

# PROGRESS.

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## PHILLIPS AND HIS STORY.

ONE OF THE MERRIMAC HEROES ON A TRIP TO THIS CITY.

He Tells the Story of the Daring Dash of the Merrimac to the Harbor of Santiago—The Thrilling Incidents in Connection with Their Short Trip.

Mr. Geo. Phillips, a young man who formerly belonged to this city, and is a brother-in-law of Mr. Chas. Jackson, who keeps the oyster saloon on King Square and was one of the famous crew of the S. S. Merrimac, which in the late Hispano-American War was sent in by the Americans to block the channel of Santiago, has been spending a short time in this city, meeting his relatives and enjoying a well earned rest.

Mr. Phillips is a man rather short in stature, of a dark complexion and possessing that bold fearless look that belongs to the daring seamen and soldiers who have made names for themselves and brought honor to their country in the late war. His demeanor is so modest that it is with the greatest difficulty that one can get him to talk about the war and the most exciting and daring attempt that formed a part of it.

All the readers of this paper must remember the brave crew of the Merrimac and how their deed of heroism was heralded to the world when they made the attempt to block the harbor of Santiago, and they will no doubt read with the keenest interest a description of the short cruise and the scenes that followed.

When Mr. Phillips shipped from Galveston, Texas, he did not have very much idea of joining the American navy, though he had been in that southern city for nearly six years; but being as he was a machinist by trade, acquainted with marine engines and the running of them, he found no difficulty in signing articles when he presented himself to the recruiting ship at Galveston, after he had passed the medical examination, and being assigned at once a post in the American navy. His description of the examination was interesting, but as it is not a part of this story, it need not be included in it.

Fifty-five hours of railroad journeying took him to the Norfolk Navy Yards, and at this port he was assigned with many others to the S. S. Merrimac. This was a vessel calculated to carry 5,200 tons of coal, and was to follow the warships in their short cruises and to provide them with fuel when necessary. Having obtained her cargo, the Merrimac went to Key West, and after lying there for fourteen days, proceeded to a certain port to coal some of the American warships.

After having done so she was on her way back with one-half her cargo on board when she sighted the American fleet off Santiago de Cuba. Shortly after she joined the fleet, Hobson, the daring navy constructor, conceived the idea of preventing the Spanish fleet from escaping from Santiago by sinking the large coal steamer Merrimac across the narrow harbor entrance. Of course everybody knew that in order to do this, the steamship would be compelled to face the fire of strong batteries, including the big guns of Morro Castle and the concentrated fire of Spanish warships. Still in spite of this, Hobson, after obtaining the consent of the Admiral, called for volunteers to man the Merrimac. No more men were to be taken than were needed and Mr. Phillips story of the choosing of these is certainly a thrilling one, and recalls the bravery of those olden times that won victories for the English and England everywhere.

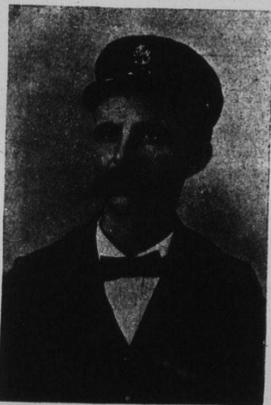
Some three hundred men volunteered for the work of seven, and it was a difficult task to choose them. Mr. Phillips in his modest way did not claim any credit for being chosen by Hobson, but says that so long as he was on the Merrimac and understood the working of her engines and valves and all that was necessary in the sinking of the ship, he supposed, that so long as he was willing, he was chosen. That however is but a mild way of putting it. Mr. Phillips, like any other man did not have to go to face death in the Merrimac. He volunteered to go and was chosen. There were others who also volunteered. One of these was at the wheel, another named Kelly was in the fire room. One stood ready to cut away the bow anchor and another was assigned to the port anchor; a spare man to take the wheel in case the wheelman was killed, and another to look generally after stations. This was the entire crew of the Merrimac.

In speaking of the plans of their short

trip—only one of five miles from the fleet to the entrance of the harbour. Phillips said that their intention was to have the Admiral's ship, the New York, follow the Merrimac in, firing blank shots at her, just as if a Spanish ship was seeking to run the blockade in the harbor. But the New York instead of following them in the first morning signalled for them to come back, and they were forced to wait for 24 hours. Before making the attempt again Hobson gave each and everyone of them a chance to withdraw, but none of them took advantage of it, though urged to do so by their friends and shipmates, who thought the attempt they were going to make led to certain death.

His description of how everything portable on the Merrimac was taken from her by the crews of the other ships, who retained the articles as souvenirs, was very amusing. Even the grub, that was brought aboard was captured for the same purpose. Hobson remained with them all the time, talking over the attempt they were going to make, and instructing each and everyone of them very carefully into what had to be done.

It was quite early in the morning when they did make a start, and they went at full speed for the entrance of the harbor. While doing so, he, in the engine-room and Kelly in the fire-room could not tell what was going on above, and when they first heard the dull and muffled reports of the big guns, Kelly rushed into the engine-room, exclaiming—"That is the New York firing blank shots at us." "He had hardly uttered the words" said Phillips, "when one of the shots from the Morro Castle battery struck the rudder of the ship and she quivered like a leaf, calling forth the remark from him—"If those are blank shots they are damn queer ones." They were not long in suspense about them for just then Hobson gave the signal to come on deck. Before he did so, Phillips said he had to open the valves so as to allow the water to rush in and assist in sinking the ship. The water was pouring in when he and Kelly ascended to the deck and took their positions. Each of them, along with the others on the port side of the ship, and along side of the station where to explode the mine was a life-belt and a revolver. In order to get



GEO. PHILLIPS.

the life-belt they had to take their position, and they had barely done so, when the signal was given to explode the mine. These were all placed on the port side of ship, and when they did their work, they were to rush to the starboard side and remain as long as possible. However before they had received the signal a shot from the Morro Battery had struck the fore-castle and exploded. Fortunately none of them were hit by the flying splinters; one fellow made up his mind to leave the ship on the spot. Hobson however interfered and quietly remarked that the first man who deserted his post would be shot. They would live or die together, he said. And these words had hardly escaped him when the mines exploded and the ship went down.

"If she had not sunk in shallow water," said Mr. Phillips, "I would not have been here to-day to tell this story, for all of us were sucked down in the depths with her. We had made provision, however, for our safety, and a life-raft and a life-bost floated immediately afterwards. To these we swam. None of us had to go more than 20 or 30 yards, and all of us reached the life-raft in safety. To this we clung for over two hours, while all the time the Spanish riflemen were

peppering away at whatever was floating and moving with the tide from the sunken vessel. Had we been floating about on those hatches there is no doubt that many, if not all of us would have been shot."

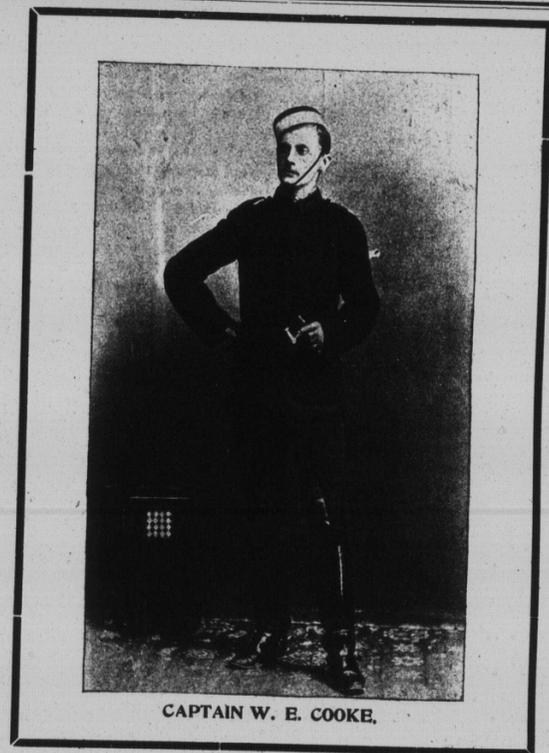
"In about two hours, as I said before," said Phillips, "a steam-launch from the Reina Mercedes, a Spanish warship in the harbor approached us and Hobson standing on the raft, asked in French if there

## DIED WHILE AT HIS DUTY

MR. W. E. COOKE MEETS DEATH IN FAR AWAY AFRICA.

Sketch of the Life of the Young Soldier who Died far From Home and Friends—His Portraits and the way in Which News of his Death was Received.

MONCTON, SEPT. 29.—One of the saddest events which has occurred in many years to



CAPTAIN W. E. COOKE.

was a Spanish officer on board. "Obtaining the reply that there was, he said, I wish to surrender myself and crew as prisoners of war. The Spanish officer in charge, who proved to be Admiral Cervera, beckoned him along-side and Hobson swam from the raft to the launch. Having been examined for arms, his comrades were beckoned to approach in the same way. They did so and finally reached the deck of the ship to which the steam-launch belonged.

Hobson said when he got upon deck—"I demand stimulants for my men, water and soap for them to wash in, and dry clothes."

"You demand! you demand!" said the Spanish Captain in an excited way, "I should think that a man in your position would request rather than demand."

Hobson changed his demand to a request, and everything that the crew needed was immediately supplied to them. Hot rum in liberal quantities was given them, and every facility was afforded for good baths and dry clothes. Then after this food and rum were served to them again, and the height of hospitality reached them in the shape of a cigar.

### SO MUCH FOR RED-TAPE.

Where Mr. T. J. Cronin's Letter Went and How Long it was in Transit.

A few days ago, a gentleman from Welsford, which is about 26 miles from St. John, mailed a letter to Mr. T. J. Cronin of this city. He was very anxious that it should reach Mr. Cronin very promptly and so he took advantage of the new post-office regulation that permits a person to put a 10 cent stamp on the envelope to insure its special and speedy delivery. The letter arrived in St. John all right, but it appears that there was no 3 cent stamp on it in addition to the special delivery 10 cent stamp. So instead of being delivered to Mr. Cronin, the post office officials here sent the letter to Halifax to the Branch Dead Letter Office there. Then the Halifax officials wrote Mr. Cronin that if he would send them a three cent stamp, he would get his letter. Of course he did so and just seven days after his correspondent had mailed the letter at Welsford it was delivered to Mr. Cronin here. Now, would it not have been simpler for the post-office officials here to have carried the letter up to Germain Street to Mr. Cronin's place of business, and saved him the loss of that three cent stamp and the loss of his order. The post-office officials have given a good deal of worry and trouble in this case. So much for red-tape.

startle the people of Moncton and arouse their sympathies, was the tragic death of Captain W. E. Cooke, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of this city who was shot dead by natives in East Africa during the performance of his duty, some time during the early part of this month. The sad intelligence reached his family last Thursday and was conveyed through a telegram from Lord Aberdeen warning them that there was grave cause for anxiety concerning Captain Cooke, as there had been a skirmish with the enemy. This was quickly followed with a second telegram announcing in terms which left no room for doubt, that the young soldier had been shot dead.

No details have been received so far, but the authorities at the Foreign office have promised to send all available particulars as soon as possible. The blow was a most crushing one for the family who had only recently received the most cheerful letters from Captain Cooke, and Mrs. Cooke is completely prostrated by the blow. Messages of sympathy and condolence have poured in upon the stricken family, and in addition to Lord Aberdeen's telegram of condolence the following telegrams from General Hutton, and Lt. Col. Drury, were received during the day:

MR. T. V. COOKE:—Have just received from His Excellency the sad news of your son's death in action on the east African coast. Pray accept my deepest sympathy.

GENERAL HUTTON.

KINGSTON ONT., SEPT. 22.

MR. T. V. COOKE, Esq:—Our profoundest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Cooke at the sad intelligence communicated to us by Lord Aberdeen. We all mourn the early death of your son and our comrade.

LT. COL. DRURY.

Captain Cooke was born in Picton, N. S., in 1868, but passed a great part of his early youth in Moncton. He graduated from the Royal Military College at Kingston in 1891, and after devoting some time to civil engineering he gratified his strong leaning towards military life by obtaining an appointment on the permanent staff of the Royal Canadian Artillery at Quebec, from whence he was transferred to Kingston, in A Battery, under Colonel Drury. Last autumn he received an appointment for service under the British Foreign Office in the East African protectorate and in May was ordered out in charge of an expedition against certain hostile tribes, returning victorious and unhurt. Evidently there has been a second outbreak, and Captain Cooke's life was sacrificed.

The services in the different churches on Sunday were conducted with special reference to the sad death of the brave

young soldier, the evening service at St. George's partaking largely of the nature of a memorial service. The rector referred in touching terms to the young man who had met death in the fearless and manly performance of his duty as a soldier, and an officer of his Queen and country; and the hymns "Nearer my God to Thee," and "On the Resurrection Morning" were sung by the choir.

In the Central Methodist Church Mr. Lodge referred feelingly to Captain Cooke's death, and expressed the heartfelt sympathy of the community for the bereaved family. Prof. Watts organist of the church played Beethoven's funeral march and the choir sang the funeral anthem, "Sleep Thy Fast Sleep." At the conclusion of the service the congregation remained in their seats while the Dead March from Saul was played.

The deepest sympathy is expressed by all classes for the bereaved family in their terrible affliction.

### THE WORK AT THE POLLS.

Some Necessary Features for Success Were Lacking in the Election.

There wasn't any fun around town Thursday, election day. The usual hustling was absent and the bustle and excitement incident to elections were lacking. Men went about their business in the usual way and but one-third of them, as the figures show, went out of their way to vote for or against the proposition.

There were some lady workers and they drove from point to point encouraging their temperance friends and providing them with refreshments. But in one booth this was lacking and a well known liquor dealer had much pleasure in "feeding his enemies" as he expressed it. The temperance representative in King's ward who objected to his appointees drinking ale in the booth found out that he had some determined people to deal with who did not propose to go without their beverage before the law said so. A dominion official made himself so personally objectionable that a good deal of indignation was expressed and it is not unlikely that in future he will keep quiet at elections.

The liquor dealers made no effort to win. They did not spend money or distribute rum. All that they did was to be represented in the booths and prevent any impersonation. Little if any of that was attempted. The bars throughout the city were closed and though Inspector Jones was busy all day walking from place to place, so far as Progress can learn, he saw no open saloons. Some of the dealers were in favor of keeping open as they were doing in Montreal but the majority was for avoiding even a doubtful infraction of the law. The result was given to both parties through the evening papers but partial returns were handed in to the headquarters of the liquor dealers on Water Street and the rooms of the Prohibitionists on Charlotte street as the vote was counted. What the leaders of the "Antis" watched was the percentage of the temperance vote to the whole vote. They were not concerned evidently whether there was a majority against them or not but watched their opponents vote as indicating the strength of the sentiment against their business. All credit must be given the hard work of those who conducted the temperance campaign. They spent a good deal of money, in holding meetings and hiring speakers. The result must have pleased them in one respect and disappointed them inasmuch as they did not succeed in drawing out a large vote.

### The Show's Disappointing Feature.

The business representative of the Lewis Morrison show, Mr. Murray is about the only unpopular and disappointing feature of it. Mr. Wallace Munro, the advance man, is accustomed to receive all the courtesies that can be extended to him in this city and in his natural desire to reciprocate he left written requests for Mr. Murray to carry out his intentions. By ignoring them Mr. Murray rather showed himself in his true light and did an injury to a popular company of which he is the misplaced manager.

### Base Ball Benefit.

On the B & A grounds next Tuesday afternoon a team of reporters from the daily papers will play ball with a combination of firemen and policemen. The game promises to be a most spirited one, and has also a worthy object. It is a benefit for Willie Ingraham who lost both legs in an accident last Spring. The game will begin at three o'clock and an admission fee of ten cents to the grounds will be charged.

FIERCE PANTHER-TIGERS.

HABITING BEASTS IN SOME OF VENEZUELA'S MOUNTAINS.

They are Really Jaguars, and are Found in Lower Mountain Levels—Persistence in Striving to Take Some One Man as Prey—Notable Conflicts with Them.

Panther-jaguars they should be called, but in every Spanish-American country a jaguar is always un tigre, a tiger—so panther-tigers is their name in Venezuela. said Estran Vieholm, for many years a buyer of hides and rubber in South America. 'They may be found in other localities, but I have never seen them or heard of them in any other region than the eastern basis of the maritime and northern Andes. They range the high, partly wooded plateaus and lower mountain levels above the river valleys and pampas, where the ordinary jaguar is found, and below the peaks and upper mountain valleys, where the mountain lion has his home. These beasts differ from the lowland jaguar in having a muzzle longer and more tapering and a slenderer body with greater length of limb, much resembling the panther in form. In their spotted markings they are true jaguars, but with paler colors than the jaguars of the Orinoco and its lower tributary valleys. They are ferocious man-eaters, more ready than any other South American animal to attack human beings without provocation. The traveller passing between the mountains and the pampas takes extra precautions for his safety at night when he enters the zone where the panther-tiger ranges.

'This creature figures uncannily in many weird tales told by Venezuelan llaneros and montaneros—people of the plains and mountains. One story often told is of the traveller who rode from the pampas in among the foothills on the route from the Portuguesa River to Caracas. He was never seen by man again, but a party riding over the trail some days later saw the evidences of the fate that had befallen him. When night came, being apparently aware of danger from wild beasts, he had slung his hammock between two trees as high from the ground as he could raise it. The hammock was there empty, and clawprints in the ground below showed that a panther-tiger had leaped repeatedly upward for his victim until at last he had torn him from the hammock. He had dragged the man away, and the only traces of the tragedy to be found were blood marks on the ground and the prints of the tiger's claws.

'The women of the little settlements that lie isolated in the wooded region at the eastern base of the Andes greatly dread the panther-tiger from his habit of carrying off children. Cunning, silent, and swift, instances have been known of his taking a child from the cradle in broad daylight and bearing it away unknown to the mother who was attending to her household work, only a few paces away. He hesitates as little in attacking full-grown persons, though for this he commonly chooses the darkness. But, day or night, his disposition to seize his human prey is governed largely by his hunger. An Indian that I met at a little village called Concepcion had a frightful zigzag scar across his forehead, the mark of a paw-stroke of a panther-tiger. He showed me the marks of two deep bites in his left shoulder, and his legs in front, from groin to knees, were furrowed with long up and down scars, where skin and flesh had once been literally torn into ribbons, all tokens of the same encounter.

'His story, verified by men who had found him in the forest, was that he was gathering medicinal plants in the woodland when a panther-tiger sprang upon him from a tree limb. Catching sight of the tiger's moving shadow, the man, who was possessed of unusual strength and agility, jumped to one side, so that the beast missed his spring. Striking the ground beyond the man, the tiger instantly turned and sprang at his throat. The Indian's machete was in his hand, and he dealt the tiger a blow on the head that seemed to confuse the animal, for he seized him with his teeth by the shoulder instead of the throat. One stroke of the forepaw tore the skin of the man's forehead down over his eyes, but as he staggered backward the trunk of a tree kept him from falling.

'Clinging with teeth and fore claws to the man's shoulders, the tiger tore at him with his hind claws in the effort to be dis-embowelled. By a lucky blow, for he was blinded by blood from the wound in his forehead, the man cut one of the tiger's hind paws completely off. The tiger dropped to the ground, but reared at once and seized the man again by the shoulder. Stooping, the Indian plunged his machete in the tiger's belly and with a quick upward stroke completely disembowelled the creature. Then the man fainted and was found, hours later, by some passing wood-

men, lying unconscious where he had fallen with the tiger dead beside him. He was carried home where he hung for weeks between life and death, and he never fully recovered from the effects of his wounds received from the tiger.

'Like other species of the larger felines, the panther-tiger has the unpleasant habit of stalking men—of following a man in the forest, throughout the whole day it may be waiting for darkness to fall, when it will attack him. This the beast has been known to do when there were several men together and in such a case nothing can draw the attention of the tiger from the particular man whom he has selected for his prey. From a camp of timber cutters at work in the forests south of Merida a mesizo—a man of Spanish and Indian descent—more intelligent than his comrades, was sent one day to prospect along the mountain base for timber trees. In the afternoon, as he rounded back toward the camp, the feeling came upon him that he was being followed. He looked back several times, but saw nothing to account for this feeling. It remained with him, however, and at last he stepped behind a tree and, looking back through the parasite vines that had wound themselves about the trunk, saw the head of a panther-tiger rise above a clump of bushes, peering ahead as if trying to find out what had become of him.

'Believing that the tiger would not attack him while daylight lasted, the man hurried on to the camp. On his way he passed through a party of men gathering rubber and spoke with several of them. Further on he passed a boy who was herding a small flock of goats.

'He reached the camp before dark, and after supper lay down in an open hut with twelve or fifteen men lying about him, having no thought that the tiger would venture among them. But as soon as the fire before the hut burned low the tiger, which must have been watching and waiting near the camp, came, and threading his way among the sleeping men without waking them, sprang upon the man whom he had been stalking through the afternoon and tried to carry him off. The struggle and outcry, of course, aroused the camp, and springing to their feet, the man's companions, with their machetes and live brands snatched from the fire, succeeded in making the tiger drop his prey and run off. But the creature prowled about the camp all the rest of the night, frequently coming plainly into view, and it was only by building several large fires before the hut, with a guard of men remaining awake to replenish them, that the tiger was kept away.

'In the morning none of the men dared leave the camp. At about 2 o'clock the foreman, who had gone away the day before, taking with him the only gun in the outfit, returned to the camp. He wondered as he came near it that none of the men was at work, and hastened his steps to find out what the trouble was. Just before coming to the clearing he chanced to raise his eyes, and there, on the low limb of a tree overhanging the path he saw a panther-tiger lying crouched, watching the camp so intently that it seemed not to notice him. The chance for a disabling shot was perfect, and at twenty paces away the foreman sent in an ounce bullet from one barrel and a charge of buckshot from the other, aiming first behind the tiger's left shoulder. The tiger came to the ground with a broken shoulder and a bullet in his body that must have reached the heart, but with these setbacks he was so lively that he kept the foreman dodging about behind trees, while the men at the camp stayed away at a safe distance, for several minutes before he dropped and died. I saw the tiger's skin a year after this occurrence, and heard the story I have just related from the foreman. The skin had probably stretched in the process of dressing it. At this time it measured 9ft. 2in. from tip to tip.

'This sanguinary beast having fixed his eye upon the man who had gone to explore for timber, had followed him for at least six hours in daylight, leaving unmolested the scattered party of rubber gatherers, whom he must have turned aside to avoid, and the boy and herd of goats that offered him an easy and immediate victim. Never relinquishing his pursuit, he had waited near the camp until all was still and dark, and then from among fifteen men had searched and seized him, and was still watching for the selected victim when shot. It was a striking instance of the persistency in pursuit of a prey once marked for slaughter that characterizes all the members small, and great, of the feline genus.

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'To try to hunt the panther-tiger as the lowland jaguar is hunted with tiger hounds is near to useless. In the rough, rocky country in which he makes his home he will travel away at a speed which leaves the hunters hopelessly behind, and it is rarely that the dogs can come up with him. If they do, it means some dogs killed, with the panther usually gone before the hunters can arrive on the scene. Sometimes the ranchmen trap or poison the panther-tiger to stop his ravages among their stock, a thing, despite his cunning, not so difficult to do, owing to his ravenousness.

'An Englishman named Turnbull who had a ranch east of Merida, being bothered by a panther-tiger which killed his stock, thought that he would hunt him after the method often employed in India with tigers and leopards. Taking with him two of his herders and a goat, he went at nightfall to a woodland which the creature was accustomed to visit. There he tied the goat to a stake and took his position behind a blind, fifty yards away, to wait for the tiger to come for the goat. The ranchmen sent a little distance back with instruments to await his summons.

'Surely enough, the tiger came, but after reconnoitering the ground unseen, as was shown by his tracks next day, instead of pouncing upon the back of the hunter lying on the ground behind his blind. A heavy overcoat that he wore, the season being winter, when the nights are cold in the mountains, saved the hunter for the moment from the tiger's teeth and claws, and his shouts brought the two ranchmen to the rescue. They attacked the tiger pluckily with their machetes. The beast was loath to give up his prey. He drove the ranchmen back twice, returning to the Englishman each time and standing guard above him, with his forepaws on his body. At last one of the ranchmen threw a lasso over the tiger's neck and jerked it tight. The animal charged him at once, but the men got a turn of the rope round a small tree, and both pulling hard together, drew the tiger's head close to the trunk. Then as the tiger snapped at the rope with his teeth, one of the ranchmen severed his spine with his machete. The Englishman was badly shaken up by the unexpected out-come of his hunting scheme, but was not much injured otherwise. He finished the beast, which now, of course was helpless, with a shot in the head, and he always claimed the glory of killing him. But it was never heard that he tried East Indian haunting methods again with Venezuelan panther-tigers.

'Several time panther-tigers have killed stock at camps where I was staying, and once a herdsman in my party was killed by one of these beasts within a hundred yards of the campfire. His body we found, partly eaten, a quarter of a mile from the place where he was struck down. Only once I had a brush with one of these animals. The encounter was a startling one, and for some minutes things looked equally for me and my native guide. But we escaped unhurt, and as the affair turned out the joke was on the tiger. It came about in this way. Antonio and I, in travelling on a by-trail out of the mountains, had stopped for the night in a deserted hut built against the hillside. The hut was a large one plastered with mud, and it had one door, with an unglazed window, about a foot and a half square, set very high in the wall. I had killed a deer that day, and when we went to sleep on the floor a quarter of venison was hanging on a hook on the side of the wall opposite the window. It was this that attracted the tiger. The first we knew of his presence he came through the window like a shot from a gun, passing directly over me and landing under the venison on the other side of the room. I heard him strike on the floor and instantly rear and tear down the meat from the hook. Not knowing for a moment what had broken loose, I wrapped my blankets round me for protection, grabbed up my rifle, and sidled along keeping close to the wall where Antonio had made his bed. It was pitchy dark, but I could tell that he was standing in the corner with his machete in his right hand and his blanket wrapped round his left arm to serve as a shield. He was standing steady, but his eyes were fairly ablaze with excitement.

'What is it, Antonio? I asked. 'A tiger? 'Yes, senior they have come for the venison and cannot get out. No, do not fire, senior, for we are dead men if you fail to kill him. Give me a lumbre (match). I pray you.'

'We could hear the tiger trying to leap up to the window, with the quarter of venison held in his teeth, and falling back to the floor. Whenever he turned his head towards us his eyes were like balls of red fire, but he did not offer to touch us his whole aim seemed to be to get out at the window with his plunder. I found a match and gave it to Antonio. He pick-

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ed up a handful of the dried grass that his blankets had been spread on, twisted it into a torch and lighted it with the match. By its light we could see the tiger standing under the window glaring at us over the haunch of venison which he plainly meant to stay by.

'Come, senior,' said Antonio, and we edged along the wall towards the door. The tiger turned so as continually to face us as we proceeded, and growled, but, afraid of the fire did not approach us. Now, quickly, senior, Antonio said as we came to the door. 'Open it just wide enough that you may slip out and I will follow.'

'I opened the door a few inches and squeezed through sideways, with Antonio crowding behind me. He dropped his torch within as he slammed the door and latched it.

'Now we can breathe easy, senior,' he said. 'We have the tiger captured.'

'We could hear the tiger within the hut leaping up at the window and sometimes scratching at the door. Evidently his whole aim now was to get out, but it seemed impossible that he could escape through the window the opening being so small and the mud wall within affording no hold for into the hut through so small an opening was not wonderful, but for that he had the advantage of the hillside from which he could spring at the level almost of the window. As we waited for daylight, when I intended to shoot him, I heard the tiger spring once more, and this time his forepaws and head appeared at the window, while he struggled to draw his body up through the opening. With my rifle muzzle not three feet from his ear I shot him in the head, and the tiger, slackening his hold slipped back into the hut before I could pull back the lever and fire again. We found him dead on the floor under the window at daylight, and after all that had happened we had venison steaks for breakfast.

A "ROUGH RIDER" ST. JOHN BOY.

Sergeant Wesley Telle of Wounds and Tears on Cuban Soil.

Sitting among a hundred plain people waiting at Union depot for a train was a plain but service worn man talking to his son, who had a dinner pail dangling between his legs.

It was a dark suit he wore apparently, but on inspection it proved to have been a light yellow Kharki canvas with patch pockets, the uniform of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. His hat showed a cleanly cut bullet hole above the temple and he held his arm in an unnatural bent position. It was Sergt. F. C. Wesley, E. troop of Teddie's Terrers, on his way to Santa Fe, New Mexico. He was wounded while skirmishing for Spanish sharpshooters among the palm trees before Santiago.

'I thought some one had poked me from behind in the funny bone,' he said. 'I had my sleeves rolled up and we had knocked a lot of Spanish sharpshooters out of the palms. They came down like ripe nuts, heads first. I turned round to swear at the man behind me, as I felt the poke, when my 'Krag' fell and blood began to run down my hand. Then I knew I was hit.

'No, it is well now, a little stiff and a lump that bothers me now and then, but the trigger finger is all right and I guess I am good for another time, I'd rather be hit by a Mauser than with a nigger shooter.

'Speaking of niggers, that reminds me. We were camped with the colored Ninth and Tenth negro cavalry one afternoon. The Spaniards had a lot of old smooth bore cannon. After having shot all their grape and canister away when some pieces of scrap iron lit in the camp. A negro cook picked up a piece of kettle, then later a piece of frying pan.

'For God's sake, Rough Rider,' he said, with wide open eyes and big teeth showing 'them people will have a h—of a time getting supper to-night. They are throwing away all their pots and kettles.'

