

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

THE MAINE HOTEL STORY TROTTED IN THE SHADE.

A Moncton Physician and a Trained Nurse Deceived by the Sudden Rise in the Thermometer—The Cause Which Led to the Situation—Other Happenings.

An item has been going the rounds in regard to a Maine hotel man who keeps his guests cool during the holidays by working upon their imagination. He conceals an ice chest near the thermometer on the piazza and the guests seeing it register only 75 and 80 degrees regulate their feelings accordingly and keep cool. In regard to this story a gentleman in this city writes PROGRESS as follows:

I find that wherever that story of the Maine man and his device for keeping his guests in a state of good humor with the climate, and with his own particular hostility in mind, it creates a smile of incredulity that the imagination could be so worked upon; but I should like to tell you of a case that occurred, to my certain knowledge, and that deceived even medical men and others not given to any useless indulgence of imagination. The incident to which I refer happened to a lady who has many friends in this city and Fredericton; she was teaching in Moncton at the time and there are several who can vouch for the truth of the story.

While in the railway town she was stricken with fever, which developed very serious symptoms, but finally succumbed to skilled medical treatment and careful nursing. During the early stages of her convalescence it was particularly desirable to keep the temperature of the sick room at about 80 degrees. Upon this, in a large measure, depended the patients recovery, so that the nurse, physician and the family in which the young lady boarded were deeply interested in the movements of the mercury in one particular thermometer which hung several feet from the foot of the sick bed.

One Sunday evening the nurse returned from a little walk, and after performing various duties looked to see if the temperature of the room was all right; with an incredulous stare, she rubbed her eyes and looked again—the thermometer registered 90. This was all the more unaccountable in view of the fact that the nurse fancied she had found the air a little chilly during her walk. She looked at her patient who had fallen into a doze—induced no doubt by the heat of the room, and then started in to remedy the undesirable state of affairs—a window was lowered, a screen being placed in front of the bed to guard against draught, the nurse, and a member of the family vigorously wielded two large fans, but it was no use—up crept the mercury to 95 degrees.

The doctor was hastily summoned and the matter explained. Yes; the room was too warm altogether; the doctor mopped his brow, unbuttoned his vest, ordered another window opened, and that all the fires should be extinguished. After a while the mercury dropped a few degrees, but still, with surprising stubbornness refused to go back to where it had started from, half an hour before. It still registered in the vicinity of 95 when the patient awoke, drew the clothes closer up around her neck and complained of feeling cold.

The doctor made a dash for the thermometer, but as he reached for it his hand came in contact with the wall, and with an expression hardly suited to the sanctity of a sick room, he retreated. The nurse's examination left her in a similar state of chagrin; and the cause of the sudden fall in their temperature was fully explained when an investigation showed that the family occupying the first floor had lighted a fire in their sitting room, which was directly under the sick young lady's bedroom, and that it was against a chimney, through which ran a pipe, that the thermometer was hanging. The story is true in every particular, and to some would seem much funnier than the story of the Maine hotel man.

DIDN'T GET ALL HIS PAX.
And Now the Cornet Player is out With St. John Musicians.

A cornet player, belonging to Halifax, who returned to his native city from St. John a few days since, tells a story which reflects a great deal on the character of one of our band masters. According to the musician's tale, he received an offer from the band master, in question to come over to St. John to play at the time and display his abilities as a cornet player in the band. The amount offered for the time was \$10, so said the

band master. As the cornet player was not otherwise employed he readily accepted the offer, and came to this city. He played in the band during the demonstrations; but at the close his money was not forthcoming. After several attempts to secure it, he received \$4, but the balance he could not get. The only satisfaction he says he received from the bandmaster was an offer to procure him a situation in a factory of the salary of \$5 per week. However the musician returned to the Nova Scotia capital just \$6 poorer than he expected to have done.

IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.
Life Does Not Always Glide on With Undisturbed Happiness.

Although far inferior to their urban brethren in point of numbers the residents of country districts quite frequently furnish material for items of real live interest, sometimes of a marked romantic nature, occasionally in connection with matters scientific, and quite often they bob up in a bubble of worldly trouble, socially or otherwise. The culmination of a long standing disagreement serves as the text to this particular writing.

A good many miles up river the proprietor of a large and first class summer hotel, has been entertaining everything but golden opinions of one of his nearest neighbors, for some time past, the two residents disagreed in politics, in school matters they fought, and although both professed the same religion, they thought, under the circumstances, it would be more christian-like to vary in opinion. The breach grew wider each day and even when the children of the unneighborly neighbors met on the roads, there was sure to be a tilt, either wordy or fisty.

It appears that the nearest steamer landing in the district is that belonging to the hotel and attended to by the hotel proprietor or some of his many sons. The privilege of boarding a boat or disembarking is generally conceded to be public at this point as well as anywhere else, and although the greater part of the traffic at the landing in question is done in connection with the hotel business, yet many of the residents round about make use of it also.

Returning from market a few days ago one of the principals in the disagreements above cited was pretty roughly handled as the outcome of the disputes of yore. He had with him the usual complements of "empties," barrels, baskets, firkins etc., making in all a big load for a small boat. When the steamer blew for the landing the people at the resort did not know but what it might be some new boarders about to arrive and consequently the best boat in the flotilla was rowed out to receive whoever might come off. What was the angered dismay of the hotel man's big son to find the families "dearest" friend and his freight ready to come off. Lots of lightning looks were exchanged and objections high-strung made to the alleged imposition but a steamer's deck hands piled on the stuff and shoved the small craft and her unfriendly passengers adrift.

Reaching the shore, where the hotel proprietor and his squad were in waiting a fee of fifty cents was asked for the attendance upon the steamer. The request was refused and after very few minutes of hot words, blows were exchanged. After the hotel people were satisfied that they had taken a half dollar's worth of satisfaction out of their neighbor, gauging it by imperial measure, they allowed him to go home, badly used up. Such is one of the advantages of having a big family of full grown sons who in order to pay for their "keep" are willing to do most anything.

THOUGHT IT WAS NO GOOD.
And Now the Mine Turns out to be a big Bonanza.

TRURO, July 22.—Some Halifax people are about as slow and unenterprising and as easily discouraged as it is possible to imagine. Everything must prove successful from the very start if they are to go into it and keep in it. This is particularly true of our richest men. An instance of it came to light the other day, which is furnished by a syndicate of Halifax men, among whom were T. E. Kenny, ex M. P. president of the Merchants' bank, Michael Dwyer who is worth a good half million, J. F. Stairs and a lot of others. These men examined a new gold mine at Goldenville and they handed from it G. W. Stuart, of Truro, at \$50,000 paying a cash deposit forfeit of \$10,000. What they did in the way of working the mine was not much.

They soon lost faith in it, probably because some one who professed to know all about it went to them and told them the mine was no good. Acting on this they threw the mine up. They wanted Stuart and the others to "throw" the \$10,000 back to them, but this was out of the question from Stuart's point of view and he would not do it.

Meanwhile one George Hirschfield, of Halifax turned up and asked for the privilege of working on tribute two of the areas out of the very many included in the property. He was allowed to proceed. The first month Hirschfield took out barely enough to pay expenses: the second month he got a good deal more and at the end of the third month he made a great find. The bar he brought in was worth money equal to 6 per cent per month on the whole \$50,000 which the rich but easily disheartened Halifax syndicate would have had to pay for it. The feelings of those men can be imagined when they learned of this. The fact is that the gathering in of large bank dividends with very little effort, merely calling at the bank to receive them, is not apt to be conducive to enterprising on the part of such fortunate men.

Before Hirschfield's success became known the Halifax syndicate had entered an action to recover the \$10,000 forfeit deposit. Stuart will fight, and what the court will do is, of course, a question, but it will require some pretty strong evidence to meet that shown by Hirschfield's success.

THEY ARE NATURAL ENEMIES.
There is Likely to be Trouble Between the Tramway and City.

HALIFAX, July 22.—There promises to be a long and bitter war between the Halifax electric tramway and the city of Halifax. Both sides are developing symptoms which shows them to be "natural born enemies". The tramway company seems to be a long and bitter war between the Halifax electric tramway and the city of Halifax. Both sides are developing symptoms which shows them to be "natural born enemies". The tramway company seems to be a long and bitter war between the Halifax electric tramway and the city of Halifax. Both sides are developing symptoms which shows them to be "natural born enemies".

Alas, Mitchell, Lane and others brought this home very pointedly to the mayor and city engineer and asked them why they had allowed it. The mayor said that such conduct was news to him, and the engineer said he was sick and tired of trying to get the company to follow his instructions or to obey the law. It was no use for him to say anything, for his words were as idle wind which General Manager Brown and the street railway respected not.

All this came to light in connection with a request from the company to lay double track in some districts where now there is but a single track. After a fierce onslaught on the company the permission was granted, but with the proviso practically that the whole width of the street where the changes are proposed shall be paved with blocks and that this paving shall keep pace with the laying of the rails, otherwise the city engineer is at once to stop further work, even if all the police force of the city, aided by general Montgomery Moore and the troops at his disposal are required.

Another order that the engineer received will likely cause some exciting times. This is that the city engineer forth with remove the tramway company's rails from Jacob Street, Windsor Street Agricola Street or any other street where they have been laid down without carrying out the stipulations as to the grades and paving. Manager Brown is a good railroad man doubtless, but he has succeeded admirably in arousing against himself and his company the hospitality of the city council and citizens of Halifax.

Professional Ethics.
It was when Dr. J. H. Morrison the specialist was reading one of his excellent papers before the assembled medical men on Thursday morning last that a North End practitioner walked unconcernedly into the hall and turning a chair directly round sat down with his back toward the speaker. Whether it was absent-mindedness or not he was promptly called to order, but by not only the gentlemen having the floor, but by several indignant members of the society.

AN OFFICER'S MISTAKE.

HE THOUGHT HE COULD BULLY A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN.

Lawyer Hanington of Moncton and a Party of His Guests Ordered from His own Piazza by an Officious Policeman—The Lawyer's Action in the Matter.

Respectable people really are getting a little ashamed of Moncton, and if things grow any worse will be driven to deny their country, in other words to hail from Lutz Mountain or Boundary Creek instead of the city of Moncton, when they visit abroad lest haply people from other places should jeer at them and the knowledge that they lived in the railway city should militate against them in business. The fact is that Moncton people have a good deal to contend with lately and the discredit brought upon them by those whose business it is to protect their lives and properties, is becoming a burden too heavy to be endured much longer. The meetings of that grave and responsible body the city council are rapidly degenerating into a series of free fights and it would not be a great surprise to the majority of the citizens of the wordy war which usually goes on, should prove too insipid for the mettlesome gentry who manage Moncton municipal affairs and they should resort to fists, in the near future. No doubt the council meetings are most exciting and enjoyable to the aldermen themselves, but then the constant quarrels must retard business and besides that they make other people laugh at, and bring our civic government into disrepute, which is decidedly unpleasant. As for the policemen—well there is a dim recollection of mentioning some time ago in these very columns that certain new members of the Moncton police force were suffering from excessive zeal, in its most violent form, and prophesying that they would get themselves into serious trouble if they were not more moderate in their display of that very desirable quality.

But one of the members referred to, has proved the truth of the remark in the last day or two, by an act of stupidity and officiousness which goes beyond the wildest day dreams of the Metropolitan police force of New York, who have hitherto held the championship of the world for tyrannical officiousness.

The officer referred to, is policeman Cusack, who would seem to be envious of the laurels won by his colleague Belyea, and desirous of distinguishing himself equally; and the victim is a young professional man whose business and social standing are above reproach.

Last Monday evening this gentleman, his wife, and several young people who were visiting them, were seated on their own veranda enjoying the cool evening air, and laughing and talking as young people will, when suddenly, at about half-past ten o'clock, the imposing figure of an officer of the law loomed up, and not content with merely looming, he deliberately stopped at the gate and pulling out his watch remarked—"Now it's half past ten, and its about time you were all in the house."

To say that the master of the house was astonished, is to express his state of mind but faintly—he was literally speechless, but the first use he made of his breath when he recovered it, was to request the too-officious guardian of the peace to go about his business. This excellent advice the doughty warrior declined to take, replying "If this house was on Vulcan or Telegraph street there would be a big touse raised about it. People have been arrested on those streets for less noise, and I don't consider one man any better than another." Wisely keeping outside the gate, and therefore out of the jurisdiction of the athletic young lawyer, Policeman Cusack hung persistently around the house, and when some of the guests took their leave, he followed them, even accosting them, and telling them that now he had got them where he wanted them, and actually followed some of the guests to their homes.

In consequence of this little ebullition of zeal Officer Cusack finds himself today in water, which is decidedly too warm for comfort, and it is more than likely that there will be a vacancy on the force ere long. He told a friend shortly after the episode referred to above, that he had been kicking himself all the way down town for not having arrested the young lawyer, but he is likely to take a leading part in something similar to an arrest sooner than he would like, the insulted lawyer having laid a formal complaint

against him and demanded an investigation.

It is no secret that the gentleman in question is Mr. H. C. Hanington, and the following is the formal complaint laid by him before the public committee:—

To the Chairman and Members of the Police Committee of the City Council of the City of Moncton.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret that I have to complain to your Committee of the misconduct and insolent behavior of one of the members of the city police force, Harris T. Cusack, against whom I hereby prefer the following charges:—

1. Having on the evening of Sunday, July 19th inst. willfully and insolently, and without any just cause ingiered with me in the enjoyment of my property;
2. Insulting Mrs. Hanington, her guests and myself, on July 18th.
3. Leaving his beat without leave on July 18th.
4. Conducting himself generally in a manner unbecoming an officer. I ask that an investigation of this charge be held at the earliest possible date, when I shall attend with witnesses to substantiate the same, and shall insist upon Cusack's dismissal from the police force.

Respectfully yours,
(Sgd) HENRY C. HANINGTON.
Moncton, N. B., July 20th, 1897.

Since the matter has come to the ears of the public, complaints against Officer Cusack are literally pouring in, and things look decidedly blue for that member of Moncton's finest. Two young ladies were returning from a party a short time ago, when they were stopped by this same policeman who informed them that it was time they were at home as they had no business on the streets at that hour. Mr. George C. Peters has laid a formal complaint that last Tuesday evening when his children were swinging in the hammock on their own lawn on Alma Street, Cusack ordered them into the house, and also that he insulted other members of Mr. Peter's family by following them last Sunday evening and using uncalled-for language to them. Cusack's account of the Sunday night incident is that he was coming up main street on Monday evening when two men came up to him who they were he does not know—and told him he had better go up and stop some noise near the Mountain Road. Standing as a main street the zealous officer declared that he could hear the noise and traced it to Mr. Hanington's house. He described the disturbance as "screaming, yelling and singing". Mr. E. J. Thomson who resides next door to Mr. Hanington, and Mr. D. I. Welch, who were both sitting in Mr. Thomson's house at the time contradict this statement flatly, the windows were all open they say and though the houses are not a hundred feet apart they heard no noise whatever. Altogether it looks as if it would require more ingenuity than Officer Cusack has given evidence of possessing to extricate that gentleman from the very unpleasant predicament in which he has placed himself by his imprudent and most uncalled for interference with the private affairs of citizens whose conduct is, and always has been perfectly above reproach.

THE DOOR WAS LOCKED.
The Magistrate Found Though It was Better Left Open.

Civil court day is usually a very busy one for Magistrate Ritchie, and during the proceedings on that day he naturally desires that no noise shall interfere with him in his duties. Leading from the court room is a flight of stairs, at the bottom of which is a door that leads into the guard room in police headquarters, where the telephone for the convenience of the occupants of the building is located. This telephone is a source of very great annoyance to his honor, on civil court days, as the lawyers who crowd the courtroom are continually running downstairs to use the phone, to say nothing of the newspaper reporters. A week ago the judge decided to put an end to this disturbance, and gave orders to the sergeant to have the door leading to the guard room locked. Of course the barristers were not aware of the fact and as usual started to make their weekly trips to the telephone, only to find themselves barred out. They said never a word, but quietly returned to their seats in the court room. The days business was nearly over, and the time was well on to noon hour, when the magistrate suddenly recollected that he had a message to deliver which pertained to his mid-day meal. He hurriedly left his seat, and started for the telephone but like the lawyers he found himself locked out. He called to the sergeant inside but in vain, as the police officer who is somewhat deaf mistaking him for one of the lawyers took little or no notice of him. Finally the chief appeared on the scene, and had the door opened. It has not been locked since.

SHADES OF CITY LIFE.

SPARKLING PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

The Latest New York Additions to the slang Vocabulary—Why the Tartars Play a Good Ball Game—What the American Boats Bring to St. John, and Other Things.

How many American relatives are you entertaining?

The holy land crusade is over up river, and once more the Sunday desecrating steamers are idle.

The post office job has been assigned, and the ninety and nine outside the fold didn't make travelling expenses.

Its between St. John and Alaska for first place. Up North they're putting up the ever tangible in barrels; down here the incoming hundreds are gobbling up our priceless fog.

We are getting more like New York every day. A herdic is the newest thing in the vehicle line in the town. "Wheelless" bicycles may be the next.

Nickola Tesla says he can send words to the heavens on a ray of light. Won't some philanthropic scientist please discover a way by which some poor impecunious St. Johnite can preserve fog and ship it to the sweltering States.

It looks as if the "Yellow Kid" were numbered among the excessive heat deaths. The "Blackberry Sisters" are his successors, but in the words of the patented stage villian, "their day will come!" also. In New York the people are engrossed in the World—Journal—baseball—bulletin war—its very warm there.

