CHAPTER XVIII. —

sport to-day," continued Belle. "It's a blessing, isn't it, that Mr. Marchmont won't be with you?"

Gilbert smiled absently. He, in truth, was not thinking of Mr. Marchmont or his gun.

"I have got something to say to you. Can I say it now?" at least he said, with an effort. "Is it something you do not wish the other to hear?" asked Belle in a lower tone than she had been speaking in before.

"Certainly I do not wish the others to hear."

"Then you had better not say it now. There is the breakfast bell. Tell me some other time."

"When can I see you alone?"

"Any time, if you come home early this afternoon from the moor. But we had better go on now."

"I will be back by three. Where shall I find you?"

"I will walk down by the trout stream. You know the way, don't you?"

"Yes, but at three o'clock I will be there outside on a day like this."

"They returned to the house after this, but Belle noticed at breakfast how disturbed Gilbert looked, and how little he spoke. He started with the others for the moor, the two Marchmonts purposing to go on to Glenworth by a different route, and to rejoin the party at Stralsham at dinner time."

Belle and Gilbert had no further conversation but she felt uneasy all the morning, for something in his manner had alarmed her. What had he got to say? she kept asking herself; and Lady Stanmore wondered what made her so absent-minded.

It was a grey, rather cold day, and neither Belle nor her aunt left the house until after lunch, and then Lady Stanmore decided to go out for a short walk, but afterwards changed her mind.

"I think I'll go and lie down with my novel upstairs, instead," she said. "I see no pleasure outside on a day like this."

She accordingly disappeared with her French novel, and Belle was free to do what she pleased. She waited impatiently until the time drew near when she had promised to meet Gilbert, and at half-past two o'clock left the house, and went down to the side of the trout stream, which was rippling on, tinted by the grey, dull sky.

Belle stood watching the water, still wondering what Hugh Gilbert had got to say. But she had not long to wait. By her little jewelled watch, it still wanted a few minutes to three o'clock when she saw him approaching. He looked grave and pale, and the unconscious deepened in Belle's heart as she looked in his face.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting?" he asked, as they met.

"Oh, no; I have only been here a few minutes," answered Belle.

Gilbert laid his gun down on the grass, and then joined her.

"Let us walk up the stream a little way," he said; "I have something to tell you, Belle."

"Yes; what is it?"

"It is this," answered Gilbert in an agitated voice; "I cannot stay any longer here, Belle."

"Not stay any longer! What do you mean?" asked Belle, in great surprise.

"Belle, I have not the strength; it is not right that I should stay," continued Gilbert, deeply moved. "I cannot be near you, I cannot see you, without remembering what we once were to each other; without feeling what we are now."

"These words agitated Belle greatly also. "But, Hugh—" she began in a trembling voice.

"I know what you would say, what you think," went on Gilbert. "We can be friends; we are friends; if I cannot see you, I will see you in your service. I would gladly do it. This you must always believe; there can be no change in my feelings towards you, but we are better apart."

"Oh, Hugh, this is hard, very hard on me," said Belle, and her eyes filled with tears.

"And is it easy to me, do you think?" answered Gilbert, with quivering lips. "But I see no other way—I must leave Stralsham."

"But not yet? Surely not yet?"

"To delay will only make the wrench harder; the wrench that must come. Do not ask me to stay, Belle; I cannot. I will tell Lord Stanmore today I have been recalled home—and tomorrow I must go."

Belle could not speak. Gilbert's decision had fallen on her as a sudden and crushing blow, and there was a feeling, too of anger against him in her heart, that she could leave her so soon. The very depth of the feelings he was forcing back with his manner seemed almost harsh, for the words he had just spoken and given him inexpressible pain.

They walked on together in silence for the next few minutes by the side of the grey-tinted murmuring stream, through the damp thick fog. Both were struggling to hide their emotion, and when Gilbert did speak again his voice plainly betrayed this.

"Do not quite forget me, Belle," he said; "I shall go back to India soon, and—if they tell you any more lies about me do not believe them. I shall love no true woman; if I never return I shall die true to you."

"And you tell me this!" cried Belle almost passionately, "and yet will go away—will not stay even the short time near me that you can. You call this love, but I do not."

"Yet it is love—the truest, faithfulest love," answered Gilbert earnestly. "I can make no greater sacrifice; it is for you sake; you must know it is for your sake."

"But I do not wish it."

"Because you are not like me. I could not always control myself; some day in my mad selfishness I might ask you to take a step that would ruin your life. And this I cannot do."

Again there was a short silence between them, and then Belle suddenly laid a little trembling hand upon his arm.