'Yes, there was some hard times there when the Cubans sneaked up behind and pinched our rations and we had to go

three days without a bite to eat. Mauser bullets whistling all around us with a cold rain soaking us through, and it was hard to see the fellows we had learned to love as brothers jumping full length in the air and falling dead; but in the excitement you get used to seeing them fall. 'But what I shall never forget is the bugler trying to blow taps when we were letting Capt. Capron and Ham Fish and five others down in that wet mud. Tears were running down his cheeks, and he had to try it three times before he could make out the faint 'Taps.' It is those scenes I see every bit as clear as flashes of lightning. We loved Capt. Capron every man like a father, and big, rough, good-hearted Ham Fish, too. That was the hardest part of my experience,' he said, and there was a bit of hoarseness in the last few words, eyes a bit dimmed as he turned in answer to the station master's call 'All aboard for the Santa Fe,' and disappeared in the hundred plain people.

[The Mr. Wesley referred to above is a son of Mr. A. Z. Wesley formerly of this city. The latter served his apprenticeship in McMillan's here, and was later foreman in Roger Hunter's printing establishment. His son who distinguished himself during the war was born in this city and went to Denver, Col., at the age of 17 years. At the time of his enlistment he was foreman of the Santa Fe New Mexican. Mr. A. Z. Wesley is foreman of the Waycross Journal, Georgia.]

"77" BREAKS UP

Fall Colds

A REMINDER.

This is to remind you of the great service that "Seventy-seven" has rendered in the past. Old and tried friends are the best, and you can rely upon "Seventy-seven" for Grip, Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat and Fever.

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The musical public are now pretty well aware of the fact that Gwilym Miles the wonderful Welsh baritone will appear in this city October 13 and 14. Mr. Miles is a cousin of Evan Williams and comes of that same stock which implants qualities of musical greatness. Mr. Spencer has established an enviable reputation, in this community for bringing to it, the finest vocal artists in the country, and the fact that he is willing to stake that reputation on Mr. Miles should be a sufficient guarantee as to the singer's ability to delight our concert goers. Mr. Miles possess, it is said, the qualities, which caused the singing of Evan Williams to be a revelation to all who heard him, namely immense power of expression, and intensity; this is combined with a voice of great power and sweetness. Mr. Miles would be sufficient himself to fill the house twice, but the assisting talent enhances the attractiveness of the concerts to an unusual degree. These include Miss Adelaide Barrett Jump, an elocutionist of wonderful ability, who has been heard by a number of St. John persons. Miss Jump is a native of Hillsboro N. B. but has been pursuing her studies in the Emerson school of oratory Boston, the past five years, preparatory to entering the profession in which she is destined to reach the top; much anticipation is felt regarding Miss Jump. Miss Wetmore a Moncton young lady, but now also studying in Boston, will make her St. John debut. Miss Wetmore is one of the most promising vocalists in the province, possessing a voice of great range and sweetness, combined with a temperament decidedly musical. Miss Wetmore has been heard several times recently in Germain St. Baptist church, and established her popularity to such an extent, that the announcement will be hailed with delight. Mr. Athoe of Halifax will officiate in the capacity of accompanist, and no better could be secured in the lower provinces. An event of importance also will be the debut of Miss Clara Brennan of the Cathedral choir, who has been making excellent progress under the able tuition of Mr. Buck. Miss Brennan will be heard in a delightful duet, with Mr. J. Kelley the well known and popular local tenor who, that heard Mr. Bowden at Williams concert last December will not be delighted to know that another opportunity is presenting itself, on this occasion, Mr. Bowden has been studying hard, and can do better work than ever.

Tones and Undertones.

Chabrier's opera "Briséis" will be produced at the Berlin Royal Opera House next month. This work has not been given in France as yet, and the unusual precedent of a French work first produced in Berlin will be established.

The young composer, Alfred Zamara, of Vienna has succeeded in furnishing an operatic novelty—a modern labor strike in opera. The work is entitled "The Iron Foundry," and describes in dramatic scenes the battle of labor against capital.

Verdi to receive the Order of Annunziata, the highest decoration the King of Italy can bestow, some years ago. At that time there was strenuous opposition to his being honored so signally. Now Minister Baccelli will carry his points and the aged composer is to have the Annunziata cross.

The new building of the Paris Opera Comique will be dedicated and opened about October 1. It will be a great artistic and social event. Portions of famous works of dead composers are to be produced. An apotheosis of Art is to be the last act of the festival.

Schiller's drama, "The Robbers," has again been set to music by a Signor Diamanti. His opera was recently produced at the Eldorado Theatre, Bologna, with great success. Verdi once used the same libretto, but his "Robbers" never became popular.

Siegfried Wagner's opera, "Der Baerenhaeuter" (The Bear-skinner), will be produced at Munich during November.

Frau Cosima Wagner does not appear to be afraid of cutting loose from tradition in the management of the Bayreuth Festspiel. Thus she has engaged the baritone Renaud of the Paris Grand House, to sing the part of Amfortas in the "Parsifal" performances of next summer. Renaud has a splendid voice, but will have to learn German.

Johann Strauss, Jr., follows in the footsteps of his illustrious family. His maiden effort is a comic opera, entitled "Cat and Mouse." It will be produced in Vienna at an early date.

Jakobowski's new comic opera, "Cam-

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My niece's little baby boy had Eczema all over his face, so that he needed continuous watching, and he scratched the sores constantly. Mornings, his face, hands and clothes would be stained with blood. She never could take him out, his face was so full of sores. She had medical treatment, and tried everything she heard of. She commenced using the CUTICURA Remedies. The sores left his face and he was entirely cured, and now his face is smooth and rosy.

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pano; or, the wandering Minstrel," is said to be sprightly in the score. The fun of the plot turns on the masquerade of a flirtatious Frenchman as a celebrated tenor, who finally confronts the impostor.

Edna Wallace Hopper and Walter Jones will go on the road with "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Jeff de Angelis will make his star debut in "The Jolly Musketeer" at New Britain, Conn., to-morrow night.

The Musical Courier calls attention to the fact that in the circulars of the Maine Musical festival the names of the two foreign artists are in large type, while those of the native artists are in small type. This feature at once suggests that the foreigners are greater artists than the Americans, although in this list of artists of the Maine festival the fact is that the artists all stand on about the same footing. How can justice be done to the American singers when they enter the lists and even before uttering the first vowel they find themselves handicapped with this circular, virtually announcing that they do not deserve the same prominence as the foreigners do? How are we going to succeed in the nationalization of music in America when the foreigner is advanced over his American competitor before the performance takes place? The audience, the critics, everybody is influenced against the American before the latter does the work.

There's more truth than poetry in this statement, but the fact remains the world over that European artists are considered the biggest ducks in whatever puddle they are found.

Tennyson's "Lancelot" has been transformed into a four-act lyric drama for the Paris opera by Victorin Jolicieres.

At the Gloucester (England) Music festival last week Verdi's new Stabat Mater and Te Deum and Dr. Parry's new cantata were sung.

A committee has been formed to present a notable commemoration of the anniversary of the birth of Vincenzo Bellini, composer of "Norma," "I Puritani," etc., in 1901.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The great event of the week in theatrical circles was Lewis Morrison's production of Faust which was witnessed by large audiences on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Morrison's Mephisto has been so often referred to in this department that comment now would be superfluous. It is a character in which the public never grows tired of seeing him, and with every engagement he seems to grow more the demon. The scenic and electrical effects were magnificent, otherwise the production would not compare at all favorably with that of two years ago. After this season Mr. Morrison will abandon his devilish propensities and endeavor to lead an exemplary life.

Garrett P. Serviss, a lecturer of note, began a series of lectures in the Opera House on Thursday evening. The subjects

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are all interesting and timely and are superbly illustrated. There will be a lecture on Saturday afternoon at 2.30 on Peter the Great. Mr. Serviss comes well recommended, and while high class lectures have in the past been attended by only the studios, yet Mr. Serviss talks are warranted to attract the masses, as well as those who are in quest of enlightenment.

Seven new plays were produced in New York Monday night.

E. H. Sothern will not begin his road tour until November.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" will be given this month in Berlin.

Broadhurst's new farce, "Why Smith Left Home," made a big hit in the West.

Minnie Dupree, who has been in Europe all summer, has returned to New York.

Neston Lennon and Maud Banks are doing a war sketch in the vaudeville houses.

The audacious French farce, "The Turtle" continues a theatrical sensation in New York.

It is said that Sarah Bernhardt's latest fad is the taking of baths upon her roof in the sunshine.

Mary Hampton will be starred in a new play after the holidays under the direction of Jacob Litt.

Sol Smith Russel is going to build a summer home at Edgartown, where he passed the last few months.

Charles Emmerson Cook has completed another musical comedy. The title hasn't been announced yet.

Walter E. Perkins reports a big business with "My Friend from India" on the New England circuit.

Sarah Bernhardt's new leading man is Albert Darmont, who accompanied her on her American tour.

Nat Goodwin's company has started rehearsals in New York while he is recuperating from his accident in England.

Marie Tempest has returned to London after her wedding tour and is again in the cast of "A Greek Slave" at Daly's.

Chauncey Olcott is going to bring out a new play in January. Of course, it's a romantic Irish drama, with lots of songs in it.

Robert Tabor, who is playing Macduff with Forbes Robertson, will return to Sir Henry Irving after the run of "Macbeth" is ended.

Charles Froham will produce "The Great Ruby," the present Drury Lane melodrama about Jan. 1, at the New York Academy of music.

It is said that Lily Langtry is about to return to the stage and intends visiting the States with a new play, which is being written for her.

May Irwin opened her season in Trenton Thursday night, and after a ten days tour will return to the Bijou theatre, New York for the rest of the season.

George C. Boniface, Jr., has been a half century on the stage.

An English melodrama, "The Victoria Cross," is to be acted in New York.

Davis & Keeth's "On Land and Sea" was produced for the first time in Boston last Monday.

Lola Small, daughter of the Rev. Sam T. Small, is not only going upon the stage, but in tights. And in red tights at that.

Duse is to play in Cairo and Alexandria next winter.

Actor Unti, of Italy, charged with having an evil eye, recently died of a broken heart.

Cissy Fitzgerald is to appear in America in a pantomime.

After his engagement with Joseph Jefferson Otis Skinner will star through the South in "Rosemary." En tour Mr. Skinner will be, the Captain Absolute, William Lackays, the Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Elsie Leche, the Lydia Languish, and Miss Paget the Mrs. Malaprop.

Olga Nethersole's American tour will begin in November under the direction of Marcus E. Mayer. She will play repertoire and will use "The Termagant."

Francis Wilson's speech after his first night New York success in "The Little Corporal" was a gem of humor. In the character of the mook Napoleon, he remarked: "We shall be able to say to other comic opera admirals, as Montigo said to Cervens, 'Yours is not the only squadron on the beach.'"

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, who has been at work for five months on a dramatization of "Vanity Fair" for Mrs. Fiske, has finished three acts of the play. The drama will be finished by November 1.

The first annual tour of James K. Hackett will be inaugurated October 10 at the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn, in "The Tree of Knowledge."

It is said that when Mr. Mansfield's agent

visited M. Rostand with a view to buying the privileges of "Cyrano" the Frenchman said: 'I have nothing to sell. My play can be stolen by Yankees in spite of my moral ownership. They will steal it, as they are a nation of thieves.'

In the prologue of Hall Caine's dramatized version of "The Christian," in which Viola Allen made her star debut at Albany on Friday night last, the scene is laid in the ruins of Peel Castle Isle of Man, all the characters are introduced, and to the surprise of the book-readers the wicked Lord Chap and Horatio Drake are introduced as friends of Glory, who have known her for years. The suggestion that as pretty a girl as Glory will not remain a hospital nurse long after she reaches London is made thus early in the play by Drake, so we are prepared to find her launched in her music hall career on the rising of the first-act curtain. John Storm, already working in his career as a slum missionary in Soho Square, visits Glory in the saloon of the music hall and proceeds to lecture her in most amazingly plain talk on the dangers she is in from her surroundings. Storm tells Drake and Lord Robert that he will yet rescue Glory from them. His Lordship says: 'Oh, it is a duel?' John Storm replies: 'Yes, the duel; you for her body, I for her soul.'

The next act, states Edward Townsend in the New York World, takes place in the Soho Square Missionary Club House, where all the villains of the piece—there are four of them—go to tell Storm that they have bought the place to add it to the music hall to give Glory more room to triumph in. Storm turns them out, and Morgan in the part does this with so much force of word and action that the audience screamed with delight. Miss Allen, as Glory, has her opportunity to score in the next act. This in her apartment where is enacted the scene which Mr. Caine dislikes exceedingly to be told made the popularity or notoriety of his book. Glory, alone in her apartments at midnight, is visited by Storm, who comes with the avowed purpose of making her pray and then killing her, his uncomfortable idea being that that is the only way of saving her soul.

I need say nothing more about the riskiness of the scene than that it is all that is in the book. Morgan looks the religious fanatic crazed by fighting his worldly love. Miss Allen looks the world-loving young woman very much opposed to dying in the manner suggested. She plays her physical charms against her lover's purpose. She loosens her abandoned red hair, bares her throat, declares her love and cries: 'Look at me, John, look at me,' and he looks, and there is another act. Mr. Caine says it is a sermon. It may be. It took the audience's breath away for a time but there was tremendous applause. Glory does not die. The other act is again in Soho, and all but the villains are happy, and John Storm and Glory particularly.

With A Luncheon.

A pleasant affair took place when the large wine and liquor house of Lawrence A. Wilson & Co. Montreal was formerly opened. Mr. Wilson took this opportunity of inviting all his friends to accept his hospitality, and inspect his new premises.

Mayor Prefontaine presided at the luncheon, and among the two hundred present were Mr. C. Beausoleil, M. P., Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, M. P., Hon. Jas. McShane, ex-Ald. Gauthier, Mr. M. B. Davis and Hon. G. A. Nantel. Many pleasing speeches were made, and it is needless to say that Mr. Wilson's reply was to the point, and brought fourth rounds of applause.

The stock carried by the firm is the largest and best that money could buy. All Europe has been laid under tribute; Spain sends her sherris, Portugal her ports, Holland her gins, Scotland her whiskies, and so on down the list, till all the wines and liquors of the civilized world has been represented.

Many feet under ground are the vaults, and the inspection showed they were well filled and modern in all the particulars. The ground floor, which contains the business offices, is handsome in its decorations and commodious in its arrangement. In the second story are located the labelling and capsuling department, the third and fourth flats are reserved for general stock rooms. There are also three bonded warehouses in the building.

Mr. Wilson employs a staff of fifty and his corps of commercial travellers penetrate to all parts of the country.—Gazette.

Review of the Medical Record.

The current number of the Medical Record contains the address delivered by Dr. S. A. Knopf, of New York, before the Conference of State and Provincial Boards of Health of North America at Detroit, Michigan, August 11th. The paper is an able presentation of the unanswerable arguments in favor of the State and Municipal care of consumptives, and because of its great educational value it should have a wide reading.

Other paper deal with "Atypical Malaria of U. S. Military Hospitals," Latent Cancer

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of the Stomach;" and the "Pathology of Cerebro-spinal Meningitis."

Dr. Robert Reyburn takes us back two hundred years in the treatment of the diseases of children. Here is a prescription for scrofula written by Dr. Richard Wiseman, Physician to King Charles the Second. "Take of best Sarasparilla one pound, shavings of Hartsborn six ounces, leaves of Agrimony and of both kinds of Flenline, of each three handfuls, white and red sanders of each two drachms, English Liquorice a pound, Garden Snails one pound, Earth Worms one pound, [new Cow's milk two gallons. Distill them according to art and to three pounds or pints of the distilled liquor add two ounces of prepared Crab's Eyes. Dose: four ounces in Cinnamon water." Powdered pearls, powdered human skull and Anticipleptik Julap were in high esteem for "fits."

Editorially Dr. Shradly commends Dr. James Cantlie's practical suggestions concerning the treatment of the tropical invalid upon his return to the temperate zone: criticises Dr. Sternberg disclaimer of responsibility for the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers, and humorously refers to Dr. Adams' discovery of the microbe of 'hoop nail liver.'

In the news of the week is a description of the principles of Osteopathy by its founder, A. T. Still upon which the editor remarks that if it is not satisfactory he can't help it.

A full report is given of the eight annual meeting of the American Electro Therapeutic Association recently held at Buffalo.

Published weekly by William Wood and Company New York.

Turner: 'What became of that girl to whom you were so ardent a suitor?' Downs (ruefully): 'Clear case of mistaken identity. I didn't suit her.'

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, OCT. 1st

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

THE PROHIBITION VOTE

The people have pronounced upon prohibition and so far as the verdict in the Maritime provinces is concerned it shows that of the voters who exercised their franchise there are 40,000 more for prohibition than against it. Still the result in all three provinces by the sea must be disappointing more particularly in regard to the vote polled. It was generally thought that there was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of prohibition in this city and yet out of more than ten thousand voters there were only 3039 who were sufficiently opposed to the liquor traffic to deposit their votes for prohibition. And when we think that in the county outside of St. John city there were only 601 prohibitionists who went to the polls we cannot congratulate the temperance people upon the use they made of the opportunity presented to them by the government.

In Halifax city there were 8,942 votes on the list and only 1,724 recorded their "yes" in favor of prohibition. If this indicates the strength of the temperance sentiment in the capital of the neighboring province then St. John was either better organized or it contains more people in favor of prohibition legislation. But these two cities by the sea proved the only large centres of population where the prohibitionists won. Even Toronto, that city which was so good that only a short time ago street cars could not traverse the streets on Sunday has pronounced against the abolition of the liquor traffic. The verdict of these large commercial centres in upper Canada will have great weight with the government in coming to a decision. There may be a majority in favor of abolition in all Canada but even that will be in doubt until all the returns are in and verified. But even if there is who will say that the government should enact a law to which so many are opposed? Quebec came to the front in such an emphatic way that there was at least 75,000 majority against the proposition to do away with the liquor traffic.

If every province had given a majority of years then the people might have been content to see the government give the country a chance to see what would be the result with no liquor. We do not think the majority of those who are in favor of temperance agree with the idea of prohibition. The difficulties in the way are almost, if not quite insurmountable. The argument that a prohibition law could be enforced the same as any other law is not a sound one because ordinary law breakers are not so numerous as liquor drinkers. If it is proposed to make it unlawful to sell liquor then it will be unlawful to drink it. Of course the argument that persuasion and not legislation should be the course of temperance work is an old one but in this election the people who did not vote have shown by their absence and indifference that they do not believe in legislating men to do right.

CITY FATHER RESOLUTIONS.

The city fathers did not spend much time considering the expenditure of \$2 600 a year for forty years for the doubtful experiment of building a dry dock. It was decided at a special meeting a week ago and the committee this week has been endeavoring to make the resolution read as Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON wants it. That of course is a pleasant task for it is no use being half hearted about the business. If a giver at all let the city be a cheerful one. It is wonderful what wire pulling will do in so short a time. If Mr. J. LAWLER Woods who was in the city for ten days arranging for a description of St. John as one of the chief Canadian centres, in the

work From Ocean to Ocean, had only been given to a little personal persuasion the proposition he made to the council might not have been rejected so curtly. The idea of this immense work is to give a comprehensive idea of Canada and thousands of copies will be sent all over the world, placed in libraries, boards of trade and other important reading rooms. Illustrations will be the chief means by which this will be done. Nothing is charged for the descriptive letter press but any city that wants illustrations in the work is supposed to provide for them and pay for the engraving. Haligonians were quick enough to see the value of such publicity and secure the right to illustrate the descriptive matter about the city with some dozen or more views of what is best about them. Their harbor, dry dock, terminal facilities, park and public gardens will appear no doubt in the volume while St. John with all its

services he performs. Shaw and Dillon are both over 60 years of age, and their usefulness as police officers has gone by long ago. The opinion of a great many is that none of them should have been given a place on the force, as there are hundreds of good men about the city, who are only too eager to earn an honest dollar. Still the parties referred to had friends to get them the positions and in consequence other taxpayers had to go without the position. This is entirely unfair as it is to be seen that those men receive amply money to maintain them without any assistance of this kind. Those are not the only ones that serious objection has been taken to. It seems that old soldiers were given a preference over our men. They were men of better physique however and that is the principal reason they were given the preference over the others. The appointments as a whole



SIR JOHN C. ALLEN, Retired Chief Justice of New Brunswick, who died Tuesday morning at his residence, in Fredericton, in the 81st year of his age.

advantages in these respects will not appear as having any. Such small towns as Sidney, Cape Breton, sent for Mr. Woods and arranged to be represented in From Ocean to Ocean. The capital of this province, Fredericton, it is understood will be illustrated, and properly so too. It is a pity that the same spirit that prompts the civic representatives of St. John to expend hundreds of thousands of dollars in improving their terminal facilities will not also induce them to show the people of Canada as well as those of other countries what they have done to attract the commerce of the world.

HAVE TROUBLES OF THEIR OWN.

The Exhibition Commission and Some of Their Trials. HALIFAX, Sept. 27.—Our exhibition is now well under way and only a fair success it is proving. The commission had somewhat of a bad road to travel to get everything in proper form, but their efforts at last have been crowned with success. The manager this year is John T. Wood a barrister, who is quite an ambitious young fellow in his own way. For a new man he is doing wonders, and saving the commission what he thinks a good deal of trouble. The members of the commission however, think different, and some of them have expressed the opinion that he is altogether too fresh. He has to all appearances assumed full control of the whole show by giving contracts, and awarding tenders on his own responsibility. The commission thought at a recent meeting that it should have at least been consulted in matters of this kind, but the secretary openly stated that he thought different. When he was brought to account for his action he plainly told Mayor Stephen that he had done it of his own free will, and that if he, the Mayor wished to undo what he had done he could do so. In plain words he told him he could do just as he pleased. The members of the commission did not say much at the time, but they have since reflected, and no doubt Mr. Wood will be called down ere long. The selection of the special police has not given entire satisfaction either. They were not chosen by any one individual, but by several who had quite a number of friends they wished to make special policemen. Some of those selected were not all entitled to the positions as they receive good salaries from other sources. Three of those appointed were ex-police officers. One of them was ex-Sergeant Dillon, and the others privates Webster and Shaw. Dillon receives from the city annually the sum of \$300, and Reuben Shaw \$250, those amounts being their superannuation allowance. Webster is the janitor of the Masonic hall, and receives somewhere in the vicinity of \$600 annually for the

have not given entire satisfaction, and there are some very indignant people over the matter. The men selected filled the bill all right and that is what the commission required them to do. The famous room "16" where all the liquid refreshments were disposed of last year, and over which there was so much trouble has been closed to the public. It is now used as a dressing room for the variety performers. Several visitors who were familiar with the place, thought that they could get in this year, just the same as last, but to their surprise, they found that the doors were closed against them. It is now a very difficult matter to obtain anything "strong" on the grounds, and the thirsty ones have to either procure it outside, or else do without it. The commission held a meeting on the grounds Saturday morning, and a stormy one it was. Matters in general were up for discussion, but the principal topic, was the leak in the new building. The commission as a whole were up in arms against the condition of the building, and why shouldn't it be. Thousands of dollars have been spent in its construction, and on Friday rain poured in through the roof, and spoilt hundreds of dollars worth of goods. The exhibitors now intend to sue the commission for the damage sustained to their goods by the rain. Perhaps the most serious trouble the commission is in, is over the spectacular show, "The Relief of Lucknow." This production was engaged in good faith from the firm that is now putting it on, but matters have taken a new term, and it looks as if the commission would be liable for damages for producing it. A telegram has been received from the Canadian firm which controls the "Relief of Lucknow" notifying them that if they put it on, they would be liable to a penalty of \$200 a day for every time it was produced. The commission on looking up its agreement with the parties who are now here, find they say, the production was for a show called "Lucknow." The notification however does not bother the commission very much as the show is being put on every night, regardless of any later consideration that may arise. The commission is having lots of trouble and if it surmounts its many difficulties, it will be a big surprise to a number of citizens of this city.

A Low Rate for Trial Subscriptions. Up to and including October 10 the publishers of PROGRESS will receive subscriptions for PROGRESS and the Family Herald and Weekly Star, both of which will be sent to subscribers until January 1st 1899, at the low rate of fifty cents.

When you are in Need Of anything done in our line you can rest assured you will be satisfied. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, Telephone 58.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

My Saddest Song. The saddest song I ever sing, Are only known to me; They never sound in those I bring To sing my love to thee. And when thou bid'st me sing again, The blissful dream is o'er; The sweetest tone it breathes is vain, When fond ones meet no more. The saddest songs we ever keep, In love's sweet undertone; Within my spirit's silence deep, They breathe thy name alone. I would not sing when thou art nigh, That sweet song of my heart; Such melodies the soul must try In grief they still impart. The song dear one I sing to night, Has anguish deep as I know; Its tones but mark the fading light, Of joys we might have seen. The deepest sorrow we can know, For one we hold most dear; Is silent grief we cannot show Nor to the world a tear. My song is like the saddest heart, The changing autumn grieves; We hear it breathing, "We must part," Among the falling leaves. The chord of sorrow wakes anew The sobbing of the sea; Farewell beloved fond and true My life I follow thee. Riverdale, Sept. 1898. CYRUS GOLDS.

School Days. When the boys come trooping home from school, Hurrah! Around the corner they scurry and race, Happy of heart and rosy of face, Frolic and prance, 'tis a merry chase, When the boys come home from school. When the boys come rollicking home from school, Ho, ho! They catch on to each turnout that past them whirrs, They throw their soft snowball and hit the girls, And they pinch their cheeks and pull their curls, When the boys come home from school. When the boys come romping home from school, Such fun! Little care they for the people they meet, If you want to be safe better keep off the street, The you'll rather enjoy it if temper is sweet, When the boys come home from school. When the boys come shouting home from school, A! a! Would we could keep them thus free from sin, Rough mannered without, kind-hearted within, On the homeward road from school. When the boys, triumphant, come home from school, At last! Their studies finished, their school days done, 'Tis then that life's lessons are but begun, And fame must be worked for if it be won, When the boys return from school. When the boys come plodding home from school, Ah, me! Not boys, but grey-haired men; Life's lessons almost o'er with them, From youth to age, how brief the span, When spent in Experience's school. — Kokomo, Ind.

An Australian Cradle-Song. Over the hills and far away, Do p in the shed-deel, The crystal fountains leap and play; A dream of delight in the liveliest day, Over the hills and far away. In the land where the fairies dwell, Never a trouble or worldly care Into that dell may come; The sweetest flowers breathe perfume rare, The wattle-tree loosens her golden hair, And softly it sits on the languid air The wild bee's drowsy hum. The tall fern spreads a graceful wing To shut the light away; And ever the fountains laugh and sing, The moon and the maidenhair climb and cling, And the bellbird's note doth sweetly ring, Like the drip of the silver spray. Here, when the moon and stars are bright The fairies dance and sing, Down through the air each tiny sprite Floats in a robe of filmy white, On the smooth greenward the liveliest night, To trip in a mystic ring. To the music made by the waving tree, Stirred by the fresh night air, While the moon looks down and laughs with glee, And each little star winks merrily; And it's oh, 'twere good for an hour to be While the fairies dancing there. So hush thee, hush, my baby boy, Let slumber weave her spell, Let slumber roam till break of day Where the laughing fountains leap and play, Over the hills and far away, In the land where the fairies dwell. Modern Grandmothers. You 'wonder where they're gone to, those grand-mothers of yore, With such quaint old nursery jingles, that we al-ways cried for more, With their spectacles and aprons, and their ruffled muslin caps, And their puffs of snowy hair, and their broad en-circling laps? Why, they've gone, dear, with the children of those When little ones were little ones, in thoughts and acts and ways; When everything was different and stamper lives were led, Those days are gone, 'the times are changed,' with that, the whole is said. The grandmas of the 'modern child' must crimp and If not, I fear, the modern child might love her grandmas less, For lace and laces of these days are critical, I ween, With a grandmas of 'ye olden times' they wouldn't But, after all, beneath the dress, and this we won't forget, That grandmas's grandmas, now as then, her love is ours yet. And if the children turn to her—demand her love and care, They'll find that underneath it all the grandmas's always there. —F. S. A. in Boston Transcript.

A Thorn. She'd a thorn in her finger—a fair finger, too; Would I help? then she smiled at the thought, She'd a tear in her eye, and that smile glistened through. Like a sunbeam that laughs from a clear drop of dew I was hopelessly, helplessly awkward, I knew, But refuse her request, I could not. For a moment in mine lay her fingers so fair, But a moment was time and enough For an impulse to grow it were madness to dare. With the morning wind sighing in wispers "Take care." But warnings—how vain! when that tear sol-litely fall to my cuff. I kissed her. Her lips were not fashioned for scorn. So forgive me and vowed to forget— Forget that a love without hope had been born In the glad golden joy of that midsummer morn; Forget! while the pain of that sharp little thorn Rankles my heart even yet.

Some Good People

still follow antiquated methods of raising cake, biscuit, bread and pastry with home-made mixtures of what they suppose to be cream of tartar and soda.

They do not know that these articles as now sold in the groceries are almost anything else but cream of tartar and soda.

The best housekeepers use the Royal Baking Powder instead. Its scientific composition insures uniform results. Only by its use can the finest flavored, most wholesome cake, biscuit and pastry be produced. To any housekeeper who has not used the Royal Baking Powder we would like to send our Cook Book, free. Mark your request "For instruction."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Bad Management Somewhere.

A gentleman from the Upper Province complains to PROGRESS that the Inter-colonial train leaving St. John Saturday night does not go through to Halifax, and in his complaint he mentioned an incident that does not add credit to the management of the road. Instead of going through to Halifax Sunday morning, the train stops at Truro, reaching there about 9 o'clock, thus compelling all through-travel from the Upper Provinces and the States to remain 60 miles from their destination for nearly 24 hours. It appears that last Saturday night this gentleman was on the train; a lady was there also, and on the same train with her was the corpse of her husband. He was taking him to their friends in Halifax where he was to be buried, and her grief and disappointment can well be imagined when she found that she had to remain at Truro until Monday morning.