"Fix your hat," says your friend. You proceed at once to see what is wrong with your chapeau, but the joker again speaks, "It's all right," says he. This is supposed to be a late New York importation; isn't it a pity Customs Officer Kelly was not around when it was being smuggled over the line; what misery we might have been saved if he had seized it. "There's been a hot time in the old town" ever since the new song came out.

Now that the high priced bicycle has met its just death the kingpins in the business are working a scheme which promises to take splendidly, and buy up for another season at least, the money output for wheels. Chainless machines are the latest, and the press the world over, has gone wild, very nearly, over the prospects of fractured records, facilitated locomotion, and a thousand and one alleged improvements. True this is an age of advancement, sometimes of a very startling nature, but is also an age of unprecedented bluff, when wonders are sprung so numerously upon the gullible public that they have to be taken as a matter of fact or you are put down at a pessimist, back number, doubting Thomas, or Jonah.

Talking about baseball, it is surprising the interest taken in the national league series of the adjoining republic by the people of St. John. Early in the season each person selects his favorite team and throughout the months of play the varying luck of that particular aggregation is followed with intense interest by the enthusiast. The Bostonians seem to have a corner on the local market here, not because they are drum majoring the procession now, but no doubt on account of their being the most eastern and consequently the nearest team to St. John geographically speaking. Once and a while you will come across a Baltimore bully, a Cincinnati crank, or perhaps Louisville lover, but if you listened to their several stories they could trace out for you to the very day almost when their teams would capture first place and win the pennant. In St. John you have either got to be a supporter of the St. Johns, Roses or Alerts, or you care nothing for the game.

We often hear the question asked in St. John, "how is it that the Tartars of Fredrickton put up such a rattling good game of ball invariably and seem almost invincible?" Well, if anybody should ask me I would simply tell them I considered them invincible indeed on the Scully's Grove diamond but when off that field there is some little chance for the other side to win. They are an exceptionally strong team, and if current talk is true there is no reason whatever why they should not be able to play gold-rimmed ball. I have heard, and from several sources too, there is a perpetuity of uniformed Tartars on the baseball grounds of the celestial city and around town. They are said to be always tossing the ball and at least five of them are wearing the national game paraphernalia constantly. From this one would infer that the Tartars were sons of wealthy men and didn't have to work, but the fact is plain they have to put

in a few hours toil when they strike St. John to play the game.

Have you ever stood leaning over the railing at Reed's Point wharf watching the big American steamers unload their human freight? the amusement is indeed rare, that is if you are in the right frame of mind. Generally the procession is started off by what whitewashed yankees of the sterner sex there may be aboard. Of course they're dressed a la mode, most always with little regard for taste. They have the very latest in shoes, hat, with particular emphasis upon the cravat. Uncle or aunt at the head of the floats is greeted with a salutation which the fresh young man perhaps thinks is a wfully cute but in reality he is only one of the hundreds on the same boat. Auntie says we'll take a coach, nephew says, let's take a "cab" or "herdic" and after a bluster about checks and forced inquiry as to the names of the streets to be traversed before reaching their destination, the American citizen of six months, perhaps a year, again interrogates his relative carefully producing his plated gold watch and asking "I have Bawstin time; when does it get dawk heah?" Well, auntie has lived a little longer than her nephew and with an innocent all swallowing look, tells him when it gets dark. He calls home "a bobtail town", the opera house "theater" and when a few more relatives stroll in he has forgotten all about them, poor fellow!

But the real genuine Americans. They stroll "off the yacht," papa in the lead, wrestling with two valises and another one. Materfamilias and daughters follow in Indian file perhaps, the girls looking jaunty and chic, mamma holding up her skirts and looking as if she had given up everything to the vasty deep. Papatired, out, drops the grips in front of the hungry horde of St. John coachmen; there's a tussle during which the tourist laughs loud, the girls are afraid of their clothes within, and mother is mad. Aboard the vehicle and they are away; then the next we see of them is on the street.

The elderly gentleman who a few years ago left dear old St. John at his Americanized son's request walks slowly up the floats, and breathing once more the pure air of his native city, and clasping the hands of his old friends, ten years are added to his life. He has failed considerably and the iron gray hairs of a short time ago have whitened. He enjoys his home trip beyond telling and is loathe to leave.

A pale, emaciated woman ascends the floats; she is not yet out of the twenties by a good six or seven years but she looks to be thirty at least, and of the factory labor type. A look of anticipation and happy relaxation seems to beam from her eyes; style very quiet, clothes not of the richest. Her home relatives meet her, and what a genuine love greeting it is! She's a hard working girl to whom "the States" is merely the battleground of life.

A chappie or two of the conventional type "capture the village, don't you know" and a robust ward politician follows. The first ogles the girls standing round; the latter wants to hire two hacks and ride two ways to two hotels—and so on until the last one of the procession is lost in the coolings mist and the watcher turns homeward, wishing for each and all of the travellers a merry vacation time and many happy returns.

Wore Overalls and Was Not Pretty, but He Could Twist a Ball.

My experience as a baseball manager was down in the oil regions when money was plenty and sporting blood was at fever heat. The most formidable team with which I had to contend was in a neighboring town, and whole fortunes changed hands before the championship was determined. The crowds were so strongly partisan that a few dozen stalwart policemen were always a necessity. We had to pay umpires princely salaries, and I never knew one of them to preside at more than a single game.

So close had been the season's play that we were tied, with the decisive contest to be had in our town. For some reason that I have never been able to fathom, three of my best players had disappeared, and among them our cracked pitcher. I had enough men, but they were not the right men. I guess that there must have

NOT A SHOW PITCHER.

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They Learned of Victoria's Ascension to the Throne Weeks After.

On July 26, 1837, one month and six days after the death of King William IV. of England and the accession of the Princess Victoria to the throne, the Intelligencer published the first notice of this change of rulers.

The first news was meagre, very much the same sort of a skeleton story as is received in Washington now ten minutes after a lynching on railroad wreck west of the Mississippi, when the anxious correspondent is querying to know how many columns he shall wire. But this skeleton story was no query. It was the whole thing, and all that an interested public was to get till the next packet sailed in.

It came by the packet St. James, and arrived in New York on July the 24. The New York correspondent of the Intelligencer frantically rushed off about forty words to Washington late on the afternoon of the 26th. Newspapers were not published so early in the day then as they are now. Instead of going to press for a noon edition, it was nearer 6 o'clock when they got on the street, just about the time that the

REPORTS have been reaching us daily from all quarters of sunstroke and great suffering from heat, and all the while we have been enjoying deliciously cool weather.

Add to the climate lofty ceilings, perfect ventilation, and the best courses of business and shorthand instruction obtainable in Canada, and you have the reason for the success of our summer classes.

Catalogues mailed to any address.

No Summer vacation. Students can enter at any time

Windsor Salt Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

sporting editions now come out with the score of the day's ball games.

The despatch from New York arrived by special post a few minutes before 4 o'clock. By that hour the pages were all made up for the 6 o'clock going to press (Ben Franklin hand lever press at that). Naturally this influx of live news, with only two hours to make over a page, stamped the composing room of the great Washington daily, and the despatch was cut down to about five lines and stuck in between two advertisements as aforesaid. The current number of the paper does not say whether the proprietor went around to each of his subscribers and told them where to look for the news so they would not overlook it. The art of headline construction in that day was unknown, or at least not practised. Two lines of type were the most that any story ever got, and the headline over the announcement of the Queen's accession had a single line of full-face caps such as would now be considered insufficient for a good lively disorderly case in the police court. Here is how it read:

Special, 4 P. M.—By post, just arrived from New York. The King of England died on the 20th of June. This rumor is confirmed by vessels which have just arrived at New York.

The Princess Victoria has ascended the throne. There it was. Note, lest the reader be misled, this was the whole story, not the headline.

Another interesting incident in the same line showing the delay in the transmission of news at that time was the story in the Intelligencer of July 7, 1837, which was seventeen days after the death of William. This story was headed "The Latest from England," and was prefaced by the statement that vessels from England had brought over European news up to May 27. Then followed this paragraph:

"The state ball in honor of Princess Victoria's birthday was given on May 24. Neither the King nor the Queen were present. The health of the King is improving. This was printed just seventeen days after he died.

Two days after the first report of the King's death the Intelligencer printed a more complete account of the change, not occupying more than half a column. It was clipped largely from the English papers, which were brought over on the St. James, and was principally as follows:

William the IV. is no more. He passed away on the morning of Tuesday, June 29, at 2:30 a. m. He attained what may be called a good old age, being at the time of his death within two months of seventy-three years. At the present crisis when England is beset by evils on every hand, his death is viewed with severe sorrow, from the uncertainty how his youthful successor may act. So much depends upon her line of conduct that we fear she may be led to sacrifice principle for popularity; and at the beginning of her career make some false steps in politics from which she may not easily recover.

Immediately after the King's death, a messenger was at once sent to Lord Melbourne commanding him to an audience with Queen Victoria at 9 a. m. At 11 a privy council was held at Kensington. The Princess and her mother were present, and the young Queen took the usual oaths. The Cabinet Ministers, kneeling before her, swore allegiance and supremacy. Then the Ministry tendered the seals of office which the Queen at once returned to them. A proclamation of Victoria as Queen was agreed upon and signed by all present. The Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex her uncles, signed first. It was remembered that she appeared to recognize no one except her uncles. She was very plainly dressed; a plain black gown, white cape, and crape scarf.—Washington Post.

Dark Reading of an Old Text.

"Uncle Ben," said Miss B., "from what portion of the Bible do you derive so much comfort?" Laying his index finger in the palm of his hand, the old fellow proceeded as follows: "Well, de Bible says, 'Dem do way. He is bin chasin' o' me dis year, I know I mus' be one 'er His favorites."

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WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a broker about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWING, 26, Brantford, Ont.

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CIRCULARS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

EMERSON & FISHER.

75 Prince William Street.

Notice of Sale.

To George A. Beckett and to all others whom it doth, shall or may concern.

THEY are hereby sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the County and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on

Saturday, the TWENTY-FOURTH day of JULY next,

at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made the sixth day of October, A. D. 1890, between one William A. Beckett, of the one part, and the undersigned Annie Beckett, of the other part, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for Kings County, by the No. 45, 488, in Book Y, No. 4, pages 265, 266, 268, 269 and 270 of Records, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1891, default having been made in the payment of the principal moneys and interest secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage:

"ALL that parcel of land situate in the Parish of Greenwich, in the County of Kings, on the north west side of the Long Beach (so called), bounded as follows: On the south east by the main highway road and by the water of the Mistake Cove on the south west by the side line of the said lot and owned by James L. Frawling, James L. Frawling and by said line until it strikes the line of lands owned by Nancy Paisley; on the north west by lands owned by the said Nancy Paisley, thence north easterly by the said line until it strikes the north easterly line of the said lot and owned by James Fawley, and bounded on the north east by lands owned by the said James Fawley and George Inch, thence running south easterly by said line until it strikes the water of the before named Mistake Cove, with the exception of a certain lot located to the Trustees of Schools for the Parish of Greenwich and a certain other lot located to the Baptist Church for a burial place;" together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated at the City of Saint John aforesaid, this first day of June, A. D. 1897.

Witness: ANNIE BECKETT, Mortgagee. A. WILSON, Solicitors, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B. GEORGE W. GEBOUR, Auctioneer.

Sheriff's Sale.

THEY are hereby sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on

Monday, the 13th day of September next,

at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon: All the estate, right, title and interest of THE CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY in and to all that part of the Southern Division of the Central Railway, commencing at the 12th section of the said Central Railway with the dividing line of the Counties of Kings and the City and County of Saint John, as near or about Mill's Station (so called), on said Southern Division, and thence running in southerly direction through the parish of Saint Martins, in said City and County of Saint John, to the terminus of the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway, at the village of Saint Martins, in the parish aforesaid, the Road and Roadway of said Railway having a uniform width of one hundred feet, and being about twelve miles in length, together with the Road, Roadbed, and Right of Way, Earth, Ties, Sidings, Turntables, Telephone lines and appurtenances, Building Privileges, Casements, Property used and appurtenances to the said Railway or appertaining to the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff of said county at execution out of The Supreme Court of the said County of Kings, in and for the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, in the case of Edward W. Clark, Plaintiff, versus Walter Clark, Junior, C. Edward Clark, Junior, and Milton Colton.

Dated this first day of June, A. D. 1897.

H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, R. L. B. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Quite as anticipated in this department last week, the concert which marked the debut of Miss Helen Furlong as a violinist was an event of more than ordinary local interest.

The direct musical interest centered upon the young debutante and her advent was eagerly waited. She appeared in the programme order and received a cordial and hearty welcome from every one in the audience.

Among the more distinguished lady violinists of the world, the concert was under the direction of Mr. James S. Ford, who is a musician of admitted skill and ability but who, I regret to say, despite friendly suggestion to the contrary, persists in playing his accompaniments too loudly.

Mr. Buck the basso cantante of whom mention was made in this department last week, has been secured as choir master in St. Andrew's church.

A Miss Suzanne Adams a native of Cambridge, Mass., has been engaged for a term of three years as prima donna at the opera Comique in Paris.

"The Strike of the Blacksmith" is the name given to a new opera, recently produced and with much success at Nuremberg.

It is now stated that Miss Marie Brema will not return to the United States with

the Damrosch opera company she having a somewhat liberal offer made her by Mr. Damrosch.

Mme. Dyna Beumer, the Belgian Soprano, will give her first concert in New York on Nov. 16. next.

A new oratorio, which is called "Hezekiah," will shortly be produced. It is the product of the labors of John T. Walcott a young Detroit composer, who has worked on it for three years.

A new oratorio, entitled "Isaiah" was recently produced in Minneapolis where its author Williard Patten, resides.

It is claimed by the Society of Musical Composers in Paris that there is no hall in that city which has the necessary acoustic properties for concerts on a grand scale.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith, the well known alto, has left New York for a short time and is passing her summer vacation at Old Orchard.

Madame Melba will make a concert tour in England for three weeks during next October, and will come to the United States in November, when the Damrosch-Ellis opera season will open.

A new tenor named Ibois has been engaged for the Damrosch opera season. He is thirty two years of age and has been singing in Madrid for the past two seasons.

Italian censors prohibited the performance of Donizetti's "La Favorita" at Turin and of Rossini's "La Cenerentola" at Naples, during the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Naples.

Rosenthal, who is now in the Tyrol, will again essay a tour of the United States and give his first concert in Carnegie Hall, New York on 17th, November, next.

Franchetti, the banker composer, is building an opera house where he can have his own works performed without subjecting them to the judgment of managers.

Jean de Reszkes age is now made public through the publication in the Musical Courier, of a copy of the certificate of his birth.

Mme Bergliott Ibsen, the daughter in law of Ibsen the dramatist, is a recent addition to the musical world.

Madame Albani will sing at the forthcoming musical festival at Birmingham, which is spoken of as the 39th triennial festival. It will begin on the 6th of October next with a rendition of "Elijah."

The Metropolitan opera house has been engaged for the New York season of the Damrosch opera company. In the repertoire of this aggregation there are twenty operas, and it is said that Melba may appear in a number of new roles.

Helen Bertram, who is mentioned as the wife of E. J. Henley, will sing with the company at Uhlig's Cave, St. Louis, alternating with Clara Lane, who was so popular in Boston as a member of the Castle Square opera company.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Theatre goers and others have much pleasure in store for them in the appearance of Miss Anglin, a young and talented actress, who will shortly give dramatic performances in this city.

It was a real pleasure this week to meet "Fred" Smith who is spending his vacation in his native city.

Rice's comedians begin an engagement at the Opera house next Monday evening. They give a change of bill nightly, and they play at what is now called popular

prices. The Vitascopo is a feature that is presented at each performance.

A dramatic entertainment of somewhat unique character was the "recital" of Shakespeare's Comedy "Much ado about nothing," by Mr. George B. Williams in the Mechanics Institute last Monday evening.

Rose Coghlan has quite recovered from the effects of the surgical operation she submitted to recently and has joined her brother in Prince Edward Island.

Miss Julia Arthur who begins her starring career this coming season in "A Lady of Quality" will travel for four weeks before commencing her New York season, at Wallack's theatre on 1st. November next.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will begin her next season at Baldwin's theatre, San Francisco on the 16th August next and in the meantime will take a short vacation in Southern California.

Walker Whiteside the tragedian will add to his repertoire for next season a version of Stanley Weyman's "The Man in Black."

Cora Urquhart Potter (Mrs. James Brown Potter) and Kylie Bellow are now en route to England from Australia.

Maurice Barrymore is credited with having been paid \$750.00 per week while he was working in the vaudeville. Out of this however he had to pay his support.

Otis Skinner has written a new play, adapting it from a German novel, and has entitled it "Prince Fritz." He will begin his season in St. Louis in September.

Madame Helen Modjeska has booked a short tour of six weeks for next season.

Another feminine "star" will shine in the world theatrical next season, in the person of Miss Annie Clarke Hanson "a well known Boston girl".

Fanny Davenport's new play is yet unnamed. Marie Shotwell has been engaged as leading lady of the company.

Ethel Tucker's company was disbanded in Moncton last Saturday night, several of the members, including Miss Russell passed through this city leaving here on Monday's boat.

"Woman against Woman" has been the bill for this week at the Castle Square theatre, Boston. The summer company at this house is doing good business.