"At least stay a few days longer," she said; "promise me this."

The man waved; those trembling fingers sent a thrill through his whole being and swept away his strength of purpose with their frail touch.

"You know I should like to do this," he said; "but—"

"I will listen to no 'buts'; you will stay—we shall have a few more days. If he could not resist her, he looked at her sweet face, and then bent down and kissed the small hand still resting on his arm.

"We shall have a few more days then," he repeated. "A few more days to live." (To be continued.)

A MISTAKEN CALLING

He was a familiar figure at the Thespis Club, was Ignatius Binks—and a very impressive figure, too, in his own estimation. When you saw his card (and he always handed them out with a lordly air, from a dilapidated case) you would readily surmise the character of the man, even had you never seen him before in the course of your life.

There was something so absurdly comical in the combination of Ignatius and Binks, when the two names belonged to one individual, that you felt an irresistible inclination to smile the moment your eyes rested on them. Poor Ignatius! He was, it you credited his story, an unrecognized genius. If, on the other hand, you felt disposed to believe the statements of those whom he deemed worthy his notice—a waspish set—he was a thoroughly mediocre man, and had endured all the sneers and backbitings which that questionable term implies.

He had studied every character in Shakespeare, from the wailing lady Macbeth to Hamlet, and of each character he had his own original conception. These conceptions, it may be said, were decidedly novel. Fortunately for the public, Ignatius never had an opportunity to air them on the stage.

One day he came home, his countenance betraying mingled sorrow, disgust and anger, flung himself into a chair, dropped his head on his hand, and looked at the ceiling. Mrs. Binks, a bustling, common-sense little woman, who had formerly played minor parts in various companies, glanced at her liege lord and sighed. It might be mentioned, in passing, that Ignatius's passion and the sigh of his wife, were matters of daily occurrence in the Binks household. Today, however, Ignatius appeared even more depressed, than usual, and his wife said sympathetically: "Some new trouble?"

"Yes," he murmured wearily, "and each new trouble is an insult." "What has happened?" the little woman asked.

"Happened!" thundered Ignatius furiously, rising from the chair after the method of a stage king. "This is what has happened! Today I met Bagby of the Gaiety, and he offered me a part in a new piece—a part of thirty lines—think of it, and in a farce-comedy. Thirty lines in an odious concoction which will be an outrage on an intelligent public! And I—well, fortunately my wrath did not appear on the surface—you know, Clara, my love, I am a believer in a repressed emotion, and it was simply a merciful Providence which prevented me from strangling the presumptuous ignoramus on the spot."

"Ignatius took six Hamlet strides across the apartment, and would undoubtedly have taken more had not the space been unpleasantly limited. Then he turned suddenly, folded his arms, and with downcast head, murmured:

"That it should come to this! But"—with gaunt arm pointing towards the ceiling—"behind the clouds the sun waits to burst into splendor. Even so do I wait. Rest quiet, my ambitious soul: your day will come—it must!"

Ignatius took six strides more which brought him to a dilapidated sofa, and there he threw himself in deep dejection.

"Binks, darling," said his practical better half, "what salary did Bagby offer you?"

"The beggarly pittance of five dollars a week," groaned the disciple of Shakespeare, adding—"merciful heavens! how my soul cried in dire agony at the insult!"

"What was your answer?" continued Mrs. Binks.

"Answer?" yelled Ignatius, again rising and assuming the attitude of a man about to quell a howling mob. "I spoke not to quell a howling mob. I spoke not to him in words. I merely looked at him—aye, gave him one searching glance, and then strode forth, into the world, to forget my woes amid its bustling activity."

"Well, you did a very foolish thing," was the comment of Mrs. Binks.

"What would you?" responded Ignatius tragically. "Think you, I would have so degraded—"

"Listen, Binks," interrupted his wife. "Five dollars weekly will be a great blessing to me, if I cannot look at it so slightingly. Accept Bagby's offer."

"But, Clara, my love," groaned her spouse pathetically, "think of it—a farce-comedy. Dost fancy I can bring my searing soul to grapple with such rot?"

"You must," my dear," decided Mrs. Binks. "As I said before, accept Bagby's offer, and wait patiently for the triumph which, I trust, the future will bring."

"But my soul, my artistic soul rebels," moaned Ignatius.

"Let it rebel," answered his wife, "and conquer it. That will be a victory for you. Recede, Binks, dear, what we are almost powerless, that we scarcely know where the next meal is coming from. Do you want your wife and child to go hungry?"