Had to Pay Up With Costs

Newspaper men and others are interested in a case tried at the Division court in Port Hope lately before Judge Ketchum. The Publishers of the Guide continued as is the custom to send the paper to a subscriber until he was in arrears for several years, and upon urging the payment of the bill, the subscriber said that he hadn't ordered it for the time he had received and accepted it, and therefore refused payment. The judge made a lengthy deliverance on the subject the contents of which may be inferred from his order—'I give judgement for the plaintiffs for \$11 50 and costs.—(The Printer and Publisher Toronto.

Three Boston Men in Town.

"Johnny" Gorman of Boston accompanied by his friend Mr. Kenney of the Hampton Hotel of that city has been visiting friends here for a week or two. They have had a pleasant time and discovered lots of St. John men who were only too glad to have a chance to return the many kindnesses extended to them in Boston. Mr. Gorman is just as popular in the "Hub" as he used to be here and that is saying a good deal. While here a popular member of the detective force in Boston, "Mike" Kelly, joined them and renewed many old acquaintances.

An Irishman's Chivalry.

William Smith O'Brien, the leader of the National party of Ireland, who was transported in 1849, had none of the gifts which attract the multitude. He was not an orator, his manners were not winning, and he made few intimacies. But his character and his well-poised head put him at the head of the Nationalists, whose purpose was to secure the independence of Ireland. An anecdote related in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's book of reminiscences, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," shows the chivalry of the man. He had a duel, in the days when that savage method of settling disputes was the custom, and the two men were placed opposite to each other. Just as the signal, "One, two, three—fire!" was about to be given, O'Brien cried: "Stop! No signal, I pray." His opponent's second stepped forward and said with asperity, "This is very irregular, sir. What do you wish to say?" "I wish," answered O'Brien, "to call your attention to the fact that the gentleman opposite me has let the cap fall off his pistol."



There is very little to record this week in the way of social news; now that the exhibition and the autumn military openings are over the ladies are turning their attention to matters domestic. The performance of "Faust" at the Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings brought out very fashionable audiences, and the display of dress made the house look remarkably brilliant. I believe there were two or three theatres parties followed by little suppers, which it goes without saying were most enjoyable. An event of last week was a dance given by Miss Sidney-Smith to quite a large number of friends and which passed off very successfully, and being all the more enjoyable, because dances this autumn are few and far between.

Major-General Hutton was entertained at dinner on Thursday evening of last week by Mr. and Mrs. George Jones. The hostess dispensed hospitality in her usual gracious manner, and the dinner was quite perfect in every detail. Sweet peas were used in the table decorations. Among those invited to meet the guest of the evening were the Misses Randolph, Fredericton, Miss Dever, Mr. Leslie, Colonel Vidal, Mrs. Vidal, and Mr. Fred Jones.

Miss Jessie Bartlett has returned to Moncton after a very pleasant visit to city friends.

Miss Louise Burpee of Bangor is the guest of Mrs. Isaac Burpee for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sayre are home from Westfield where they spent the summer.

Miss Jessie McFarlane who spent a short time here lately has returned to Bouchette.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Clarke are in L'Etang the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Jackson.

Miss Josephine McVicar is spending a few weeks in St. George.

On Monday morning Mr. Charlie Troop gave a sail upriver on the Dream to a party which included the following persons: Mr. J. Hall and Mrs. Hall, Miss Troop, Mr. Thomas, Miss Dever, Mr. George Robertson, Mr. Bruce Caldwell, Miss Holden, Mr. Gill Reator, and Miss Keator, Mr. Kingston and others.

Miss Berna Main has returned to St. Croix, after a pleasant visit with friends here.

Mrs. C. S. McCarthy and Miss Mand McCarthy who paid a short visit here recently have returned to Moncton.

Mrs. Charles Harrison has been paying a visit to friends at the capital lately.

Mrs. Wm. Logan is in Fredericton visiting her daughter Mrs. Albert Edgecombe.

Mr. Clarence Ward is spending a short vacation in Quasco.

Mr. E. H. Pickett is home from Toronto where he attended the St. Andrew's convention.

Mrs. J. T. McCormack of City Road left this week for a short visit to Boston.

Miss Jennie Clarke and Miss Lisette Hayes went to Boston this week on a visit to relatives.

Mrs. Babbitt and her sister Miss Flossie Bowden arrived from the West the first of the week and are visiting their parents on Sydney street. They will both probably remain here all winter.

The marriage took place in Halifax this week of Mr. E. A. Prince of this city, and Miss Margaret Leck, also of St. John. The bride went to England last spring with her mother, sisters and grandfather, and the announcement of her marriage immediately upon the arrival of the Halifax City came as a surprise to her friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Prince are enjoying a honeymoon trip through Nova Scotia after which they will reside on Sewell street. Their friends in this city will extend sincere wishes for their future happiness.

Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Perry of Grand Manan were here recently as guests of Capt. G. H. Perry of the North End.

Miss Annie Maxwell's friends are welcoming her back, after an absence of four months spent in Brooklyn N. Y.

Mrs. T. Kiekham and Mrs. M. Barry left Wednesday morning on a visit to Boston. They expect to be absent three or four weeks.

The marriage took place at the home of the bride West end, on Wednesday evening of Mrs. Amy Allen and Mr. Robert Wilson, Rev. James Burgess officiating. Only the immediate friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayes returned Wednesday from a trip to Montreal.

The Misses Elizabeth and Marie Furlong will take a limited number of banjo pupils at their real dance Coburg Street. Those who have heard Miss Furlong on her favorite instrument know her capabilities in that direction, and that she will make a most efficient teacher.

Miss Isaacs, a daughter of Mr. A. Isaacs left this week for Halifax to attend the Ladies College in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bent of Minneapolis a bride and groom who are spending their honeymoon in New Brunswick, spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Thornton of Boston made a short stay here recently among old friends who were glad to welcome them to the city.

W. W. Goodwin M. D., Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Edith Goodwin of Boston Mass and Mr. A. E. Goodwin of Princeton Me., spent the week in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Borden of Halifax were among the city's visitors during the week.

News of the very serious illness of Mr. R. L. Smith of Macanlay Bros., is heard with deep regret throughout the city. Physicians in attendance hold out little hope of recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Mayo of Hampden, Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Coffin of Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Spafford of Cherryfield, and Mr. E. Dudley Freeman of Yarmouth Me., were a party of Americans who visited St. John and vicinity this week.

Capt. E. A. Smith who recently returned from Europe spent Sunday in St. Andrews with his mother. Mrs. Smith remained in Quebec to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Dickson of Truro are spending the week in St. John.

The evening before leaving for Philadelphia where he will take up his residence Mr. W. P. Brodrick was entertained at supper by a party of friends who also presented him with parting gifts. Mr. Brodrick has been efficient organist of St. Peter's church N. E. for some time.

Miss Maude McKeown left this week for Charlottetown where she will spend the winter with her sister Mrs. Geo. M. Campbell.

Mrs. Costigan wife of Hon. John Costigan, and

daughter, Mrs. Walter Armstrong of Ottawa arrived from Ottawa Wednesday and are guests of Mr. John T. Kelly.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knodell and Miss Lisette Knodell were guests of Mr. H. Blackadar during their visit to the Halifax exhibition.

Mrs. John H. Thomson and Mr. Roy Thomson left Thursday for Clifton Springs N. Y.

Miss O'Neill of St. George is the guest of the Misses O'Neill.

Archbishop Bruchet of Montreal and Canon Dault, who are making a tour of the lower provinces as guests of Bishop Sweeney for a day or two this week.

Mrs. Will Jones entertained a number of friends very pleasantly with an evening of whist and dancing on Monday.

Mrs. Hedley Barbur went to Fredericton on Friday for an extended visit.

Mr. Serviss' lecture on Thursday evening attracted a very representative gathering of people, who cordially enjoyed a treat in listening to his talk on Spain and seeing in the most superb illustrations the famous buildings, cathedrals, castles etc., of sunny Spain. This afternoon Mr. Serviss' lectures on Peter the Great, and the making of the Russian Empire. The subject is a most interesting one and illustrated as it will be on a most elaborate scale should attract a large audience.

Mr. Freeman C. Gardner, Mrs. Gardner and young son, of Yarmouth N. S. were in the city this week.

Miss Grace Guest of Yarmouth N. S. passed through the city during the week en route to her home. Miss Guest was a student at Mount Allison Ladies' College when she was summoned home by the news of her mother's illness.

Miss Amy L. Cann of Yarmouth N. S. who has been visiting Mrs. W. A. McGinley for the past two weeks returned home on Monday.

Capt. Berj. Lewis of Shelburne N. S. has been visiting friends in this city for the past three weeks. On Wednesday he left for New York where he will be one of the principals in an interesting event on Tuesday next. Capt. Lewis has many friends in this city who will extend sincere congratulations.

Mr. J. A. Brooks is enjoying a two weeks trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Pound, who have been visiting relatives at Margate P. E. I. have returned home.

Mrs. J. W. Montgomery and Mrs. Taylor were in Halifax for a few days during the week.

Mrs. Robert Jardine's guest Mrs. A. A. Smith has returned to her home in Shediac.

Miss Annie O'Shaughnessy of St. Stephen is the guest of Miss Smythe of Sydney street.

Miss Nellie Lambert of Quebec, is staying with Mrs. J. Graham for a few weeks.

Mrs. E. T. Worden of King street east left this week for Boston where she will be the guest of her sister Mrs. George Brown.

Miss Nellie Kempton is paying a weeks visit to friends in the north end.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison and Mrs. Walter Allison left Tuesday for Denver Col. Mr. Walter Allison will spend the winter in that city.

The following marriage notice taken from the Charlottetown P. E. I. Examiner of Sept. 26 will be read with interest in this city, the home of the groom. "The pretty little chapel of St. Joseph's Convent was this morning the scene of an exceedingly interesting event. At a quarter to six o'clock Mr. Angus A. Chalson, of the firm of Edgecombe & Chalson, St. John, and Miss Katherine J. Bulger, of the city were united in marriage, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. Morrison in the presence of a goodly number of the friends of the contracting parties. The bride, who was becomingly attired in a travelling suit of blue, was attended by Miss Sophia Chalson, sister of the groom and the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Frank Chalson. The choir rendered appropriate music on the occasion. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party partook of a breakfast at the residence of the bride's mother, Great George Street, after which Mr. and Mrs. Chalson left for their future home in St. John by way of Halifax and the Annapolis Valley. The bride was the recipient of many very handsome presents."

Mrs. M. Hogan of Cliff street and her guest Mrs. Hancy of Boston, went to Halifax this week for a short visit.

Miss Edna Casey returned to St. Stephen this week after a very pleasant visit to Miss Julia Lawlor, Pitt street.

Mrs. H. A. Stockford has returned from a lengthy visit to Boston; her grand-daughter Miss Beatrice Clarke accompanied her home.

Mr. Ralph Smith of Windsor, was here this week en route to McGill College to resume his studies.

Mr. J. Farrell returned this week from a three month's trip to Europe, during which he visited most of the leading cities.

Mr. T. L. Coughlan left the first of the week on a visit to friends in Houlton, Me.

Mr. P. S. McNutt was among the St. John people who visited the Halifax exhibition this week.

Mrs. A. Finley and Miss Ella Wood of Boston are paying a visit to the West side, their former home.

Mr. Archibald Lampman of the P. O. department Ottawa, was in the city this week on his way home from Digby where he spent a few weeks very pleasantly.

Mayor and Mrs. Sears returned Wednesday from Halifax. During their stay in that city they received many courtesies from prominent citizens and were treated with great hospitality. Mayor Stephen of Halifax is a relative of Mrs. Sears.

Mrs. W. S. Martin arrived from Boston this week to join her husband, an evangelist who has been here for some time.

Miss Nellie Thompson left this week for Boston where she will spend the winter.

Miss Kate Hanlon has returned to Fredericton after a pleasant stay of a week here with the Misses Jennie and Beattie McLaughlin.

Mrs. Harry Robertson's reception days were Wednesday and Thursday of this week, and many ladies called to welcome the young bride to her new home, and offer their good wishes for future happiness.

Miss Grace Vernon has returned to Amherst after a two months visit to friends here.

Miss Wheeler returned from Amherst this week and leaves shortly for Fredericton in which city she will spend the winter as the guest of Mrs. Ketchum.

Mrs. James Howard who was Mrs. W. Christie's guest for a few days returned this week to Amherst. During his stay in town this week, Hon. George E. Foster was a guest at the Royal hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. McDonald were here from Charlottetown for a short time in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Wright of Halifax were among recent visitors to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Day of Boston made a short stay in the city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Ford returned this week from a visit to England. During Mr. Ford's absence Miss Farmer of the North End presided over the organ of St. John's church.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Tomkins of Hillsboro spent two or three days here during the week.

Dr. E. B. Tagley, Mrs. Tagley and child of New York are spending a few weeks in this city and surrounding country.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Buck of Chelsea, Mass., were guests of Mrs. W. E. Jones at Torryburn for a short time lately.

Miss Louise Moore who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Boyle of King street, east, returned to Boston this week, accompanied by Mrs. Boyle who will spend a fortnight there.

**FARRSBORO.**

[FARRSBORO is for sale at Farrsboro Book Store.]

Sept. 28.—The concert in the Opera house on Tuesday evening given by Mr. A. N. Brander assisted by a choral society which has formed and other local talent was not so well attended as it ought to have been considering the excellent programme, heavy rain accounted in a great measure of course for the small audience. The orchestral accompaniment to the two choruses "The Heavens are Telling" from the Creation and "Gloria" from Mozart 12th Mass consisted of violins Dr. MacKenzie and Miss Lane, flute, Rev. W. G. Lane, clarinet, Mr. Puddington, cornet, Miss A. Spence, E. Botsand, C. McMurray, piano, Miss Maude Corbett. Mr. W. B. McMurray's fine voice was heard in the solo, "O, on the Deep", Mr. Brander's violin solo "Aria" Trovatore "Cavalina" and Les Adieu were very artistic. Miss M. Fullerton played a brilliant piano solo. The violin trio "Kleine Symphonie" and "Gypsy Music" were gems. There was also a violin quartette chorus, Ophiquin in Taurin, and Religious March-Adere by Mr. Brander, Dr. MacKenzie, Miss Lane and Miss Florence Corbett. Miss Maude Corbett the piano accompanist throughout did her part in a faultless manner.

Miss J. G. Aikman entertained a party at drive whist on Thursday evening. The prize winners were Miss Brock and Mr. George Upham.

Miss Alloway and Miss Fuller, Springhill, are guests of Mrs. Aikman.

Miss Warin, St. John, is visiting Miss Corbett. Miss Annie McNamara is at home from Boston on a short visit.

Dr. Havelock Claw and his family have removed here from New Glasgow and have taken the house recently vacated by Dr. Corbett.

Among those attending the Halifax exhibition are Mrs. and Miss Cooke, Mrs. Bigelow, Mr. Monahan, Mr. C. E. Day, Mr. M. Mahoney, Mr. W. Gavin, Mrs. Vickery and Mr. Rex Vickery.

Mrs. Higgins and Miss Higgins, Boston, are here for a week or two.

Mrs. Clarence Looby who has been spending the summer with relatives left on Saturday for her home in British Columbia.

Messrs. George and Huxley Johnson have returned to Baltimore to continue their studies.

Mrs. J. M. Townshend Amherst, is the guest of Mrs. A. S. Townshend.

Miss Maude Gillespie has returned from St. John. Rev. and Mrs. Johnson Stellatos, and Rev. and Mrs. Ryan have recently paid a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. Brander will pursue his musical studies at the Boston Conservatory. He leaves on Friday much to the regret of everyone.

The Lansdowne has been in port since Friday. Mr. Hutchins inspector of lighthouses and his daughter Miss Hutchins are on board.

Mrs. Amberman is on a visit to friends at Wolfville.

The **Test of Time.**

It is important to know that there is as much difference in Soaps as in other articles used in the home, some are fairly good, others are not fit to use, one cannot always judge by appearances, adulterated goods often look like the genuine. There is not an impure thing in Welcome Soap, it is made with the greatest of care. The true test is in use and Welcome Soap has stood this so erest test for more than 20 years

**WELCOME SOAP**

Smooth on the Hands Rough on the Dirt.

TRADE MARK

**WELCOME SOAP**

Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.  
(Save your wrappers and send for premium list.)

**Good Macaroni.**

Perhaps you have never thought to ask your grocer for "your best macaroni." Then you cannot possibly know the true meaning of "best" Macaroni. "P. Codou" on a package means white, tender, delicate macaroni that is made from the only wheat that's suitable to use—Russian wheat. Russian wheat makes good macaroni.

You are sure of getting it good if P. Codou is on the package.

**P Codou**

**You Want a Piano**

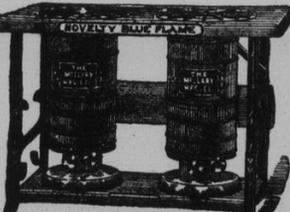
But you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it . . .

Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure. The years slip around quickly and before you know it you will absolutely own a first-class piano free of any encumbrance if you purchase on our system. Come and see us, or if you live at a distance write us and we will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue free.

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SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners.



Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp. Wicks are 10 inches in circumference and should last one year.

Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low.

Frames and Tops are made of steel and cannot be broken. Oil Tanks are placed where they will not heat and there are no perforated plates or braces surrounding the burners to retain any char or oil sootage, thus preventing odor.

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LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER  
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"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—FARRINGTON LEMMON.

"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."  
—DR. DAUPT.

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**Dye That Jacket**

and save the cost of buying a new one for Fall, you can dye it safely at home with these English Home Dyes of the very highest quality—Maypole Soap Dyes.

It doesn't crack or streak or fade—it gives a brilliant color—you can dye to any shade with the

**Maypole Soap Dyes.**

10 cents (25 for black) of best druggists and grocers.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



Death Pulls the Trigger.

A man doesn't have to pull the trigger himself in order to commit suicide. He doesn't even need a gun or any kind of weapon. All he need do is work hard and at the same time neglect his health. Death will be at the weakest and most overworked point. In a marshy country it will probably be malaria and chills. A clerk or bookkeeper will probably have a bilious dead-end consumption. A business or professional man, nervous prostration or it isn't hard to prevent or cure these diseases if the right remedy is taken at the right time. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen, digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nervous system strong. It drives out all disease germs, makes rich, red blood, firm flesh, solid muscle and healthy nerve-fiber. It cures malaria and bilious attacks. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion. It cures bronchial, throat and kidney affections. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice contains the letters of thousands who have been cured.

I have been one of your many patients, by taking Dr. Pierce's medicines," writes Mrs. Perry Cook of 140 W. 3d St., Covington, Ky. "Your 'Favorite' prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' have saved my life when it was despaired of."

Send 9 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, 233 N. York St., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice;—cloth binding 50 stamps. A whole medical library in one 1000-page volume.

Mr. and Mrs. Drexel of Philadelphia, have returned in their yacht Alcedo, from their cruise in Cape Breton, where they were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Morrow. The Alcedo which is a very large steam yacht and perfectly fitted up has been much admired as she lies in the harbor.

The Badminton club has been reorganized and is all ready to begin play again as soon as the weather is a little colder. The usual Saturday and Wednesday teas are to be an institution this winter as well as last. There are a good many new members and everything points to another successful season for this enterprising organization.

With the football season the football teas will recommence, and a great boon they are to the cold and weary people who have stood throughout the afternoon intent on the Miss Wicks' in the hall. The tea is by a sometimes short of men, it being impossible for the players to get home, change and return in time to hand tea cups. Fortunately there are men who do not play football, and if they are forgotten during the match they have their little day afterwards.

Football tickets are an item in most women's autumn expenses. There is no more conspicuous place than the edge of the football field in half time, and a badly hung skirt or worn boots betray their wearer at once. The bicycle woman of course rises superior, but fortunately for appearances, the bicycle woman is no longer everybody.

The dancing class is to be re-organized on its old lines this winter, and in addition to the young people's club, there is talk of another, to consist of married people and single alike. It is to be hoped this last idea will not fall through, as it would enliven the winter to a vast extent.

FOOTBALL. The sold weather has compelled the campers at the Dartmouth lakes to return to their homes. The lakes are deserted now except for private parties of five or six afterwards.

Councillor Bowen and family have returned from Stevens' Island where they were spending the summer. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. G. G. Duxton gave a large At Home. There were a large number present and all enjoyed themselves. The tennis court was well patronized.

Miss Troop of Stratford is visiting her uncle Mr. G. J. Troop. The Misses Ousely of Windsor are visiting their friends in Dartmouth and taking in the Exhibition. Miss Wetmore is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Stewart.

Mrs. Robert Motton returned to the United States on Wednesday. Dr. Sanford of Philadelphia is a visitor at Dr. Woodbury's. Mr. Ruess Redden and daughter from Kentville are in town guests of Ald. Mosely.

Miss Crichton of "The Brae" returned to Dartmouth on Monday. Mr. H. L. McLean formerly of Dartmouth is here on a visit. Judge Chelley from Lunenburg is visiting here, on his way from Toronto.

Mr. B. A. Hills has resigned the charge of the Preston and Waverly mission and will leave shortly for Wycliffe College, where he will take a course in languages, prior to being ordained.

Miss May Fitzgerald, Waterville, is visiting Mrs. H. E. Austin Pleasant street. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer from Truro are the guests of Mrs. Notting, Dartmouth.

Mr. Frank McKay has returned from Yarmouth where he has been spending his vacation. Mr. Blanchard, Truro, is the guest of Mrs. Charles Robson, Quaco street.

Miss MacLennan, Truro, is the guest of Mrs. Noel Forbes, Pleasant street. Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Charles Archibald addressed a large number of ladies in Reform Club, Hall. The subject was "Prohibition."

On Saturday afternoon Miss Tena Allen gave a bicycle party to a number of her girl friends. Mrs. T. Gentry and her daughter Poyas returned from Shubenacadie where they have been visiting for a few days.

Miss Hennigar and daughter from Canning are the guests of Mrs. W. B. Rankin, Pleasant street. Dr. Allison Paysant son of Lewis K. Paysant, is here on a visit to his parents. Dr. Paysant is now preaching in Liscomb.

Several members of Lewis Morrison's company were staying in Dartmouth during their performance last week.

Miss Tilley of Yarmouth is visiting Mrs. Bentley King St. Mr. Don McDonald Amherst, is the guest of Mrs. J. E. Leady. Mr. and Miss Taylor from Milltown are visiting friends in Dartmouth and Halifax.

Mr. Chas Robson the former popular agent of the Union Bank has accepted the position of travelling manager of the Philadelphia Bible publishing company. His many friends in Dartmouth and Halifax congratulate him on his appointment.

Quite a number of our citizens are taking to the pink chifon. Miss MacPherson, fawn lady's cloth trimmed with heliotrope velvet and white moire. Mrs. Hubbell, black grenadine with pink chifon trimmings. Mrs. Herbert Robinson, Toronto, black silk trimmed with white chifon. Mrs. McParland, Montral, pale blue taffeta figured with yellow satin bow. Mrs. Sullivan, blue and white foulard blue velvet hat.

Mrs. Waddell, black satin with green trimmings. Miss Marion Barber, Toronto, white silk organ-die over mauve taffeta; large white hat. Miss McParland, striped pink and white silk. Miss Edith Folger, striped black and white silk figured with green and mauve, mauve taffeta bodice trimmed with violet velvet; black hat.

Miss Coleman New York, mauve satin brocade. Miss Rose Kirkpatrick, black silk skirt, pink silk blouse, and black velvet hat. Mrs. D. Stewart Robertson, black silk with white trimmings. Miss Mable Eldersleeve cloth and velvet in royal purple.

Mrs. Frice, grey canvas cloth over grey taffeta, with white silk trimmings, white hats. Mrs. Twining green and white taffeta with turquoise blue trimmings, white hat. Miss Madeline Cartwright white India muslin, large black velvet hat. Miss Isabelle Cartwright heliotrope organdie, white hat.

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Many of the guests were from Montreal, Toronto and intervening towns. There were some gorgeous toilettes, and the body of the cathedral presented a brilliant appearance when all the reserved seats were occupied. The ushers were Messrs. Hugh and Knex Walbreath, and Mr. Carl V. Ford. Mr. Henry presided at the organ, and St. George's full organ choir was present and rendered the choral service. The officiating clergymen were the very Rev. the Dean of Ontario assisted by the Rev. G. W. MacPherson of St. George's. The groomsmen were Mr. William MacLennan of Montreal.

As the bride's party gathered up the aisle all eyes were directed towards the interesting procession. The bride's toilette was the artistic production of a local modiste (Miss Jamieson, Johnston, ) in chased in English for this occasion.

The wedding gown of rich ivory satin Duchesse, had a Spanish flounce of chiffon, the front panel and below with a narrow ruching of the same. The court train was lined with heavily corded cream silk and finished with a neat piping of satin.

The bodice was a dainty creation of satin, chiffon, pearl spray and Duchesse and Brussels point lace. The chiffon was gathered full in back and front and outlined at the back with the pearl spray and the front with the pearl spray and the front with the pearl spray and the front with the pearl spray.

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THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

To his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected, the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. WARD IF NOT CURED OF COLIC OF ALL KINDS, COLIC, CURB, SPINDS, CONTRACTED AND KNOTTED GUTS, AND SHOE BOTS. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials begun. Dr. S. A. Tuttle. St. John, N. B. Oct. 8th, 1897.

Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my race horses and also on my trotting stallion "Special Blend" with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. L. ROY WILKIE, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street, Agents for Canada.

Fall Millinery

LONDON, PARIS and NEW YORK

Pattern Hats and Bonnets

—AND— Millinery Novelties.

We are now successfully launched on the fall trade of 1898.

COME AND SEE US. The Parisian 163 Union Street,

OUT OF SORTS?

If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use

Puttner's Emulsion: Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health.

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

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lecobothek" Method is also "Byrath System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK

BLACK RIVER DULSE. JUST RECEIVED 5 Bbls. Choice Dulse. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

Mrs. Bride's Spoons

If they are plated should bear the stamp

ROGERS

this mark is our warrant that the spoons, forks or knives that bear them, are the very best plate made, and that we guarantee their lasting qualities.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

VEAL, DUCK

WOODCOCK. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

Advertisement for Hansen's Tablets, featuring a picture of a woman and text describing the product's benefits for various ailments.

ORSE CAN'T... Little's Lixir... This Lixir... by remaining moist... of all ailments...

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I Recommend Baby's Own Soap to all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin. Made of the finest materials. No soap, wherever made, is better.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

MONCTON. [Programme is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore E. Melonson's, and at Railway News Depot. Sept. 28-September though it has been a chilly and inhospitable month so far seems to be almost as popular a month for weddings this year as merry June. There were no less than three last week in which Moncton people were interested, although only one took place actually in the city. The first took place on Tuesday morning at Buctouche at the home of the bride's father, Mr. B. H. Foley, when Miss Maggie Foley was married to Mr. R. A. King barrister of Buctouche. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. H. Manston in the presence of the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom. The bride looked charming in a handsome travelling costume and was unattended. Miss Foley was one of the most popular young ladies in Kent county, and was very well known in Moncton where she has numerous friends, while the groom who was at one time a resident of this city is well and favorably known here. His Moncton friends will join in wishing both his fair bride and himself every possible happiness. Mr. and Mrs. King passed through Moncton on their way to Halifax where part of their honeymoon will be spent.

On Wednesday morning a quiet but very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Hussen Carter of Lutz street, when his second daughter Miss May Carter was married to Mr. John A. Johnson of the I. C. R., Rev. J. M. Robison pastor of St. John's presbyterian church performed the ceremony in the presence of the near relatives and friends of the bride and groom. The bride was attired in a very pretty travelling suit and looked charming; she was attended by Miss Bessie Gunning, Mr. James Kelly occupying the important position of best man. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left by the morning train for Halifax and other points of interest in Nova Scotia. The bride received many very handsome presents testifying to the esteem in which both she and her husband are held by their numerous friends. The third of this interesting series of events took place at Pettitcodiac when Miss Hattie J. Cochrane only daughter of Mr. J. D. Cochrane of that place was married to Mr. Hugh W. Church, also of Pettitcodiac. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride, and was performed by Rev. H. B. Baker, in the presence of a number of guests. The bride wore a beautiful tailor made travelling costume of cadet blue cloth, and was attended by Miss Carrie Weldon of Moncton and given away by her uncle, Mr. E. C. Jones, also of this city. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Robert Church. A most beautiful and beautiful gift received by the bride was a very handsome gold brooch thickly set with pearls, the gift of the groom, who also presented the bridesmaid with a beautiful opal ring. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Church took the C. P. train to St. John, from whence they intend crossing to Digby, Halifax and Boston on an extended wedding trip. I hear of at least two other weddings which are to take place next month but as yet no definite information on the subject has been made public. Mrs. W. H. Price the most recent of Moncton's brides gave an "at home" on Thursday evening.

ONE LITTLE TABLET One quart of milk, a little fruit juice or flavoring—a total outlay of about 6 cents and an expenditure of about five minutes time and one of the most delicious as well as nutritious desserts imaginable (enough for a whole family) is supplied. As a tempting delicacy for invalids, junket made with this tablet.