Thomas L. Coleman, who has been selected as leading man for Margaret Mather for the coming season was formerly a member of Julia Marlowe's Company.

Madame Duse, who has taken no pains to secure the favor of the French dramatic critics and was in fact indifferent to them, has completely captured even those most prejudiced against her.

Joe Jefferson's next season will begin in Boston during October next.

Vernona Jarbeau is at Edgemoor, L. I. organizing her company for next season in "The Paris Doll."

The Miles Ideal Stock company closed their very successful engagement of a fortnight in this city last Saturday evening. The announcement that they would play a short return engagement here beginning on September 6th. (Labor day) was received with almost tumultuous applause.

"Nature" will be produced at the Academy of Music New York on the 30th. August next, for the first time in nearly twenty years. There are 300 people engaged for the big production.

Mr. W. Edgar Buck, BASSO CANTANTE, Graduate with Signor Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor of Choral Societies, Choirs, Concerts and Operas.

WHERE NURSES ARE TRAINED.

An Experienced Nurse Tells "Progress" of Something of the Life.

To those interested in nurses and their work, a short sketch of life in a training school and its requirements may be instructive. The applicants for admission to the school must serve one or two months on probation; at the end of which time, if showing an aptitude for the work, they are accepted as members of the school.

There is usually a good deal of good natured rivalry among the nurses as to whose patients shall present the neatest appearance. A 7 a. m. in most hospitals the day nurses go on duty. Between that time and 9.30 the beds must all be made, the patients made comfortable and breakfast served.

The home occupied by the nurses is generally supplied with a piano and good library, there are cheerful bedrooms, a study and pleasant reception rooms.

The life is full of hurry and changes which is perhaps the reason why the two years course seems so short. Many applicants are not fitted for the work and have to give it up on account of the long hours and the amount of standing to be done.

The successful nurse is the one who is careful about details and who anticipates the needs of her patients, remembering that they are not made comfortable by any one particular thing that is done in the course of the day but by the aggregate of little offices.

The interest taken by nurses in their patients is astonishing to those who know little of the inner life of a hospital. Were the sick ones their own friends no greater care and attention could be bestowed.

The nervous strain, irregular hours and loss of sleep tell on the nervous system and general health. Night duty is particularly trying. Owing to the radical change made by working at night and sleeping during the day a nurse is often so "upset" that it is several weeks before she becomes accustomed to the change.

The long night hours seem doubly so and there is a weird feeling that is hard to overcome. While others sleep the faithful nurse watches beside the cots of the suffering ones under her charge—smoothes the

pillows, eases the pain, gives the medicine and nourishment, and helps to while away the long weary hours—Many a life has been saved by the faithful, patient, intelligent watching at night. Few understand the self sacrifice that is required of a nurse. Her pleasures, friends, social duties must all be given up if she is to do her work well. On the other hand, there is no life so full of opportunities for doing good as hers. She comes hourly in contact with those whose bodies are racked by pain and suffering. The physical is often the least part of their troubles. In the hospital all phases of life, all its sorrows and disappointments can be studied. It is the privilege of the nurse to cheer the soul and ease the mind as well as the body.

One might suppose that among so much degradation and suffering she would become sad and mournful but such fortunately is not the case. The cheery bright faces of the nurses are watched for, and as the patient is cared for and encouraged he forgets his troubles and becomes more resigned.

It is wonderful to note the change in some of the poor rough patients after a few weeks stay in the hospital—when they are kept clean and well cared for. No doubt the remembrance of the time spent there remains as a bright spot in the lives of many. Often the most uncouth among them becomes gentle, thoughtful and helpful.

The course of training in most hospitals is two years; but it is hoped that before long a three years course will be adopted by all schools. Many of the larger ones have already done so.

The time spent in training prepares the pupil nurse for her future work; but the ability to dress a wound, arrange a bandage or arrest a hemorrhage will not suffice. To her skill she must add tact, thoughtfulness, kindness, patience, cheerfulness and all other attributes of a true woman. So much can be done to cheer and comfort the suffering ones if the services rendered are the outcome not merely of duty but of good will. It is easy to be bright and cheerful, to have a kind word and pleasant smile, to be ready to render any little service which may perhaps not be absolutely necessary, but which will give pleasure. If one is not naturally possessed of this good will, it may be obtained by persistent effort, and it is the duty of every one coming in contact with the sick, to try to gain it. The best way is to try daily to follow in the footsteps of that great Physician who went about among the sick and suffering, leaving gladness and sunshine.

A good conscientious nurse is a blessing in the home, but unfortunately there are those who enter families only to increase the amount of work. The nurse who goes quietly and cheerfully about her duties, and who falls into the ways of the family without friction is appreciated; and should her services be needed a second time her coming will be hailed with delight and satisfaction by both the physician and family.

No nurse fully realizes what responsibility means till she has graduated and goes to attend her first private case. When the physician goes and she is left alone with her patient, she begins to have some conception of what the strain of her life work is to be. She feels that in a great measure the patients' life is in her hands and that on her faithfulness and watchfulness his hope of recovery depends.

To all high minded nurses this solemn knowledge is an inspiration for better work and greater care. Notwithstanding the fact that there are trials and discouragements, the work has a certain fascination about it which cannot be understood by those not engaged in it.

The blanching of the hair, and its tendency to fall off can be prevented, and the natural color restored by Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The Circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Advertisements should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

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

Special Cases.—Perchance at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for some weeks each.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

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

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

The largest floating dock of its kind in the world is now being constructed in England, in the Phillipine Islands, at the order of the Spanish government. The dimensions of this vast structure as given are a length of 117 feet over the pontoons, and a depth of 38 1/2 feet. The dock when in position, will rest on six pontoons each about 14 feet deep, these being of iron, while the arrangement of the pontoons will also be such that should one of them be damaged, it can easily be removed and floated on the dock for repairs. Powerful pumping engines will be fitted so that a vessel weighing 12,000 tons can be lifted in about two hours. The maximum length of the vessel which the dock will accommodate will be 500 feet.

On some aspects of the problem of the extent pertaining to the universe of space, light is being thrown which challenges scientific attention and increased research. Evidence it is declared, is gradually accumulating which points to the probability that the successive orders of smaller stars which continually increasing telescopic power is bringing into view, are not situated at greater distances, as the prevalent theory assumes to be the case but that they are actually cognizant of the boundary of the universe. This indication not yet definitely elaborated, is acknowledged to lend a peculiar interest to various questions growing out of the motions of the stars, and the opinion is expressed that quite possibly the problem of these motions will be the great one of the future astronomer.

Thanks to the encouragement which Emperor WILLIAM has accorded to the practice of duelling, it is now being adopted by the medical profession in Germany. A couple of physicians summoned in consultation became involved at the bedside of the patient in so vehement a dispute with regard to the character of the malady and of its treatment that they concluded to fight the matter out. The conflict took place on the outskirts of Bonn on the Rhine, one of the combatants receiving a bullet in the chest which killed him instantly. This may be said to constitute an altogether new departure in what is known to laymen as "medical etiquette."

The recent Danubian floods have apparently been as destructive as those of the Mississippi, and left as many people homeless. Twenty thousand inhabitants of Galatz in Moldavia have been drowned out by the deluge, the severest recorded in that region within the century. With its tale of earthquakes and flood and various forms of calamity and ruin around the world, the current year has taken quite a prominent place, but has several months left in which to redeem its reputation. It is quite time it set about it.

Up to the year 1804 the Bible had only been translated into thirty languages. Most of these besides the English were dead languages. But now, by the latest statistics, the number of versions of the Scripture in 1895, is 381, so that the Bible within about 90 years has been translated into some 350 languages. These translations comprise those of all the great non-Christian nations, so that nine tenths of the world now have the Scripture in their own tongue.

A recent statement, based on good authority, affirms that between twenty-five and thirty million birds are annually imported into England alone for decorative purposes, and that the supply for Europe

requires not less than one hundred and fifty million. Adding fifty million for America it makes a total of some two hundred million birds sacrificed annually on the altar of fashion.

The medical men of the province were in session in St. John during the week and among the instructive and interesting subjects dealt with was a "Report of a Case of Pylorotomy for Carcinoma with Gastrojejunostomy," read by a Fredericton physician—and the doctor still lives. If the disease is anything like its name the medical men must have a pretty hard time of it occasionally.

The Scott Act people have two suicides to their credit so far this year, that of a Moncton woman some months ago, and now a man in Charlottetown suicides rather than give evidence in a case in which the anti-liquor people were concerned.

A tea house at Rockwood Park will be a welcome institution to the thousands who visit the place weekly. Considerable care, however, will have to be exercised in order to prevent the privilege from being abused.

It is now roughly estimated that in the college and university graduations for this year about one half of the entire output are women. Fifty years ago only about one half of one per cent of college graduates were women.

The gold fever is again raging with all its old time virulence. The new fields are not easy of access, and its not easy to live after you get there; tea is one dollar and flour two dollars a pound.

The suburban resorts were a little late in beginning business this season, but they are in the full swing now, of a rushing trade.

The next great event of importance to which the citizens are looking forward is the exhibition.

The irrepresable tourist is very much in evidence these days,

Is Alaska a good place to spend the summer?

A Good Laugh.

If you wish to be thoroughly amused a visit to the Opera house next week is the surest means to adopt. Rice's Comedians will occupy the stage, and a week of pure unadulterated fun may be expected. Every actor is a star in his part and the plays given are the special property of the company. The specialties are all bright and new, and free in every particular from anything vulgar or suggestive. The vistas will show some new and wonderful pictures a direct electrical current having been put into the Opera house in order to prevent the flickering motion so often seen in these machines. The company promises some interesting productions.

Where Times are Hard.

HALIFAX, July 22.—"Times are hard," "money is close," is the cry heard on every side in this city. Yet when a circus comes here, which has travelled all over the United States and much of Canada, at the close of the first night's performance in this city the manager, after counting up the receipts, rubs his hands cheerfully and says "This is the best house of the season." The canvas was packed and the police had to order the stop of the sale of tickets. So much for a city where "times are hard and money is close."

They get Hard up too.

Just to show how desperately hard up the angelic little matinee masher often gets an incident in this connection which happened only a couple of evenings ago might be cited. He was one of that crowd of nursery dudes who make their headquarters a King street photo supply establishment and in order to keep an engagement was seen flying around from one friend to another endeavoring to get a street car ticket cashed.

A Charming Trip.

In these warm summer days a delightfully refreshing and healthgiving trip is the journey to Digby in the elegantly furnished and comfortable Prince Rupert, to points beyond via the D. A. Railway. Every mile of the trip is one of pure enjoyment, and tourists cannot afford to miss the opportunity of this seeing some of the finest scenery in America.

Suburban Travellers.

The Intercolonial Railway will run the train leaving St. John for Rothesay at 11.30 through to Hampton on Wednesdays and Saturdays, arriving there at 19.30, returning will leave Hampton same evening at 21.30 and arriving at St. John at 22.30. This will continue during July and August

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Love's Brook in July.
The drooping willow bending low,
Above the lover's brook;
Embrace the waters as they flow,
In many a shady nook.
And underneath the leaves in green,
There blooms a wild rose tree,
Where sweet July has made a screen,
And Emel walks with me.
The deep brook seems to understand,
Why I adore the place;
When on her auto-harp at hand,
She plays with gentle grace.
For by the rush of waters clear—
And cool beneath our feet,
The chords I love when she is near,
Makes summer doubly sweet.
And when by lover's brook she strays,
And I stray down there too;
As often in these July days,
I am most sure to do,
Her auto-harp has such sweet strains,
Of melody and song;
The brook takes up the soft refrain,
And carries it along.
The gliding brook in merry glee,
Grows brighter since she came;
The tamarack and sumach see,
The sun has redded them.
The buckwheat there on yonder hill,
Its new white robe has found;
Since Emel's harp to do her will
Responds with sweetest sound.
The lover's brook has balmy shade,
Of silver birches tall;
And fragrance in the spicewood glade,
Where tinkling fountains fall.
But when I there at set of day,
Walk by the wild rose tree,
If Emel meets me in the way
'Tis paradise to me.
CYPRIUS GOLDB
Wild Rose Nook, July 1897.

All Masks off.
'The twelve of life's deep midnight' rings
For us the fatal hour.
You must bear the word it brings
From the Almighty power.
All masks off.
For good or bad, or right or wrong,
We keep our masks in place,
The one forced among the throng
His trumpet call to face.
All masks off.
We sing, we dance, we love, we hate,
We realize no feat.
Of failure of our cry; too late
Perchance, O God, we hear,
All masks off.
We sin, repent, relapse, amend,
In anguish look above;
But he who made us is our friend,
Our Lord, and speaks in love.
All masks off.
Hail, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap."
Ah! God grant we'll rejoice
In record clear, when, sad and deep,
We hear Jehovah's voice.
All masks off.

Love's Passing.
Underneath the hawthorn tree,
With its boughs all pink with dew,
Alone in his nest a lady's brown breast,
We learned that love was born.
Underneath the white birch tree,
When the spring left new and strange,
Green leaves quivering, sunlight shivering,
We guessed that hearts would change.
Underneath the apple tree,
Love's pale petals softly flying,
Our eyes were wet as they sadly met,
For we knew that love lay dying.
Underneath the maple tree,
With the sunset caught in a whirl of leaves,
Came the cry of a thrush through the evening hush
Mourning for love and the sheaves.
Underneath the willow tree,
That trails its boughs in the sighing stream,
I sit alone, and the branches moan,
O' love that's flown like a dream.
—Boston Transcript.

Three Days.
So much to do; so little done!
Ah! yesterday I saw the sun
Sink beamless down the wanted gray—
The ghastly ghost of yesterday.
So little done; so much to do!
Each morning breaks on conflicts new;
But eager, brave, I'll join the fray,
And fight the battle of today.
—James R. Gilmore.

Sobs and Smiles and Faith.
I sob—and feel that life's deep sorrow
Is more than I can bear;
I fear and falter lest to-morrow
I'll know more than just my share.
I smile—and think that life's dark meaning
Seems not so dark to-day;
I hope, and hasten to the gleaming
O' flowers on my way.
I trust—and know that life's great trials
Are great because I doubt;
I feel and find that life's trials
To point God's wisdom out.
—New York Tribune.

Characteristic of the Sex.

Mr. Meekton had been out several minutes later than usual the night before, and there was a decided chilliness at the breakfast table. The silence was suddenly broken by his wife's remark:
"Look at these senators and representatives. See how they have lingered and talked over the tariff!"
"Now, Henrietta, you surely can't think of holding me responsible for that."
"Not personally, but it shows a trait that is common to your kind. It shows how a man will grasp at anything as an excuse for not going home when he ought to."
—Washington Star.

A Vigorous Protest.

"I see here," said Mr. Dooley, laying down his paper, "that there's a man out in th' hooty-cootchy college on th' Mid-way that believes in corporal punishment fr' childher."
"I seen that," said Mr. Hennessy, "an I'd like to have him here. I'd go to th' flure with him. I'll bet he's nearsighted an' is afraid iv cows. I niver knowd a man that wanted to club little childer that wasn't. I had me own share of hoistin' when I was a kid an' I s'pose that if ever a man-an laid hands on a child iv mine I'd introjooce meself to him by means iv a pickaxe."
Chicago Evening Post.

THE BABY'S BOTTLE OF RUM.

It had been charged to the heir apparent for a Century.
The inflexibility of Russian official orders has resulted in many queer and needless fixtures in the official system. The story is well known of the sentry who was put on guard over a rose in bloom in the imperial garden in the seventeenth century. The rose and its bush disappeared, but every day for a hundred years a sentry mounted guard over the spot, because no one had ordered the service discontinued.

A story quite as ludicrous is now told of a discovery made by the Empress Catharine, mother of the Emperor Paul, who was assassinated in 1801. Catharine, at one time, was inspired by some passing whim of economy to scrutinize the imperial household accounts. In them, among other queer things, she found that 'one bottle of rum daily' was charged to the Naalenik, or heir apparent.

As her son, who was then a young man, had never given any sign of intemperate habits, the empress was greatly astonished. She went over the accounts to see how long he had been addicted to this practice, and found, to her still greater surprise, that the expenditure went back to the day of his birth—and indeed, far beyond it.

The heir to the throne had not only been charged with drinking over thirty dozen bottles of fine Jamaica rum yearly ever since he was born, but for a long time before that. The empress, it is hardly necessary to say, made a thorough investigation of this strange matter, and with the aid of an antiquarian, she at last reached the original entry.

A century or so before, the imperial physician had prescribed for the Naalenik of the period, on the account of a violent toothache, a teaspoonful of rum, to be taken with sugar. This dose was given for several days in succession; and the nurse or steward in charge had deemed it more fitting to the imperial dignity, as well as more profitable to himself or herself to purchase a new bottle of rum every day. No one had ever given the order to discontinue this purchase, and it had gone on for a century, the rum having constituted out of the court steward.

The empress submitted the discovery to her husband, who at once declared that the method of keeping the accounts should be thoroughly reformed, and such abuses ended. He carried out his threat.

OLD-TIME SWEETNESS GONE.

Melasses is now Made into Rum and Brown Sugar Can't be Bought.