"Ae, Clara, good angel of my life," cried the crushed actor, throwing himself on his knees at Mrs. Binks's side, you have suffered much for my sake. It shall be no longer. You have asked me to make a sacrifice. I will make it. For the sake of you and our helpless little one, I will silence my proud soul, I will away at once to that infamous Bagby. Let me not tarry a moment, lest my courage forsake me."

Ignatius seized his battered umbrella, straightened himself as if for a mighty effort, pointed theatrically towards an imaginary spirit, and muttered solemnly:

"Lead on, O Cruel Fate. I follow thee!" Then he was gone. He did not, however, go to Bagby's. On the contrary, he took a seat in a secluded corner, ordered an inexpensive beverage, and as he drank it, much as a stage villain quaffs imaginary wine from a gilded wooden goblet, he gave himself up to reflection.

As an outcome of his meditations, he drew from an inner pocket a small roll of manuscript, and surveyed it disdainfully. It was the "thirty-line part" in the new piece. How came it in his possession? In this wise. He had really told Bagby that he would consider the matter, and he had taken the part to look it over. It will therefore, be seen that he had not adhered strictly to the truth in the conversation with his wife.

Ignatius's soul had revolted at Bagby's offer, but he had acted wisely, nevertheless, forseeing what the result would be if his wife discovered that he had declined an

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opportunity to earn something each week. Still, he could not lower himself to the level of farce-comedy without a strong protest. Hence the scene with Mrs. Binks.

Ignatius having finished his beverage and his meditations, returned the manuscript to his pocket, threw down a very small coin, with a magnificent air, and again sought the Binks hearstone, vouchsafing to his wife only these words, which he spoken as if wrung from a tortured soul:

"Bagby has had his hour of triumph. The part is in my pocket. Henceforth let me hide myself from those who have known me."

The first night of the new piece came, and Ignatius did all in his power to so engrain himself in the minds of his friends if any were in the audience, should not recognize his name. The mental torture which he endured while on the stage for his one brief scene is indescribable. He played a serious role, and yet the spectators persisted in laughing at his every word and move. It was a cruel trial to him. Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar and a dozen other immortal creations seemed to stand last farewell to him, and in their stead he saw only a farce-comedy hero. The baby's face conquered, but it was pathetic after all. The death of an ideal is always so.

Ignatius saved the new piece. Today he is well known as a delightful comic actor and his bank account has assumed pleasurable proportions. He always feels, though that he is in the wrong groove, and that cruel necessity deprived the stage of a brilliant tragedian.—Selected.

nervines and pills that are presented to the public for all the ills of life. Mr Smye had made a trial of the majority of these advertised remedies before he heard of Paine's Celery Compound, and they failed to cure him. The moral taught by Mr. Smye's experience, and the best testimony of thousands of other people is, that kidney and liver troubles and indigestion can only be cured effectually by Paine's Celery Compound.

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marvelous ability and we want him to study the principal character immediately, so as to appear in it to-night. This is the opportunity of his life. Where is he?"

"I will send him to you," replied Mrs. Binks, talking as if in a dream.

She went to her husband, lifting the sick child in her arms before she left the apartment. Ignatius sat alone in a little room which he called his study, his face expressive of grave concern. His wife submitted Bagby's proposition to him. He rose to his feet at its conclusion, drew himself up to his full height, and was about to plunge into a violent speech, when Mrs. Binks went to his side, and said gently:

"My dear, look at the baby's face. Our darling is dying for many things which money only can procure. Are you going to jeopardize her life by throwing aside this golden opportunity? Sacrifice yourself for the baby's sake."

Ignatius looked at the child's face, then he looked the pale little cheeks, which tears stood in his eyes. He saw all the dreams of his life going from him. Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar and a dozen other immortal creations seemed to stand last farewell to him, and in their stead he saw only a farce-comedy hero. The baby's face conquered, but it was pathetic after all. The death of an ideal is always so.

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OUR MAIL.

Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some from merchants who want to buy it, some from people who want to know about it, and more from people who do know about it because they have tried it and been cured. One of them was from Mr. J. Gillan, B. A., 39 Gould Street, Toronto. Read how he writes:

GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of 1894 my blood became impure on account of the hearty food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsook me, and all my efforts were in vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels became inactive, my liver was lumpy and hard, my eyes became inflamed, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness.

For some months I tried doctors' and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the marvellous result. After using three bottles I felt much better, and when the fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health in the greatest degree, and have done so from that day up to date. Therefore I have much pleasure in recommending B. B. B. to all poor suffering humanity who suffer from impure blood, which is the beginning and seat of all diseases. J. GILLAN, B. A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

BORN.