Hansen's Junket Tablets

is incomparable. Weak stomachs which refuse to retain other food almost invariably retain Junket. Sold by Grocers and Druggists in packages of 10 tablets at 10 cents. Booklet containing 33 celebrated recipes accompanies.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

ing at her cottage to a number of Moncton people. Mrs. Price received her guests in her wedding gown, of cream colored satin, and was assisted in the arduous duties by her mother-in-law Mrs. E. Price. The parlors were prettily decorated, and a small orchestra under direction of Prof. W. E. Wells furnished a programme of music during the evening. Miss Williams and Miss Nellie Lyons dispensed refreshments and ably assisted the hostess in entertaining her guests. The function lasted from eight to ten o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. John Lyons last home on Saturday to spend a few days in Quebec.

Anyone passing the scene of Mr. George C. Allen dragging and glancing hastily into the window would be inclined to imagine that a miller as had combined the drug and jewelry business, so dazzling is the display of gold and silverware contained therein. A close inspection however, reveals the fact that the stock in trade consists of no less than sixty-three medals all the property of four young Moncton athletes and all now in open competition. There are twenty three prizes won by C. H. Smith, eighteen medals, two silver cups, one dressing case one spoon, and a handsome steel engraving. Nineteen prizes won by Fred Scott, five silver cups, thirteen medals, and one news paper weight. Fifteen prizes belonging to W. S. Davidson eight medals five silver cups, and one perfume bottle, and one pair of opera glasses. And six prizes won by W. Stanley, two silver cups, three medals, and one gold watch. No wonder the people of Moncton are proud of the young champions of the M. A. A. A. Mrs. Wood, of Boston, is spending a few weeks in town, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. A. Peters of Church Street.

The many friends of Mr. A. R. Holmes of the I. C. R. engineering staff heard with very deep regret last week, of his resignation from the railway service and his consequent departure from our city. Mr. Holmes has been a resident of Moncton for nearly three years, and during that time has now numerous friends who will wish him every success in his new sphere of usefulness. Mr. Holmes left town last Thursday to spend a few days at his home near Windsor N. S. before proceeding to Boston, where it is understood he intends taking a post-graduate course at the Mass. school of Technology. Mr. H. A. Borden is spending a week's holiday at his home in Avonport, N. S.

Miss Allen of Yarmouth, who has been spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Marr, of Main Street, returned home on Friday. Mr. Ernest Talbot of Bermuda, who is spending a two months' holiday in travelling through Canada and the United States paid a visit to Moncton last week, and was the guest of Mr. W. H. Williams of Highfield street, during his stay. Mrs. T. W. Bell, who has been spending the summer at Sheolac Cape, has returned to town and taken the house on Main street recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hall. Mrs. Bell's numerous friends will be glad to hear that she is likely to become a permanent resident of Moncton. Miss Jessie Battlett returned last week from St. John where she has been visiting friends.

Messrs. W. A. Brennan and A. A. Lefurgey of Summerside, spent a few days in town last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George McSwiney at Hotel Brunswick. Mrs. A. J. Cresswell of Springfield, King's county paid a short visit to Moncton last week, and was warmly welcomed by her old friends. Mrs. Cresswell was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hanington of School street, during her stay. Mr. Wood of Boston is visiting the city the guest of his sister Mrs. E. A. Peters of Church street. Mrs. F. M. Murray who has been spending the greater part of the summer between Northumberland and her home in Fredericton, returned to Moncton on Monday. Mrs. Muriel Cook of Campbellton spent a few days in town last week the guest of her brother Mr. F. H. Blair.

The many friends of Mr. W. C. Toole of the Post office, who has been so seriously ill, are glad to see him out again. Miss Gertrude Pitfield who has been spending the summer with friends in Nova Scotia returned home last week. Mrs. W. H. Price returned to her former home in Richmond, Quebec, last evening having been suddenly recalled. Miss Constance Chandler of Dorchester is spending a few days in town the guest of her sister Mrs. R. W. Hewson. Rev. J. M. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson paid a short visit to Halifax last week, and took in the exhibition. Rev. E. Bertram Hooper returned on Saturday from Montreal, where he had been attending the meeting of the Provincial Synod. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chavdier and family, returned last week from Sheola Cape, where they have been spending the summer months.

A number of the ladies and gentlemen of Moncton have formed a literary society under the direction of Miss Robinson of St. John, who won golden opinions here during her visit with the summer school of society. The members number about fifty, and the first meeting of the society was held on Friday evening in the W. C. T. U. hall. The course of study for the winter will be the works of Shakespeare, and the society will begin its regular work on Friday next, the meetings to continue weekly. Moncton people are fortunate enough in securing the services of this gifted young lady. Miss Mary Cook, who has been spending some weeks with friends in Amherst, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. F. H. Blair returned on Thursday from a few days visit to St. John. The many friends of Mrs. C. F. Hanington and Miss Trisley Hanington are glad to see them in town again. I understand Mrs. and Miss Hanington intend spending the winter in Moncton. Miss Wheeler of St. John, and Mrs. E. G. C. Ketchum of Tidnish are spending a few days in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Binney of Church street. Mrs. Ketchum is en route to Fredericton to re-open her town house for the winter. Mrs. and Miss Y. ung of Calais, and Mrs. W. A. Wells of Seattle, who have been spending a few days in town the guests of Judge, and Mrs. Willis returned home on Monday. Mr. Fred Lodge son of Rev. W. W. Lodge, pastor of central methodist church left town yesterday for Baltimore, Md where he intends entering on a course at the Baltimore college of dentistry. Miss McGowan of Charlottetown is visiting in the city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris of Steadman street. Mr. H. B. Fleming returned on Monday from a two weeks holiday trip through Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, including a visit to the Halifax exhibition.

Mrs. John B. Forster of Dorchester who has been visiting relatives in the city, returned home last week. Dr. Tingley of New York who has been spending a three weeks vacation at his former home in this country paid a short visit to Moncton this week, was the guest of his brother, chief of police Tingley during his stay. Dr. Tingley left by the C. P. train yesterday. Mrs. E. G. Brown and Mrs. N. L. Rand left town on Saturday to attend the Halifax exhibition.

Mrs. C. G. McCarthy and Miss Maud Taylor returned on Saturday from a short visit to St. John. Mr. G. H. Sangster left town yesterday for Halifax to attend the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCully, and Mr. Owen Cameron of the I. C. R. freight department went to Halifax to spend a few days on Saturday. The Misses Crisp who have been spending a two weeks' holiday visiting friends in St. John, returned home on Monday. Rev. John Prince and Mrs. Prince returned on Saturday from a two weeks' visit to St. John.

FREDERICTON.

[Programme is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.] Sept. 28.—Mrs. Charles Clifton Tabor and niece Miss Hamlin Crookshank leave on Friday for Boston where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tabor.

Mrs. Bailey, wife of Dr. Bailey, of the university and daughter, Mrs. West, and child leave next Thursday for Montreal whence they will sail on Saturday for England to join Mr. West Mrs. Bailey will absent some weeks. Both ladies will carry with them the best wishes of many friends for a safe and happy return. Prof. and Mrs. Downing and child have returned from Philadelphia where they have been spending the summer. Miss Sadie Wiley and Miss Nan Thompson are spending a week in the city by the sea. Mr. London of Boston is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Fred M. Lettewy who has been visiting her parents at the Methodist parsonage, left on Saturday to join her husband in Halifax where they are enjoying the exhibition. Mr. J. Frank Beverly of New York paid a flying visit to the city this week. Miss Frankie Tibbitts of the Crown Land department, leaves on Friday on a two weeks vacation trip to Boston, where she will visit her friend Miss Joe Wood.

Miss Lovjoy and Miss A. Lawrence of Providence are visiting friends in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Everett have returned from St. Andrews, where they spent the summer months and are guests at Windsor Hall. Mrs. Chas. Harrison of St. John is visiting friends in the city. Mr. and Mrs. David E. Crowe returned from their wedding journey on Saturday and Mrs. Crowe is this week receiving her bridal calls at her pleasant little home on St. John street.

Lieut. Frank Finney, Mr. Harrison Sterling and Earnest Sewell have returned to Philadelphia to resume their studies at the dental college. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McKiel formerly of this city but now of Vancouver, B. C. are visiting friends and renewing old acquaintances in the city. Mrs. Dibblee of Woodstock is in the city the guest of Mrs. Geo. Y. Dibblee. Miss June Allen, grand-daughter of the late Sir John Allen, ex chief Justice of Toronto, is here visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Fowler, Regent street. Mrs. Webster of Cambridge is visiting Miss Foster at Marysville.

Miss Sadie Sterling, daughter of Sheriff Sterling and a graduate of the U. N. B. has gone to Harvard university, where she will take a course. Miss Maude Foster of Marysville, leaves for New York this week when she will study voice culture. Mr. Wm. Logan of St. John is here visiting her daughter Mrs. Albert Edgecombe. Mr. Ralph March of Hampton is among the visitors in town. Mr. Mont Wiley has returned from a pleasant holiday trip to New York. Mrs. McPherson and son of Moncton are visiting Mrs. Geo. N. Segee. The Reverend Bernard Byran of Toronto has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fenety at Linden Hill, the past week. Miss Tweedie and Miss Purchase of Lawrence Mass. are visiting friends here. Mr. McKinnon of Toronto is in town. Mrs. McKinnon of New York have been warmly welcomed here again.

All the flags are half mast out of respect to the memory of the late Chief Justice, Sir John G. Allen who breathed his last yesterday morning, at the residence of his son Mr. W. K. Allen after a long illness. His other sons are Mr. T. Carleton Allen, Mr. Geo. W. Allen and Mr. E. H. Allen. The funeral will take place tomorrow at the Cathedral the interment being made at Forest Hill Cemetery.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRAMME is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atkinson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Frost's.] Sept. 28.—On Monday Mrs. Gilbert W. Ganong and her sisters, Misses Robinson issued invitations to a large party of lady friends to luncheon at one o'clock on Friday at Fern Lodge their beautiful summer cottage at Oak Bay. The invitations are very pretty and unique, and are made of birch bark cut in envelope shape fastened together with a thorn, in opening the envelope at the top was fastened a tiny fern. The invitations were prettily written and will be fine souvenirs of the occasion. General Mrs. Leavitt of Eastport has been guest of the St. Croix Exchange during the past week. Miss Vera Young has gone to Providence Rhode Island to enter Miss Wheeler's famous school for young ladies as a pupil. Miss Marion Curran accompanied her to resume her studies in the same school. Miss Edith Porter has returned from a pleasant visit in Carleton. Rev. O. S. Newsham has returned from a visit in Hamilton Toronto, and other Canadian cities. Rev. Canon Roberts of Fredericton will preach tomorrow [Thursday] evening in Christ Church it being the anniversary of the consecration of that church and the tenth anniversary of the inauguration of the present rector Rev. O. S. Newsham. Mrs. Arthur Stanley Burdette and her daughter Edith leave early next month for their home in the city of Mexico. Much is the regret of their numerous friends in town. They will make a short visit with friends in Clinton, Mass before leaving the New England States. Miss Berna Main has returned from a pleasant trip in St. John. Mr. Herbert C. Grant has returned to New York city after spending the summer months in town. Miss Kathleen O'Malley who was Mrs. Charles F. Beard's guest was summoned suddenly to her home in New York city on Friday. Miss O'Malley has been the guest of Mrs. Percy Gillmor for several weeks and expected to spend a month with Mrs. Beard.

Among the handsome new residences erected on the St. Croix, the finest is that of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lord on Main street, Calais. It is built in the most modern style, and with its broad and spacious piazzas and large plate glass windows, is a great ornament to that part of the city where it is situated. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meredith are occupying

Fortune-tellers pretend to read fate in the tea leaves in the cup. But you can read the imposition of an artificially flavoured tea in the sediment. The drawings of Monsoon Tea are absolutely free from these precipitates because Monsoon Tea is absolutely pure, clean and good—it's as sweet as a rose.



Mrs. Albert E. Neill's handsome house on Church avenue. Miss Bessie McVey is visiting Boston and New York City, and expects to be absent about ten days. Mr. John D. Chipman, M. P. F., has returned from a brief business trip to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Yung are visiting American cities in the Western and Middle states. Miss Vesta Moore and her guest and friend Miss Kate Tibbitts, left on Friday to resume their studies at Wellesley college. Mr. Andrew Stevens of Chicago, is the guest of his father Judge Stevens. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Laffin will occupy the Thompson homestead on Prince William street during the next year. Miss Ethel Waterbury is again at home after an extended visit with her friend Miss Ethel Hilyard at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Hilyard. Mrs. John McKennie one of our oldest and much esteemed ladies is quite ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Maxwell. Mr. Henry Dowd of Bangor the newly appointed general superintendent of the Washington county railway is in Calais this week. Miss Beatrice Vroom will extend her visit in Boston for some weeks. Mrs. A. E. Neill will make her home with Mrs. W. H. Cole until she goes South early in the new year. Mr. Charles E. Hayden spent Sunday in Machias, Maine. Mr. Sprague of Seckville accompanied by her son Mr. Harry Sprague, are guests of her relatives Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wry.

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

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator, and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME in season! MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

There is no business, trade or profession that cannot use advertising in some form successfully and profitably.

Printing is indispensable in advertising, and we do but one kind, the good kind, which in itself is good advertising. Let us do your office stationery and we guarantee to give you good stock, good count, good workmanship, and attend to all orders with promptness—could we do more. We send work to all parts of the province. Write what you want, we will send samples. PROGRESS PRINT.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as E. LAWTON & CO. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be paid to Edmund Lawton at St. John street, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Edmund Lawton, by whom the same will be settled. Dated at St. John this 10th day of September, 1898. EDMUND LAWTON, A. M. PHILLIPS.

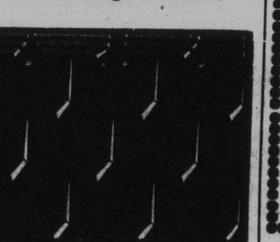
CARD. E. LAWTON

Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 117 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Horn Buidide, and by keeping the very choicest stock of Wines and Liquors to merit a fair share of the business. Choice Havana cigars a specialty.

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low. THOS. L. BOURKE

There's Economy FOR YOU IN USING Eastlake Steel Shingles They Give Lasting Protection.



For many years these shingles have given reliable satisfaction, standing the test of all kinds of weather. They're fire—rust—leak—and lightning proof, and more quickly laid than others because of their patent cleat. Write us—we want you to know all about them. Metallic Roofing Co., Limited. 1189 King St. West, Toronto.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

A temperance concert will be held this (Wednesday) evening, the children will take a large part in the entertainment which is under the direction of the W. C. T. U.

Miss Florence Sullivan is the guest of Mrs. Daniel Gilmor at the beach.

Hon. A. H. and Mr. Daniel Gilmor are visiting Boston.

TRUERS.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. J. O. Fulton, and Messrs D. H. Smith & Co.]

SEAT 22.—Mrs. (Senator) MacFarlane and her niece, Miss Seaman, are here from Wallace guests of the Misses Ross, Victoria square.

Mr. Dickenson, accountant in the Merchants Bank left on Monday for Kingston, N. B., where to-day he figures as a principal in an interesting event. Mr. Dickenson has many friends here, who extend himself and Mrs. Dickenson good wishes.

On their return they will be guests at the Prince of Wales.

Judge and Miss Shannon Halifax are guests of Rev. and Mrs. Rodgers Combs street.

Mrs. S. E. Whiston is visiting Mrs. W. H. Donkin "Stoneycroft Cottage."

Mrs. Hiram F. Donkin and Master Bertie Donkin who are en route to Glouce Bay C. B. from Charlottetown are guests for a day or two of their friends at "Fatholme."

Large numbers of Truroites, have been attending the Provincial Exhibition during the past week.

Messrs C. E. Bently Ex-Mayor, R. J. Turner and M. Dickie, were in Halifax, last week, in the interests of the Midland Railway.

Miss McKay is visiting Halifax friends.

Miss Mai Dinock is home from Boston, after a prolonged visit with friends.

The large and appreciative audience, which greeted Mr. Avon Saxon, in the Opera House, last night, enjoyed an evening of song, such as has not been given here for some time.

Mr. Saxon, was a delight, in all his numbers. Everyone is glad to know that Mr. Saxon, returns for Saturday evening.

Miss Mattie Archibald and Masters Ned and Harry Archibald and Harry Yell, returned last night from the city, where they were "Doing" the Exhibition, during the past week.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Methinks I see it even yet— An old house, deep in roses; I smell the fragrant myrtle.

A girl among the leafy bowers, Her small hands full of bright-hued flowers— The rose-leaves fall in tinted showers.

Upon the tresses, waving free Above her brow of ivory, Her face is fair to see.

She warbles sweetly on her way, Her silvery notes are clear and gay As skylarks' joyous morning lay.

'Tis but a memory—long ago We laid her 'neath the winter snow, Where bending weeping willows grow.

The old house lies in ruin gray, Long faded are the blossoms gay, And I am far, so far away!

Life's Misadventures. It was only a day blossom, Just the merest bit of bloom; But it brought a glimpse of summer To the little darsened room.

It was only glad "good morning," As she passed along the way; But it spread the morning's glory Over the live-long day.

Only a song; but the music, That simply pure and sweet, Brought back to better pathways The reckless roamin' feet.

"Only!" In our blind wisdom How dare we say at all? Since the ages alone can tell us Which is the great or small.

Paper Telegraph Poles. Telegraph poles are now made of compressed paper. Those of that material are said to be more durable than those of wood.

"Mamma what is classical music?" "Oh! Don't you know? It's the kind that you have to like whether you like it or not."

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as low as the Goods Last!

- Solid Gold Frames, Warranted, \$10
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted, 2.15
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years, .90
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted, .65
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Piece, .85
Alloy Frames, Note, .80
Steel or Nickel Frames, .05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay.

Respectfully yours, Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Silllingia and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alteratives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

A FORTUNE OVERLOOKED.

The Find Made by Executors of a Washington Estate.

'You may talk about the wonderful discoveries of gold in the Klondike region,' said a lawyer a few days ago, 'but one of the richest gold finds of the year occurred right here in Washington. I will not mention names, but the gentleman referred to was known all over the country before he died as one of the wealthiest pension agents and publishers of the present day.'

'A short time after the captain, (I will call him captain) throughout the story died, his executors were engaged in making an examination of his effects. His will had been carefully drawn and all of his real and personal property was supposed to be distributed among his relatives and friends, according to his last wishes. One day in clearing out the safe, in the building which still bears the captain's name an old chest was discovered in one of the dark corners of the vault. It had been there for years, and was supposed to contain only some plates and drawings of war pictures, used in connection with a book of war stories.

The executors had passed the old chest by without examining its contents, supposing of course, that it contained nothing but the plates and drawings, as indicated by the marking on the outside. One of the clerks engaged in the work had curiosity enough to take a peep into the chest.

When the loose drawers were removed a sight met his gaze that fairly took his breath away. There, nestling among the sheets of war pictures, and at the bottom of the chest, was an immense pile of gold coin, which, when counted, amounted to something over \$50,000.

There were gold pieces of every denomination, from \$1 to \$20. The discovery was so unexpected that the executors were at a loss for some time to account for the pile of treasure. The latest will was carefully scrutinized, but nothing in it could be found relative to the unlooked-for gold deposit. Various theories were advanced to explain the accumulation of coin, and it was finally concluded that the captain had followed the example of other cautious capitalists during the last raid on the treasury gold reserve, and hoarded the amount found in the chest. The coin looked as though it might have been dropped into the chest carelessly, for the various denominations and dates were in happy confusion. The executors were unable to account for the omission of the gold pile in the will, for although the captain was a great spender, he usually kept a clear account of his securities. It is possible that he may have forgotten the gold lining to the chest containing the war pictures. Of course the gold was carefully counted and entered up as a very desirable part of the estate.—Washington Evening Star.

A VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

A Georgetown Boy Who Owed up to Another's Offence.

That the days of chivalry are not over and that the spirit of Damon and Pythias is not dead is demonstrated by an incident that occurred at Georgetown University and has just leaked out. A poor young man who had worked his way through college passed his examination and had alluring prospects of employment as soon as the graduating exercises were over, went out with a party of students for a lark one night and got into mischief, as young men often do. It was not a disgraceful act, but it was a violation of one of the most serious rules of discipline, and expulsion was the penalty. The culprit was unknown, except to his companions, and they being scrupulous in the

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Observance of the code of college honor, tested their lips.

But the Jesuit fathers, who compose the faculty, were unusually energetic in their investigations and the evidence was closing around the poor young man in a manner that made him tremble, when Robert A. W. Walsh, a sophomore from St. Louis, entered the office of the president and said: 'I did it.'

Walsh was a quiet, well-behaved boy, popular with the faculty and the students, and his confession created a sensation, for he had not been suspected. Nevertheless, discipline must be enforced, and with reluctance and regret he was expelled from the institution. He left Washington, escorted to the railway station by a large body of students, returned to his home at St. Louis and the next fall entered Princeton University. The poor young man received his diploma and went his way rejoicing, but it was noticed that he never spoke of Walsh without emotion.

As the young men are no longer students at Georgetown there is no necessity of preserving the secret, and the faculty and the students are all aware that Walsh, being an under-class man and the son of wealthy parents, and having nothing at stake, voluntarily offered himself as a sacrifice to save the reputation and the prospects of his friend, who otherwise would have been turned out of the institution in disgrace.

The act was done without consultation and without the knowledge of the student who was saved, and has received absolution, and Walsh can return to the university whenever he desires. He prefers to re-locate at Princeton, however, and the publication of the story now will not injure his reputation.—Chicago Record.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Just Like Being Struck Over the Shoulders With a Club.

Lieutenant Hains, commanding an artillery platoon under Captain Potts in Porto Rico, was wounded on August 12, the day the war ended. He is now at St. Luke's hospital, in New York city. Talking with his brother, Captain T. Rankine Hains, who was at his bedside, he said: 'On the morning of the 12th Captain Potts was ordered to proceed up the San Juan road with five guns for the purpose of shelling the Spanish trenches at Asomanta. Four guns, which included my platoon, were moved into position in a field near the San Juan road at a range of 2000 yards, the fifth gun being sent ahead 100 yards to our right on the road.

'Just before we came into action the enemy opened on us with infantry volleys and two 3 inch howitzers. This hastened us into action. We picked up the range immediately and did splendid work. The two howitzers were soon silenced and the Spaniards were seen running from their intrenchments. Then we slackened our fire.

'Soon after we did so the enemy took heart and began to return. General James H. Wilson sent me with a gun up the road in advance of the rest to try and enfilade the enemy. I went up the road on horseback about 200 yards and found a company of Wisconsin infantry on a bend of the road which formed a cover from the Spanish fire. I passed beyond them, and the gun was unaimed in the next turn of the road in a somewhat sheltered position. My men lay down by the roadside to escape the Spanish volleys, the maulers coming in a storm with each volley.

'I told the sergeants we would have a try at them for luck, anyhow. As I could see no Spaniards nearer than 500 or 600 yards I had him run the gun out on the road a little. We had no sooner done this than the fire suddenly increased fiercely, so the gun could not be served. We hauled the gun back to the next turn in the road, where we were joined by the second gun, still unable to do any great execution owing to the sheltered position of the

EASY QUICK WORK SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY



Given Free! For Disposing of 20 Packages Perfume.

FREE. NO MONEY REQUIRED.

We give free a nickel-plated WATCH, stem winder reliable time-keeper, a full size VIOLIN and BOW, a 10-keyed ACCORDION, with two stops, double bellows setting; or a SOLID GOLD RING, plain or ring of 30 packages of our ELITE BOUQUET PERFUME for us at 10 cents per package, among friends. Send us your full address on a post card, stating that you want to post paid; when sold, send our 20 packages by mail money and we will send either of the above named premiums on you select, or you may keep one-half the money from what you sell, returning perfume unsold, say—

Read what others

PETITE REVIEWS, MAY 21st, 1898. The ring you sent me got here a right and I am much pleased with it, allow me to thank you for your kindness. MINNIE WESTERL. CHELSEA, AUG. 11th, 1898.

To GEM NOVELTY CO. I received the watch in good condition and I am well pleased with it.

We have hundreds of testimonials from those who have received premiums from us. Address.

Mention this paper.

Yours ROY CAMERON. Gem Novelty Co., TORONTO, ONT.

WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns, Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address

C. T. GILLESPIE, Manager for New Brunswick, P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.

that interview Disraeli had realized his ambition. Some time after Disraeli became prime minister, writes Grant Duff, his old travelling companion, Clay, the great whist-player, met him somewhere about the House of Commons and said to him: 'Well, Disraeli, when you and I travelled together years ago, who would ever have thought that you would be prime minister?'

'Who, indeed?' said Disraeli 'But, as they used to say when we were in the East, "God is great, and now he is greater than ever."'

Doubtless the remark clashes against our reverence, but Disraeli probably did not mean to utter an irreverent epigram. He believed in God, 'one God, and that God a mighty God,' and in 'the chosen race—the only race to which God has ever spoken—we quote his own words. He was the only man of the "chosen race," who had ever become premier of Great Britain.

Curious French Legend.

It is asserted by the Industrielles Echo that thousands of five franc pieces are split into halves by their French owners every year in the hope of 'discovering' an immense hidden treasure. This treasury, according to the legend firmly believed in France, is an order to pay the holder 100,000 francs in silver five-franc coins. When Napoleon Bonaparte first set the five-franc piece in circulation the coin, the numismatic revolution, and it was very difficult to induce a Frenchman to receive or proffer the new coin. Hence, according to the story, Napoleon gave it to be understood that he had ordered a check for 100,000 francs, written upon asbestos paper, to be concealed in one of the new silver pieces. From that day to this nobody has succeeded in finding the five franc piece.

'Come and dine with us to-morrow,' said the illiterate old fellow, who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. 'Sorry,' replied the elegant man, 'I can't. I'm going to see "Tambolet."'

'That's all right,' said the hospitable old gentleman, 'bring him with you.'

BREAD, POTATOES and MILK.

A Dyspeptics daily diet.

Dyspepsia is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Thousands of people suffer from it in a more or less aggravated form. Few diseases are more painful to the individual or more far reaching in their effects on human life and happiness. What the dyspeptic needs is not local treatment, not a mere temporary stimulus, not the toning up of the entire system. The real need is the curing of the stomach. The success of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla in curing indigestion and dyspepsia is due to just this quality which it possesses, of renewing the vital forces, the ordinary treatment brings the food down to the level of the weak stomach. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla puts strength into the stomach, and brings it up to the level of the strong food fit for men. It does this by strengthening the entire system. The other organs are gaining strength. What Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for dyspepsia is best illustrated in cases like that of M. S. Shields, Meridian, Miss. Mr. Shields had got down to the last level of dyspepsia. But let him tell his own story:—

'For years, I was afflicted with dyspepsia, which gradually grew worse until I could eat nothing but bread and potatoes seasoned with a little salt, and drink only a little milk. I became so bad that a trifle of suffering in the regions of the stomach with dizziness and partial loss of sight. The only way I could get relief was by vomiting. Finally I had such a severe attack that the entire left side of my body felt numb and partially paralyzed, and in this condition, I was taken to my room unconscious. The physicians failed to help me, and none of the many remedies I took did me any good. At last a friend presented me with a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and before I had used half of it, I could see a decided change for the better. I used three bottles and was so completely cured that for four years I have not been troubled with the old complaint, but am rugged and hearty and able to eat anything that can be eaten. It would be impossible to say how much I owe to Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for a dozen of any other kind.'—M. S. Shields, Meridian, Miss.

Try Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla if you are dyspeptic. If you want more testimony to the value of the medicine, get Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1898.

HASHISH OUSTS OPIUM.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE OLD TIME OPIUM JOINTS.

Their Former Frequenters Now Take Hashish—It Annihilates Time and Space—Gives a Man Blissful Moments, but at the Expense of Health.

'Fill this prescription as quickly as you can, please. I'll take it here with a little soda.'

The speaker was a short, fat, young man, whose face was bloated and badly spotted, while his eyes were streaked with alternate red and yellow. His expression was suddenly dull. As he handed the piece of paper on which the prescription was written across the counter his hand shook violently.

The proprietor of the little Sixth avenue drug store in which the young man stood read carefully the prescription. Evidently it was a genuine one, for he nodded assent, and turned to the long stretches of Latin-labelled bottles behind him. One long, slender vial was soon in his grasp. It contained an opaque liquid of a dark and sinister green color. Reaching for a graduated glass the druggist poured out a small quantity and was about to transfer it to a tiny goblet when the bloated young man, whose congested eyes had assumed an evanescent brilliancy, restrained him with an impatient exclamation:

'Don't,' he cried eagerly, 'don't waste time—give it to me at once.'

In a twinkling he gulped the liquid, which emitted a strong and disagreeable odor, returned the graduated glass and drained a goblet of soda which the druggist thrust into his trembling hand.

'Give me back the prescription, doctor,' said the customer, as he paid for the drug and began to totter feebly from the shop. 'I'll be in for another dose this evening.'

Outside the drug store the young man sought the support of a convenient lamp-post against which he leaned for a minute or two. Then he straightened up and a most wonderful transformation took place. All evidences of decrepitude vanished. The sudden dulness of his expression disappeared and was replaced by keen sensibility and intelligence. His baggy form seemed to undergo alterations and to conform more closely with those lines of physique which one would naturally expect to find in a person of his youth and development. This metamorphosis complete, away he started at a brisk pace and was soon engulfed by the hurrying throng of passersby.

'Jekyll and Hyde,' murmured the reporter who had witnessed the transformation and foregone incidents. 'What is the matter with that young man—alcoholism?'

'No,' replied the druggist, as he returned the bottle of green fluid to its shelf, 'he is one of New York's thousands of hashish eaters. Hashish, as you perhaps know,' he continued didactically, 'is a preparation of hemp professionally known as Cannabis Indica. It is a narcotic, further reaching in its pernicious influences than any form of opium you may name. Indeed it has succeeded opium in the favor of those persons who are constantly in search of new sensations.'