'The old-fashioned' molasses is rapidly disappearing as an article of commerce, said a prominent grocer, 'and in its place have come a number of syrups, which are more costly and by no means as satisfactory, especially to the little ones, who delight, as we did when we were young, in lasses on their bread. Most of the molasses goes into the distilleries, where it is made into rum, for which, notwithstanding the efforts of our temperance workers, the demand is constantly on the increase, especially in the New England States and for the export trade. The regular drinker of rum will take no other liquors in its place if he can help it. It seems to reach the spot more directly than any other dram. The darker brown sugars have also disappeared, and they are not likely to return, owing to the methods of boiling and the manufacture. Granulated sugar is of the same composition, as far as saccharine qualities are concerned, as loaf, cut loaf cube, and crushed, and differs from them only in that its crystals do not cohere. This is because it is constantly stirred during the process of crystallization. The lighter brown sugars taste sweeter than the white, for the reason that there is some molasses in them. Housekeepers have difficulty these days in finding coarse, dark sugars, which are always preferred for use in putting up sweet cakes, making cakes, and similar uses. As they cannot get brown sugar any more, it may be well for them to remember that they can stimulate brown sugar by adding a teaspoonful of molasses to each quarter of a pound of the white granulated sugar. This combination does as well in all household receipts that calls for brown sugar as the article itself, and beside it saves them a great deal of hunting for brown sugar, which, as said before, has disappeared from the market.'

Business Man's Talk to Farmer.

'No,' said the hardware man to the farmer, as he tied up the package of nails in the paper, 'as you say, people talk about the low price of what they sell, and don't say a word about the low price of what they buy. Take those nails, now. What do you suppose those nails would cost you ten years ago? Just about six cents a pound, and now you can take the lot of better goods at 3 cents and the extra wrapper thrown in. That's not much, you say. Not so much on a little lot of nails, perhaps but 10 cents isn't brought on the bushel of potatoes you bought in just now, and that's all the difference in price from ten years ago and yet you grumble at the low price. It's not the pound of nails that hurts me. Everything in my store has gone down the same way. Your wheat and hay and chickens and butter and eggs bring you substantially the same prices they did ten years ago. You farmers forget that you have things to



buy as well as things to sell. Want to buy a plough this year? There's a dandy for \$12. Ten years ago I'd have asked \$16 for it. There's \$4 saved to you 'at once clip. There's a better planter than the one I sold you ten years ago for \$60—a whole lot better. Take it along for \$40. Remember that binder you bought of me ten years ago for \$189? Must be worn out, eh? I'll sell you a 60 cent better one to-day and throw off the \$89. You farmers don't know when you are well off.'

A Pearl Farm.

There is said to be only one pearl farm in the world, but that pays its proprietor handsomely. This farm is in the Torres Strait, at the northern extremity of Australia, and belongs to James Clark, of Queensland. Mr. Clark who is known as the 'king of the pearl fishers,' originally stocked it with 150,000 pearl oysters. Now 1500 men—200 of whom are divers—and 250 vessels are employed in harvesting the crop. 'I have been fifteen years engaged in pearl fishing,' Mr. Clark told a correspondent of the Melbourne Age. 'My experience has led me to the belief that, with proper intelligence, the selection of a place, one can raise pearls and pearl shells as easily as one can raise oysters. I started my farm three years ago, and have stocked it with shells which I obtained in many instances far out at sea. My pearl-shell farm covers 500 square miles. Over most of it the water is shallow. In shallow water shells attain the largest size. I ship my pearls to London in my own vessels. The catch each year runs, roughly speaking, from £40,000 worth up to almost five times that amount.'

Why He Was Like the Venus de Milo.

He was in love with a young woman who lives on the West Side, and who never failed to entertain him on the occasion of his frequent calls, but the affair is broken off now.

On the occasion of his last call he took particular pains to make himself attractive, his avowed intention being to tell his beloved of his adoration for her. They sat for some time in the parlor of her home, and then started for a stroll in the moonlight.

After walking several blocks, during which time neither one had said much, the young woman suddenly stopped.

'You remind me of venus de Milo,' she exclaimed.

'Thinking he had at last made the desired impression, he smiled and thanked her for the supposed compliment. It encouraged him, and he proposed on the spot, but his suit was coldly rejected.

On his return home he consulted an encyclopedia, and was deeply chagrined to learn that the Venus de Milo was without arms.

How he Made a Saving.

'That mine in Tuolumne county is costing me a mint of money,' said a local capitalist to one of his employees. 'I wish you could figure around, and see if you can't make a saving somewhere. If you can I'll raise your salary \$50 a month.'

'But suppose I can't make a saving of \$50 a month?' inquired the young man.

'Well, I've tried to figure it out myself, and can't find where I can save a cent. If you can, you are worth \$50 a month more.'

'All right, sir; I'll look into it.'

The young man went over all the accounts, but he could not find where he could cut down a single expense. Finally it occurred to him that he was drawing \$25 a month for acting as secretary of the mining company.

'I've found a place where you can save \$25 a month,' he informed his employer the next day. 'I've cut off that salary of \$25 a month we've been paying the secretary for doing nothing.'

He got his raise.—San Francisco Post.

'By the beard of the Prophet!' said one of the palace attendants, 'this war with Greece has turned the Sultan's head. He isn't afraid of anybody, now.' 'Fall of fight, is he?' 'That's right. This morning he was on the point of sending an ultimatum to the cook.'—Puck.

It is suggested that a tax of a dollar is laid on each bicycle—the proceeds to be used for highway improvements. There is something to be said for this, but a ten dollar tax on 'scooters,' to provide a tunnel for their use would meet with much more enthusiastic approval.—Boston Journal.

Ladies, wear your shirt waist; so it; send it to us to be done up. It will look perfect if done at Phogor's Laundry and Dye Works. 'Phone 68.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired. Dwell, 17 Waterloo.



Mr. Otto Nease has been in Westfield visiting Mr. Edward Sears Jr.

Miss Jennie Boardley is spending a week or two at the Grove, Woodstock.

Miss Byers of Springfield, N. S., and little Miss Jean Byers are spending a week or two with Mr. John Byers of Westworth street.

Miss Parkin and Miss Grace Parkin of Toronto, who have been visiting their aunt Mrs. W. F. Best, Orange Terrace, went to Moncton on Tuesday.

Mrs. McKenna is in St. Stephen visiting her mother, Mrs. George Clarke.

Mrs. Phelps left yesterday for St. Stephen on a visit to Mrs. Howard McAllister of "Woodlands". Among the St. John people registered at Kennedy's hotel St. Andrews during the week were Messrs. M. Atkinson, G. M. Willis, J. A. Tilton, J. B. Angvine, Chas. B. Farrand, J. S. McLean, H. H. Falkweather, Rupert Pratt, J. D. Parry, Jr., D. M. Doherty, H. L. Gaster, Ernest Gaster, P. W. Sinden, Scott E. Morrill, W. C. Harris, Geo. F. Tilton.

Capt. W. H. Harding is a guest of Mr. Robert Fenwick at St. Andrews this week.

Mr. Arthur Sells spent Sunday with his family who are in Gagetown for a few weeks.

Mr. James A. Straton spent Sunday in St. Andrews, leaving on Monday for Montreal.

Mrs. J. A. Bowers has been visiting St. Andrews friends during the week.

Mr. L. F. D. Tilly will sail for St. John on the 26th of August. Lady Tilly will spend the next six or eight months in England.

Mrs. James S. Harding and Scott Morrill spent a day or two in St. Andrews lately.

Miss May Cunningham of St. John is spending the summer with Mrs. Edward Scott at Westfield.

Mrs. Inches returned to Westfield Tuesday from a pleasant stay in Fredericton.

Mrs. Ada Barrett spent last Sunday with Mrs. F. Timmerman at Westfield beach.

Mrs. Usher and Miss Cavendish Jones spent a day lately at Westfield with Miss Beattie Adams.

Mrs. Sydney Smith was a guest of Mrs. Will Starr lately at the latter's summer residence.

Mr. Harry Hardine formerly of St. John is here from the West on a visit to his parents Mr. and Mrs. George F. Harding.

Miss Clara Garow has returned from a pleasant visit to Westfield where she was a guest of Miss Nettie Allen.

Mrs. Gregory and Miss Gregory of Princess street have taken rooms at Westfield for the summer. They are at Mrs. Dupliss's.

Miss Beattie McFarland returned Wednesday from a visit to out of town friends.

Mr. Thomas Kingston formerly of Carleton came from Boston this week on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fickett have returned from their honeymoon trip and have taken up their residence at 247 King street east.

Miss Julia Woodbury of Calais is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Everett and family have been visiting Halifax recently as guests at the residence of W. E. Bremner.

Mr. Daniel F. Blay and family have gone to South bay for the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Likely and family are settled at Westfield for the next month or two.

Rev. Thomas Macadam and Mrs. Macadam of Ontario are paying a brief visit to city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dickson and family of New York were in the city this week.

Mr. A. M. Smith of New York is spending a vacation in the city. Mr. Smith is an old St. John boy and is being warmly greeted by many friends.

Mr. S. D. Scott who is making a Western tour is in Vancouver last week.

Mr. D. D. Freeman of the Bank of Nova Scotia is on his holidays. He will visit Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island before returning to his work.

Mr. John R. Dunn spent Wednesday in Chipman N. B.

Miss Torrains of Fredericton is visiting friends here.

Mr. Gilbert Ring arrived from Halifax on a visit to his parents who reside in Carleton.

Mrs. J. H. Moran of Montreal, who is at present spending a little while in the White mountains, is expected here shortly on a visit to friends.

Mr. H. P. Timmerman went to Megantic on Tuesday afternoon.

Hon. A. G. Blair and family arrived recently from Ottawa and are occupying their summer residence at MacLaren's beach.

Mr. Walter H. Golding was confined to the house for a day or two this week through illness.

A party of ladies and gentlemen chaperoned by Mrs. J. V. Ellis returned last Saturday from a week's outing at Lake Utopia.

Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Beverley are visiting Mrs. Beverley's relatives in Parrsboro.

Mr. Fred Magee of Westworth street left last week for Westmorland where he will engage in business. His many friends will wish him every success in his new field of work.

Rev. J. A. Gordon is spending his holidays in Boston.

Miss Scott daughter of Hon. E. W. Scott Ottawa, is a guest of Mrs. A. G. Blair at McLaren's beach.

Miss Frances Hamilton and Miss Ida F. Hamilton left this week for Newport.

Mr. James Green who spent a week lately with friends has returned to St. Stephen.

Mr. Edwin Marshall of Ontario was here the first of the week en route to Nova Scotia where he spent several days. He returns to St. John on Monday.

Mrs. H. J. Olive of the West end, is entertaining her sister Mrs. William Smith of Ottawa.

Mrs. Sydney Patterson and Miss Patterson arrived Wednesday from Montreal.

Mrs. H. G. McLean of Boston who has been visiting in the city, was called home this week by illness of her mother Mrs. F. A. Brandage.

Misses May and Alice Grove of Granville N. S., accompanied Mrs. McLean to Boston.

Mrs. Georgia Cole is a guest of Mrs. J. V. Ellis this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Lambert of Philadelphia are visiting St. John.

The Misses Harvey and their guests Mr. and Miss Wilton of Kingston Ont. spent a few days here last week.

Mr. Isaac Burpee spent Sunday at the capital a guest of Senator Walk.

Miss A. Maude Russell, daughter of Mr. Wm. R. Russell, (Elliot Row) is here on a visit to her parents for a short time. When she returns to Boston it will be to enter into partnership with the proprietor of a drug store.

Mr. James Dever of New York is visiting his parents, Senator and Mrs. Dever.

Miss Anglin, daughter of the late Hon. T. W. Anglin, is a guest of the Misses Farlow.

Miss Etta Shaw is a guest of Miss Ida McLeod of Fredericton.

Mr. Vernon McClelland is paying a short visit to the Celestial.

Dr. H. S. Bridges, Mrs. Bridges and family left this week to spend the summer at Sheffield.

Master A. G. McMeekin is visiting upper Gagetown where he will spend his holidays.

Mrs. W. B. Coulthard Miss Helen Coulthard and Miss Ella's home all of Fredericton are among the Bay shore cottagers this summer.

Rev. L. G. MacNeill and family are among the Cavendish P. E. I. residents this summer.

Mr. John Morrison came down from Fredericton for a little while this week.

Miss Neale Ferguson has returned to Richibucto after a pleasant stay with St. John friends.

Mr. George Blissett spent several days in Richibucto lately.

A party of gentlemen including Judge Forbes, his son and Dr. Fenderson of Boston, are off on a visit to Tobique, Hopedale and Restigouche.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manuel of Boston, are in the city.

Mr. Walter Hall spent Sunday with Fredericton friends.

Mrs. E. Byron Winslow and members of her family are at Bay Shore as are also Mrs. W. E. Smith and her children.

Miss Payson is enjoying a holiday at Beech Knoll, Fredericton.

Miss M. Connor of Boston is here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Ward of Baltimore are spending the summer in St. John, and pass the time pleasantly between the different suburban resorts.

Miss F. Stockton was in Fredericton for a few days recently.

Miss Winifred Johnston is here on a visit to her sister Mrs. C. W. Hall.

Miss Wolton daughter of Rev. Sidney Welton of Brooklyns, Mass., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Smith of Church avenue Sussex.

Mrs. C. E. Hat and Mr. John Hat were in the city this week.

Mr. W. F. Cushman of New York was in the city for a day or two recently.

Messrs. Bert Jordan, A. C. Smalley, and W. H. Milliken spent Sunday at Hampton.

Miss Alice Smalley and Miss Louise Charley are visiting Mrs. W. T. Scribner at the Vendome, Hampton.

Miss Macanlay is in Woodstock visiting Miss Vanwart.

Miss Maggie Moss of St. David street left on Wednesday for Sussex, to pay a visit to friends, for several weeks.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.]

July 22.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tabor and children returned on Friday last to their home in Wolfville, after having spent several weeks with Mrs. Tabor's mother's Mrs. McAdam.

Mrs. David Hatt and family have gone down to their summer camp at Lincoln, "Camp Contentment."

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sutherland of St. Stephen are visiting Mr. Sutherland's old home at Kingsclear.

Both are enthusiastic bicyclists and came up on their wheels.

Miss Grace Pabley, who has been visiting Mrs. Frank Creed returned to her home in Halifax on Wednesday.

The Misses Beattie and Audrey Blair have gone to St. John, where they will join Mr. Blair and family at their summer residence at Duck Cove.

Miss Annie Blair of Ottawa is visiting the Misses Thompson.

Mrs. Geo. Hodge and her children left on Thursday for St. Martin's.

Mrs. (Dr.) Inches of St. John is visiting Mr. Julius L. Inches.

The Misses Harver, and their guests Mr. and Miss Wilton of Kingston Ont., spent a few days in St. John last week.

Mrs. Main of St. Stephen is visiting Mrs. (Col.) Robinson.

Mr. Isaac Burpee of St. John spent Sunday in the city the guest of Senator Walk.

Miss Inez Ross and Miss Jennie McFarland left on Monday for St. Andrews where they will visit friends.

Mrs. Bridges, the Misses Bridges, Miss Amelia Moore and Miss Burpee, started last week for a trip to Cape Breton.

Mrs. Lee Babbitt and Mrs. T. G. Loggie are this week chaperoning a camping party at Pine Bluff. Among the party are, Miss Beattie Babbitt, Miss Isabel Babbitt, Miss Maggie Allen, Miss Beattie Jack, Miss Powys, and Miss Ethel Hatt.

Miss Alice Wetmore the sweet singer of Moncton is enjoying the beauties of the Celestial.

The Misses Tabor have returned from a visit to Gagetown.

Lieut. B. E. Oliver who was for a time in the Infantry school, is making a visit to friends here. He is now engaged to a journalistic work in New Jersey. Mrs. Emery Sewall left this morning for a visit to friends in Sussex.

Miss Etta Shaw of St. John is visiting her friend Miss Ida McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gregory and their families have been raticating at Camp Comfort.

Last Friday was ladies' night at the Bicycle and Boating clubhouse. The evening's entertainment like the name of the club was of a dual character. Early in the evening the guests were paddled about in canoes whilst the 71st Battalion Band discoursed sweet music on Parliament square. Later on an orchestra was provided at the club house, and dancing was indulged in. Quite a number of young people enjoyed the hospitality of the club.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Risteen left this morning for Digby.

Mrs. W. B. Coulthard, Miss Helen Coulthard and Miss Ella Thorne left on Monday for the Bay shore.

Mr. Joseph Bailey of Boston spent a few days at his old home in the city previous to going on a canoeing trip with his father Dr. Bailey.

Mr. Vernon McClelland of St. John is in town.

Miss Kate McKee, Misses Quenele and Gladys Edgecombe, and Miss Hazel Coy are the guests of Mrs. David Hatt at "Camp Contentment."

Miss Helen Cliff is visiting Miss Jennie Cooper.

Miss Edna Coburn is visiting Miss Lillian Flowering at Oak Point.

Mr. Walter Hall of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Miss F. Stockton of St. John is in town.

Dr. and Mrs. Inch have gone to Sackville to visit their daughter Mrs. Sydney Huxton.

Miss Marian McIntosh of Kingsclear returned on Monday to her work in the New England hospital, Boston.

Mrs. J. M. Wiley has gone to St. Martin's to enjoy the cool sea breeze.

Miss Winifred Johnston is visiting her sister Mrs. C. W. Hall in St. John.

Miss Agnes Sterling of Boston is the guest of Mrs. Arnes Thorne.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lonsbury and Miss Lonsbury of Newcastle have been visiting Mrs. W. G. Clark the past few days.