Halifax, June 8, to the wife of B. Chester, a son. Berwick, June 8, to the wife of C. Bertram, a son. Moncton, June 10, to the wife of G. E. McLean, a son. Chatham, June 10, to the wife of John Ross, a daughter.

Sydney, June 9, to the wife of D. Borden, a daughter. Halifax, June 10, to the wife of David Colquhoun, a son.

Yarmouth, June 15, to the wife of W. E. Fraser, a son. Campbellton, June 8 to the wife of George Lister, a son.

Halifax, June 15, to the wife of John Bourque, a daughter. Liswell, June 20, to the wife of Christopher Alder, a son. Redegre, P. E. I., June 14, to the wife of Rev. G. F. Palmer, a son.

Everett, Mass., June 3, to the wife of George S. Boker, a daughter. Woodville, Kings Co., June 11, to the wife of Ernest Wood, a daughter.

North Kingston, June 15, to the wife of William Webster, daughter. MARRIED.

Sheet Harbor, June 12, to the wife of Fred Eisan, a daughter. Windsor, June 14, to the wife of J. A. B. Shaw, a daughter.

Yarmouth, June 11, to the wife of Herman Wetmore, a daughter. Denver, Col., June 1, James McGrath to Winnie Currie.

Cincinnati, June 10, Russell Freeman of N. S., to Laura French. Halifax, June 16, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Daniel Henigan to Alice Hunt.

Woodstock, June 8, by Rev. Theod. Todd, H. D. Stewart to Eva Shaw. Woltville, June 11, by Rev. T. Trotter, Donald Grant to Alice Finch.

Woodstock, June 10, by Rev. Theod. Todd, Arthur Stealing to Cella Hayatit. Truro, June 17, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, John D. McKenna to C. McKay.

Cornwallis, June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Chas. B. Bell to Evelyn Strong. St. John, June 10, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Charles Adams to Jeanne Duhaime's daughter.

Halifax, June 18, by Rev. Robert Lang, Charles B. Naylor to Helen E. McKay. Carleton, June 7, by Rev. J. B. McDonald, Thomas Wilson to Maggie Ferguson.

Woodstock, June 11, by Rev. Theod. Todd, Albert E. Sparrow to Rosa Frame. Halifax, June 10, by Rev. J. A. C. Clark, J. A. C. Mowbray to Saddle McLean.

North Alton, June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Alex. Davidson to Bessie F. Smith. Gasperaus, June 17, by Rev. J. Williams, Frank Gettridge to Josephine Norman.

Brooklyn, N. S., June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, John C. Hill to Evelyn Strong. Lower Truro, June 10, by Rev. P. Adams, Daniel McLean to Sadie J. Weatherly.

St. John, June 17, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Thomas C. Teasdale to Jean McKenna's daughter. Amherst Highlands, June 10, by Rev. R. William Harvey Hopper to Mary Brown.

Yarmouth, June 17, by Rev. Geo. M. Harris, Capt. John A. Tiller to Annie Guthrie. Port La Tour, June 8, by Rev. J. Appleby, R. Scott Knox to Clisde M. Crowell.

Married June 4, by Rev. G. B. Martell, John Temple to Mrs. Martha Henniger. Victoria Bridge, June 10, by Rev. S. Laugille, William Scott to Frances Adams.

Sandy Cove, June 17, by J. W. Frostwood, Edgar Hewson to Laura May Morehouse. Windsor, June 18, by Rev. J. L. Danson, John Henry Wilson to Cordelia Murphy.

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HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Bel Brook, June 15, to the wife of John Bourque, a daughter. Liswell, June 20, to the wife of Christopher Alder, a son.

Redegre, P. E. I., June 14, to the wife of Rev. G. F. Palmer, a son. Everett, Mass., June 3, to the wife of George S. Boker, a daughter.

Woodville, Kings Co., June 11, to the wife of Ernest Wood, a daughter. North Kingston, June 15, to the wife of William Webster, daughter.

MARRIED. Sheet Harbor, June 12, to the wife of Fred Eisan, a daughter.

Windsor, June 14, to the wife of J. A. B. Shaw, a daughter. Yarmouth, June 11, to the wife of Herman Wetmore, a daughter.

Denver, Col., June 1, James McGrath to Winnie Currie. Cincinnati, June 10, Russell Freeman of N. S., to Laura French.

Halifax, June 16, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Daniel Henigan to Alice Hunt. Woodstock, June 8, by Rev. Theod. Todd, H. D. Stewart to Eva Shaw.

Woltville, June 11, by Rev. T. Trotter, Donald Grant to Alice Finch. Woodstock, June 10, by Rev. Theod. Todd, Arthur Stealing to Cella Hayatit.