'Ten years ago New York was filled with opium dens, many of which were palatial Fortunes were expended in fitting out a single joint, in creating a fairy-land-like environment to correspond with the roseate visions supposed to visit those who hypnotized themselves with the fumes of opium. Where are those joints today? Where are those exclusive dens that catered to patrons who wished to indulge the vice in assured and luxurious seclusion? They have disappeared one and all. Only miserable, filthy joints in side streets and remote purlieus are now running.'

'It is not that a wave of reformation has swept the high-class places away, but the one-time frequenters and supporters of exclusive opium joints have undergone a change of affections. They have taken up hashish as a means of more thoroughly satiating their appetites.'

'Many of the opium eaters who have discarded that narcotic for hashish are men of keen sensibilities. Some are men of a high order of intellect and intelligence. It is to such persons that the effects of hashish appeal with greatest fascination. It distorts the fancy far more than opium, and the imagery begot of it when first used is more kaleidoscopic and pleasing than any form of opium gives.'

'It has been contended by an astute philosopher that true happiness will only be possible when time and space are

abolished. Well, this is what hashish temporarily accomplishes. It sweeps from the mind all idea of chronological division: it eliminates the appreciation of space, and conquers geographical distances in the mind of the eater with electrical rapidity. So time and space, mentally no longer in, the budding hashish eater finds that all things of earth contribute to his pleasure and that life is one long reign of ecstatic joy. A wonderful metamorphosis takes place in familiar surroundings. A tiny ballroom expands into a vast palace of marvellous beauty; a rubbish-filled backyard becomes a tropical garden. A street is no longer a mere tumultuous thoroughfare, it is a populous world. But that, remember, is only in the hashish eater's novitate, when the drug appeals most entirely to his mental faculties. Habitual use makes it a physical need or craving, and the hallucinations, less picturesque and pleasing, often end in hideous, terrorizing visions which drive the victim into the madhouse or the grave.'

'Do you know of any hashish joints in New York?' asked the reporter.

'I have heard there are two or three,' answered the druggist, 'but certain peculiar properties of the drug narcotic makes such places unnecessary. When a man first begins to eat hashish he finds he has no need to repair to a secluded place in order to prevent friends and associates from discovering the fact. He can load up with a good-sized dose and go about his usual employment without any one being the wiser. There will be nothing extraordinary in his actions and he will conform strictly with the usual routine of his daily movements. In fancy he may be traversing the wilds of Africa, may be gliding through the skies in a balloon five miles from earth, but, at the same time, he is able to conduct a conversation with an unhashished friend without betraying his visionary flights. In fact, a man under the influence of the narcotic figuratively, and frequently consciously, leads a dual existence. He is sufficiently aware of his physical actions to separate them from the ever-varying movements of his distorted fancy.'

'One curious thing hashish does for its victim is to deprive him of horizon. As I said, he loses all appreciation of space, and thus objects at a distance and those at hand have the same relative value in his mind. Everything appears to him in a beautiful vista, whether he contemplates actual and physical occurrences or disports amid the pleasures of fancy's realm.'

'A young friend of mine, who, as an experiment, took a big dose of the fluid extract, a form in which hashish is usually administered, told me that within ten minutes he was amazed to see the street suddenly broaden and the houses fall away until the horizon became vague and finally altogether indeterminate. He also imagined that his movements were impeded by a remarkable slowness which he was powerless to overcome, strive as he would. After many years of travel, according to his distorted imagination and loss of chronological sense my young friend arrived at the grounds in the rear of the American Museum of Natural History and sat down to rest. He was perfectly aware of his locality, but was very much surprised to find that the aspect of things had greatly altered since a previous visit. The shrubbery, formerly of a very uninteresting character, had given place to brilliant hued tropical foliage, and the paths which once were made of common gravel now were filled with beautiful precious stones which glanced and glittered with a thousand iridescent lights. It struck him as something very singular that the municipal authorities should have become so prodigal in public adornment, but nevertheless, after surreptitious glances to make certain he was unobserved, he improved the opportunity to load his pockets with diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, opals and topazes.'

'Shortly after acquiring this treasure he fled to Japan—in his mind—and remained there some two or three years studying the customs and habits of the people. This journey he subsequented with a tour of Europe, finishing up in Paris for purposes educational. He took in Africa on his way home to the United States, and incidentally visited Khartoum to learn the mysteries of that late Dervish stronghold and render valuable assistance to the British Army by reporting his observations.'

'In the meantime he was fully conscious that a part of him was sitting on a bench in the rear of the Museum, and it occasioned him no surprise to find himself there once more in the whole. Recollecting an engagement to call on a young woman, and feeling confident that that social duty could be performed without betraying his hypnotized condition, he left the grounds and repaired to her home. Some months after his admission to the reception room the young woman entered, and he rose to acknowledge her presence with a bow. It took him several mental days to accomplish this simple ceremony, but his dual consciousness advised him that he did

it with the proper physical despatch. For several weeks they talked, and my young friend was beginning to speculate as to how many more would elapse before it would be good form for him to take his departure, when suddenly and to his great dismay he seemed to rise from his chair and sail upward to the ceiling. Attaining this very unusual position for a well conducted youth unused to acrobatic exercise, his dismay gave way to astonishment, for he found himself looking down on himself, that is, his astral body was suspended in midair and contemplating his physical body, which remained erect and sedate in a chair and conversed with the young woman on topical things in the most ordinary way.'

'Now, the physical body was aware of the extraordinary actions of the astral body and became uneasy, as is feared the young woman might look aloft and discover the astral body floating about her cornices and playing the part of an eavesdropper. It was also worried for fear the astral body might not come down in time to accompany the physical body home. But that strange consciousness that protects the hashish eater from divulging his real condition came to his rescue, and thus assured, he talked on and on as if things were normal.'

'The astral body did eventually abandon the cornices and take its place inside the physical body. This accomplished, my friend concluded to run no risk of a reparation while the young woman was around and took his departure. He returned to my shop by a long and devious mental route which embraced most of the geographical points not included in his first journey abroad. When he arrived he called for a neutralizer. He waited patiently, he said afterward, for a week or so, but I heeded him not. A second time he demanded relief, and waited many days with the same negative results. He repeated his demands five or six times, until I had to beg of him to desist, for he was tumbling them out in a convoluted string which gave no opening for a reply. But he was not aware how rapidly he spoke, so well in hand did the hashish have him by that time.'

'I gave him a large dose of lemon juice, which is a good neutralizer of hashish, and soon he was once more mentally clear. Then from his pockets I dumped the gravel which he had amassed at the grounds in the rear of the Museum and sent him home to sleep. There were no consequent evil effects and seldom are after the first dose of the narcotic.'

'Some men who use hashish regularly and who come under my observation are excited to pugnacity by the drug. Others, and, indeed, the majority, sink into

dreamy contemplation, incline to motiveless gaiety or maudlin sensibility. Nearly all habitual hashish eaters become unnaturally active and restless. In the last stages a drowsy stupor is characteristic, also restless muscular movements, more or less insensibility to pain and touch, and very often impaired power of locomotion. Hashish carries with it a voracious desire for food. The invariable physical end is blotched and bloated faces, congested eyes, and weak and tremulous limbs. It gradually paralyzes both mental and physical energies and is far more difficult to cure than the opium habit.'

'Hashish is a poison, and is sold only by prescription. But you know how easy it is to obtain a prescription for anything in New York, and how easy it is for any person with a smattering of Latin to sit down and write one which, having the appearance of genuineness, the druggist cannot refuse to fill. 'Several of the confirmed hashish eaters who come to my shop,' concluded the druggist 'have fallen slaves to the drug through constantly using it to allay neuralgic pains. There are hundreds of sufferers in New York whose only relief from this most unbearable of all pains is hashish, and so they soon contract the habit which is seldom relinquished until inevitable death or madness claims them.'

Luxury or Books.

Richard De Bury once said: 'The library therefore, of wisdom, is more precious than all riches; and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it.' Success gives an interesting anecdote, told by Agassiz, of his visit, when a young man, to the great German naturalist, Professor Lorenz Oken. The professor received his guest with warm enthusiasm, but apparent embarrassment. He showed his visitor the laboratory, and the students at work, also his cabinet, and lastly his splendid library of books pertaining to zoological science, a collection worth some seven thousand dollars, and well deserving the glow of pride which the owner manifested as he expatiated on its excellence. The dinner hour came, and then the embarrassment of the great German reached its maximum point.

'Monsieur Agassiz,' he said, with perturbation, 'to gather and keep up this library exacts the utmost husbandry of my pecuniary means. To accomplish this I allow myself no luxury whatever. Hence my table is restricted to the plainest fare. Thrice a week our table boasts of meat, the other days we have only potatoes and salt. I very much regret that your visit has occurred upon our potato day.'

And so the splendid Switzer and the great German and his students dined together on potatoes and salt. And what must those students have enjoyed in the conversation of those remarkable men!

Mrs Suidkins says that her husband is a three-handed man—right-handed, left-handed, and a little behind-hand.

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, Office of Official Analyst, Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

# AYER'S Hair Vigor

"I have sold Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past thirteen years and have known of no case where it has failed to give satisfaction. I sell more of it than of any like preparation."  
J. P. BRISCOE, Harrison, Ark.

"For five years I have been selling Ayer's Hair Vigor under a positive guarantee that it would produce hair on a bald head and restore gray hair to its natural color. I have not had one bottle returned, nor has there been a single case where the dressing was used that it did not do all that was claimed for it."  
H. M. ACUFF, Elba, Va.

## Removes Dandruff

"For some years my hair had been coming out. It had become very dry and my scalp was covered with dandruff. I have applied Ayer's Hair Vigor regularly for some weeks now, and I could hardly trust my senses when I first found that a new growth of hair had started. It is much thicker than formerly and of good color. The dandruff has disappeared and my scalp seems to be in a perfectly healthy condition."  
Miss R. WRIGHT, Perth, Ont.

"Some time ago, my head became full of dandruff, which caused me great annoyance; after a time the hair began to fall out. The use of Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the hair from falling and made the scalp clean and healthy."  
Mrs. C. M. AYRES, Mount Airy, Ga.

## Restores to Gray Hair its Original Color.

"I think there is no toilet article in the world so good as Ayer's Hair Vigor. I am fifty-three years old and my hair would have been all white now if it were not for the use of the Vigor, but the application of that dressing has preserved its color, and kept it soft and glossy."  
Mrs. W. H. JARVIS, Otsego, Mich.

"After five years' use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, I can cheerfully recommend it as a desirable toilet article. It keeps the hair soft and glossy and helps it to retain its natural color."  
D. WARNER, Duanville, Ont.

## MAKES HAIR GROW.

"For about five years my hair kept falling out until I was almost bald. Some New Hampshire friends asked me to try Ayer's Hair Vigor and insisted on getting it for me. I used it during that summer and fall and found that a new growth of hair had started. I continued to use it steadily for about four months, and at the end of that time had as good a head of hair as one could wish."  
HOWARD MELVIN, Carlisle, Mass.

"I am well pleased with Ayer's Hair Vigor. When I noticed that my hair was getting thin, I commenced to use the Vigor, with the result that the hair not only ceased to come out, but a new growth of hair started. It certainly is an excellent tonic."  
CHAS. C. GRAVES, Brookton, N. Y.

### A WATCH IS A WONDER.

Some Things about It That Are Not Generally Known.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance-wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-100 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,585.

The hairspring is a strip of the finest steel, about 94 inches long, 1,000 inch wide, 27-10,000 inch thick. It is rolled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now, is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-000 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-000 part of an inch

difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hair springs when in watches is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hair spring wire weighs 120 of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times, which makes 197,000,000 revolutions every year. Take for illustration a locomotive with six-foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth.

All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours—Jewelers' Review.

### GOVERNMENT LOTTERIES.

An Item of Public Revenue in Many Countries—Spain's Great Expectations. In the Prussian budget of receipts and expenditures for 1868 is one item which must seem rather unusual to American financiers—82,000,000 marks (the equivalent of about \$20,000,000) from subsidized government lotteries. In Prussia the lottery is operated under the direct authority of the state. There are a num-

ber of prizes of 500,000 marks, and it is an annual affair in the line of revenue raising. In Italy this year in the annual budget for 1898 was the item of revenue 95,000,000 lire from lotteries, about equivalent to \$13,000,000 in American money and it is somewhat curious that in nearly every country of Europe, with the exception of France and Belgium, lotteries as a means of revenue raising are the rule rather than the exception.

### BRIDE POSSESSED SENTIMENT.

She Objected, However, to Having Rice and Old Shoes Thrown at Her.

"Not quite enough sentiment there," remarked the man with the skull cap and grey mustache after the flutter caused by the arrival of a newly married pair in the parlor car had somewhat subsided. She objected to the rice because it lodged in her ribbons and there was some anger in the energy she displayed in gathering those old shoes from the aisle and throwing them out the window. She should have blushed and protested and looked happy while that crowd of young people were bestowing such substantial evidences of good will.

"Nothing of the sort," snorted the little wesozoned man, who turned his paper with such violence that he tore off half a page. "That girl had sense. If they had peppered me with rice and superannuated rubber the way they did her I'd have thrown the whole gang off the train. It's barbarous. She's a practical young woman and has none of that maudlin softness that makes the average girl of the period so objectionable. Pity there's not more wives like her. Most brides get the fool idea that all they have to do is to go through life hilling and cooing."

"Married?" inquired the first speaker. "No, thank heaven, I'm not married, but I know the exceptionally good woman when I see her. There's one in a thousand and she'll help that young man to succeed as sure as—"

But the eulogist stopped with mouth and eyes open. The bride had her arm about the new husband's neck and was punctuating her sentences with kisses. "This diamond ring is just a honey," she was saying. "Now, darling, you must get me a big plain ring for a guard, and just as soon as you can earn the money I'm going to have a watch and a set of earrings, can't I, old precious?"

The observer with a skull cap and gray mustache smiled a superior smile. The little wesozoned man glared, swore under his breath and ordered his luggage taken to another car. The bride and groom were not aware there was anyone else aboard.—Detroit Free Press.

### WASHINGTON'S SEAL.

Sold by a Descendant of the First President to a Chicago Man.

In a Wilmette lives a direct descendant of General George Washington's family, who inherited the great warrior and statesman's private seal and other priceless relics. His name is Bushrod D. Washington, and his vocation is that of a house painter. Although humble in calling he has a war record in keeping with his ancestry.

Bushrod D. Washington is a direct descendant from Augustine Washington, third child of Augustine Washington, father of the President. Although George Washington displayed no partiality in dividing his estate, nevertheless the direct ancestors of Bushrod Washington, of Wilmette, received legacies and heirlooms which were highest prized by the father of his country. Spotswood Augustine Washington, third child and oldest son of Bushrod Washington, great-grandnephew of the General, was the father of the Wilmette descendant. He was born at Mt. Zephyr, near Mr. Vernon, Fairfax County, Virginia, July 11, 1811. In 1833 he went West and settled in Irquois County, Illinois. When Bushrod returned from the war in 1865, suffering from half a dozen wounds received while fighting in the battles engaged in by General John A. Logan, he found his father on his deathbed. The last act of the dying man was to bequeath to him all the relics and private documents of Washington. Among the things which had been handed down the line in compliance with the testamentary request of General Washington was his private seal. It was this instrument which is said to have been used in signing Major Andre's death warrant. History says that this seal was used when General Washington sent peremptory command to General Lee to make the trip across the Delaware. Not being able to lay his hands at once upon the seals of his office General Washington tore the private seal from his watch chain, dipped it into molten tallow and made the impression on the order.

Bushrod Washington values this heirloom above all others, but determined that he would give it to the National Museum at Washington. Ten years ago Bushrod Washington's wife became seriously sick. Painting was not a good trade, and soon Mr. Washington's resources began to fade away. Then he thought of the seal. Among those who were anxious to get it was Charles F. Gunther, of Chicago, who offered \$250 for the seal and obtained it at that price. Mr. Gunther has guarded the seal to the present time, but has kept it from public exhibition. Subsequent to the sale the Sons of the Commandery of the American Revolution Society at Washington endeavored to buy the seal and present it to Mr. Washington, but Mr. Gunther would not part with it.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

### THE LAST GASP.

Of the Heart Sufferer is not too Late for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart to Cure—Never Fails to Give Relief in 30 Minutes.

One dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves the most acute form of heart trouble, when the Grim Reaper has all but counted the sufferer as his. This is not idle boasting. What Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has done ten thousand times, it will do again ten thousand times. It absolutely knows no failure. It is not a cure-all, but it is a heart cure.

### Spurring on.

The recent Autobiography of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon contains an account of what may be termed an early business venture, and its influence on his character. Spurgeon was brought up on Watts's hymns; but not altogether willingly. His grandmother coaxed him with money to learn them. At first she gave him a penny, but when she saw how easily it was earned, the old lady reduced the prize to a halfpenny and then to farthing. There is no telling how low the amount per hymn might have fallen, but just at this time his grandfather made a discovery which seemed more desirable to Spurgeon. He discovered that his house was overrun with rats, and offered his grandson a shilling a dozen for all he could kill. The occupation of rat-killing gave him more money than learning hymns. "But," Mr. Spurgeon characteristically says, "I know which employment has been the more permanently profitable to me."

### The Stomach's Woes.

Are you pleasantly and positively healed by Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. They act upon and digest the food, prevent fermentation and all distresses of the stomach. Eminent physicians have noted their sterling merit and the wonderful cures wrought right in their own practice and prescribe to relieve and cure. 35 cents.

### Travelling Companions.

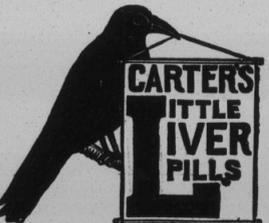
Travellers often prove by their experiences that under certain conditions all men are equal. A German banker, travelling by rail in a first-class carriage toward Vienna, had as a fellow-traveller at one of the intermediate stations an old gentleman, who entered into conversation and proved very pleasant. The banker got out before his companion, and as he did so asked the gentleman how far he was going. The gentleman replied, "To Vienna."

"I have a daughter very well married there," said the banker. "I should like to give you a note of introduction to her." "I have also a daughter very well married there," said the other. "Would it be too great a liberty to ask the name?" inquired the banker. "My daughter," the gentleman answered, "is married to the Emperor of Austria." It was the old king of Bavaria.

### He Got It.

A knowledge of human nature is everywhere servicable. Witness the following dining-room scene from the Golden Penny: Scene.—The breakfast-table of a West End boarding-house.

Mr. Smithers: Pass the salt please. No notice is taken. Mr. Smithers (raising his voice): Pass the salt, please. His neighbors are absorbed in their conversation, and his request remains unheeded. Mr. Smithers: Have you heard the latest scandal? Everybody (eagerly): No; what is it? Mr. Smithers: Pass the salt, please.



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

**CANCER** And Tumors cured, at home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Masco Medicines Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

**Sunday Reading**

**OUR YOUTHFUL DREAMS.**

In the course of his second missionary journey the Apostle Paul had come to Troas. From its shore, guided by the rays of the departing sun, he beheld the headlands of Europe. Swathed in the glow, Athos and Samothrace, like cyclopean sentinels, lifted their tall forms out of the further waves. Beyond was a land of spiritual darkness, where no ray of Gospel light had penetrated. It was the land whence had come the all to familiar legions of the Roman despot, and where the nimble-witted Greeks, so many of whom he had met in Jerusalem and elsewhere, had their home. Toward it, we may well believe, Paul's missionary spirit had often been directed with fervent interest. Can we doubt that this interest was now intensified as he beheld its headlands and the islands that fringe its borders, and that as the evening shadows fell on Ida, and settled dark on Tenedos and the deep, his solicitude became intense at the thought of the darker gloom that enveloped its heathen millions? Inevitably, we think, it was with some such thoughts of this strange land that he retired to his couch on that first night at Troas. A continent lay like a nightmare upon his heart. And thus we may surmise, he was prepared for that which followed.

In the night—whether in a sleeping or a waking dream is immaterial—there appeared to him a man of Macedonia, who prayed him, saying: 'Come over and help us.' It was the call to his grandest work—the work that made Paul the most illustrious of all the missionaries of the cross, and, in no doubtful sense, the founder of European civilisation. The vision will become the majesty of the after achievement, and is, moreover, in consonance with our natural experience. Before the task the dream. It is always thus in every great and good thing undertaken and accomplished by men. Joseph had his youthful dreams, and told them to his coarse, unsympathetic brethren. They knew not how splendidly dreams would become reality when they leaved at him the scornful taunt, 'Behold this dreamer cometh!' So in the life of today. Every sermon that truly touches human hearts, every poet's strain that bears its rhythmic consolation to the stricken, every plot that leads through labyrinth of motive and holds and moves, was, first of all, but a dream. Our best thoughts, and sometimes even the words that are their raiment come to us out of the shadows. Said one to Tennyson: 'How can you account for the gift of curious felicitas which enables you to use the fit word and the only fit one?' The Laureate replied in his low, deep voice, with peculiar solemnity: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' Fit words, therefore, come to us through the gateway that admits our dreams. Prominently true of poet and preacher, this is true, also, of the orator and philosopher. Out of the shadows, too, come the suggestions of invention and achievement. The lawyer sees in anticipation the general movement of his case. The merchant beholds his great enterprise break out of vacancy. The machinist's engine is at work in his brain before a scrap of metal has been chosen for its construction. The farmer, before ever his land is plowed, has the vision of ripening fields that shall gladden him with various harvests.

And what were life, indeed, without our dreams but a blank, lustreless and monotonous canvas? Bless God, then, that the angel of hope dips his brush in the colors of the sunrise, and prints for each his vision. Its inspirations are our summonses. It awakens incentive, speaks to the heart with mandatory power, and encourages us by its prophecy. For this—the work that charms us—we feel that we were born! To the boy comes the man of Macedonia, and, as he prefigures Europe to Paul, so he prefigures the world to the modern lad. Henceforth the boy feels that the world needs him, that it has for him a work that he can do, and a place that he must fill. In later years, indeed, the achievement may not appear to equal the glory of the dream. But when has it ever equalled it? Who of us has not failed—aye, even lamentably, as we are sometimes disposed to think—in bringing to pass our early purpose? But if we have been faithfully following the 'vision splendid' our complaint is premature. Wait until our work is seen under heaven's light, and who knows all faulty as it is best that blessed by God results we cannot see, may eclipse the splendour of the dream.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.  
Of all teachings, that which presents a far-distant God is the nearest to absurdity.

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil. They cannot digest it. It upsets the stomach. Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets. We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Either there is none, or He is nearer to everyone of us than our nearest consciousness of self.—George MacDonald.

The distinction between Christianity and all other systems of religion consists largely in this, that in these others men are found seeking after God, while Christianity is God seeking after men.—Thomas Arnold.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men must in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—Henry Ward Beecher.

God does not promise supplies in advance. If we have only bread for today, and are doing our duty faithfully, we may trust him till to-morrow for to-morrow's food. And it surely comes, for God's word fails not. As the days come each one will bring with it its own little basket, carrying a day's supplies, but no more.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

**What Colonel Church Believes.**

Col. William C. Church, editor of the Army and Navy Journal, in an interview reported in the New York Sun, says:

'I do not believe that men of our army should be restricted in the use of liquors in moderation. By their use, I believe, disease would be warded off. I believe in the canteen, and I was sorry to notice the other day that some good people were trying to have the canteen at Montauk abolished. This would be a mistake. Only non-intoxicants, beer and light wines can be obtained there, and these only in limited quantities.'

Of course Colonel Church has a right to 'believe' and 'not believe.' His beliefs are interesting, but make not the slightest difference with the facts. The best medical science of the day says that disease cannot be warded off by the use of liquors; if Colonel Church believes that it can be, so much the worse for Colonel Church. Colonel Church believes in the canteen; so have some of the generals in charge of the United States army. Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, General Kitchener, and the British Government did not believe in the canteen. The contrast between Shafter's half-dead army of invalids, gasping at Montauk Point, and the triumphant Anglo-Egyptian army, that after a campaign of unexampled hardships, has just captured Khartoum, with hardly a trace of sickness in all their long desert march, seems to say: so much the worse for those who believe in the canteen. Still Colonel Church has a right to believe foolish things if he wants to; but Colonel Church has not the right to attempt to make other people believe things that are not true. 'Non-intoxicants' are not the only drinks sold in the army canteens. The principal drink sold there is beer—the same vile drink that makes three fourths of our drunkards and a large part of our criminals in civil life; and soldiers get drunk upon it in the camps, and disorders follow. Nor is there, in spite of Colonel Church and others, any limit to the amount of liquor that a soldier can buy at the canteen bar so long as he can stand up and pay for it. Nor has

Colonel Church any right to sanction a disregard of law and a violation of army regulations; and the canteen at Montauk Point is both the one and the other.

**Handbook of Prohibition Facts.**

The Ohio State Record, a liquor paper of Columbus, Ohio, publishes, and The Sentinel, another liquor paper of Washington, D. C., reprints a long and distressing criticism of Waldron's 'Handbook of Facts,' issued by The Voice publishers. The critic hurls contempt at the handbook and at the Cincinnati Times-Star, which was so temerarious as to quote passages from it. The gist of the criticism is that the 'Handbook' in comparing expenditures for drink with expenditures for other things, uses the retail cost of liquor and the wholesale cost of the other things. That is exactly what the 'Handbook' does not do; it gives the carefully computed retail figures in all cases. That sort of a mistake was made on a chart issued by another publishing house and circulated by temperance people fifteen years ago; but no such blunder was ever on anything emanating from this office, and the chart we speak of was long ago corrected. Other points of The State Record's criticisms are not worth noticing. The Record gives figures from the 'Handbook' that are not in it, and never were in it.

**Jangling Voices.**

This is the time of year when the prudent man is a little cautious about changing too abruptly from the gin rummy to the Manhattan cocktail.—The Providence Journal.

Wrong. The prudent man never drinks either.

Think what that (the sending of 67 carloads of beer to Manila) means!—The New York World.

Yes; disease increased, boys made drunkards, mothers' hearts broken, homes ruined, lives blighted—think of it!

Not only in Chicago, but in every other city, is the all-night saloon known as the hiding place of the criminal and the vicious?—The Cleveland Leader.

Are not Cleveland's all-day saloons also hiding places of the criminals and the vicious? If not, they differ from those in every other city of the country.

No whiskey or other strong drink is sold at any of the canteens.—A. B. Robinson, an Army Y. M. C. A. Worker, in the congressionalist.

Is Mr. Robinson so ignorant as not to know that the greater part of all the drunkenness in our country to-day is caused by beer, and that nearly all drunkards begin their downward path with beer? Or is it the office of the Army Y. M. C. A. to defend the army canteen?

Newspaper honesty is much higher in this country than abroad. No American newspaper has been known to accept money bribes to persuade its readers to transfer their savings to plausible adventurers.—The Pittsburg Post.

Don't get too proud; American newspapers in your own state have been known to receive money bribes to prostitute their editorial columns to the support of the liquor traffic.

One would naturally suppose that a magazine of this character [The Ladies' Home Journal], whose clientele is wholly the gentler sex, would be an outspoken foe of the liquor traffic.—Both Sides, liquor paper, Minneapolis.

Not only so, but the women of America may well demand that a journal published professedly in their interests shall cease to give 'aid and comfort' to an enemy that has broken the hearts of more women than all the wars of the world's history.

If there is any subject on which the American people have made their notion plain it is that campaigns of slander are at variance with their notion of fair play, and that they will not support those who use that weapon in a political fight.—The Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Inquirer is talking about the disagreeable truths that have been told of its lord and master.

**A Closing Scene.**

In marking out his career in his youth, Mr. Gladstone designed himself for the church. Cardinal Manning used to say, so a friend of the statesman and the ecclesiastic reports. 'Gladstone was nearer being a clergyman than I was. He was, I believe, as fit for it as I was unfit.'

Events made him a christian statesman, not a clergyman, but Mr. Gladstone certainly lived and moved and had his being in religiousness, and at no time was this more apparent than at the close of his long life. His serenity, his simple faith and his loving thought for others are illustrated by a pathetic incident of his last days.

On the evening of the middle of February, 1898, when Mr. Gladstone left the Villa Thorenc Cannes, to return to England, he knew as well as those about him did that he was going home to die.

In spite of his weakness and his physical sufferings he was serene and cheerful in his bearing, and nothing was allowed to escape his lips that could add to the grief and anxiety of his friends and relations; but when he reached the outer porch of the house which had sheltered him during more than two months of pain and sorrow, he turned round and faced it.

His eye lighted up once more as it swept over the faces of his friends from the owner of the sumptuous mansion down to the humblest of the domestics who had waited upon him; and then, as if moved by an inspiration he could not resist, he reverently uncovered his head, and in a low solemn voice, prayed to God that the house and all in it might be blessed of Him, while he rendered up his heartfelt thanks to the Almighty for all the love and kindness that had been lavished upon him while he dwelt within its walls. When he ceased speaking, every eye but his own was running over with tears.

**A NEW INDUSTRY.**

A Schemer's Geographical Bureau for Keeping Maps Up-to-date.