The intense heat of the past few weeks has almost put a stop to social festivities. Anything beyond taking his best girl for a bicycle or canoe ride in the evening, seems to much to expect of the Fredericton young man. However a number of young people bestirred themselves on Monday to organize a picnic upon quite a gigantic scale. Miss Emma McNulty was the leading spirit, and a party of about a hundred went down to Oromocto in the steamer Bismarck. Small detachments went on bicycles or in carriages. The party lunched at Mrs. Stockers, and danced there in the evening to the music of the band which accompanied them. In the wee sma' hours they returned to town, after a very enjoyable excursion.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards gave a picnic at old Government house in honor of their niece Miss May Simmons, of Boston. Among the guests were, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hatt, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Richards, Dr. and Mrs. Torrains, Miss Minnie Gunter, Miss Hughes, Mr. Chalmers, Mr. A. R. Sipp, Dr. Harry Miller and Mr. Fred Tweedie.

Mr. John Morrison went to St. John Thursday.

Mrs. Thos. Temple is at Kentville, N. B. visiting her mother, Mrs. Cox.

The many friends of Mrs. Beck regret that there is no improvement in her condition.

Mr. LeBaron left by boat on Wednesday to enjoy his vacation with friends down river.

Rev. Willard MacDonald is on his return voyage from England where he went to enjoy the jubilee festivities.

Mr. Percy Edgecombe has been favoring several of his friends with evening trips in his Steam yacht "Tartar". The boat will carry a dozen adults comfortably and steams about nine miles an hour.

Miss Carrie Lawson on Lake George, has come to town to visit friends after a four years course of training in Halifax and Lowell spasms in both of which she took diplomas with honors.

Mr. Allen Cowperthwaite is home from Worcester for a short vacation. Capt. Orley of Oxford, N. S. is in town.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry and family have left town for their cottage on Upper Maguadavic.

Hon. H. B. Emmerson and Mr. S. C. Dennet assistant Dean of the Boston Law University are going north soon to cast for trout something bigger. The minister of R. I. way and Mrs. Blair left town today for Duck Cove. They came here from Ottawa lately.

Mrs. Joseph McKay and Miss Frances McKay have gone to Medicine Hat and Glaschen, N. W. T. to visit Mrs. McKay's brother and mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott of England are visiting Postmaster and Mrs. Hilyard.

Miss Daisy Winslow is visiting Mrs. Geo. C. Peters, Moncton.

Mr. Frank Owens and family went to Chatham for a short stay.

Mrs. E. Byron Winslow and some of her family are at the Bay shore, and so are Mrs. W. E. Smith and her children.

Emory Currie formerly of Fredericton, now of New York is in town.

Mr. T. Inglis Street, brother of collector Street is visiting the latter; he lives in Malden Mass.

Dr. E. S. Bridges and family go to Sheffield this week to remain some weeks.

Dr. J. E. Currie and Miss Currie former residents here but now of Cambridge, Mass., are on a visit to their old home.

Arthur Fortes, Miss Forter and Miss Daisy Hanson are now in Ayerford N. S. visiting friends.

Three of our young men left this week for British Columbia; they were Alfred Cropley and Thomas and William Box.

Miss Payson of St. John has joined Mr. S. Surden at Digby.

Mr. Randolph spent last Saturday and Sunday in Digby. His popular visase will circulate hereafter upon the new Jubilee issue of the Peoples Bank five and ten dollar notes. CRICKET.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Parry.]

July 21.—Our hostesses are endeavoring to give all the pleasure they can while the June weather lasts. On Monday Mrs. A. R. Dickey gave a picnic to Blacks Grove which was most enjoyable, and during the week afternoon teas have been given by Mrs. Harding, Victoria street, and Mrs. Earnest Black, Church street. Mrs. Dr. Black also gave a delightful tea on Monday for her niece, Miss Beattie Chapman of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dunlap and son Henry, left on Tuesday for Wallace where they will spend a fortnight.

Miss Annie Greenfield is also in Wallace to remain a month.

Miss Grace Fullerton of Halifax is visiting her friend Miss Alice McKinnon.

Miss Ella Hillson has returned for a trip to Halifax and Truro.

At half-past ten on Wednesday morning the marriage of Miss Agnes Sleep and Mr. Horace Lugdun of Toronto took place in the Baptist church which was trimmed with tastefully arranged flowers and overgreen; a horse shoe of white roses was supported by an arch of ferns and spring blossoms based upon potted plants. The eager expectancy of the large assembly was centered upon this point to see the strange young groom, who entered on time with his best man Mr. Joe Douglas; soon the preceding sister heralded the arrival of the bride who never looked more charming than in her bridal gown of cream white silk on tulle, enveloped in a veil of tulle becomingly confined with a coronet of white flowers. Miss Alice Sleep in a gown of cream with green ribbons and hat of cream was her sisters maid of honor Mr. W. D. Douglas uncle of the bride escorted her to the altar and gave her to the happy groom. Rev. Mr. Steele performed the ceremony assisted by Rev. Mr. McDonald. Messrs. Maurice McKinnon, Hal Parry and Bob Douglas acted as ushers. After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the residence of Mrs. Sleep where a wedding breakfast was served after which Mr. and Mrs. Lugdun took the noon train for Halifax enroute for Toronto showered with rice and good wishes for a joyous life in their new home. The bride wore a most becoming going away dress of postman blue, trimmings of black.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Douglas came from Sheet Harbor to be present at the wedding.

Mrs. Munsey is the guest of her sister Mrs. Parker. Mrs. Crane of Baie Verte is also visiting friends in Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. Copp of Digby are guests of Mrs. Sayre, Mrs. Copps sister.

On Monday Mr. Wylie returned from Halifax, where he has been spending his vacation.

Miss McFarland who has been in St. John for the past three months has returned home.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

No Element of Uncertainty
About this Premium Offer

HOW DOES **\$38.50 Cash** AND THE
WRAPPERS from 3 boxes of "WELCOME" Soap
for a High Grade GUARANTEED BICYCLE...

Strike You?

The only thing cheap about it is the price we are selling at to increase the sales of our famous "WELCOME" SOAP.

It is one of the best known and largest makes of the Standard Bicycles, and guaranteed to stand up with any wheel sold in Canada. We can get no more this season; our limited quantity is going rapidly, and if you want to get the benefit of this great offer, must speak quick.

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If Horses could talk ...

what a hum there would be on the streets about the wonderful way in which

Quickheal

cures Scratches, Galls and Sores.

Every man who owns a horse should try it.

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The product of 50 years experience. Made in six sizes and twenty-four styles. Thermometer in oven door, showing exact heat of oven, every cook will appreciate this.

Ventilated Oven, carrying all fumes from oven up the chimney.

Small door in oven door for basting, without cooling oven.

Stove bottom heavily cemented, insuring even baking, with very little fuel.

Extra heavy cast iron fire-bricks, that will not crack or crumble.

Duplex coil grates.

Large Hot Water Reservoir.

At a recent test this Range baked 212 Loaves in eight hours, with only one fire-pot of coal.

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FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale... Halifax notes... C. S. DEPRETTAS... BRUNSWICK STREET... CLIFFORD SMITH... GEORGE STREET... POWERS & SONS... RAILWAY DEPOT... J. G. KLINE... GOTTINGEN STREET... H. SELWEN... DARTMOUTH N. S. J. W. ALLEN... DARTMOUTH N. S.

Dr. and Mrs. Shearer of Baltimore called upon the lieutenant-governor last week... Lieutenant Bradley and Mrs. Bradley arrived recently from Bermuda via New York... The marriage of Mr. Kent who was here on H. M. S. Blake, and Miss Ida Montgomery is announced to take place in London next month.

Mr. Grant, 1st lieutenant of H. M. S. Crescent, has been promoted to captain... Admiral Erskine has abandoned his proposed salmon fishing expedition... Six officers of H. M. S. Crescent and their lady friends drove to John Abernethy's, on the St. Margaret's Bay road, last Friday.

A letter from Lord Aberdeen says that he and the countess have arranged to again visit Halifax this autumn... Judge and Mrs. Townshend are at present at Parrsboro, where they will remain for some time.

The Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Jones arrived in Halifax this week... Colonel Humphrey has been welcomed back again by many friends... Mrs. Castens gave birth to a daughter, at Emcoth, on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Wythe are also receiving congratulations on the birth of a son... The Yacht Club will miss the graceful presence of its young hostess this season... The dance at Admiralty House on Wednesday night was largely attended.

Last week there was a tennis party and afternoon tea at Bellevue... Last Friday night Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Twining entertained their old friends in Halifax at a dance, given at their residence across the Arm.

Miss Story is staying at Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn's... Mrs. Adlington leaves for England next week... DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] JULY 21.—Mr. Copp, M. G., Mrs. Copp and two daughters are visiting in Amherst... Miss Susie McCormack came from Boston on Saturday, called here by the sad news of the death of her father, Mr. Edward McCormack.

Trafalgar Institute

(Affiliated to McGill University), SIMPSON STREET, - MONTREAL For the Higher Education of YOUNG WOMEN.

The Institute will re-open on TUESDAY, 14th September. For Prospectus and other information apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, 22 St. John street, Montreal.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. WILSON'S FLY PADS Are Sold by all Druggists.

Clinical... THERMOMETERS.

HYPODERMIC SYRINGES, ANTI-TOXINE SYRINGES, ABSORBENT COTTON, ABSORBENT LINT, ANTISEPTIC GAUZES, ADHESIVE PLASTERS, ELASTIC and COTTON BANDAGES, SILK ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS and ANKLETS.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 35 King Street, Montreal.

Jewelry..

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

FERGUSON & PAGE, 41 KING STREET.

New Cloths

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR. Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of English and Scotch Suitings, Trousers and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteds, Black and Blue Serges and Cheviots.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

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

Angostora Bitters. 10 Cases Genuine Dr. Sigert's. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Messrs. W. McFarlane and J. Dunlop of St. John are spending their vacation here.

The garden party on the grounds of the baptist parsonage Thursday evening was well attended, and was quite a grand affair.

Mr. Hartney of Ottawa is paying his annual visit to Digby.

Mrs. W. S. Fielding wife of the Minister of Finance and three daughters, and Mrs. Rankine, are here to spend several months.

The Misses Total Stock company are to play an engagement here next week and our theatre going people are on the qui vive, as from every quarter comes the tidings that it is one of the best theatrical combinations that has visited the provinces for years.

Among the late arrivals are Revs. J. Walsh and White from New York, at the Evangeline House. The Misses Parkin of Fredericton have been visiting Mrs. Allan Randolph.

Miss Helen Brown is visiting in Yarmouth.

The American guests at the various hotels gave a dance Wednesday evening. Oldfellow's hall was hired for the occasion and an orchestra from Annapolis furnished the music.

An interesting game of base ball between the Digby nine and a picked nine from the American visitors was witnessed by a large crowd Saturday afternoon.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

JULY 21.—Our town has been quite gay during the last few weeks owing to the number of visitors. Among those who mention, Miss Rose and Miss Cox of Ottawa who are spending a few weeks with Mrs. J. B. Mills, the Misses Love and Fuller of Amherst guests of Miss M. Harris, Miss MacQuarrie of Little Glace Bay who is visiting Miss Lovell, and Mr. and Mrs. Slayter and the Misses Cousins of Boston guests of Mrs. Malcolm.

On Friday last the members of the Pickwick club entertained their friends at a picnic at the reservoir about four miles out of town. The young ladies about twenty in number went out in the morning some in the backboard, others on wheels and were joined in the afternoon by quite a number of gentlemen.

The Misses Harris gave a five o'clock tea on Monday afternoon in honor of their guests the Misses Love and Fuller.

On Monday evening Mrs. Savary entertained the young people at a "Party Plate," each guest were something representing the title of a well known book, to be guessed by the others.

Miss Cora Smith is spending a few weeks in St. John and vicinity.

Mr. Christie of Halifax is filling a position in the Merchants bank here.

Mr. P. Graham returned to Halifax last week. Mrs. Beardsley of Arkansas is a guest of the Misses Beardsley at the Grove.

A party of young people drove to Nickerson's lake last week and enjoyed a very pleasant picnic there.

Rev. James E. Whiteside and Mr. Whiteside are spending this week in Kincardine Vic. Co. the guests of Rev. Gordon Pringle.

H. K. Jones and Miss Beulah returned from Fredericton last week.

Misses Lizis and Nan Bull entertained a number of friends very pleasantly on Tuesday evening at their mother's residence, those present were Miss McKewen, St. John; Miss MacAulay, St. John; Miss Balloch, Centreville; Miss Duncan, Miss Hilda Bourne, Miss Kathleen Bourne, Miss Peabody, Miss Blanche Dibblee, Miss Bessie Neales, Miss Vina Connell, Messrs F. Lawlor, F. B. MacKay, G. Howard, C. A. Peabody, J. Dibblee, S. Watmore, A. Connell, H. C. Connell, B. Bedell, D. Peabody, and J. Flowering. ELAINE.

TRURO.

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

JULY 22.—Mrs. T. G. McMullen and the Misses McMullen are enjoying the sea breezes at Mulgrave and the hospitality of the seaside.

Mrs. J. J. Snook, Mrs. J. H. McKay, and Mrs. E. F. Wilson leave to-morrow for Mulgrave.

Mrs. Harry Lovett is also enjoying an outing at this popular resort.

Mrs. E. Phillips and family left yesterday for Mahone Bay, Lunenburg Co. to spend the rest of the summer.

Mr. W. D. Bowers the popular teller in the Merchant's Bank here left yesterday to take charge of the Milldam agency, Mr. Bowers' large circle of friends here, while regretting his removal from their midst are glad to know of his advancement.

Miss Gertrude Donkin left this a.m. to visit friends in Sydney C. B.

Mrs. A. G. McDonald is visiting friends in Arichat.

There was a charming tennis tea at the Leornado.

We wish we could make everybody believe that promptness is prevention; that there should be no delay when you are losing flesh and when you are pale, especially if a cough be present.

The continued use of Scott's Emulsion in the early stages of lung affections does prevent the development of Consumption. Your doctor will tell you this is true and we state it without wishing to make any false claims or false promises. Free book tells more on the subject.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

Stowers' Lime Juice. Here's a healthful drink for thirty days. It cools the blood and thus acts beneficially on the whole system. Less danger to health in ice water if a little of Stowers' Lime Juice is added to it. Absolutely Pure Lime Juice. The strongest Lime Juice made—hence the most economical to use. Stowers' Lime Juice Cordial. The first Cordial of the kind ever introduced into Great Britain. Her Majesty uses it. Already sweetened—free from alcohol—no musty flavor. Delicious—cooling—healthful. It purifies the blood.

Canada's International Exhibition. St. John, N. B. 14th to 24th Sept., 1897. OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES. For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products. Competition open to the World.

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

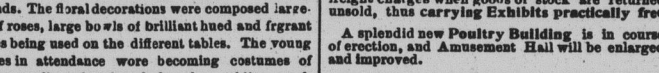
The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned unsoiled, thus carrying Exhibits practically free.

A splendid new Poultry Building is in course of erection, and Amusement Hall will be enlarged and improved.

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

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

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



Bordeaux Claret Co. (La Compagnie des Vins de Bordeaux).

During the Summer Months THE FAMILY MAN, THE BACHELOR, THE CLUBMAN, THE TOURIST do not feel comfortable without the solace of Our Assorted Bodega Cases of Fine Wines and Liquors.

range from \$5 to \$12, according to contents. We also recommend for quality and purity BON BOURGEOIS CLARET at \$3 per case of 1 dozen quarts.

MONTFERRAND CLARET at \$4 per case of 1 dozen quarts. \$1 PER CASE EXTRA FOR 2 DOZ. PINTS. as well as a full assortment of Champagnes, Burgundies, Sauternes, Ports, Sherries, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

Call or write for our new complete Price List of Wines, Liquors, etc. BORDEAUX CLARET CO. 30 Hospital Street, - - Montreal.

[Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. B. Johnson.]

July 21.—George A. Clarke of Kingston spent Monday in Harcourt.

Mr. W. V. Goodwin who taught school here some years ago is visiting his old friends in this place.

Mr. M. D. Pride of Amherst, N. S. spent Sunday with his relatives at Canaan, and left here Monday for home.

Mr. Alphonse Ingram, acting night agent of the C. P. and Mr. E. Jasper Humphrey drove to Richibucto on Sunday.

Mr. E. H. Warman of Moncton was here on Monday on a business trip.

The Misses McDermott returned from Sydney, N. S. last week and will spend their vacation here.

Mrs. Frank Heppburn who has been visiting her uncle Mr. W. G. Thurber, returned to Chatham on Monday.

Mr. James Buckley who has been visiting his daughter at Campbellton, returned home on Monday.

Mr. George A. Coates, the veteran school teacher, spent Monday in Harcourt.

Miss Stella Bailey has returned home after a pleasant visit to Laurencetown, N. S.

The good folks of Grandville purpose having their annual picnic on Monday.

Messrs John Waihen and Alphonse Ingram spent yesterday at Salmon River in an unsuccessful search for speckled beauties. The thermometer was 0 in the shade.

Mrs. Robert Saulnier accompanied by her two daughters will leave tomorrow on a visit to her former home in St. Mary's Bay N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Kewick and Mr. and E. D. Kewick of Hartland, Carleton county are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Kewick at Mortimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. McLeod went to Bathurst yesterday on a pleasure trip.

Mr. C. B. McLellan left for Newcastle last evening on a business trip.