Truro, June 17, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, John D. McKenna to C. McKay. Cornwallis, June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Chas. B. Bell to Evelyn Strong.

St. John, June 10, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Charles Adams to Jeanne Duhaime's daughter. Halifax, June 18, by Rev. Robert Lang, Charles B. Naylor to Helen E. McKay.

Carleton, June 7, by Rev. J. B. McDonald, Thomas Wilson to Maggie Ferguson. Woodstock, June 11, by Rev. Theod. Todd, Albert E. Sparrow to Rosa Frame.

Halifax, June 10, by Rev. J. A. C. Clark, J. A. C. Mowbray to Saddle McLean. North Alton, June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Alex. Davidson to Bessie F. Smith.

Gasparaus, June 17, by Rev. J. Williams, Frank Gettridge to Josephine Norman. Brooklyn, N. S., June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, John C. Hill to Evelyn Strong.

Lower Truro, June 10, by Rev. P. Adams, Daniel McLean to Sadie J. Weatherly. St. John, June 17, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Thomas C. Teasdale to Jean McKenna's daughter.

Amherst Highlands, June 10, by Rev. R. William Harvey Hopper to Mary Brown. Yarmouth, June 17, by Rev. Geo. M. Harris, Capt. John A. Tiller to Annie Guthrie.

Port La Tour, June 8, by Rev. J. Appleby, R. Scott Knox to Clisde M. Crowell. Married June 4, by Rev. G. B. Martell, John Temple to Mrs. Martha Henniger.

Victoria Bridge, June 10, by Rev. S. Laugille, William Scott to Frances Adams. Sandy Cove, June 17, by J. W. Frostwood, Edgar Hewson to Laura May Morehouse.

Windsor, June 18, by Rev. J. L. Danson, John Henry Wilson to Cordelia Murphy. Yarmouth, June 17, by Rev. J. H. Foshy, J. H. Harty Marsh to Luella B. Goudey.

Jacksville, June 11, by Rev. T. L. Williams, John F. Everett to Hannah A. Black. Upper Clements N. S., June 10, by Rev. J. Eaton Homer B. Pines to Alice M. Purdy.

Beaver River, June 8, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, William H. Adams to Eoveva Smith. Windsor, June 17, by Rev. Henry Dickie, James E. Boulton, to Edith A. Allison.

Edison, Washington, May 13, by Rev. Dean Appleby, Charles Pickney to Julia Daniloff. Yarmouth, June 17, by Rev. T. J. Demastie, George G. Gardner to Leticia G. Bryant.

Liverpool N. S. June 13, by Rev. Geo. W. Ball, Willoughby Dexter to Jessie Anthony. New Glasgow, June 17, by Rev. J. Carruthers, William J. Forrestal to Maud McKenna.

DIED. Tusket, June 12, Asa Robbins, 83. Glenisly, May 23, Isaac Archibald, 82.

Koruka, May 31, Duncan Falconer, 72. Bear River, June 8, William Miller, 87.

Yarmouth, June 17, Sheldon Lewis 83. Truro, June 17, Mrs. Paul Peterson, 81.

Windsor, June 20, William Dumock, 75. Pleasant Point, May 19, Robert Kent 83.

Salisbury, May 8, Alexander Short, 87. West River, June 11, Edward McLean 83.

Cole Harbor, June 17, Emma Lapierre, 67. St. John, June 6, Mrs. R. P. Saunders, 69.

Rockville, June 18, Capt. John D. Kelly, 88. Methegan, June 14, William Melanson, 26.

Yarmouth, June 16, Capt. John D. Kelly, 88. Stralsham, C. B., Mrs. Rosa McLean, 72.

East Earlton, May 31, Mrs. Jessie Sainsbury, 63. Boston, June 10, Tillie, wife of W. F. Bannister, 68.

Loganville, May 22, Jane wife of Donald McKay. Upper Port LaTour, Chas. W. Herbert, 20 months.

Halifax, June 21, Florence wife of Hiram West, 23. Three Brooks, N. S., May 30, Andrew Redpath, 76.

Halifax, June 17, Sarah, widow of Wm. Smith, 87. Halifax, June 17, Sarah, widow of William Smith, 80.

Osno, Yarmouth Co., June 18, Henry G. Patton, 43. St. John, June 20, Eliza, wife of Randolph Drisler, 29.

Fleto, June 13, Mary E. wife of Knowlton Dickson, 68. New Westminister, B. C., June 20 John E. Lord of N. S.

Westville, June 17, Maria, daughter of Allan McLean, 71. Black Brook, June 8, Flora widow of John McLean, 71.