'I am not a book agent, ma'am,' began the brisk looking individual at the front door. '—'

'I have no time to—'

'You'll regret it the longest day you live madam, if you don't listen to me a moment. I represent the only institution of its kind in the world—the Up-to-date Geographical Bureau—an institution rendered necessary by the rapid expansion of the United States of America. Every map in the world, madam, is now practically obsolete and worthless. My business is to keep your maps strictly up to the times and fully abreast of the march of events, at an expense comparatively nominal—thanks, madam, I will step inside. The necessity of some such work must have suggested itself to you a hundred times in the last few days. Here, you see are plainly printed maps of all sizes, suitable for placing in your out of date atlases as inserts, or pasting directly over the incorrect pages. Observe the gum on the backs. Nothing needed but a little moisture. Note this new map of Hawaii, United States possession; Porto Rico, in process of annexation to the United States; Cuba, free and independent republic, to be for the present under the protection of the United States, or until stable government is established. Note the marks showing where the principal battles took place. Here we have the latest map of the Philippines, formerly Spanish, but now in process of being placed the protectorate of the United States. Other changes in the map of the world will undoubtedly be made right along. You can't stay the United States of America, madam, in its onward march to the possession of its share of the earth's surface, and the enlightened citizen who will keep track of the nation's expansion will have to take advantage of this opportunity. Sign your name right there, madam. The expense is only 75 cents a month—probably no more than you have to pay to have the street flooded three or four times a day in front of your house. Thanks. I expect to be around regularly every thirty days until the United States gets its growth. Will you oblige me with the name of the family that lives next door? Thanks. I bid you good day, madam.'

With his hat on the back of his head he shot out of the front door, and a few moments later he was annexing a regular customer in the next house.—New York Tribune.

**A Mrs. Gladstone Anecdote.**

Even the most distinguished women sometimes find themselves far from home and without money, having forgotten their pocket-books. This incident happened to Mrs. Gladstone one day when she was travelling on the London Underground Railway. Her companion for the trip was a woman, who said, in the course of conversation, that she and her husband were in a tight fix. He had held a high position in the Civil Service, but had been compelled to resign. Nothing which he could do presented itself, and he

resolved to go out to Australia, but his wife and family would have to be left behind. The woman told her story without guessing who her listener was. When Mr. Gladstone came to get off she found she had not a penny to take her the rest of the way home.

'I should like to help you,' she said to the woman, 'but I must first consult my husband. If you call on me at eleven to-morrow morning at No. 10, St. James's Square, I will see what can be done for you. In the meantime I have come out without my purse. I have not a penny to pay my return fare, so please lend me sixpence.'

Though this sounded somewhat like the hold-up of a confidence woman, the almost destitute wife gave of the little money she had with her. Next day she called at the Gladstone house. Mrs. Gladstone gave her £50 from Mr. Gladstone, and added £10 more on her own behalf.—Tit-Bits.

**DOCTORS IN LINE.**

Prejudices all Vanish, and They Prescribe Dr. Agnew's Ointment Because Its Virtues Demand Recognition.

Dr. M. Barkman, of Binghamton, N. Y., writes: 'Send me 12 dozen more of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. I prescribe large quantities of it in my practice. It is a grand remedy for tetter, salt rheum, eczema and all skin diseases, and a never-failing cure for piles.' The strongest evidence of its virtue is that doctors can so highly recommend it. One application relieves.

**Bold and Sleepy.**

The boldness of wolves and coyotes in the presence of man is well known. 'It is not uncommon,' says the author of 'Adventures in Mexico,' 'for these animals to gnaw the straps of a saddle on which your head is reposing for a pillow.' One night, says Mr. Buxton, when encamped on an affluent of the Platte, a heavy snow-storm falling at the time, I lay down in my blanket, after first heaping on the fire a vast pile of wood to burn till morning. In the middle of the night I was awakened by the excessive cold, and turning toward the fire, which was burning brightly, what was my astonishment to see a large gray wolf sitting quietly before it, his eyes closed and his head nodding in sheer drowsiness. I looked at him for some moments without disturbing him, and then closed my eyes and went to sleep, leaving him to the quiet enjoyment of the blaze.

**Looking Ahead.**

The following bit of seasonable nonsense comes from the Chicago Tribune: 'I think I'll take a walk.' remarked the commercial traveller, as he strolled away from the hotel. 'Which is the way to Dewey Street?'

'We haint got any Dewey street,' said the man on the hotel steps. 'The city council passed an ordinance changing the name of Olive Street to Dewey, all right enough, but the mayor vetoed it.'

'Who is your mayor?'

'He's a man named Simpson. He said he reckoned we'd better wait till the war was over.'

**A Chinese Permutation.**

A story which if not true, is not badly told, appears in the Boston Transcript, to the effect that while the bark Cape City was at Hong kong, a Chinaman was engaged to paint the necessary name on each bow. He produced on one bow the legend 'Capacity,' without a space between the two words. Then he noted that the 'y' was nearest to the ship's stern, and remembering this fact, he afforded an excellent example of how severely logical his race can be; for in a little while he had painted on the other bow the striking permutation, 'Ytiorpac,' to his own delight and the crew's amazement.

**A YOUNG GIRL'S ESCAPE.**

Saved from being a Nervous Wreck BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

For the benefit of Canadian mothers, who have daughters who are weak, pale, run down or nervous, Mrs. Belanger, 129 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, made the following statement, so that no one need suffer through ignorance of the right remedy to use: 'My daughter suffered very much from heart troubles at times. Often she was so bad that she could not speak, but had to sit and gasp for breath. She was so extremely nervous that her limbs would fairly shake and tremble. Frequently she would have to leave school, and finally she grew so weak that we were much alarmed about her health. I gave her many remedies, but they did not seem to do her any good.'

Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them, and they have indeed worked wonders with her. I can recommend them very highly as the best remedy I ever heard of for complaints similar to those from which my daughter suffered.'

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to do good. They cure palpitation, faintness, dizziness, smothering sensation, weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, female troubles and general debility. Sold by all druggists at 60c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ontario.

**LAXA-LIVER PILLS** act on the system in an easy and natural manner, removing all poisons and impurities. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice and Liver Complaint. Price 25c.

**Walter Baker & Co., Limited.**

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

**PURE, HIGH GRADE  
Cocoas and Chocolates**



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

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

### Notches on The Stick

We were inclined at one time to censure Mr. Carman for his seeming indifference to his poetic children, whom he delayed to lodge and set in order. At the time when Mr. Lighthall's anthology appeared, his kinsman and competitor in the race for poetical repute, Mr. Roberts, was many volumned; while Mr. Carman, with equal popularity had given the public no book. Since that date, however, he has redeemed the time, and his scattered lyrics have been collected into some half a dozen tomes, under appropriate classifications. The latest, though not the best—"Ballads of Lost Haven," for spirit and beauty and general completeness, must be awarded that prize is rich in passages which contain the very essence of his peculiar poetry. "By The Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies," takes us to the places of tombs, and the beloved or mighty shadows of the past. A Keats, Shelley, Blake, Stevenson, Brooks, George, Raphael or Verlaine rises before us. In all of these poems there are clinging lines that refuse to desert the memory, and not seldom comes the appealing pathos that touches the fountain of tears, as in the poem on Andrew Stratton. What praise is this!

I have seen and known and loved  
One who was too sure for sorrow,  
Too serenely wise for haste,  
Too compassionate for scorn,  
Fearless man and faithful comrade,  
One great heart whose beat was love.

More to me than kith or kin  
Was the silence of his speech;  
And the quiet of his eyes,  
Gathered from the lonely sweep  
Of the hyacinthine hills,  
Better to the falling spirits  
Than a river land in June;  
And to look for him at evening  
Was more joy than many friends.

Yet such are the darlings of our youth!  
The tribute to Keats has the place of honor  
in the volume, grave and tender in spirit:  
By the Aurelian Wall,  
Where the long shadows of the centuries fall  
From Calves Cottages' tomb,  
A weary mortal seeking rest found room  
For quiet burial.  
Leaving among his friends  
A book of lyrics.

And so his splendid name  
Spreads through the world like autumn—who  
knows when?  
Till all the hillsides d ms.  
Grand Pre and Marzesse  
Hear it upbraid from the unresting sea;  
And the small Gasperean,  
Whose yellow leaves repeat it, seem to know  
A new felicity.

Finer and more strongly imaginatively  
still is "The White Gull," a centenary  
poem on the birth of Shelley. If we were  
surprised to find no trace here of the earli-  
est of Carman's elegies, that on Matthew  
Arnold, we are equally so to find "The  
White Gull" was not assigned the post of  
honor and advantage in this volume. We  
are impatient that limits of space will not  
admit of liberal quotation. But we have  
never met a more poetic conception of  
"poor vision-haunted Shelley" than is here  
given.

Surely thou wert a lonely one,  
Gentle and wild;  
And the sound sea delayed for thee  
In the red moods of the sea,  
When Tyrian autumn lured thee on,  
A wistful child.

To rove the tranquil, vacant year,  
From date to date;  
And the great Mother took thy face  
Between her hands for one long gaze,  
And bade thee follow without fear  
That endless trail.

And thy clear spirit, half forlorn,  
Seeking its own,  
Dwelt with thee the somnolent tents of rain  
Marched with the gold-red ranks of grain  
Or ranged the frontiers of the morn,  
And was alone.

This poem in itself might be sufficient to  
mark Carman's eminence among the poets  
of Canada, for the loftier qualities that  
give prestige to the singer's art,  
Heart-beat of Boston, our utmost in men!  
happily characterizes such as Phillips  
Brooks, and the closing stanza of the  
poem on his burial has a significant  
thought.

Take the last vesture of beauty upon thee,  
Thou d ubling world; and with not an eye dim  
Say, when they ask if, thou knowest a Saviour,  
"Brooks was His brother and we have known Him."

So in the poem on Henry George, au-  
tently simple:

We are only a common people,  
And he was a man like us.  
But he loved his fellows before himself;  
And he did for me and you,  
To redeem the world anew  
From cruelty and greed—  
For love the only creed,  
For honor the only law.

And there once was a man of the people,  
Who sat in the people's chair,  
And bade the slaves go free;  
For he loved his fellows before himself.  
They took his life; but his word  
They could not take. It was heard  
Over the beautiful earth,  
A thunder and whisper of love.

### No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fash-  
ioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to  
pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

## Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true  
of Hood's Pills, which are  
up to date in every respect.  
Safe, certain and sure. All  
druggists, 25c. C. V. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
The only Pills to take with Hood's Baraparilla.

A few lines from "A Norse child's Re-  
quiem:"

Sleep soundly, little Thorlak,  
Where all thy peers have lain,  
A hero of no battle,  
A saint without a stain.

Content thee, not with pity;  
Be solaced, not with tears;  
But when the white throats waken  
Through the revolving years,  
Hereafter be that peerless  
And dirging cadence, child,  
Thy threnody unsullied,  
Melodious and wild.

The poems commemorative of the be-  
loved and gifted young Goodridge B.  
Roberts, are full of tenderness and sweet  
fancifulness:

In the warm blue heat of the hills  
My beautiful, beautiful one  
Sleeps where he laid him down  
Before the journey was done.

All the long summer day  
The ghosts of noon draw nigh,  
And the tremulous aspens hear  
The footing of winds go by.

Down to the gates of the sea,  
Out of the gates of the west,  
Journeys the whispering river  
Before the place of his rest.

The road he loved to follow  
When June came by his door,  
Out through the dim blue haze  
Leads, but allures no more.

The strong red journeying sun,  
The pale and wandering rain,  
Will roam on the hills forever  
And find him never again.

Then twilight falls with the touch  
Of a hand that soothes and stills,  
And a swamp-robin sings into light  
The lone white star of the hills.

Alone in the dusk he sings,  
And a burden of sorrow and wrong  
Is lifted up from the earth  
And carried away in his song.

Alone in the dusk he sings,  
And the joy of another day  
Is folded in peace and borage  
On the drift of years away.

And there in the heart of the hills  
My beautiful weary one  
Sleeps where he laid him down;  
And the large sweet night is begun.

When we sit in noisy conventions, or  
participate in the strife of controversy,  
lines like these may come to us:

I must hear the roar of cities  
And the jargon of the schools,  
With no word of that one spirit  
Who was steadfast as the stars,  
And kept silence with the stars,  
I must sit and hear the babble  
Of the wording and the foot,  
Prating know-alls and reformers  
Busy to improve on man,  
With their chatter about God;  
Nowhere, nowhere the blue eyes,  
With their swift and grave regard,  
Falling on me with God's look.

We know no other of our author's books  
more apt to teach, more suggestive of  
noble thought and emotion, or in which a  
greater number of pregnant quotable pas-  
sages may be found.

Rudyard Kipling appears to increase  
more and more. His songs adapted to  
airs by such composers as De Koven, are  
publicly rendered under musical directors,  
to the most cultivated and fastidious audi-  
ences. A friend of ours, and a tasteful  
poet, writes: "Kipling still holds us  
here. We think he is the greatest man in  
the world. Last week I got the new  
Scribner subscription, twelve-volume edi-  
tion of him, and since have been re-read-  
ing the tales I know by heart." What  
shall we say of him who thus conquers the  
world and puts criticism to silence, and  
whose virility and originality are un-  
questionable. We will simply say  
we should like such a lyric as "Man-  
dalay," for instance, much better  
it there were more lines like  
I've a paster, sweeter maiden in a cleaner greener  
land,  
On the road to Mandalay,  
unspoiled by the disgusting ones that pre-  
cede them; more stanzas like the first, un-  
defaced by such phrases as "ear their  
paddles chunkin'," and such lines as  
And the dawn comes up like thunder 'outer China  
'cross the bay.

This is the apotheosis of the Cookney, and  
it is prevalent and popular today; but it is  
also the sacrifice of taste and beauty, and  
therefore we cannot believe that this can  
be enduring poetry.

Prof. Goldwin Smith holds his rank as a  
philosophical and historical writer, and a  
new edition soon to appear of his "Guesses  
at the Riddle of Existence" attests his

popularity. The title essay of the volume  
discusses the views of the late Prof. Henry  
Drummond in his "Ascent of Man," of Mr.  
Kidd in his "Social Evolution," and of  
Mr. Balfour in his "Foundations of Bel-  
ief." Prof. Smith rarely fails in making  
his meaning clear, though he speaks with  
"enticing words of man's wisdom."

Among the biographies of Gladstone in  
England, that entitled "Gladstone the  
Man," by D. Williamson, it is said leads  
in popularity. PASTOR FELIX.

#### HOW BIG GUNS ARE MADE.

Assembling the Hoops Forging at the Wash-  
ington Gun Foundry.

The guns are made of what is called  
forged steel. The steel is made by pri-  
vate firms, principally at the famous Beth-  
lehem works in Pennsylvania, and is sent  
to the gun-foundry in the shape of large  
tubes, and in other shapes called jackets  
and hoops. These steel pieces, after  
being finished are put together and made  
into guns. The jacket of a gun is about  
half the length of the tube, and itself is  
really a large tube. The inner tube,  
when it arrives, is put into a lathe, and has  
the hole bored out to nearly the size it  
will be when finished; then it is turned  
down inside for about half its length from  
the rear or breech end to its proper size.

'Turned down' means that the metal is  
cut off with a steel cutter. The jacket  
also is bored out smoothly and the hole  
carefully measured. The diameter of this  
hole, or bore, in the jacket is a little  
smaller (some hundredths of an  
inch) than the outside of the  
tube after being turned down. Overhead  
in the shop are big cranes, which travel  
back and forth on tracks, and which can  
easily lift and carry heavy weights. The  
largest crane is called the 110 ton crane,  
but it will lift a weight even greater.

Near the centre of the gun-shop is a large  
pit in which there are furnaces. After the  
tube has been bored out and turned down  
outside, it is carried by a crane and lower-  
ed into the pit near the furnaces, so that  
it stands on its muzzle end, the breech end  
being up in the air. The jacket is also  
lifted and lowered into a furnace and heat-  
ed. This furnace has a top, or cover,  
which lifts off, and which is put on after  
the jacket has been lowered into it. Hot  
air is forced into this furnace, which heats  
the jacket till it expands so that the size  
of its bore becomes greater in diameter  
than the size of the tube it is to inclose.

When all is ready, the cover is lifted from  
the furnace, the crane hooks on to the  
jacket, lifts it out of the furnace, and  
swings it over the tube. The jacket is  
then quickly measured, and care-  
fully lowered over the tube, which is stand-  
ing on its end. A stream of cold water is  
then admitted into the lower end of the  
tube. This water rises nearly to the top  
of the tube, and helps to cool both tube  
and jacket, now fitted together. As the  
jacket cools it shrinks to its proper size,  
and so squeezes and holds the tube tight  
within. When both are cold, the partly  
made gun is lifted out of the pit, put into  
another lathe, and turned down outside so  
as to be ready to have the hoops put on.

These hoops, which have been bored out  
to the proper size, are heated and shrunk  
on over the gun just as the jacket was  
shrunk on over the tube. The whole gun  
is made, or built up in this manner. After  
all the hoops are on, the gun is bored out  
again to final size, put into a rifling  
machine, and rifled; that is, it has  
grooves cut inside of the bore through-  
out its length. These grooves com-  
mence at the muzzle, and gradually curve  
till they reach the end of the bore. They  
are cut by what is called a rifling bar,  
which is a long shaft with cutters at one  
end. The gun remains steady, while the  
bar enters into the gun at the muzzle, and  
turns at the same time, thus cutting what  
are called spiral grooves throughout the  
length of the bore of the gun. This rifling  
is done so as to give the shot or shell, when  
the gun is fired, a twirling or rotary mo-  
tion, and causes it to keep pointed in  
the right direction. The shot or shell (pro-  
jectile) is long, and has a copper band  
fitted on its rear end. When the gun is  
fired, this copper band, being softer than  
the steel of the gun, enters into the grooves  
it is turned by them, and gives the pro-  
jectile a spinning motion during its flight.

George Washington, in his best estate,  
could not, says 'a victim', have been more  
truthful than the author of the following  
sign on a farm-house window: 'Summer  
Boarders Taken In.'

BUY  
**Coleman's Salt**  
THE BEST  
Every package guaranteed.  
The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt  
is the neatest package on the  
market. For sale by all first  
class grocers.

### An Afflicted Mother.

NURSING HER DYING CHILD HER  
HEALTH GAVE WAY.

Anemia, Followed by Neuralgic Pains  
Racked Her System—Her Friends Fear-  
ed That She Could not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Diehl, who  
live about one and a half miles from  
Bridgewater are highly esteemed by a large  
circle of friends. Mrs. Diehl has passed  
through a trying illness, the particulars of  
which she recently gave a reporter of the  
Enterprise, as follows:—"In the spring  
of 1896 my health gave way. In addition  
to my ordinary household duties I had the  
constant care day and night of a sick child.  
In the hope of saving my little one, it did  
not occur to me that overwork, loss of  
sleep and anxiety were exhausting my  
strength. Finally my child passed away,  
and then I realized my physical condition.  
Shortly after I was attacked with neural-  
gic pains in the shoulder which shifted to  
my right side after three weeks and settled  
there. The pain in my side grew worse  
and after a few days I became unable to  
leave my bed. In addition to my bodily  
trouble I became melancholy and was  
very much reduced in flesh. My  
friends regarded my condition as danger-  
ous. I remained in bed several weeks; to  
me it seemed like ages. It is impossible  
to describe the agonies I suffered during that  
time. A skillful physician was in constant  
attendance upon me. He said mine was  
the worst case of anemia and general  
neuralgia he had ever seen. After some  
weeks he succeeded in getting me out of  
bed and after a few more weeks I was able  
to do some light household work. But I  
was only a shadow of my former self: my  
appetite was very poor and that madden-  
ing pain still clung to my side and also  
spread to the region of the heart and  
lungs, darting through and about them like  
lances cutting the flesh. Every few days I  
had to apply croton oil and fly blisters to  
my chest, and had a bad cough. My  
friends gave up, thinking I had consump-  
tion. I, too, really thought my end was  
near, fearing mostly that the pain about  
my heart might take me off any day.  
During all my illness I had never thought  
of any medicine other than my doctor pre-  
scribed. It happened, however, that  
in glancing over the Enterprise one  
day my eye fell upon the statement  
of a cure made by Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills. The case resembled mine in some  
respects. I read and re-read the article.  
It haunted me for several days notwith-  
standing I tried to dismiss it from my  
mind. At last I asked the doctor whether  
he thought these pills would help me.  
He looked at me a moment and then re-  
marked "well, perhaps you had better try  
them. I believe they do work wonders in  
some cases and if they do not cure you  
they will certainly do no harm." That re-  
mark opened to me the door of life, for  
had he said "no" I should not have used  
the pills. When I had used two boxes  
I began to feel better, my appetite im-  
proved and there were less of these pains about  
the heart and chest. The cough too was  
less severe. I kept on till six boxes more  
were taken and to make a long story short,  
I was myself again, appetite good, spirits  
buoyant pain gone and I could do my own  
work with comfort. I have been well ever  
since and have no doubt that Dr. Williams'  
Pink Pills saved my life, and restored me  
to my family. I am ever ready to speak  
their praises and in my heart am ever in-  
voking God's blessing upon their dis-  
coverer.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial  
paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous head-  
ache, nervous prostration and diseases de-  
pending upon humors in the blood, such  
as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all dis-  
appear before a fair treatment with Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy  
glow to pale and sallow complexions and  
build and renew the entire system. Sold by  
all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or  
six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr.  
Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.  
Do not be persuaded to take some sub-  
stitute.

A Negro Marriage.  
'Andrew does you lub dis yer woman?'  
'I dux so,' was the reply.

'Will you promise to stick close froo  
time an' 'tarnity, renouncin' all oders an'  
cleabin' to her for eber an' eber an' amen?'  
'I will dat.'

'Will you lub, honer, an' 'bey—?'  
'Hold on dar' Ole Jack P' interrupted  
the groom, with no little show of indigna-  
tion; 'tain' no use of talkin' to dis nigger  
'bout beyin' de wimen-folks—anny 'cept  
ole miss P'

'Silence dar, you owdumptions nigger!'  
roared the watchful preacher. 'What fur  
you go fur pluin' de gravity of de 'casion.  
Now, don't you go fur to open your black

moat until the time fur you to speak.  
Will you promise to lub, honer, an' 'bey  
(Andrew still shaking his head ominously  
at the obnoxious word) dis yer nigger  
Susy, furnishin' her wid all tings needed  
ur comfort an' happiness, an' protectin'  
from sufferin' an' makin' smove de path of  
all her proceedin' days to come?'  
'I suppose I mus' say yes to dat,' said  
Andrew, meekly.  
'Den I pronounce dese yer two couples  
to be man an' wife, an' whom I has put  
asunder let no man go fur to join togedder.'

#### A WAR TIME LUXURY.

The Despised Hardtack is the Mainstay and  
Solace of the Army.

While some of the 'old boys' were talk-  
ing over the stirring times when they play-  
ed so prominent a part, the colonel took a  
hand, with hardtack as his subject, says  
the Detroit Free Press.

'I never saw a company of volunteers  
go out yet,' he said, 'that they did not  
kick good and plenty against the army  
cracker. It was so when I was a lieutenant  
with a lot of raw recruits. There was next  
thing to mutiny. They vowed that hard-  
tack had less taste than air, water, sponge  
or cork. They designated it as solidified  
nothing, brittle in a desert heat. The  
government was inveighed against as the  
worst kind of a provider and the growlers  
would punish each other by telling what  
good things they used to get at home. I  
have heard a groan from a hundred throats  
when some fellow would yell 'pie' just as a  
taunt and self-relief.

'On the first expedition intrusted to the  
boys I managed to have bread issued for  
them, and they were tickled beyond ex-  
pression. Before the end of the second  
day the bread was sour. The next day it  
was far worse, and simply defied anything  
better than a starving appetite. Before  
we got back to camp they were fairly cry-  
ing for hardtack as children do for ginger-  
bread when on a picnic excursion. Later  
we had a worse and more convincing ex-  
periments. Our army was making a forced  
march, and ran out of regular rations.  
Flour was issued instead of crackers.  
Occasionally orders to advance came be-  
fore we had time to prepare any sort of  
bread, and away we'd go carrying our  
allowance of flour. When caught in a  
rainstorm the flour would be changed to  
paste, and when we tried to cook it in  
this form it was about as digestible as  
grape and canister. We had half-baked  
dough that would send an alligator to the  
hospital, flapjacks that reached the stomach  
with a dull thud and rolls that justified  
their name only in the subsequent effect  
produced upon the eater. When we struck  
a point where hardtack could be issued the  
boys cheered as lustily as though they had  
won a hard battle.

'We men who have been through it know  
that this despised hard tack is the mainstay  
and comes to be the solace of the  
army. It is as good cold as hot. Three  
years made no more impression upon it  
than do three days. It is as good wet as  
dry, if not better. If crumbled till you  
have to eat it with a spoon or by the hand-  
ful it is just as palatable as when it is in-  
fact. The man that invented hardtack  
did a whole lot to fight the battles of the  
world.'

Master: 'Late again, Sandy? Can't  
you manage to get here in time?'  
Sandy (with a doleful head-shake): 'I  
cannus sleep o' nights, sir an' so I'm loth to  
get up in the mornin'.'

Master: 'Eh, man! sleeplessness! Why  
don't you consult a doctor and get at the  
cause?'  
Sandy: 'I get at the cause weel enough  
but it'll no shut up. It's six weeks said,  
an' an awfu' yellin'.'

Bloobumper: 'You went fishing with  
Miss Keedick yesterday, didn't you?'  
Spattie: 'Yes.'  
'Catch anything?'  
'Well, we came back engaged, but I  
don't know whether I caught her or she  
caught me.'

**DR. FOWLER'S  
EXTRACT OF  
WILD  
STRAWBERRY**

Is the most reliable and effective  
remedy known for the relief and  
cure of DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY,  
COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA and SUM-  
MER COMPLAINT. It settles the  
stomach, stimulates the heart,  
soothes and heals the irritated  
bowel.

**NEVER FAILS.**  
"For several seasons we have re-  
lied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild  
Strawberry for all summer com-  
plaints. A few doses always give  
relief and it never fails to cure. We  
think it a very valuable medicine—  
as precious as gold." Mrs. F. C.  
WHEELER, Fort Hill, Ont.

PRICE 25 CENTS.  
BOTTLES SUBSTITUTES. THREE DOLLARS.

Chat to . . . Boys and Girls.

POLLY'S BIRTHDAY.

"I do wish I could have a birthday like other people," sighed Polly, sitting on a log by the river, and splashing with her little bare feet. "I'd have a doll with lots of clothes, a Royal Reader to learn lessons out of, some pretty things to wear, and some real goodies to eat and—oh dear! I don't know what all, like Susie Marsh said her cousin had on her birthday. But I shall be eight years old to-morrow, and it won't make no matter to nobody." And Polly twisted up her funny little old-fashioned face in such a comical way as she squeezed back a big hot tear that there was a queer sound like a smothered giggle from among the thick branches of the maple tree overhead. Absorbed in her own thoughts, Polly didn't hear it, and continued. "Mother'll wash and iron and bake, just like any other day, and father'll stand me up against the door to see how near my head comes to the latch this year; then he'll pat my cheek, an' say his little woman is growin' up fast, an' poor mother 'll look worried an' say, 'Yes, Polly's stretchin' up, and aint gettin' no book-learnin' for want of boots;' and I shall hunt eggs in my bare feet, and carry dinner to the hay-field, just as if I didn't own a single birthday, and—oh dear, dear! I wonder if God knows up in heaven how mis'able a little girl most eight years old can be! I've a good mind to tell him!" And impulsive Polly knelt down in the sand and putting up her hands said reverently and in perfect faith:—"Please God send me a nice birthday; let me have presents and things like other folks; I can't tell mother, 'cause she's poor and I don't want to fret her, but I do want a dollie, and I tell you because all the world is yours and all the pretty things in it; so please send me some, and make me a real good child for Jesus' sake." Then dear little Polly arose and walked slowly away, swinging her calico sun-bonnet.

When she was fairly out of sight, there was another sound from the maple tree, and out flew two of the strangest looking birds you ever saw; they were in form of two little girls, with bright eyes and flowing hair—Ethel and Maudie Burton by name, who, with mamma, baby brother and nurse, were staying at the Austen farm for the summer. Smoothing down their ruffled plumes, or rather their ruffled dresses, of pretty light cambric, they started at one another in amazement, till Ethel exclaimed:

"Did you ever know anything so funny?" Don't see anything funny in it," said Maudie with tears in her brown eyes; "it must be perfectly horridly awful, not to have any birthday presents, and nobody to make any fuss over you or give a party or anything! Oh I am sure I should just die."

"And to think of her praying for it! Do you think that was just right Maudie?" "I don't know; let's go and ask mamma." This being their usual manner of settling difficulties, they ran off in the direction of the farm. Mamma had driven to the station to meet Papa, so the whole story was told to Farmer Austen's wife.

"Why bless her heart!" said that worthy woman. "It must have been that queer little tot, Polly Sims! A rare lonesome time she has to be sure! Never had a decent plaything in her life I'll warrant, nice people they are too, but poor as Job's turkey! She's allers settin' 'round the shore and fields, playin' with leaves an' flowers, an' overlastin'ly talking to herself, fur company like, I spose. Dear, dear! just think of the poor lamb prayin' for a good birthday! I'll tell you what, we'll give that child a birthday party that 'll make her eyes shine, or my name is not Sally Austen!"

"Oh thank you, thank you, dear Mrs. Austen," they both cried, "if you say so it will be all right; and won't we make her happy for once?" and falling on the farmer's wife they hugged her till she cried out laughing "Bless my heart you precious bears—do let me go."

The sound of wheels drove the children out to the veranda, and soon papa and mamma knew all they could tell about Polly Sims.

"Yes dear" said mother in answer to Ethel's question "I think it was quite right for Polly to tell our Heavenly Father all her wants. And who knows 'but he may make us his instruments in answering her prayer?"

"Oh mamma, do you really think so? Maybe that is the reason we chose the maple tree to sit in this afternoon instead of the old oak; but what can we do mamma?"

"Gently, gently" said mother, smiling at their eagerness, "I have just finished a new

muslin apron for Maudie—will she be willing to give it up?"