Mrs. Robert Morton of Acadville who was visiting Mrs. T. B. Humphrey returned home yesterday. Mrs. William Lawson Miss Sophia Lawson and Master Bonner Lawson formerly of Richibucto, are visiting their relatives at Mortimore.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. IT RESTORES THE NATURAL WHITENESS, CLEANSING-HARMLESS AT ALL DRUGGISTS - 25 CENTS A BOX.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of G. S. Wall, T. E. Alcock and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Trevel's.

July 21.—After postponing their lawn party on account of the dull wet weather of Tuesday the ladies of Trinity church were again disappointed on Wednesday by repeated showers all day. As they are not nearly discouraged, and as Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Hill, on whose grounds the party was held, kindly invited them to serve their supper in their home, they accordingly did, and after all the trouble and disappointments of the past two days, the party came off with great success, and in spite of the down pour of rain was well patronized, and as every one was determined to make the best of a bad matter, merriment ruled the hour and the affair was most jolly and a goodly sum of money realized.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young on Tuesday afternoon invited a party of friends to enjoy an outing at their cottage at Oak Bay to meet Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Upham in whose honor the outing was given.

On Monday evening, at a meeting of the town council, Councilor Bridges presented Mayor Julius T. Whitlock with a finely written address signed by each member of the board, and a handsome silver medal with the town seal and heraldic emblems. The mayor was greatly surprised, but thanked the board with a few fitting and witty words and invited the councillors, town treasurer, solicitor and clerk to spend Tuesday evening at his residence, which they accordingly did. Mayor Swan, of Calais, Mayor Deacon of Milltown, Hon. James Mitchell, and Mr. George Clarke, editor of the St. Croix Courier, were present as special and honored guests. The evening was spent most pleasantly and will long be remembered as the most enjoyable social event of the year. Speeches were made and Mayor Whitlock presented his councillors and officers with bronze medals to be kept in memory of the Jubilee year, and his mayor's key. During the evening an orchestra discoursed sweet music. Supper was served at a late hour.

Mrs. Ernest T. Lee, invited a party of young society people to enjoy a backboard ride to Dr. Monte yesterday, where supper was served at the hotel there.

Mrs. George Dexter gave a dinner party at Dr. Monte on Monday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. George Downs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woods, Mr. George Mannie, and Miss Johnson of Haverhill, Mass. Mrs. Dexter's guest, in whose honor the dinner was given.

Miss Little Eaton gave a door step party to her lady friends on Monday evening. Ice and cake was served.

Mrs. C. E. Swan gave an engagement tea on Thursday evening, in honor of her nieces Miss Edith King, whose engagement to Mr. J. Dickerman Bates was announced last week.

Miss Minnie Haycock gives a luncheon today, in honor of Miss Edith King.

Mr. J. M. Walker of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Kentville, Nova Scotia, is spending his vacation in town.

Miss David Brown on Thursday afternoon entertained Prof. and Mrs. Vroom of Windsor, Nova Scotia, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom and the Misses Vroom at tea at her residence.

Mrs. E. H. McAllister entertained a picnic party of young people at her cottage at DeMonts, on Wednesday last. This picnic was a most jolly affair and was greatly enjoyed.

The Christian Endeavor society of Milltown enjoyed a most delightful picnic at Porters Mill stream on Friday afternoon. The picnicers went down to the stream in the electric cars. The afternoon was so pleasant and the picnic grounds so picturesque that the picnic was voted to be the most enjoyable of the season.

Mrs. John Clarke Taylor gave a luncheon party on Friday which was a very pleasant affair. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. A. T. Clarke entertained at her summer cottage the Park society.

Miss Bessie Upham has returned to her home in Farnboro after a pleasant visit.

Mrs. Edwin C. Young has gone on a business trip to New York and Boston.

Mrs. E. U. Copeland with her son Prof. Charles T. Copeland, will spend this month at St. An drews.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred L. Eaton have been spending a few days at Fenland visiting Mrs. E. Eaton's parents.

Miss Alice Gallagher who has been the guest of her friend Miss Marian Curran, has returned to her home in Toga, Maine.

Prof. L. B. Oakes and Mrs. Edwin B. Todd have returned to Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Miss Berta Smith has returned from a pleasant visit with her friend Mrs. Claude Eville in Truro, Nova Scotia.

Miss Cooke of Moncton is the guest of Miss Berta Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murchie and their family will spend the summer in Robbinston.

Miss Bremner Ross has been spending a day or two in St. Andrews.

Mr. Frank Myhrall of Portland Maine is visiting friends in Calais.

Mr. M. H. Dunlap of Truro, Nova Scotia, was registered at the Windsor on Friday last.

Mr. Harold M. Clarke leaves here early in August for Halifax where he will take passage in the Taymouth Castle for Trinidad, where he will take charge of a presbytery mission school for the training of Hindu teachers. Mr. Clarke expects to be absent two or three years.

Hon. C. A. McCallough and Hon. George A. Curran, who returned from Washington, D.C., Mrs. Bradlee Eaton, and Mrs. A. E. Neil have been spending several days in St. John.

Miss Edith King has returned from a visit in St. Albans, Vermont.

Miss Lottie McAllister arrived this week from Boston and is visiting friends in Milltown.

Master Gustave Brown leaves on Saturday for his home in Sumner Falls after a visit of five weeks with his grandmother, Mrs. P. M. Abbott.

A backboard ride and picnic was enjoyed by a large party of young society people from Calais on Thursday afternoon. The objective point was Frasers Hill, where supper was served and a good time enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Black entertained at their summer cottage on Friday, Prof. and Mrs. Vroom of Windsor, N.S., and several other friends from town.

Mrs. Henrietta Blair, most pleasantly entertained a small party of lady friends with whist on Friday evening.

A number of ladies and gentlemen went on a pleasant excursion in the steam launch "Amie" on Thursday to Frye's island to visit the Y. M. C. A. boys camp. The fog setting in the bay so thickly, it was decided unsafe to return up river until the next day. The party were most hospitably treated by those in camp and the time spent there was greatly enjoyed. The excursionists arrived home safely on Friday morning.

Mrs. Hassen Grimmer gave invitations yesterday to a reception at her residence on Friday afternoon from four until six o'clock to meet her friend and guest Miss Constance Vail of St. John, who will spend a month with Mrs. Grimmer.

Mr. E. C. Snow was in town for a brief visit this week.

Miss Richardson of St. Andrews was in town for a brief visit on Saturday.

Mrs. McKewen of St. John is the guest of her daughter Mrs. George J. Clarke.

Mrs. Phelps of St. John arrived yesterday to spend a few days at "Westlands" with her friend Mrs. Howard B. McAllister.

Mrs. J. N. Clarke's friends will be glad to hear she is recovering from her recent illness.

Miss Mary Abbot and Master Carleton Brown, visited St. Andrews on Monday.

Prof. Vroom, Mrs. Vroom and the Misses Vroom drove to St. Andrews on Monday and spent the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Bolden of New Haven, Conn., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Woods.

Miss Bertie Teed and Miss Grace Delinast spent Monday in St. Andrews.

Rev. W. C. Goucher has gone to Truro to spend a three weeks vacation. Mrs. Goucher and her children have been in Nova Scotia for several weeks.

Mr. C. W. Young visited St. Andrews yesterday.

Miss Margaret Anglin has returned to St. John, after a short visit with her aunt Mrs. Hugh Cullen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Beard are spending a few days at Grand Manan.

Mrs. Frank Woods invited the DeMonts club to spend Tuesday evening at her beautiful home "Thorncroft."

The Methodist Sunday school and congregation are picnicking at Wilson's beach today.

Miss Heddon was in St. Andrews Wednesday to make final arrangements for her coming Recta and Musical. The guests of the Algoquin and St. Andrews generally have a treat in town. Miss Heddon will be assisted by Mr. Herbert Grant, rector of New York, and a leading tenor of Boston.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

May 23.—There is little to record, in society circles this week, the heat has been intense, and people who have not deserted the city for the seaside are spending their time in trying to keep cool. Social entertainments require a good deal of energy, and with the thermometer at 95 in the shade energy is at its lowest ebb.

Mrs. C. P. Harris entertained a number of young people, at a most enjoyable garden party on Friday afternoon, in spite of the heat; and as Mrs. Harris is a perfect hostess, it is needless to say that the guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly in the beautiful grounds surrounding Mr. and Mrs. Harris' handsome residence on St. Andrew street.

Miss Jean Bruce left town on Saturday for North Sydney en route to St. John, Newfoundland, to spend a month with Miss Urquhart, niece of Mr. F. Hunter manager of the bank of Moncton at St. John and former manager of the Moncton branch.

Mrs. Norman Sinclair is spending a few days at Shediac.

Mrs. Tilney and Miss Gibson spent last Sunday in Dorchester, the guests of Mrs. Gallagher at the Windsor hotel.

Mrs. Owen Cameron and family left town on Thursday for Shediac to spend the remainder of the summer by the sea.

Miss Jean Robinson, who has been spending the past three weeks with friends in Toronto, returned home yesterday morning.

Miss Daisy Winslow of Fredericton is spending a few weeks in the city the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Peters of Alma street.

Miss Annie Thomson, daughter of Mr. C. D. Thomson of the I. C. R., left town on Thursday morning for Montreal to spend a month with friends.

Mrs. J. H. Wetmore and Miss Wetmore departed yesterday morning for Fredericton to spend the next few weeks with friends.

Mr. Alexander Stronach of Winnipeg is the guest of her sister Mrs. Thomas McWenney of Lutz street.

Mr. Fred Crandall of New York who has been spending part of the summer at his home in Moncton, returned to New York last week.

Mr. Walter Newhouse of New York, and Messrs Edward and E. A. McWenney left town this morning for a wheeling tour through Cape Breton. They will be absent a week or ten days.

Dr. and Mrs. L. N. Bourque are being congratulated upon the arrival of a son and heir.

Miss Bessie Tryes of Sussex is spending a few weeks in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jones of church street.

Mr. and Mrs. Logan of Brookline Mass, are visiting Moncton the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Thomson of Bolstead street.

The numerous friends of Mrs. A. H. Newman heard on Friday with a regret, which could not but be tempered with sincere rejoicing at her release from suffering, of her death, which took place at an early hour this morning, at her residence on Church street. Mrs. Newman had been a patient sufferer for nearly three years from inflammatory rheumatism, and the pain she endured was without cessation almost from the first, and so intense that

her nearest relatives could not but hope for her release. During the last few days of her life Mrs. Newman was unconscious, and her end was a peaceful and painless one. The deceased lady possessed a particularly bright and attractive disposition, and was a great favorite in society before her illness, as well as an active church worker.

The funeral took place on Monday afternoon, from the family residence to St. George's church, of which Mrs. Newman was an earnest member. Instead of the usual hearse the beautiful custom of having the deceased carried from her home to the church by friends was observed, the short distance making it possible. The bearers were all friends of the family, Messrs G. A. Dodge, L. L. Miller, H. S. Bell, E. C. Cole, H. Atkinson, and J. M. Ross. The sight of the casket, which was completely veiled with the floral tributes of friends, being reverently borne to the church by the friends of her who had so truly "Entered into Rest" was a most touching one. The church was completely filled, and the services, which were conducted by Rev. E. Betram Hooper, rector of St. George's most impressive.

The interment took place in the rural cemetery, the remains being followed to the grave by a very large number of friends. Mr. Newman, and his son and daughters have the sincere sympathy of numerous friends in their sad affliction.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davidson of Highfield street, were shocked to hear on Thursday of the death of their little five year old daughter Katie, which took place very suddenly on Thursday morning. The little one had been ailing slightly but was quite well enough to play about with her brothers and sisters and as the other children had been suffering from mumps nothing was thought of her illness until Wednesday night, when she seemed worse, and a physician was summoned. He at once pronounced the disease diphtheria, and the child received medical aid; and a few hours later the little girl passed away. The funeral took place the same afternoon, and the heartbroken parents have the sympathy of the whole community in their sad affliction.

Mrs. John Edgington and children who left town last week on route for England, sailed last Saturday and intend spending some weeks in the old country.

A number of the gentlemen belonging to the congregation of Central Methodist church gave their departing pastor a very pleasant surprise last evening at the garden party given on the parsonage grounds. The surprise consisted of an address accompanied by one hundred dollars in enclosed in a silver box on which was engraved the words "God bless you." The address was read by Mayor Robinson, and the presentation made by Mr. Enoch Price, on behalf of the gentlemen of the congregation.

Mr. Brewer made a feeling response, and after short address expressive of the deep regret felt by the members of the congregation at the severance of their connection with their beloved pastor and his estimable wife by Messrs. Fleetwood, Price, and H. J. McEwan, ice cream and cake were served, and the party dispersed shortly after ten o'clock. Mr. Brewer goes to Marysville and is succeeded in the pastorate of the Central Methodist church by Rev. Mr. Lodge.

Mrs. H. G. Marr left town on Monday for Yarmouth to spend several week visiting friends.

Mrs. W. W. West of Toronto, who came last prior to the First Baptist church of this city is visiting friends in town.

Miss Crandall of New York is visiting friends in Moncton.

Miss Annie Hagarty is spending a week or two in St. John the guest of her uncle, Mr. W. D. Barkin of the West End.

WESTFIELD BRANCH.

July 1.—The fine weather has made the week unusually bright, and the roads have been thronged with bicyclists; carriage drives and small picnics have given great enjoyment to summer visitors.

Mr. Otto Nae of Indiantown has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Sears.

Mrs. (Dr.) Inches returned Tuesday from a very pleasant trip to Fredericton.

Miss Travers is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Thomas Rankine.

Miss May Cunningham of St. John is spending the summer with Mrs. Edward Sears at the White House.

Miss Ada Bayard spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. H. P. Timmerman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lingley have returned from a very pleasant wedding trip. As also Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Belyea who visited some of the principle cities of the United States.

On Saturday last Miss Minnie and Hattie Allen gave a delightful little picnic to a few friends the affair was very informal and enjoyable; Mrs. Allen chaperoned the party.

Mrs. Gilchrist is visiting Mrs. (Dr.) Luches.

Miss Jennie Lingley and friend are here on a weeks vacation.

Mrs. Edward Sears and a party of friends went on a fishing trip last week, but returned rather abruptly on account of not being able to make friends with the mosquitoes.

Mrs. Andrew Usher and sister Miss Caverhill Jones spent Saturday with Miss Bessie Adams.

Miss Sydney Smith has been visiting Mrs. Will Corr Ours. It was a most pleasant visit.

Mrs. David Sears and son are spending a few days with Mr. Edward Sears at the White House.

The wife of the Hon. George White is visiting her daughter Mrs. Farley at the Rectory.

Mrs. (Dr.) Byron Price is visiting her father Mr. George Crawford.

Mr. Justice Buchanan and Mr. Sam Milligan went on a fishing expedition but evidently forgot what they went after.

Miss Clara Gerov has returned to the city after spending a very pleasant visit with Miss Hattie Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson who are spending the summer amongst us, gave a charming little picnic up the Nepesic stream, on Friday.

Miss Lucy Stevens is spending a few days with Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick.

Our popular friend Mr. Fred Wetters, who has been very ill, we are pleased to say is able to be out again.

Mr. Oram Mabey and bride, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mabey's mother Mrs. Andrew Lingley.

Miss Ida Warwick who has been visiting in Truro has returned home.

Miss Lillian Roberts is spending a few days here.

Mr. Sennot of Nova Scotia is here on a visit from Woodstock, and is the guest of Mr. George Waters.

Mrs. Gregory and daughter of Princess street have taken rooms for the summer with Mrs. Dupliss.

We were pleased to see Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Leavely of Woodstock on Sunday.

Mrs. McLeod has been visiting Mrs. Captain Blossom.

Miss Bessie McFarland returned to the city on Wednesday.

Our popular school teacher Mr. Robertson left Monday evening for the North West on a pleasure trip.

Mrs. Joseph Likely and family have taken rooms for the summer at Mrs. J. A. Gillard's.

Mrs. Thomas Marshall spent a few days with Mrs. O. H. Warwick on her way to St. Stephens.

Miss Charles D. Stone, we are happy to say is recovering from her severe illness.

It Will Not Spot... WATERWITCH SERGE. From rain or sea water—is perfectly shower proof. Saves money when travelling—saves your appearance, as it fits well and hangs well—saves money for it is durable, not easily ruined. Just the goods for boating, for the seashore or the country. Wrapped on "THE VARNISHED BOARD." Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

ST. GEORGE. JULY 21.—The southern baptist association of New Brunswick held their annual meeting in the St. George church opening on Friday and closed on Monday of last week. A very large number of pastors and delegates were in attendance. The principal speakers were Rev. Mr. Manning, Rev. G. O. Gates Rev. Mr. Gordon, St. John; Dr. Trotter, Wolfville; Mr. Oakes of Horton academy; Rev. Mr. Groucher St. Stephen; Rev. Mr. White, Fairville. Miss Nellie Smart has returned to St. Andrews having spent a very pleasant week with friends in town. Among recent visitors are Mr. and Mrs. Allen Waters, Halifax; Miss Jessie Whitlock, St. Stephen Mr. and Miss Gombol, Salem Mass; Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, St. Andrews; Mr. Percy Gillmor, Calais. Miss Alice Grierson is spending the summer with relatives, and Mr. Alex Cameron of Minnesota is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Edward O'Brien. Miss Kate Phillips of Woodstock is the guest of Miss Bessie O'Brien. A meeting of the Deacons was held in St. Marks church on Tuesday evening, addressed by Rev. Mr. Millidge. Holy communion on Wednesday morning at seven and service on Wednesday evening in Christ church, Penfield. The friends of Mrs. Hugh Ludgate will be sorry to hear she has been very ill for the past week. The Baptist S. school are holding their picnic at Anderson's beach, and the church of England in Dr. Dick's grove today (Wednesday). Miss McArdie, Calais, is visiting Miss Bessie Fowler. Mr. Daniel Gillmor and family, Montreal, are occupying their summer residence at Anderson's Beach.

RICHIBUCTO. [Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.] JULY 21.—Rev. Wm. Lawson is spending some days in Toronto and in his absence Mr. W. R. Robinson of Konchibunguc occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church last Sunday evening. Capt. Wm. Connaughton is visiting at his home here. Mr. James Ferguson, Bathurst accompanied by his daughter Agnes spent a few days here last week. A Deacons meeting is being held in town this week, amongst the ministers present are Canon Forth, Chatham, Rev. Mr. Snow, Newcastle, Rev. Mr. Aiton, Bathurst, Rev. Mr. Freeburn, Harcourt and the latter with Mrs. Freeburn are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cochrane. A concert in connection with St. John's church of England took place last evening in Kingston, a number of our town people attended. Miss Chamberlain of Campbellton is in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McKinlay. Miss Maud Hains returned last week from a pleasant visit to Moncton. Mr. Geo. Bissett of St. John was in town for some days last week. Mrs. McDonald of St. John is in town visiting relatives.

THINGS OF VALUE. "Yes, her looks favor her mother's people." "Indeed, 'Oh, greatly, she doesn't look a bit like them." "Detroit Journal." Why will you allow a cough to locate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc. "My darling, I always feel like taking off my shoes when I enter your sacred presence." "Sweet! Well, I would rather you did it now that after we are married."—Life. Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails. "Our landlady likes to have theatrical people come to stay with us." "Why?" "She says the more of us stare at them so hard that we forget to eat."—Detroit Free Press. You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Fowler's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown. "Close Together."—Well—Do you think there is anything between them? Belle—"Don't know. There wasn't when I looked at it at the parlor door last night."—Soberville Journal. "Epileptic."—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied. "Doesn't it make you sad when you think of the poor?" "Why, no, not particularly. It makes me sad, though, when I think of the rich."—Indianapolis Journal. How to CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache. There is a real remedy day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Farnes' Vegetable Pills, containing Mandarins and Dandelions. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lyndar, P. Q. writes: "I find Farnes' Pills a first class article for Bilious headaches." "Is your frying machine so good?" "Unquestionably," replied the enthusiast. "Have you made a trip with it?" "No, but I've sold several shares of stock." The Proprietors of Farnes' Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explain itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that cured my Farnes' Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was so rapid. As a safe family medicine Farnes' Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic. "I heard you fought a duel with Parker?" "I did." "Where?" "You afraid to stand up before a loaded pistol?" "No, with Parker holding a gun, I insured in his company."—Idaho. No family living in a bilious country should be without Farnes' Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Dr. J. L. Price, Rhoads, Mass., Co., writes: "I have tried a box of Farnes' Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used." "Have you any clue to the assassin?" asked the court "Well," replied Sherlock Holmes. "I think he must have been a Greek. As I approached he ran."—Philadelphia North American.

No Sore Feet. For tired, sweaty, sore, aching, swollen feet; Corns, Ingrowing Toe Nails, Bunions, etc., nothing gives prompt relief like FODER. Mr. R. S. Barnard, of York St., Toronto, says: "I have used FODER and found it a cool and refreshing remedy for sore feet." Price 25c a box by all druggists and soap-dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing Scott & Jort, Bowmanville, Ont.

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

T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars, 16 DUKE STREET SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourteenth day of August next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day: All the right title and interest of Thomas Youngblood in and to the leasehold premises described as: All the certain lot of land situate upon and being in Dufferin Ward in the City of St. John on the Southwestern corner of Hill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said Southwestern corner of Hill and Main Streets thence running westerly along the Southern line of Main Street forty two feet nine inches, thence southerly at right angles to said Southern line of Main Street forty seven feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Hill Street acrossed twenty six feet, thence at right angles Easterly sixty feet to the Western line of Hill Street, thence along the said Western line of Hill Street thirty four feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of the E number two as shown on plan number six of the subdivision of the House of Robert F. Haas. Together with the building and erections thereon standing and being. The same having been levied on and sold by the undersigned Sheriff, on and under a writ of execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Youngblood at the suit of Catherine McLintyre. Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1897. H. LAWRANCE STEWART, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B. H. A. McAllister, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Healthful drink for... cools the blood and... and health in the whole... of Stover's Lime... Absolutely... The strongest... hence the most...

Waters' Juice... International Exhibition... John, N. B. 10th Sept., 1897... 1000 IN PRIZES... Farm and Dairy Products... open to the World.

Shore, a visit to Canada's... in the cleanest and healthiest... combined with a visit... at the very low... come to St. John. forwarded to every one who... EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Claret Co. es Vins de Bordeaux.

Bodega Cases... and Liquors... CLARET CO. Montreal.

THE GREAT TWINS AND K.D.C. PILLS... INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION. Write for samples, testimonials and prices. K. D. C. COMPANY, 117 Boston Mass.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.) Mrs. Milner and family leave the last of the week for England. Mr. Whiston of New York was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hillson last week. Mrs. Bliss of Mount Whately is spending a few days with her son Dr. Bliss, Church street. Miss Helen Pipes went to Halifax on Tuesday where she will make a short stay before going to Yarmouth to visit friends for several weeks. It is with deepest regret I write of the death of Mr. F. B. Robb of the Robb Engineering Co., which occurred on Tuesday afternoon at Pungwash while in bathing; details are not to hand but the sad fact has elicited sympathy from all hearts for the suddenly bereaved family and the question of the day is, who will fill the place left vacant by the loss of such a kind hearted charitable citizen who was ever in the foremost line of everything that tended to the good of his town and welfare of his employees. The remains came by Wednesday noon train and the burial takes place on Thursday afternoon. Invitations for two social functions have been canceled the picnic of the Baptist S. school postponed and all gaiety for the time being is over shadowed by the sadness of the untimely passing of Mr. Robb and boys of the Y. M. C. A. camp return to night to attend the burial of their late associate and true friend.

FARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Farsboro Book Store.] July 22.—Judge Morse, Mr. M. J. Townsend, Q. C., and Mr. D. D. Burpee of Amherst, Hon. Dr. Borden and Mr. E. B. Cogswell were here on Thursday attending a special session of the County Court. Miss Armstrong of Rangoon India, is visiting Mrs. MacKerze. Mr. J. R. Little from Japan, recently spent Sunday at the Queen. Mr. James Jenks of Minnesota, with his son and nephew, were here last week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jenks. Miss Mattie Woodworth is visiting friends at Sackville, N. B. Dr. and Mrs. Holmes returned on Saturday from their wedding trip. Mrs. Holmes receiving visitors this week, wears white silk and is assisted by her mother-in-law and Miss Curran of Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Aikman were in Halifax last week. Miss Ellen Aikman arrived on Tuesday from Boston. Mrs. Stewart Day of New Glasgow with her twin is visiting her parents. Mrs. Kellart and Miss Grant of New Jersey and Glen of Cheoerie are guests of Mrs. Dickinson. Mr. C. S. Mur and Mr. Churchill have been to Truro. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Coates of Amherst spent Sunday with Farsboro friends. Mr. T. E. McKay former principal of the school has been spending a few days here. His many friends were very glad to see him again. Mrs. Smith of Windsor and little daughter Ger-aldine are visiting Mrs. Eville. Mr. Clarence Cole who has been at home from St. Stephen paying a visit to his father and mother took his departure today. Mr. and Mrs. George Cole of Amherst spent Sunday before last with their relatives. Dr. and Mrs. Jeffers are back from Baltimore and are staying with the parents of the former. A large crowd went to Springhill in a special on Thursday night to see Washburn's circus, returning the same night. Miss Hockin of Truro is visiting friends here. Miss Mattie McAlan is at home from Boston for a couple of months. Mr. F. Bevery of St. John is the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Reid. Judge Wilbur has lately spent a few days with Judge Townsend. Miss McCurdy and Mr. S. McCurdy are at present at St. Martinus. Miss Upham returned on Saturday from St. Stephen.

ANNAPOLIS.

JULY 22.—Society here was just a little quiet during the early spring and summer but social matters are beginning to look up somewhat at late. We are promised a rare treat on Tuesday evening the 27th, when the Miles Ideal Stock Company will play here for one night. The press notices given this theatrical company would seem to indicate that it is a first-class combination in every way, both from a social and professional standpoint. The plays are all exceptionally interesting it is said and in St. John the company made a wonderful hit playing to crowded houses every night. Some of the artists have held responsible engagements in leading theatres in the United States. The Yarmouth people speak in the highest terms of the week's engagement which closes there today. It is so seldom we have really good companies in this part of the country that no doubt all will be eager to take advantage of the opportunity offered on Tuesday.

GRAND MANAN.

JULY 18.—Mrs. Berrie of Malden, Mass., arrived here on Saturday, and is a guest of her brother Capt. Allen O. Guphill. Rev. W. S. Covert spent a day in St. George this week. Miss Eunice Barcroft of Boston is a guest of

Strong Nerves

Nerves just as surely come from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla as does the cure of scrofula, salt rheum, or other so-called blood diseases. This is simply because the blood affects the condition of all the bones, muscles and tissues. If it is impure it cannot properly sustain these parts. If made pure, rich, red and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla, it carries health instead of disease, and repairs the worn, nervous system as nothing else can do. Thus nervous prostration, hysteria, neuralgia, heart palpitation, are cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Because it is the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, too.

BABY HUMORS

Instant relief for skin-tortured babies and rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure. The only speedy and economical treatment for itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply humors of the skin, scalp, and blood.

Cuticura

Insold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston. How to Cure Every Baby Humor, mailed free.

BABY BLEMISHES

Presented and Cured by CUTICURA SOAP. her father, Mr. Henry Bancroft. Miss Bancroft was accompanied home by her friend Miss Gordon. The church of Ascension Sunday school had their annual picnic on Saturday. The scholars and friends of the school went by steamer Fishing to St. George, where Mr. Gilmour, ex M. P. P. of Charlotte county, gave them the use of their beautiful grounds. The trip across the bay and up the river was beautiful and all enjoyed the day thoroughly. So far there has been very few picnics but I have heard of one or two for next week. Mr. G. P. Newton arrived home from New York on Saturday. Mrs. L. C. Guphill and children have returned home from a pleasant visit in Milltown.

FOOLING THE AUDIENCE.

A New Development of an old Theatrical Plan to Have Fun With the House. The builders of burlesque long ago discovered that the New York public got an immense amount of pleasure out of seeing a man made ridiculous. Five years ago, in a farce which was produced in this city, a variety actor used to stop in the middle of his 'turn' and apparently hold a whispered conversation with somebody in the wings. Then he would step to the front of the stage and in a rather anxious voice inquire whether there was a doctor in the house. It's hard to find a New York audience which doesn't include at least one physician, and the actor's inquiry and evident anxiety invariably brought at least one man to his feet.

'I'm a physician; what's wanted?' was the usual form of response, and the spectators would glue their eyes on the doctor, who would be undergoing the sensations that usually come to a man who bears his own voice raised to a high pitch in a theatre for the first time. Then in the dead silence the star would make some such reply as: 'Well, we're glad you're here, and hope you'll stay for the next act, because it's good.'

Sometimes the physician would retire amid shrieks of merriment from the audience, sometimes he would stick it out, but the trick was always regarded as a mean one, and was finally abolished by managers. Then a travelling variety company conceived the clever scheme of waking up parts of the audience by running electric wires through different chairs in the body of the house. At a quiet period of the performance they would turn on a switch behind the scenes and the audience would have the pleasure of seeing a dozen people spring out of their chairs simultaneously. A man finally sued the managers of a theatre where this trick was played on him, and recovered several thousand dollars' damages. The wires weren't utilized again. Finally came the soubrette, who had a song of several dozen verses, descriptive of all sorts and conditions of people. From her repertory she could draw verses to fit people in the audience in range of her eyes and these personalities always tickled those at whom they were not directed.

New Yorkers finally revolted against this sort of thing and then came a London singer with the well-known song 'Georgie' which she sang to the cello player, to the intense amusement of concert hall habitués. Then the custom of singing at some individual in the audience died out, but the managers couldn't let it rest and it has been revived on a different plan in a burlesque which is now running at an uptown theatre. Here a young woman in tight, a very pretty and shapely young woman, wanders out on the stage, looks around with a forlorn expression on her face, finally fastens her eyes on a light-haired young man in the audience—he always sits in the aisle seat, third row, left hand side of the house—looks happy again, and proceeds to sing a song of love to him. She is quite mild in the first verse, but grows warmer as the song proceeds, and finally almost falls over the footlights in her efforts to get near the object of her outburst. The young man meanwhile wriggles around in his seat, tugs at his mustache, and looks as uncomfortable as he can. The audience roars at him; other young men feel sorry for him and get a little lower in their own seats for fear the singer will turn her ditty on them. Just before the last verse the young man gets up from his seat, runs up the aisle, and disappears. The spectators bowl with glee, the singer tosses a kiss after her victim, finishes her song, and trips off the stage. Night after night this goes on and each night's audience is certain that it has seen something not down on the programme. But it hasn't. That

same young man does the uncomfortable wriggle and disappearing act every night and matinee, and the joke is on the audience, not on him. He is the singer's husband and the son of a well-known comedian. As he puts it: "New York audiences are easy."

HER COMPLEX ACCENT.

A Chicago Girl Whose Way of Speaking English Must be a Puzzle. People who are under the impression that accent betrays not only the nationality, but provincialism as well, will perhaps be somewhat disillusionized by reading the following incident.

The experience is that of a Chicago woman who made a trip to New York a short while ago. Up to the time of her visit to the Eastern metropolis she supposed that she spoke fairly good English. She read none but the best authors, and as her friends were all numbered among cultured people there really seemed no reason why she should not couch her sentiments in pure substantial Anglo-Saxon. Neither did she affect an accent. At least, she was not aware that she did. After arriving in New York, however, she learned that she not only had an accent, but that it was a many-sided affair that was truly perplexing.

She attended a reception one evening where literary and artistic people predominated. The first person she talked with was a man with a bushy red beard and gold eyeglasses.

'I am so glad, madam,' he said, in the course of the conversation, 'to know that you are from my town. That Boston accent is bound to betray the speaker wherever it may be heard.'

The Chicago woman flashed him one keen glance; then, seeing that he was in earnest, she said: 'I fear you have made a mistake. I am from Chicago.'

Soon after she began talking to an elderly woman.

'You are from Georgia, of course,' said the older woman. 'I can always tell a Georgian anywhere. There is nobody on earth pronounces a's and u's like a person born and bred in that state.'

And again was the Chicago woman forced to proclaim the city of her nativity.

Later a young man commented on her accent. 'From Nova Scotia, of course,' he said pleasantly. 'I hail from there myself, and it's a pleasure to see some one who speaks as they do at home. The minute you pronounced my name I knew you were from my part of the country. Nobody else could say it with just that accent. Again she gasped out something about 'Chicago.'

A half hour later another man claimed her for a kindred spirit.

'I've been lonesome and out of place to night,' he said. 'Nobody here from my section of the globe. You're the first person I've met all evening that hails from west of the Rocky Mountains. The minute I heard you speak I said 'Here's a woman from the far west.' We never lose our accent, it seems, wherever we may go.'

Just before the reception ended the suave young man who stood at her side leaned forward and said: 'I'll drive over and see you some day, if you don't mind.'

'You'll do what?'

'Drive over and see you. I'll wager we don't live more than ten miles apart. My home is in Robinson, W. Va., and you cannot live far away. An accent such as yours and mine is never heard outside our immediate vicinity.'

They were on their way home at last. 'You'll be apt to have a caller to-morrow,' said her cousin. 'That young doctor from Montreal is anxious to know you better. He feels confident that you belong to his city. He says he was attracted by your accent from the very first. He's homesick and would like to talk to someone from his native town. I didn't tell him any difference. You—'

STOPPING A RUNAWAY ENGINE.

How the Davy Crockett Was Brought to a Standstill with Wheels Buzzing.

'When the road was first built,' the storytelling railroad man continued, 'which now runs from Harrisburg to Canandaigua, N. Y., it was nicknamed the Davy Crockett and for many years thereafter the name clung. It was brought about in this way: One dark night, when the conductor was taking three passenger cars through to Sunbury, he noticed the headlight of a locomotive in the rear. He instantly informed the engineer of the fact and both began speculating what it meant. The train was running at a high rate of speed, but the headlight in the rear was gaining steadily on them. As there were no lights in the rear of the headlight, they concluded it must be an empty engine. That road twists in and out among the mountains, and skirts the banks of the Susque-

hanna River in such a way as to permit any one looking back to observe what is going on in the rear for a considerable distance.

The conductor ordered the engineer to put on more steam, and the latter pulled the throttle wide open. Then followed a wild chase through the night. Pursuer and pursued tore along at the highest speed. Everybody on the cars believed that the engineer of the pursuing engine was either drunk or crazy.