"That pretty one, with the cute little pockets? Oh yes, mamma."

"May I give her my newest doll cried Ethel, "you know she is all dressed, and looks so pretty."

"Why Ethel, you think so much of Rosa, you can't mean it" said Maudie astonished at this sacrifice.

"Yes, I do love her dearly, but just think of Polly's delight! and I want to help answer her prayer with something that I really love myself," said Ethel solemnly.

"That is right dear, and the true spirit of self-denial, acceptable to Him who loveth a cheerful giver, you may also add a Royal Reader—Maudie will give a doll's cradle and I two pretty pairs [of stockings."

"And I," said papa—"please don't leave me out; I shall drive you down to the village after supper to choose a pair of good strong boots, and a picture-book; also beg leave to ask some candies and nuts."

After this speech there was great clapping of small hands. The programme was carried out—Ethel and Maudie experienced the blessedness of giving, and Mrs. Austen had her tea party at which Polly was the most honored, and, certainly the most surprised guest—but the particulars of that eventful evening I shall have to tell you at some future time. AUNT BELL.

AUTUMN COATS.

Capes Not to be Worn by All Womankind, in Spite of Early Predictions.

New coats for autumn wear are a necessity of the immediate present, and they are many and varied in form. Very early in the season those who like at all times to be becomingly as well as fashionably dressed asked, "Do all smartly dressed women have to wear capes of one kind or another?" and foreign authorities answered, "Yes, no matter how ill-suited capes may be to certain individuals, all who would be strictly up to date in the matter of wraps must wear them. Capes are to be the fashion."

The word fashion has a broad and elastic meaning here, and is synonymous with taste, just as it is in Paris. It certainly is not good taste for a short, stout woman to appear in a long, befrilled cape, such as those in vogue that makes her look as broad as she is tall, and no American woman will do this. We long ago learned that philosophy can be applied to the cape as well as to everything else in woman's wardrobe. For every advantage it has a disadvantage. True, it is more easily put on and off than a coat, but it does not keep out the cold half so well. Indeed, a cape that keeps the wearer in any degree of comfort on a blustery day must of necessity be so heavy that its weight wears her completely out, whereas frequently the lightest coat is the warmest.

Some wit, a mere man, of course, has said, "With woman a fashion which is a fashion is no longer a fashion." This certainly applies largely to capes at the moment. They will unquestionably be used for rough and ready wear and also for very dressy occasions, but coats, as usual, will be universally adopted. The question of the fitness of things is always considered by a woman of genuinely refined taste.

Quite the newest cloth coats are very long in the back and are cut away over the hips. It may readily be seen by the first illustrated that this style of garment is tight fitting. As a rule they are lined with handsome silk and finished with elaborate revers and high collars. There is a great air of smartness about these outaway coats when they are on just the figures to which they are suited, but, on the whole they are somewhat unbecoming, and this extreme style is not likely to be very generally adopted.

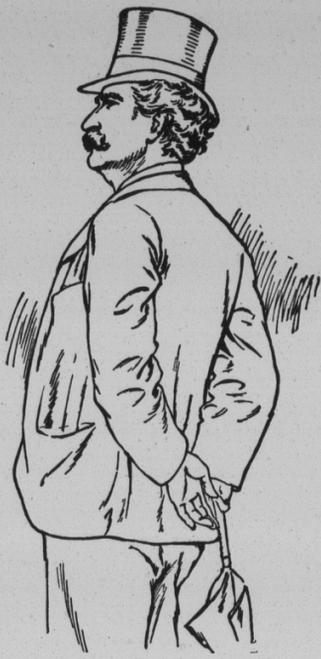
Rows of stitching are to be a feature of many jackets and coats of the most approved cut, and so are set designs, such as the bowknot in stitching, and the effect is good on smooth fawn, gray, and blue cloths. Fancy buttons and lace are also in evidence, and both are utilized in producing the dressy coat of fawn cloth next depicted. Full revers of ivory ribbed silk run down, forming a flounce in front, and a high collar finishes this, as well as other handsome wraps.

Some swell coats have long-tailed, tight-fitting backs and flaring fronts without seams, but gored under the arms, which open over either a tailor-made vest or a fussy front of silk, satin lace or embroidery. Touches of white caracole, a fur which is far more manageable than ermine, have been introduced with a good result on smart black velvet coats. Then, too, frequently vests of this caracole, handsomely embroidered in silver, and trimmed with applique daintily outlined and lined with silver, are worn with open-fronted coats.

The third model shows a chic Paris coat of grey fawn cloth, with a tight back and an Eton front. Revers, exquisitely braided with strips of the material and a novel

Twenty Funny Stories of MARK TWAIN

They relate to Mark Twain's eccentricities, and his aptness in making the most ordinary episodes appear ludicrous. The stories are brimful of fun.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Was established in 1728 by Benjamin Franklin. It is handsomely illustrated and gives weekly the best serials, short stories and sketches the world can produce. The regular subscription price is \$2.50 per year. Both our publications, balance of the year as an introduction, for only Twenty-five Cents.

When I Stood Face to Face With Death

General A. W. Greely, the great Arctic explorer, tells here, for the first time in print, the graphic story of his fearful exile of 278 days at the North Pole, when his comrades daily dropped dead at his side, and when all waited day by day for death to come.

Miss Wilkins in Her New England Home

An entire photographic page will show the author of "Jerome" and "Pembroke" as she is at home: her friends as they grouped around her; going out to walk with her dog; with her favorite cat; and in an evening gown ready for a reception.

John Wanamaker's Sunday-School

The Most Interesting Sunday-School in America

How it has grown to be a factor in a city's life, together with the wonderful man who has devoted his energies to its development. Illustrated.

These are Some of the Special Features in the October Number of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

We will mail The Ladies' Home Journal from now until January 1, 1899, and The Saturday Evening Post, every week from now until the end of the year, on receipt of only Twenty-five Cents.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

rolling collar, complete this novelty, which is worn with a dressy front. Red and bright blue cloths are much employed in making coats of this order. Cape revers, collar revers and indeed, all sorts of revers are to be seen on even the simplest coats this season, except those exceeding plain and unbecoming little garments, cut for all the world like an old-fashioned riding habit bodice, and fastened straight up the front to the collar with a single row of handsome buttons.

For girlish figures nothing could be jauntier than the comparatively short coat with a semi-loose front and tight back like the one illustrated. The small woman with a graceful form who wears a long outaway coat because other women do, not only makes a fright of herself, but also shows a lack of individuality, and she who invests in one of these half saques, as they are called, will make no mistake, so far as fashion goes. They are very good style. One thing that makes it certain that coats will be preferred to capes is the smallness of the sleeves. Coats are invariably worn when tight, plain sleeves are correct, and then, too, there is always a tendency to fashion rich materials into well-fitting garments rather than into more or less shapely wraps on the mantle order.

Besides the beautiful smooth cloths in a dozen different shades of fawn, tan and mode, to say nothing of the blues, greens, and reds, velvet will be extensively employed for plain as well as fancy cloaks.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Parisians favor deep mervilleux for elaborate gowns. It is as brilliant as silk, as light as muslin, as soft as surah, and is to be had in all the new shades.

Pipings are to continue fashionable on winter gowns, and good results are obtained in satin, velvet or ribbed silk. Plain



velvets and pliable corduroys are used for bindings on smart gowns.

Since big round and square collars are a feature of autumn gowns, sets consisting of a sailor collar and broad turned-back cuffs of Maltese lace are in vogue.

The newest chatelaine is made of amber and has entirely superseded those of gold, or silver. The amber clasp is mounted in gold and gold chains hold various amber appendages—powder box, pencil, purse, mirror, &c.—which are also mounted in gold or silver gilded filigree work.

Many smart frocks for little girls are braided in straight and zigzag lines around the skirt above the hem. The majority of the bodices end at the waist in a band, and jacket bodices usually are held in place by a belt. Yokes are frequently elaborately braided and supplemented by capelike trimmings on the shoulders, uniting in the epaulettes, with a point falling on the fore part of the arm.

A new make of cashmere is particularly pleasing and attracts much attention. It has on one side a horizontal rib and on the other a perpendicular rib, the lining being used with excellent effect to make strapings and revers on severe gowns.

Word comes from Paris that the flounced skirts is a thing of the past there, but English and American women will not accept this announcement, since they have just taken to it with enthusiasm. The flounce has decided disadvantages for autumn wear, for it adds to the weight of a cloth gown and demands that the skirt be cut very long.

Many coats show very handsome applique braidings of the same shade as the cloth or of the cloth itself. Close-fitting jackets of colored melton, notably in national blue, hunters' green and cyrano, are made like a dress or habit bodice, being rounded in front and having their tails cut off square or in a slightly rounded style.

The newest stocks are quite original, and may be worn with any dressy bodices. They are fashioned of corded or tucked velvet, and are rounded in front, fastening to the collar band with a stud; but they open in the back, and a lace, chiffon or net scarf is attached long enough to go twice around

the neck and tie in a fluffy butterfly bow in front.

Parisians like the use of fancy wool fabrics in combination with plain silk goods. This is a style which gives an excellent opportunity for remodelling old dresses.

Many new fabrics have a kind of fluffy fringe interwoven. Grenadines and etamines have exquisite insertions, incrustations, and runnings of fine ribbon, all interwoven in a manner so marvellous that one wonders how machinery ever accomplished the ingenuity of the designers.

"Flowers are Always Friends."

"It is surely a nobler commemoration of those we have lost to give flowers to the living than to lavish them on the coffins of the unseeing dead," writes an Englishwoman to the Spectator, appealing for flowering shrubs to fill the empty conservatory of the Home of Peace for the Dying. The conservatory forms one side of a large ward, and the dying patients can see from their beds the sun shining on green leaves and bright flowers. "We need something to cheer us, lying here day after day," said one poor man, observing that the stock of plants and shrubs in the conservatory was almost exhausted. Disinfectants are very destructive to plant life. A dying woman, on being asked if she liked flowers, answered, "Oh yes! I am from the country and among strangers here, but the flowers are always friends!"



HAIR AND WAGS.

Necessary to Dye the One to Live by the Other.

It would be humorous—were it not so pathetic—to learn that the dyeing of the hair is not confined, in England, to the woman with the peroxidized locks, but is a habit rendered necessary by fierce labor competition to the working man, whose gray hairs would handicap him against younger candidates for employment.

That the working man who is getting on in years does have to resort to artificial aids to rejuvenate his appearance was made very clear to a London Daily Mail reporter, whose investigations led him to inquire of some of the chemists who sell the dyes.

Mr. Black the manager of Day's drug store, High street, Whitechapel, said: It is absolutely true that there is a very large demand for hair dyes among the men working in the factories and wholesale houses in this neighborhood. The sale of hair dyes is brisker during the busy season of the factories than at any other time. The foreign element in this district, and throughout London, is so eager to work at a reduced wage, that the Englishman whose hair is turning has very little chance. The slightest suspicion of gray hair causes the rejection of his application. It is a well known thing, and a great shame that men who are able bodied, active, with experience in the work which they are seeking, are constantly refused because they are 'greyheads.'

The bosses are like the children of biblical notoriety who derided Elihu. We are selling about fifteen bottles a week just now, but the average of weekly sales during the year would give a higher figure. The men are generally between thirty-five and fifty, but all our clients are Englishmen. Our particular prescriptions has become so popular that we have christened it 'Charlie's Fancy.' The dye remains good from a week to a fortnight, according to the amount of grayness, but many of our customers make a regular weekly purchase. The men are very shy and sensitive about it. They call me aside for a private chat, and it is always 'for my friend outside.' We are constantly being asked curious questions. But one striking feature in the sale of hair dye is the popularity it meets among Hebrew women.

The manager of the Aldgate drug stores Whitechapel, was able to confirm from personal evidence the accuracy of the story. The most popular shade is brown, from medium to dark brown. Black is too dark. The man doesn't aspire to be a Romeo, but just to possess a serviceable color which will stand a week's wear. Some of the men work in the city and the West End, and live about this vicinity because it is cheaper. The majority are factory hands, who are afraid they will lose their places if their hair becomes gray. Foreigners are so numerous here that there are a hundred desirous to work at a lower wage should there be a chance.—London Mail.

BATH OF PACIFIC ISLANDERS.

Nature Supplies Soap and Scrubbing Brushes—The use of Coconut Oil.

When American civilization takes hold of the new task which conquest has set before it in the Pacific it will not have to bother about the virtue which comes next to godliness. If the Pacific islanders are not clean it is not for lack of bathing frequently. This holds true all the way from Hawaii westward to the Philippines. The people make a practice of bathing at least once a day, giving themselves a scrubbing as efficient as the means at hand allow, and often they have several baths daily.

In some of the smaller islands of the Carolines there is no fresh water, and they drink the brackish percolation of sea water in pits dug above high water mark on the beaches, even where this is the case, the percolated water is used for bathing. Nowhere do the people look upon a dip in the ever present sea as a bath, in fact it is held to necessitate an immediate bath in fresh water to wash off the salt. Among most of the Polynesians it is a great insult to say that a man shows marks of the sea water on his body.

Where the supply of water is sufficient and there is no lack except on the sand inlets under the equator, every island village is built with reference to convenient access to a river, or at least a large pool whether natural or made by damming some water course. Here the community bathes in common. Island soap grows conveniently on the trees which screen the pool. This is a large green orange too bitter to be used for food. When rubbed over the wet skin the pulp produces a thin and stringy lather, for the juices of the fruit combine with the coconut oil, which is abundant on every island skin, to form a true soap. For scrubbing brushes nature has been equally thoughtful. A segment is stripped from the husk of a coconut, and the fibres thus exposed are an effective substitute for bristles set in a handle. With such soap and brush the islander gives himself a thorough scrubbing, and then sits in a current of wind to dry. As soon as the skin is reasonably dry a coating

of coconut oil is rubbed briskly into the body, and the bath is finished by tying about the waist the strip of native cloth or gaudy foreign prints which are the common wear.

This universal rubbing of oil may not seem cleanly to foreign senses, but the islanders practice it everywhere. One benefit it certainly does have; it keeps off the mosquitoes. Island life, accordingly, it is based on the odor of coconut oil, an odor that is seldom agreeable when the oil is fresh and good, and may become nauseating when the oil becomes rancid, as often happens. It is due to this excessive use of oil that the islanders, despite all their bathing, never really seem to be clean.—New York Sun.

IN HUMANITY'S CAUSE.

Heart Full of Song Because South American Rheumatic Cure Has Healed Her.

For the benefit of suffering humanity I consider it my duty to inform you of the great and lasting benefit I have received from the use of South American Rheumatic Cure. I was a great sufferer from rheumatism for a great number of years—all remedies I tried failed to cure until I commenced to use this wonderful preparation. It worked a great cure. I trust other sufferers may follow my example with as satisfactory results." Mrs. Bates, 71 Gloucester Street, Toronto

Small Societies.

Henry M. Stanley, in describing his journey through the forest of Africa, says that the most formidable foes he encountered, those that caused the greatest loss of life to his caravan and came nearest to defeating his expedition, were the Wambutti dwarfs. These diminutive men had but tiny bows and arrows for weapons, so small that they looked like children's playthings; but upon the tip of each tiny arrow was a drop of poison which would kill an elephant or a man as surely and quickly as a rifle. Their defence was by means of poison and traps. They would steal through the dense forest, and waiting in ambush, let fly their arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with sticks and leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground and tipped them with poison. Into these ditches and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death. One of the strangest things about it was that their poison was mixed with honey. The account of these small people and their successful warfare influence one to remember the small enemies we all are apt to encounter in habits, seemingly harmless, but dangerous to welfare and happiness.

She Was Saved.

From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-rop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only 'Putnam's' should be asked for and taken. Sure, Safe, harmless.

Plant Which Cures the Blues.

The laughing plant grows in Arabia and derives its name from the effects produced by eating its seeds. The plant is of moderate size, with bright, yellow flowers and soft, velvety seedpods, each of which contains two or three seeds resembling small black beans. The natives of the district where the plant grows dry these seeds and reduce them to powder. A small dose of this powder has effects similar to those arising from the inhalation of laughing-gas. It causes the soberest person to dance, shout, and laugh with the boisterous excitement of a madman, and to rush about, cutting up the most ridiculous capers for nearly an hour. At the expiration of this time exhaustion sets in, and the excited person falls asleep, to awake after several hours with no recollection of his antics.—Montreal Pharmaceutical Journal.

If your child is hoarse or coughs a dose or two of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine will relieve him promptly.

'Did she break down when you told her you were going abroad?' 'Naw. I think she felt like doing one, though.'



The 1st Cost—25c. Cuts but a small figure when buying ordinary Shoe-Dressing. It is the indirect cost—The Injury Done to Shoes—That runs into money.

PACKARD'S Special Combination Leather Dressing (BUCKET, TAN, BROWN—ALL COLORS.) Though sold for 25 cents, REALLY COSTS NOTHING. IT PAYS FOR ITSELF IN Shoe-Life. PACKARD MADE BY PACKARD L. N. PACKARD & CO.

CAN'T ENJOY LIFE



Because of nervousness, dyspepsia, heart trouble, etc. Lots of people just have to sit and look on while their healthy, vigorous friends have all the enjoyment of a strong and robust body. Dr. Ward's Pills will bring back health, strength, snap, vim and energy to every the weakest and weariest of suffering humankind.

A BAD INVESTMENT MADE GOOD.

I have half a gross of empty bottles upon my shelves. Everything my neighbors and friends would tell me to try I would go straight away to the drug store and purchase. I was in a terrible condition from dyspepsia and liver troubles and was getting worse all the time. I was so discouraged buying one medicine and the other and receiving no benefit that I was about giving up all hope of ever getting better, when my husband brought me home a box of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, which he said he had been highly recommended to him. I had been highly recommended to him. I had been highly recommended to him. I had been highly recommended to him.

Signed, ANNIE E. GAUNTLEY, King Street, Berlin, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.

BILLIARDS

XXIX CENTURY ELECTRIC CUSHIONS Are the latest improved Billiard Cushions. New substance, and new forms, in the rubber. They are without equal for perfection in every respect. Order them if you want the BEST.

Large assortment of BILLIARD TABLES for sale cheap \$25 to \$150. E. L. ETHIER & CO., BILLIARD MANUFACTURER, 88 St. Denis St. Montreal.

Mid-lodging. A telegraph clerk has caused some merriment in the Southern General Assembly of Presbyterians at New Orleans. The body received a telegram from the Cumberland Assembly, then in session.

'See Acts 23: 2.' After the message had been read some member asked what the text was, and the clerk proceeded to find and deliver it: 'And the high priest Ananias commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth.'

An exclamation of surprise and then a roar of laughter swept through the house. What could the Cumberland brethren mean? The following verse suggested itself as a sharp retort: 'God shall smite thee, thou whited wall.'

But the impression was general that the telegraph operator had made a mistake, and the clerk of the assembly was directed to inquire what text the other assembly had intended to quote.

The operator, however, had made no verbal blunder. He had simply failed to put in punctuation marks. Acts 20: 32 reads: 'And now, brethren I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.'

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FLASHES OF FUN.

He: 'A man out west has patented a new style of what counters.' She: 'What is the idea?' He: 'They register the number of words spoken by each player.'

'Py Chiminiany! Ober we kin lick each odder nation in the world already; don't it?' We kin that same, Dutchy. Begorra, O'im broud O'im an American.'

He: 'Are you sure I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?' She: 'Perfectly sure I went over the whole list only yesterday.'

Jones: 'There's no telling what a day may bring forth.' Brown: 'That's so! A fellow may be rich to-day and married to-morrow.'

'The next person who interrupts the proceeding,' said the judge, sternly, 'will be expelled from the court-room.' 'Hooray!' cried the prisoner.

Arthur: 'Are you sure she loves you?' Jack: 'Yes. When I told her I had no money to marry on, she asked me if I couldn't borrow some.'

Old lady (to a policeman at the corner): 'I want the Bank of England.' Police policeman: 'I am afraid I can't let you have it mum.'

Mrs. Y: 'My daughter is a promising young musician.' Mr. C: 'Get her to promise she won't sing any more.'

Mrs. Taddella: 'Let's see! Susie Dimpling twenty! Susie Dimpling will never see twenty again if she lives to be eighty.'

Hobson: 'I understand your daughter is taking great pains with her singing?' The poor father: 'Taking' is not the word; 'giving' is more like it.'

Native: 'Yass stranger, we hanged the wrong man.' Stranger: 'Good heavens! What are you going to do about it?' 'Waal we, re in hopes we'll git the right one before night.'

Wife: 'We've been living here six months now and not one of the neighbors has called.' Husband: 'Don't worry. I'm going to have a telephone put in the house next week.'

'Before we were married you used to write me three letters a day.' 'Yes, you did; and now you get angry just because I ask you to write me a little bit of a cheque.'

Yes, sir,' said the man in Cell 711, 'time was when I was admitted to the very best houses.'

'And what brought you here?' 'They caught me coming out.'

Professor: 'Too bad! One of my pupils to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory has forgotten to pay me, and the worst of it is, I can't remember his name.'

Indignant woman: 'This dog I bought of you came near eating my little girl the other day.'

Dealer: 'Well, you said you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you?' 'There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage.'

'What are they?' 'First, a good husband.'

'And the others?' 'The other five are money.'

Gibbs: 'Just called at your place, and the servant (very nice girl, by-the-by) told me you'd just gone out.'

Tomkins: 'Servant be blowed! We sacked our girl last week. That was my wife.'

Clergyman: 'You want to be separated from your husband? Don't you know that marriages are made in Heaven?' She: 'I know that, sir; but ours was not. I got my husband through an advertisement in the papers.'

Mudison (a budding fictionist): 'I hope you liked my new novel? It has a happy ending, at all events.'

Miss Sumbles (enthusiastically): 'Yes; I was so relieved when I came to the last chapter.'

'Grandpapa,' said Kathleen very seriously, 'I want to ask your advice.'

'Yes, darling. What is it?' asked the old gentleman.

'I want to know what you think it will be best for you to give me on my birthday.'

First Fiji: 'The missionary is fat, I admit, but for all that, I prefer not to partake of him.' Second Fiji: 'For what reason, pray?' First Fiji: 'Why, he has done nothing but dispute my statements ever since he was captured.'

Second Fiji: 'And what has that to do with his not making wholesome provender?' First Fiji: 'Everything! He would be certain to disagree with me.'

Mrs. Timkins was taking her son to school for the first time, and after impressing the school master with the necessity of his having a thorough good education, finished up by saying: 'And be sure he learns Latin.'

'But, my dear madam,' said the school-master, 'Latin is a dead language.'

'All right,' said Mrs. Timkins; 'he'll want it. He's going to be an undertaker.'

'So you overcame that old antipathy of yours,' her husband remarked, 'and called on Mrs. Bobbles?' 'Yes.'

'Do you think she was glad to see you?' 'I am not sure of it.'

'Ahem!—you must have some reason for that belief outside her assurances.'

'I have. I had on the old dress that was made over twice, and my hat was out of fashion; while she had on a new gown that couldn't have come from anywhere but Paris. Could she help being glad to see me?'



Clear as a crystal and delightful in its invigorating and aromatic odor is the coffee that comes to you in pound and two-pound tin cans from the famous tea and coffee importers,

Chase & Sanborn of Boston, its purity and its strength being guaranteed by their seal. Its supreme merit has been proved and is acknowledged by thousands of the most fastidious coffee consumers throughout the land. Grocers everywhere sell it.

Kidney Trouble FOR YEARS.

Nothing did Mr. R. E. Pitt any good until he got Doan's Kidney Pills.

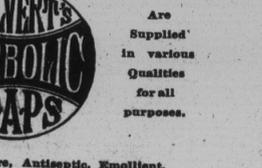
Throughout the County of Leeds and the Town of Brockville there is no medicine spoken so highly of for all kinds of Kidney Diseases as Doan's Kidney Pills. As Canada's sponsor-kidney pill, introduced by Mr. James Doan, of Kingsville, Ont., in 1885, they stand to-day far superior to all the imitations and substitutes that have been offered the public in their stead. Mr. R. E. Pitt, the well-known contractor and builder, voices these sentiments when he says: 'I have had kidney trouble for years. I had tried numerous remedies without much relief, and had given up my back as gone for good, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills the result has been marvellous! The pain is all gone. I feel like a new man, and can highly testify to the virtues of Doan's Kidney Pills.'

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

EXPRESS MY FEELINGS!

A Minister was recently trying to make a telephone connection. The sweet telephone girl at the exchange was probably exchanging confidence with her Sweetheart. The minister 'hello'd' several times, but got no answer. He was in a hurry, and the inattention put him out. A lay friend came behind him. He turned to the letter. 'My dear fellow' he said with a look of mingled wrath and misery, 'would you kindly express my feelings? Ladies never use strong language, but if anything would tempt them it would be the many appearance of other dyes but TURKISH upon them. The ladies of Canada use the TURKISH DYES. They now appreciate their worth. TURKISH DYES will never wash out. No other dyes will stand a soap and water test. The TURKISH DYES invite it, soap only brings out their lustre. Every color is perfect. No ill tempers when you use TURKISH DYES. No spoiled garments. Try them and see how you can augment your wardrobe with beautiful garments which ordinarily would have been thrown aside.'

Send postal for 'How to Dye Well and' Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.



Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. G. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CHAPTER XXV. THE WEDDING NIGHT.

The chamber which had been prepared for the bridegroom was upholstered all in white, with here and there a touch of gold.

Lilian's dressing-room opened out of it on one side, Sir Gerald's on the other. The pictures on the walls were gems of art; the toilet table was littered over with gold and silver, and ruby and crystal.

A dainty nest, indeed, had Sir Gerald prepared for his bride. The tiny clock on the mantel-piece chimed the hour of eleven.

At that sound, the silken counterpane was thrown aside by a restless hand, and Lilian half raised herself from among the loosed trimmed pillows, and looked about her with a nervous, anxious glance.

It was an hour since her husband had quitted her with a tender kiss, after a tete-a-tete, which had lasted all the evening. She had gone out into the grounds to smoke a cigar.

She had come upstairs straightway, had disrobed her dainty form and brushed out her shimmering hair, and all so quickly, that half-an-hour had not passed before she was laid down to rest.

But now the hour had struck. It was strange that Sir Gerald did not come. Lilian listened intently, her cheek alternately flushing and paling, her hand pressed above her heart, at though she would still its too passionate pulsation.

Hark! was that a sound—an approaching footstep? Yes! no! yes! She could hear it distinctly now. It was her husband's step falling rapidly in the corridor, as though he came in haste.

The door opened. The bridegroom entered and advanced to the middle of the room. He spoke not a word, however, and no word was spoken by the bride.

The silence, though it lasted not more than two or three moments, seemed oppressive. Sir Gerald strode to the bedside, and roughly, almost savagely, seized the arm of his bride.

'Get up,' he commanded, in a hoarse, strident voice. 'Get up and see what you have done.' As he spoke, he turned up the lamp, which stood on a table near.

Lilian uttered a cry of terror, and well she might; for this was no lover, no tender husband. His face was not as she had seen it an hour ago—radiant, joyous.

Instead, it was ghastly pale; the cheeks haggard, the mouth rigid, the teeth clenched, the eyes lurid and appalling in their gleam.

Deep down in Lilian's heart there was a latent fear which made her tremble as she looked at his altered countenance; but the next moment she told herself that what she dreaded could not have come to pass.

Rather was it that sudden madness had fallen on her husband. What else but madness was there in those wildly gleaming eyes? Full of terror though she was, she yet maintained a wonderful degree of calmness.

She did not flinch or cry out, or in any way anger him. 'Oh, Gerald!' was all she said, in a faint whisper, looking up at him, meanwhile, with sad, beseeching eyes.

'Get up!' he commanded again, tightening his grip upon her arm. 'Do you hear? I want you to go out into the woods with me.'

At this, in spite of her power of will, a shriek broke from her. She glanced wildly round—desperate to escape from him.

'Hush!' he cried, still in those hoarse, strident tones. 'Call for help—utter a single cry, and I shall—kill you!'

glance around, as though in search of someone whom she might summon to her aid. He guessed her purpose; and, gripping her arm still tighter, hissed in her ear—'It is useless to look for help. I have seen to that. The maids are gone to the village—both of them; the deaf housekeeper cannot hear you, and her husband is too busy with his wine. You are in my power. Utter a single word, and, by Heaven, it shall be your last. Come!'

And he drew her swiftly after him in the darkness. Across the lawn, down the avenue, and through the gate to the great wood which stretched from the Dower House to Vivian Court.

Only a few short hours ago, he had stood there with her, his arm thrown fondly round her waist, his fancy painting their future in colors like to those of the sunset—roses and gold.

And now—already the blackness of despair had fallen on his soul. The night was very dark; there was no moon as yet, and the wood looked fearfully gloomy to Lilian's frightened eyes.

He urged her on, however—on and on through the gloomy shades, not speaking a word, and not suffering her to pause. A cold perspiration broke out all over her; her heart throbbed almost to bursting.

The agonizing suspense, the uncertainty as to what might be his purpose, the conviction that she was wholly in his power, overwhelmed her, courageous though she was.

A deathly faintness seized upon her senses; her limbs trembled, and refused to support her weight. When they had traversed about three-quarters-of-a-mile through the gloomy labyrinths of the wood, she tottered, and stumbled, and, in spite of his iron grip upon her arm, sank, half-swooning, on the ground.

Then, in an agony of fear, she clasped his knees with feeble strength. The deathly whiteness of her face could be seen even in the darkness; her eyes were wild with terror, and yet there was a sad reproachfulness in them also, as she looked up at the man who had seen to love her with such a perfect love, and who could so treat her ere she had been a dozen hours his wife.

Gerald! she wailed—the immediate terror of the moment mastering every other feeling—'Have pity! Oh, have pity! At least, tell me where you are taking me! You will know soon enough!'

He answered, fiercely, while his eyes emitted a tearfully lurid gleam. 'Come!' 'I cannot!' she returned, faintly. 'If you kill me, I cannot help it! I can go no further. Let me die!'

And she fell forward on the ground, her death-cold brow touching his feet. Seemingly in response diverted from his purpose, though she had all but swooned away. Sir Gerald stooped over her, and half-dragged, half-carried her into the deeper recesses of the wood.

In a few minutes he stopped, set her upon her feet, and kept her standing by grasping her arm again. Look! he said, in a hoarse whisper. 'Look! This is what I have brought you here to see.'

With a faint moan, Lilian unclosed her eyes, then shuddered so convulsively as almost to rend herself out of his grasp, while she uttered shriek after shriek, which sounded fearfully in the stillness and darkness of the wood.

Well might she be overcome with horror, for ghastly was the sight that met her view. On a rustic seat, in the middle of a glade, sat a female form, mute and motionless as it had been a statue.

During the last few minutes, a waning moon had risen; a ray of light from it, wan and pale, pierced through the trees into the glade, revealing the spot that that wild figure belonged not to the living, but to the dead.

A fearsome sight to look upon. An old, old woman, in a scarlet hood and cloak, an ominous stain on the bodice.

Any one troubled with Boils, Pimples, Rashes, Ulcers, Sores, or any Chronic or Malignant Skin Disease, who wants a perfect cure, should use only

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

of her dress, showing where her life-blood had oozed away. The eyes were wide open, and fixed, with a terrible ghastly stare. Sir Gerald, with an alarmed and angry gesture, put his hand over Lilian's lips, as he had done in the bed chamber a little while ago, and thus forcibly restrained her shrieks.

'Silence!' he exclaimed. 'Are you mad?' Then, in a tone of unsutterable bitterness, he added—'You see your work! Was it well to keep your secret from me? Was it worth the cost of this?'

And he pointed to that dark terrible stain on the breast of the silent figure. For answer, Lilian gave a moan of anguish, and sank on the ground before the dead woman.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE NEXT MORNING.

The sun rose bright and fair the next morning, above the Dower House. There was nothing in nature in sympathy with that night of horror.

The lark sprang gaily from its nest among the corn, and flew up to the gates of Heaven with its matin song. Its note, in the ears of the happy lovers, must surely have sounded like an invitation to share its joy.

On the grass the dew glistened like diamonds, and the sun was drawing it to its-It with a kiss. Inside the Dower House all was busy preparation for the breakfast of Sir Gerald and his bride.

The old housekeeper laid the breakfast-table with her own hands; and smoothed the damask table-cloth, saw that the silver tea and coffee service had attained the very highest degree of brilliancy, arranged the hot-house flowers with artistic taste, and assured herself that the exquisite china service of rose-colour and gold was the very handsomest her china-cupboard could boast.

Sir Gerald was walking up and down the lawn, in front of the open window, while she thus bruised herself. He had passed through the room, and given her a pleasant 'Good morning,' a few minutes ago, remarking that Lady Vere would be down presently.

Mrs. Newton's eyes kept wandering to him every now and again, with that effeminate, almost morbidly, pride which an old retainer so often feels in a young and well-liked master. How handsome he was, she thought. How handsome, with his pale complexion clear-cut features and brilliant eyes.

A little thoughtful to be sure, she looked this morning; but Mrs. Newton could understand that. He knew he had taken upon himself new responsibilities; yes, and new cares, even though the cares were sweet ones.

It was the only right and proper a man should take thought within himself at such a time. At any rate, such was the opinion of Mrs. Newton.

'He's happy enough for all his serious look,' decided the good old lady. 'Anybody can see that with half an eye. The breakfast arrangements completed, she left the room, and was passing through the hall, when she saw her young mistress coming down the stairs.

A perfect dream of beauty looked Lady Vere, in a white muslin morning-gown, with knots of azure ribbon at her bosom. The shimmer of her golden hair was wonderful; her eyes held a sweetly tender light.

She said in a charmingly gracious word or two to the old housekeeper, then passed into the breakfast-room, and out through the open window, to join her husband on the lawn.

Although it was to the end of September, the day was very warm—almost warmer than it had been all the summer through, and she needed nothing on her head.

She could let the sunlight dance and play in the meshes of that lovely golden hair. Mrs. Newton, with a not unnatural curiosity, watched the newly-wedded pair from behind a window curtain.

If she had caught the maids doing such a thing, she would have rated them soundly. But then, what is the use of being a housekeeper, if one may not enjoy privileges forbidden to maids?

'Pretty creature!' murmured the old dame, as she saw Lady Vere slip her arm inside her husband's, and steal a sweet, upward glance into his face. 'It reminds me of my own young days—it does.'

'She's as beautiful as they said. I never saw such a lovely face in all my life; but a little delicate, I'm afraid; just a shade too pale, and there's a sort of sadness in her eyes.'

'How sweetly she looks at him, half appealingly, like—and yet, somehow, it doesn't seem exactly a look of love. I wonder, now, whether it was a love match on her side as well as his?'

Well, she's a splendid creature. I don't wonder he fell in love with her; and I'm sure he's that nice and kind, that whether she cares for him now or not, she will do very soon.'

body as he was coming through the wood this morning. It was on a seat, near the Hawthorne Hollow. 'Heaven save us! What a shocking thing. How had the poor soul been killed?' 'Sho'—they say.'

'I wonder if it's those parsons! I shouldn't be surprised.' 'But why should they kill an old woman?' objected one of the maids, who had stood by in horrified silence till now.

'Perhaps it was by accident,' the gardener returned; 'and they'd make of after it, knowing they'd been up to no good.' 'Perhaps so said the housekeeper. Dear, dear! how sorry Sir Gerald'll be—and his dear sweet lady too! It almost seems an ill omen, happening just after their marriage, as one may say.'

Mrs. Newton did not think proper to intrude upon her master and mistress while they were at breakfast, not even with such an important piece of news; but when, about an hour later, Sir Gerald came out to order the pony carriage, while Lady Vere went upstairs to don her hat and gloves, she ventured to approach him with—

'I'm sorry to say a very shocking thing has happened in the night, Sir Gerald.' 'Indeed! What is that, Mrs. Newton?' He was standing near a window, and did not turn to look at the housekeeper, as he asked the question.

His tone seemed a careless one. 'There's been a murder done, Sir Gerald—a poor old woman shot near the Hawthorne Hollow. And they say she's one of your tenants, and lived opposite the Court gates. Somebody has recognized her.'

'Not Madge Rivers?' said Sir Gerald, turning hastily, and looking greatly shocked. 'Indeed,' as Mrs. Newton remarked afterwards to her husband, 'he turned as white as a sheet, poor dear gentleman. But then, he always had a feeling heart.'

'Yes, Sir Gerald, that's the name.' At this juncture the butler, who had kept in the background at the further end of the hall, ventured forward and took up the story, knowing that his wife, by reason of her deafness, was not very well qualified to answer questions.

'The mystery is, Sir Gerald, what she was doing so far from home,' he remarked, respectfully. 'She knows nobody in these parts, and had no business here at all, as far as anybody can make out. It must be four miles from her house to the place where she was found. That's a stiffish walk for a woman of her age.'

'It is indeed!' said Sir Gerald. 'But he spoke with a curious abstractedness, as though he did not know what he was saying.'

He was still quite pale. 'Is there any clue?' he asked, abruptly. 'Have the police any theory at all?' The butler broached the theory of poachers, which had been suggested by his wife.

'Ah! That seems likely,' exclaimed Sir Gerald. He spoke in a tone of genuine relief. 'One wouldn't like to think an old woman like that could be deliberately murdered,' he added, after a moment or two.

'The doctor thinks she had been dead about eight hours when she was found,' the butler observed. 'That was at seven o'clock this morning, so, in that case, it would fix the time at about eleven last night.'

'Yes, it would,' said Sir Gerald, in the same abstracted tone in which he had spoken a minute or two ago. He turned to the window again, and stood looking out, evidently deep in thought.

'Does the doctor say whether death was instantaneous?' he asked, suddenly, as though an idea had struck him. 'I don't know, Sir Gerald.'

'Because, if the poor creature was not killed on the spot, isn't it possible she met with the injury nearer her own home, and dragged herself to near the Hollow after she was wounded. That would account for her being found so far away from home.'

Sir Gerald spoke hurriedly, and with eagerness. He seemed anxious to impress his servants with the view of the matter. At this moment Lilian appeared at the top of the staircase, ready for her drive.

Her husband caught sight of her, and whispered, hurriedly, in the butler's ear—'Mind, not a word of this to Lady Vere. She will have to hear of it ultimately, I suppose, but it need not be to-day.'

With a supreme effort he banished the grave look of anxiety and horror from his face, and, smiling tenderly, went to the foot of the stairs to meet his bride.

The day was spent by the newly-wedded pair as such days usually are spent. They drove out in the phaeton, and returned home to luncheon; after luncheon they walked about in the grounds until tea was served for them in a dainty boudoir; and the evening was spent chiefly in Lady Vere's boudoir, she singing to Sir Gerald, in a thrilling sweet voice, and he hanging over her with all the devotedness which is to be expected in a husband of a day.

She wore a dinner dress of shimmering silver blue. The short sleeves were edged with lace. In reaching for some music which lay on the top of the piano, this lace became disarranged.

She did not answer him for a moment. A faint flush tinged her cheek; then, suddenly turning, she put that bruised arm round his neck, and looked into his face with sweetly mournful eyes.

'Don't let it trouble you, dear,' she whispered. 'Think no more of it. I never shall.' But he could not be thus pacified. He seemed almost beside himself with grief and horror.

He took the cruelly-bruised arm in both his hands, and pressed on it a rain of penitent kisses; then he suddenly threw himself on his knees at her feet, and, putting his arms round her, drew her head down to his.

'I was mad! mad! mad!' he cried, in a broken whisper. 'Forgive me—oh, forgive me!' 'I do—indeed I do!' she whispered back. And she clung to him, and pressed her cheek against his own.

But, even, as she did this, there was a strange look in her beautiful dark eyes—it was a look of terror. One would have said she was frightened of her husband.

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What will your decision be sufferer? Will you allow the many symptoms of disease and death to more fully develop, or will you, by the aid of nature's medicine, Paine's Celery Compound, strike just now at the root of your trouble and be made sound, healthy and happy?

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Musical Recitation. The pupils in the one district school of a New Hampshire village are taught a cheer-combination of music, morals and mathematics. A visitor to the school had the pleasure of joining in the chorus of the song, in which the results of this mixed teaching were plainly shown. It was our lively 'Yankee Doodle' to which the words were set, and the first verse was as follows:

The surest way on earth to make A great and glorious nation, Is for each boy and girl to get A thorough education. Five times five are twenty-five, Five times six are thirty, Five times seven are thirty-five And five times eight are forty.

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A PIECE OF BREAD.

In 1870 the young Duke de Hardimont was at Aix, taking the waters. He had finished his habboon, when, throwing a careless glance over the paper, he read the news of the disaster of the French arms at Reichshoffen.

He emptied his glass of chartreuse, threw his serviette on the restaurant table, sent word to his valet to pack up, and having caught the express to Paris, rubbed off to the recruiting office, and enlisted in a regiment of the line.

And this is why, in the early days of November, 1870, having re-entered Paris with his regiment, which was attached to the corps of General Vinoy, Henri de Hardimont, private in the Third Battalion of the second of the line, and a number of the Jockey Club, was on outpost duty with his company, before the redoubt of Houtet-Bruyeres, a hastily fortified position protected by the cannon of the Bievre.

The place was forbidding, a road broken into muddy ruts and planted with broomsticks running through the polluted fields of the Paris outskirts; on the edge of this road a deserted little cabaret—a cabaret with trellised bowers where the soldiers had established their post. A few days before there had been some fighting there, and several of their broomsticks by the roadside had been snapped in two, while those left still showed on their bark the white scars of the bullets. The aspect of the house itself made one shiver. The roof had been ripped open by a shell; the wine-stained walls seemed bespattered with blood.

At the door of the cabaret the young duke was standing, his chapeau slung across him, his kept over his eyes, his numb hands in the pockets of his red trousers, under his sheepskin jacket.

All at once he felt that he was hungry. He knelt down and drew from his knapsack, which rested against the wall near by, a lump of regulation bread, which, having lost his knife, he bit into and began slowly to eat.

But after a few mouthfuls he had had enough; the bread was hard, and had a bitter taste. And to think there was no getting any fresh before tomorrow's distribution, and then only at the good will of the commissary! Ah, well! there was a deal just now that was pretty rough to bear, and, with a leap of memory, he recalled what in past days he had been wont to term his hygienic luncheons, when, on the morrow, after a supper a trifle too exciting, he would sit down on some window on the ground floor of the Cafe Anglais, and have served to him the veriest trifle—a cutlet, perhaps—and the waiter, knowing his habits, would lay on the tablecloth, and carefully open a bottle of fine old leville, which he then set down to repose in its wicker cradle. Deuce take it! those were good times all the same; he should never get used to this bread of poverty. And in a moment of impatience the young man flung his lump of bread into the mud.

At the same moment a private was leaving the cabaret; he stooped, picked up the bread, and going on a few steps, wiped it off with his sleeve, and began to devour it ravenously.

Henri de Hardimont was already ashamed of his action, and was looking with pity on the poor wretch who gave proof of such a good appetite. He was a tall, grunt fellow, ill made, with feverish eyes and a hospital beard, and so thin that his shoulder blades stuck out under the cloth of his worn great coat.

'At thou then so hungry, comrade?' he said approaching the soldier.

'As thou seest,' he answered with his mouth full.

'Excuse me then. If I had known that thou wouldst have cared for it I would not have thrown the bread away.'

'It is not the worse for that,' replied the soldier. 'I am not so particular.'

'No matter,' said the gentleman. 'What I did was wrong, and I reproach myself for it, but I do not wish thee to carry away a bad opinion of me, and as I have some good old cognac in my can, we'll have a drop together.'

The man had finished eating. The duke and he took a mouthful of brandy; the acquaintance was made made.

'And thou art called?' asked the private.

'Hardimont,' replied the duke, suppressing his title and prefix.

'And thou?'

'Jean Victor. . . I've only just joined the company. I came from the ambulance. . . I was wounded at Chantillon. . . Ah, one is well off at the ambulance, and doesn't the nurse give you good horse soup? . . . But mine was only a scratch; the major signed my discharge, and, worse luck, out I had to go to begin again to die of hunger. . . For, believe me if you will, comrade, but, as I stand before you, I have been hungry all my life.'

'The word was horrible, said to a voluptuary who a moment before caught himself regretting the cuisine of the Cafe Anglais, and the Duc de Hardimont looked at his companion with an astonishment approaching terror. The soldier was smiling mournfully, letting his wolf like teeth be seen, the teeth of the hungry, showing no white in his sickly face, and as if he was aware that further confidence was expected from him.

'Look here,' he said, brusquely: 'look here, let us walk a little up and down upon the road to warm our feet, and I will tell you of things which most likely you have never heard of before. . . I am called Jean Victor. Jean Victor quite short because I am a founding, and my only happy recollection is of the time of my early childhood in the asylum. The sheets of our little beds in the dormitory were white; we played under the big trees in a garden, and there was a good sister, quite young, as

white as wax—she was going into consumption—and I was her favorite, and often I chose to walk with her rather than to play with the other children, because she would draw me close to her skirt and put on my forehead her kiss, hot hand. . . .

But at twelve years, after making our first communion, nothing more than misery. The governor had apprenticed me to a mender of chairs in the Fanbourg St. Jacques. It isn't a trade, you know. You can't get a living by it; to prove it, for the most part the master could only entice as apprentices the poor boys from the Asylum for the 'Young Blind.' And it was there that I first learned to suffer the pangs of hunger. The master and his wife—two old Limousins who worried themselves to death were terrible misers, and the bread which they cut into pieces for each meal, they kept for the rest of the time under lock and key. And every evening at supper you would see the mistress, with her old black cap, when she was serving the soup, heave a dismal sigh with each ladleful she took from the tureen. The other two apprentices, the 'Young Blind,' were less unhappy; not that they got more than I did, but they were wiser. I had the look of reproach that that miserable woman gave as she handed me my plate. My misfortune was to have a good appetite, but I ask you was that my fault? I served my three years of apprenticeship in a constant state of hunger. . . . Three years! and you knew all about the trade in a month. But the governors can't be expected to be up to everything; they have not an idea of the way in which the children are turned to account. . . .

'Ab, you were surprised to see me take a piece of bread out of the mud? It's not the first time not by many, that I have picked up crusts out of the dust heaps, and when they were too dry I used to soak them all night in my water jug. At last when my apprenticeship was finished, and I took to my trade, as I have said, you couldn't earn by it enough to sustain a man. Oh, I tried many others. I had a good heart for work. I was a mason's laborer, a porter, a floor polisher and a dozen others! But to-day it was the work was wanting; another time I lost my place. . . . But all the same I never had enough to eat to satisfy me. Tonnerre! What fury I have felt in passing before baker's shops! Happily for me at those times, I always remembered the good sister at the asylum, who so often pressed on me to keep honest, and I would even believe that I could feel on my forehead the warmth of her little hand. . . . At last, at eighteen, I enlisted. . . . You know as well as I do that the soldier has only just enough, and now—it's almost enough to make one lurch—behold the siege and famine! You see now that I didn't tell you lies when I said that I had always, always been hungry.'

The young duke had a good heart, and, listening to this terrible lament, told him by a man like himself, by a soldier whose uniform made him his equal, he felt himself profoundly stirred.

'Jean Victor,' he said, 'if we both survive this frightful war we shall see more of each other, and I hope I shall be of use to you. But just now, as there is no other baker at the outposts but the corporal of the commissariat, and as my ration of bread is twice too much for my small appetite—it is understood, is it not?—we will share like good comrades.'

A hearty shake of the hands was exchanged between the two men, and as night was falling, and they were being harassed by watches and alarms, they re-entered the cabaret, where a dozen soldiers lay sleeping upon the straw, and, throwing themselves down side by side, they sank into a heavy sleep.

Toward midnight Jean Victor awoke; he was probably hungry. The wind had blown away the clouds, and a moon-beam, shining into the room through the rent in the roof, lit up the charming fair head of the young duke, sleeping like an Eudymon. Still touched by the kindness of his comrade, Jean Victor was looking at him with naive admiration, when the sergeant of the platoon opened the door to call the five men who were to relieve the sentinels at the outposts. The duke was of the number, but when his name was called he did not awake.

'Hardimont, get up,' repeated the sergeant.

'If you'll be good enough to let me, sergeant, said Jean Victor, rising, I'll mount guard for him. . . he's fast asleep. . . and he's my comrade.'

'As thou chooseth.'

'And the five men gone the snoring began again. But half an hour after the sound of firing, sharp and very near, broke in upon the night. In an instant they had all sprung to their feet; the men hastened from the cabaret, and with finger on trigger, stole along stealthily looking along the road, which showed white by the moonlight.

'But what o'clock is it?' asked the duke.

'I was to have been on the guard. Some one answered him.

'Jean Victor has gone in your place.'

'At that moment a soldier came running along the road.

'What's happened?' they asked as he stopped breathless.

'The Prussians are attacking. . . we must fall back on redoubt.'

'And our comrades?'

'They're coming. . . all but that poor Jean Victor.'

'Killed on the spot, with a bullet through his head. . . he hadn't time to say 'Out!'

One night last winter, towards two o'clock in the morning, the Duc de Hardimont was leaving the club with his neighbor, the Comte de Saunieres; he had lost a few hundred louis, and felt something of a headache.

'If you don't mind, Andre,' he said to his companion, 'we will walk home. . . I want some fresh air.'

'As you like, 'cher ami,' although the pavement is horribly bad.'

They sent away their broughams, turned up the collars of their fur coats and walked toward the Madeleine. Presently the duke sent rolling something which he had struck with the toe of his boot; it was a large crust of bread, all covered with mud.

'That's his assessment, M. de Saunieres saw the Duc de Hardimont pick up the lump of bread, carefully wipe it with his great-embroidered handkerchief and place it on a bench of the boulevard under the light of a gas lamp, where it could well be seen.

'But what on earth is it you are doing?' said the count, bursting into a laugh.

'Are you mad?'

'It is in memory of a poor man who died for me,' replied the duke, his voice slightly trembling. . . . 'Don't laugh, mon cher; you hurt me!'—From the French of Francois Coppes.

The Duke's Fourpence. A clever Englishwoman has recently written, 'There aint nothin' souny about a dook. Set him where you will, he makes the page look full.' This is a duke of fiction; a duke of fact may be a different person. A nobleman at this high rank, known in London as remarkably close in money matters recently hailed a cab to take him to Waterloo station. When there he was delighted and handed up a shilling. The cabman, who naturally expected his tip, began to grumble.

'That's the regular fare,' said the duke promptly. 'And why did you take the longest route? Why didn't you drive through Hyde Park?'

'Cause Hyde park's closed,' said the cabman, who surmised with whom he was dealing.

'Hyde Park closed?' Why is that? asked the duke in surprise.

'Cause the Duke of—dropped a fourpence there this mornin' and the gates are closed till he finds it,' replied the cabman, quite innocently.

First friend: 'Do you have good police protection out your way?'

Second friend: 'Do we? Well, I should say so. We have the prettiest servant girl in the town.'

He: 'There are two periods in a man's life when he never understands a woman.'

'Indeed and when are they?'

'Before he is married and afterwards.'

YAH! YOU CAN'T GUST THEN, THEY'RE DOMINION.

WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED

BORN.

Truro, Sept. 15, to the wife of John Ogilvie, a son. Clifton, Sept. 7, to the wife of George Yull, a son. Manservant, to Capt. Ira and Mrs. Mosher, a son. Hantsport, Sept. 9, to the wife of Horace Davison, a son.

Berwick, Sept. 13, to the wife of C. R. Borden, a son. Truro, Sept. 19, to the wife of A. J. Campbell, a son. Mt. Denison, Aug. 30, to the wife of Wm. McKinnley, a son.

Windsor, Sept. 19, to the wife of Reginald Redden, a son. Yarmouth, Sept. 16, to the wife of C. A. Kennedy, a daughter. Truro, Sept. 20, to the wife of T. W. Blenkinsop, a son.

Sydney, Sept. 18, to the wife of John Menzies, jr., a son. Truro, Sept. 19, to the wife of Mrs. Warren Fry, a son.

Port Lorne, Sept. 13, to the wife of Patterson Foster, a daughter. Ipswich, Mass., Sept. 11, to the wife of R. S. Abbott, a daughter.

Parsons, Sept. 15, to the wife of Capt. B. E. Merriam, a son. Sheet Harbor, Sept. 12, to the wife of D. C. Richards, a daughter.

Lower Onslow, Sept. 10, to the wife of Geo. W. Carter, a daughter. Londonderry station, Aug. 5, to the wife of Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, a son.

Forest Glen, Colchester Co., Sept. 16, to the wife of Burpee Stevens, a daughter.

MARRIED. St. John, Sept. 21, George Pollock to Ada B. Smith. Kenville, Sept. 21, Robert S. Boyd to Mianie G. Langille.

Haltifax, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, E. J. Bishop to M. Jean Smith. Yarmouth, Sept. 17, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, Jacob K. Hatfield to Dora A. Wilson.

Grand Manan, Sept. 5, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Alfre Pare to Julia E. Fink. Chatham, Sept. 21, by Rev. D. Henderson, Albert Haines to Florence Kerr.



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Middle Mt. quodoholt, Sept. 7, by Rev. W. C. Perry Alex. Smith to Esther I. Power.

Sydney Mines, Sept. 14, by Rev. D. Drummond Alex. McDonald to Sarah Campbell.

Paradise, Sept. 7, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Maynard McKennie to Myrtle J. Whitman.

Vancouver, Sept. 7, by Rev. C. H. Banpasch, Everett C. Hicks to Amanda Armstrong.

Somerville, Aug. 31, by Rev. E. T. Fomeroy, Richard C. Christie to Lillian O. Knowlton.

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 29, by Rev. J. Macgillivray, Stanley T. Chown to Miss W. Murray.

Tatamagouche, Sept. 10, by Rev. J. Sedgewick, George L. Brown to Mary E. Langille.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 7, by Rev. L. F. Wallace, Henry F. Grant to Annie L. Brennan.

Scotch Village, Newport, Sept. 6, by Rev. Wm. Rees Joshua S. Lantz to Annie S. Wier.

Jamaica Plain, Sept. 9, by Rev. Ralph M. Hunt, Rev. Frederick M. Young, to Susan A. Walker.

Scotch Village, Newport, Sept. 10, by Rev. Wm. Rees, Howard B. Sanford to Cynthia G. Armstrong.

Ballybrack, Macled, N. W. T., Sept. 14, by Rev. J. A. Gaffney, Edward F. Cummings to Mary L. Hughes.

Haltifax, Sept. 20, by Rev. Father Morgan, assisted by Rev. Dr. Foley, Sergt-Major Long to Elizabeth M. Mahoney.

DIED. Haltifax, Sept. 16, Mattie Ryan.

Yarmouth, Sept. 17, Eithy Cook. Victoria, John David Musnie 46.

Calais, Sept 1 Barbara Howe, 74. Newport, Sept. 13, Annie Dill 45.

Calais, Sept. 7 Ann Ballmore, 75. Hants, Sept. 6, Jess Campbell.

Truro, Sept. 13, James May Fraser, 50. Haltifax, Sept. 19, James Hunt 7.

Red Beach, Sept. 11 Russel Lane, 1. Portauque, Sept. 4, Amos Hill, 23.

St. John, Sept. 12, James Drake, 73. East Noel, Sept. 8 Gladys Hines, 2.

Hants, Sept. 5, Hugh McDonald, 84. Alexander, Sept. 4, Sarah Ayswell, 93.

Calais, Sept. 15 Deborah Gardner 66. Truro, Sept. 17, Rosina McDorman, 43.

Calais, Sept. 9, Marjorie Foster, 4 mos. Haltifax, Sept. 21, John Webster, 9 mos.

Calais, Sept. 14, Thomas Schofield, 64. Wentworth, Sept. 16, John Phillip, 62.

St. John, Sept. 17, Theodore Everett 32. Calais, Sept. 1, Carrie McCallum, 47.

STEAMBOATS. Star Line Steamers

Fredericton. (Local Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.30 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 5 o'clock a. m. for St. John.

Star. Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 6 o'clock.

CHANGE OF SAILING.

On and after Monday, the 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 6.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 9 p. m. local.

RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE.

Lve. St. John at 11 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.45 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Haltifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.23 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.40 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.15 p. m.

Lve. Haltifax 8.45 a. m., ar. Digby 1.05 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.45 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.43 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.50 a. m., ar. Haltifax 3.48 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.35 a. m., ar. Digby 10.25 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., ar. Haltifax 3.05 p. m.

Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 8.30 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Plying B. Express trains between Haltifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and safest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train, arriving in Boston early next morning.

Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Stations can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Farrisboro.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Passenger Train Service

St John, N. B. In Effect October 2nd, 1898.

LEAVING, E. return Standard time, at 6.25 A. Yankoo-Week days—for Fredericton, Woodstock and points North. Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West.

8.35 Mixed-Week days—for McAdam Jct. and all intermediate points.

4.10 Express-Week days—for St. Stephen, Hantsport, Woodstock, Sherbrooke, Montreal and all points West. North West and on the Pacific Coast: Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West.

Canadian Pacific Sleeper St. John to Montreal, and Dining Car to Mattawamkeag. Fullman Sleeper St. John to Boston.

4.35 Express-Week days—for Fredericton and all intermediate points.

RETURNING to St. John from Montreal 7.30 p. m.; Boston 7.40, X. 7.45 p. m.; Portland 7.00 a. m. 11.00 p. m.; Bangor 4.30 a. m. 2.05 p. m.; Woodstock 6.20 a. m. 4.15 p. m.; Hantsport 6.30 a. m. 4.30 p. m.; St. Stephen 7.40 a. m. 4.40 p. m.; St. Andrews J. 6.50 a. m. 4.10 p. m.; Vancouver 6.25 a. m. 4.08 p. m.; Fredericton 6.00, 9.30 a. m. 7.30 p. m. Arriving St. John at 8.20, 11.50 a. m. 9.40 p. m.

Daily except Saturday, Sunday only. X. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. Monday, Wednesday and Friday only. U. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only. Other trains week days only.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Hampton. . . . . 5.3

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Picton and Halifax. . . . . 6.0

Express for Halifax. . . . . 6.5

Express for Sussex. . . . . 10.4

Express for Hampton. . . . . 11.7

Express for Quebec, Montreal. . . . . 11.7

Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Digby, and Sydney. . . . . 12.20

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.30 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Hampton. . . . . 7.15

Express from Sussex. . . . . 8.30

Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. . . . . 11.00

Express from Halifax. . . . . 11.00

Express from Hampton. . . . . 11.00

Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted. . . . . 12.00

Express from Digby. . . . . 12.00

Express from Sydney. . . . . 12.00

Express from Truro. . . . . 12.00

Express from Picton. . . . . 12.00

Express from Peggwash. . . . . 12.00

Express from Campbellton. . . . . 12.00

Express from Hampton. . . . . 12.00

Express from Halifax. . . . . 12.00

Express from Quebec. . . . . 12.00

Express from Montreal. . . . . 12.00

Express from Sydney. . . . . 12.00

Express from Truro. . . . . 12.00

Express from Picton. . . . . 12.00

Express from Peggwash. . . . . 12.00

Express from Campbellton. . . . . 12.00

Express from Hampton. . . . . 12.00

Express from Halifax. . . . . 12.00