'At last a bright idea struck the engineer. He recalled the fact that a locomotive can make little progress on greasy rails. The contents of two large cans of lard oil were poured on the track from the rear of the last passenger coach. The idea proved a great one. Soon the headlight of the pursuing engine grew dim in the distance. When it was safe to do so the train stopped and backed up to solve the mystery. A very funny sight was revealed.

'One of the finest engines on the road, called the Davy Crockett—they gave the locomotives names in those days instead of numbers—had broken away from a hostler up at Williamsport and started down the track on a voyage of destruction. The oil poured on the track had baffled all the destructive abilities that locomotive possessed. There stood the Davy Crockett, puffing and snorting like a Texas steed, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like a flywheel in a machine shop, but hardly moving an inch.'

SEE PAINTS PET CATS.

The Novel Field of Art Discovered by a Young Welshwoman in London.

A Welsh girl, Mary Knight, is growing rich in London by painting miniatures of pet cats. She went there about three years ago, and, fortunately, was immediately taken up by the smart set. Since Miss Knight received her first order she has been kept busy filling those that have followed.

The first cat that the young artist ever painted belonged to the Duchess D'Alencon. Its name was Tommy and it was presented to the Duchess by one of the English princesses when she was making a visit to London. She was exceedingly anxious to keep it, but as she was going to travel for some time, some one persuaded her that it would be better to take a picture of the cat than the animal itself, and gave her Miss Knight's address, saying she was a young stranger in London and would no doubt be pleased to get the work. The Duchess was delighted with the idea and placed the order at once. Miss Knight was very much amused and a little annoyed, at first at such a commission, and told the Duchess that she could never make a success of it unless she had a chance to study the cat. Accordingly the cat was sent to the studio, and the clever young Welsh-

woman began to see many possibilities in its face. She finally concluded that the grays and whites combining and set off by the blacks of its glossy coat would make a most charming miniature, and in ten days the cat was sent back to its mistress with a perfect likeness hanging from its neck.

The picture was a complete circle of ivory with the cat asleep in straw in the foreground. She had caught the exact expression of indifferently well-bred contentment that every cat brought up in luxury wears, and the Duchess was much pleased with the clever idea. From that time Miss Knight had no longer to sit with folded hands and dream an artist's dream. She was dubbed Amelia Kussner of the Cat Kingdom.

Since then she has devoted herself to painting miniatures of animals, one of her most successful pieces of work being a miniature of a Jersey heifer belonging to Lady Abingdon. The cheapest miniature ever painted by Miss Knight brought her \$20, and this was only an ordinary painting in water colors on a square of canvas. The miniatures on porcelain and ivory sell for from \$50 to \$100, and even more if finer ones are wanted. She says a person wanting to paint cats should take at least three months for the first, and then, when the art is learned, the work can be done quickly. Cats are in no way like dogs, and they all do not look alike to this painter of cats. She says that each one has just as much individuality as human beings, and that one cat is no more a picture of another cat than a man is a picture of another man. As for the kittens with their artful and wily expression and way—well, painting kittens is altogether different from painting cats.

How Ostriches Run.

Considerable misconception prevails as to the manner in which the ostrich runs. It seems to be still generally held that when running it spreads out its wings, and aided by them skims lightly over the ground. This is not correct. When a bird really settles itself to run it holds its head lower than usual and a little forward, with a deep loop in the neck. The neck vibrates sinusously, but the head remains steady, thus enabling the bird, even at top speed, to look around with unshaken glances in any direction. The wings lie along the sides about on a level with or a little higher than the back, and are held loosely, just free of the plunging 'thigh.' There is no attempt to hold them extended or to derive any assistance from them as organs of flight.

When an ostrich after a hard run, is very tired, its wings sometimes droop; this is due to exhaustion. They are never, by a

running bird exerting itself to the utmost, held out away from the sides to lighten its weight or to encrease its pace. But the wings appear to be of great service in turning, enabling the bird to double abruptly, even when going at top speed.

One Way to Silence a Brass Band.

Did you ever, in a spirit of friskiness, suck a lemon in full gaze of the members of the Electric Band, while they were engaged in rendering those sweet and seductive strains for which they have become noted? Well, don't. Nor before any other band, for it may not be such a scathless escape as a boy met with who figures as a principal in a story a friend relates.

It was when the little German band was playing for drinks before saloons and incidentally picking up some small coin of the realm at other business houses. In front of a Demler shop they started to tear the 'Watch Am Rhine' to pieces. They fared pretty well and had switched off to 'Sweet Rosy O'Grady,' when a small boy, who had evidently been put up to do the trick, made his appearance and stood near the band. He was sucking a lemon, and at his appearance a look of disgust spread over the faces of all the members of the band. One by one the musicians dropped out of the game until at last there was left only the bass horn player. He had to quit after a little while. It was raining, and this with the lemon episode, rather combined to put the bass horn player in a bad humor. He walked over to the boy, and, catching him by the ear, he said: 'Vat for you come around here mit a lemon an kveer der whole tam pand? It's tough luck to stand about in der rain mitout being kveered by a poy mit dot tam lemon.'

There was a subdued laughter in a store near by as the German band left for other words to conquer. It is a fact slightly known that the presence of any one sucking a lemon in front of a band will cause a panic. The musicians' mouths fill so rapidly with saliva that they cannot play.

The Wrong Boy.

At a country school not a hundred miles from Weatherly one of the directors is a clergyman. He sent word that he, with the other directors, would visit the school last Friday. The teacher, a young girl, was desirous of making a good impression so she drilled the children carefully as to just what to say on the occasion of the visit. The first boy was asked, 'Who made you?' His reply was to be 'God.' The second boy was to be asked, 'Who was the first man?' His answer of course, was to be 'Adam.'

The appointed hour came, and in her flurry the teacher failed to notice that the first boy was absent. She walked over and asked, 'Johnny, who made you?' 'Adam' was the reply. 'No! No! Johnnie; God made you.' 'No he didn't. The boy what God made stayed at home to-day.'

Provision for Both.

Smith walked up Market street the other evening with a box of candy under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

'Hello, Smith,' said Brown, 'gone to housekeeping? I didn't know you were married.'

'I'm not yet.'

'What are you doing with candy and meat then?'

'Going to see my girl.'

'Do you furnish the family with meat already?'

'Oh, no, the candy is for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square myself with both.'—San Francisco Post.

He who greases his wheels helps his oxen,

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

50 Dozen Of the Finest Quality this Summer's

STRAW AND CHIP HATS

Comprising Turbans, Toques, Walking Hats, Sailors and Dress Hats, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 each, at a cash price that enables us to offer the lot—

Your Choice for 50c:

All Hats and materials purchased during this sale will be trimmed free.

The Parisian

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 24, 1897.

GLIMPSSES OF NEW YORK

HOW LIFE IS MOVING IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Society Has Flown to Cooler Quarters for the Season and the City is Quiet—A Review of the Thorne and Nack Trial—What Mrs. Nack Looks Like.

NEW YORK, July 14.—How is the weather down your way? Splendid, I can fancy, with the cool breeze from the south and the sun reflected in the blue waters of your harbor. Well ours isn't too bad for New York. Last week was very hot and humid and this week we have been treated to an old fashioned downpour of rain and in the midst of it a gale of wind that has pretty nearly made a wreck of Coney Island and of Brighton Beach, and their appurtenances.

Society here is nil just now, all of the four hundred having taken to themselves wings and flown away, but outside of their charmed circle, men and women and children pass on as usual, working away and struggling with the heat.

There are two or three topics of interest here just now—first there is a heavy boom in the price of stock in the Sugar Trust which has risen from 112 to 137 1/2, and has had the effect of wrecking an old firm which got wrong "tips" from Washington and sold out in consequence. There was an average of \$83,000 worth of sugar stock sold per hour yesterday at the big price mentioned above and if the firm had just held on to their stock and had not trusted to their false "tips," they would have made upwards of a million. The whole thing was managed in Washington—certain parties were informed of the action of congress and they, of course, made their pile and the other—oh well they did not have a chance to know how their representatives would do, and so they of course lost their pile. The whole thing is a species of gambling that would not be allowed for an instant among gentlemen, or elsewhere, probably, than in the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Another matter of general interest is the breaking of two reservoirs and the consequent damage to life and property. The latter will amount to millions of dollars and there are seven dead and twenty-two or three suffering victims. The reservoirs were cheaply cemented, it is claimed, and in the midst of the howling gale of last night the walls gave way and a torrent of water forty feet in height and sixty feet in width swept down through and over and among the farmhouses, barns, railroads, mills and factories carrying ruin and death in their path. The papers are full of it and trying to fasten the blame where it belongs.

The chief topic, however, is the Nack-Throne-Guldensuppe tragedy. Beyond all question the Journal brought out the various facts, and thereby proved that the best way to arrive at certain results in a complicated murder case is to take the public into your confidence. Inside of a week all the leading facts were established and Mrs. Nack and Martin Thorne were in prison. It was well worth going to see them when they were called on to plead to the indictment. Mrs. Nack, a heavy visaged, gloomy looking woman, was really ghastly; her black hair formed a marked contrast to her perfectly colorless lips and cheeks and she presented the appearance of a hunted animal. She did not speak, her counsel Mr. House informing the court that a demurrer was filed to the indictment, but she dropped a fan she held, not being able to retain her grasp upon it apparently. On the other hand Thorne looked and acted in a manner quite unconcerned and when Mrs. Nack dropped her fan he stooped over, picked it up and handed it to her with a smile and a polite bow, that did him no discredit. She smiled at him in reply, but it was such a ghastly smile!

As to the outcome of the case, it is a question whether the state has enough evidence to prove that the body is Guldensuppe's, or that the prisoners are the people that murdered him—The demurrers to the indictment amount to nothing as if they should be sustained the prisoners will be immediately rearrested. But the evidence, while it satisfies every man and woman who has read it that the law has its heavy hand on the right parties, is not such that it is likely to satisfy a jury beyond all reasonable doubt.

The story told by Thorne's rearsant friend Gartha as having been told to him by Thorne, for instance, will not be believed

by any one. Apart from the fact that it is a story told by a false friend who has received, or will receive, a monetary reward for his treason to a lifelong friendship it contained in itself so many statements contradicted by the other facts of the case, and by the theories that these facts have formed, that it cannot be believed. And Thorne's case rests simply upon this story, and a jury would never let him go, and convict Mrs. Nack. The prisoners have the best of counsel, Mrs. Nack having the assistance of Friend and House and Thorne having that of Howe and Hummel, the latter having been especially spigned by Judge Newburgher.

The people who went away to England for a glimpse of the jubilee procession are coming back again and the steamers are crowded. Everybody appears to be satisfied and more than satisfied for once—On all hands it is admitted that the greatest procession that ever took place on this earth took place in London June 22nd., at all events that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Beside it our triumphal march to the tomb of our great national hero seems very commonplace and bare. I have heard several expressions of admiration for the soldiers and their uniforms and among these have heard most complimentary remarks upon the Canadian militia and their healthful appearance and splendid marching. All that we saw of it here, however, was "the flag that waved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" upon the spars of more than half the ships in the harbor and on the roof of the British consulate and while I watched from Brooklyn bridge the "red ensign" waving its folds to and fro from peak of many a gallant craft I felt within myself that the heart could never be outlawed and that to me that flag would ever be the symbol of all that is dearest on earth.

A JOURNALIST'S WOE.

How His Life is Made a Burden by Friend and Foe Alike.

In the heart of central Africa there is a tribe which is chiefly remarkable for one of its extraordinary marriage customs. I am not prepared to describe the peculiar ceremonies which signalize the wedding itself, but they are doubtless more conspicuous for simplicity than elaboration, and probably merely consist of the bridegroom knocking the bride down with a club, and dragging her to her future residence in his filthy hut by the wool of her head, or some equally effective way remarkable only for its simple directness, and absence of all ostentation. The singular part of the affair comes later. As soon as a dusky belle forsakes her maiden estate, whether voluntarily, or otherwise, and takes her place amongst the honorable matrons of the tribe, she is provided with a collar of brass, artistically finished with long spikes which project from it at intervals and give her very much the appearance of one of the savage mastiffs sometimes seen sporting a similar decoration. This is securely rivetted around the hapless bride's neck, and as long as she lives it never leaves her. There is no removing it at night, as the high-born dame removes her diamond necklace, there it is, and there it is going to stay until the wearer lays down her burdens forever and it is removed to grace the neck of her successor. I don't know how her spouse would ever manage to kiss her, if he wished to do so, and the tender ceremony of putting his arm around her neck, must ever be a forbidden joy to him, but as it is not likely that he ever felt the least inclination to indulge in either of these little endearments he is quite unconscious of missing anything. The wearer of this badge of matrimony misses a good deal though, especially in the way of sleep, and when I add that the collar sometimes weighs nine pounds, if the husband is prosperous and can afford to give his wife the very best, the misery this poor creature is condemned to, will be apparent. It gets heated by the tropical sun too, frequently burning her neck into blisters, and galling it as the collar of a hard worked horse galls the animal. Often during her long hours of toil, the African matron pauses for a moment, lifts her collar with both hands, and supports it for a

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few moments in order to get a brief rest from the intolerable burden; and on the long marches she frequently undertakes, she carries it in this manner most of the time to avoid the chafing and burning it causes. But at the same time it is as much a badge of honor as the wedding ring worn by her civilized sisters, and her pride in it is such that nothing could induce her to part with it.

Now it has always seemed to me that the profession of journalism was very like the African married lady's necklace—it is highly honorable, but you can never get away from it! For the man who deals in pork, the man who speculates in flour, and the man who has adopted the curing of hides as a profession, there is succorance from "the shop," and complete forgetfulness of business cares the moment he locks the door of the office or the warehouse; but the journalist enjoys none of the privileges which belong to others. He is supposed always to wear the trademark of his profession, on his back in plain view even as the snail carries his house, and Simbad had just about as much luck in shaking off the old man of the sea, as the journalist has in leaving the shop at home.

It would be considered a shocking breach of good manners amongst people of decent breeding to ask a member of the company who happened to be a wholesale provision merchant, at what price green hams were quoted in the market, especially if the query was made during a pause in the conversation at a dinner party, or in general conversation at an At Home. I scarcely think the perpetrator of such a lapse in good taste, would be asked again to the house where he distinguished himself in such a manner. Neither would the woman who delicately chafed the wine merchant at the top of her lungs, during some social function about the enforcement of the Scott Act injuring his business, or teased the lawyer in a sprightly manner, about making his living out of the misfortunes of others. But at the same time quite as horrible breaches of ordinary good breeding are committed every day toward the journalist by people who consider themselves quite above reproach so far as good taste and good manners are concerned.

Let it once be known that a man is connected with anything in the shape of a newspaper, and he becomes on the instant an object for the refined chaff of all his acquaintances, male and female; his notebook is supposed always to be in evidence, and he is popularly believed to spend all his waking hours in taking notes of the most utterly trivial and uninteresting occurrences under the sun. Nothing is too silly, in the estimation of the intelligent public, to engage the attention of a literary man and cause him to take copious notes. In fact I sometimes think the public at large imagine that newspapers employ but one person outside of the printing staff, and that he is supposed to be perfectly omniscient and almost omnipotent, knowing everything that takes place within a hundred miles, and attending to every department of the paper himself. You may be the theatrical editor, and never touch a pen except to describe and criticize what takes place before the footlights of the different theatres, but at the same time if your neighbor's dog has a difference of opinion with another gentleman of the canine persuasion, and you look over the fence with languid interest while the neighbor seper-

ates them, he thinks it is quite the proper thing to remark, as he mops his steaming brow after the performance—"I suppose you will make quite a story out of this" and expects you to join in his inane chuckle over his own cleverness. You may have nothing on the face of the earth to do with the paper beyond looking after its business interests, and extending its advertising patronage, but just as surely as you are enjoying a quiet flirtation in some sheltered corner, or listening appreciatively to a good story well told, at a cosy little supper; some inspired idiot will poke you sportively in the ribs and ejaculate archly—"Now don't put all this in the paper you know."

Perhaps you are the literary editor pure and simple, and devote your exclusive attention to the renewing of books and magazines, the writing of more or less dull essays, and the general filling in of odd corners in the literary department, but even that fact will not protect you from the friendly advances of some officious acquaintance who persists in attracting attention in some public place, by forcing upon you the details of a runaway he has just witnessed, and who is manifestly offended because you do not produce a notebook or the inkstand, and take down his burning words as they fall from his lips.

Not very long ago I myself attended a fashionable wedding, to which I had every reason to suppose I had been invited for the pure pleasure my society would afford to my entertainers. We have an ample supply of society editors on our staff whose duty it is to look after such functions, and the idea that my presence could possibly be connected in any way with profession never occurred to me for a moment. During supper I was seated beside a young lady upon whom I flattered myself I was making an impression, and I was enjoying myself thoroughly, when suddenly a relative of the bride leaned smilingly across the table and with the air of saying the most agreeable and appropriate thing possible, remarked in sportive style—"I suppose you're taking lots of notes, aren't you? The only reason I did not fall upon that man and rend him was because I hated to annoy the bride by making a disturbance and—incidentally—because he was a much bigger man than I was!"

I have a lady friend who writes fashions, and who could not put two sentences together on any other subject if her life depended upon it, but who was electrified one day at a football match by having an

acquaintance call across the grand stand to her—"Going to write this up I suppose? That's right, mind you make a good story out of it!" I am fond of my profession, and like the lady of the brass collar, I am proud of it too, but I confess I often wish it did not cause me to thirst for the gore of my best friends so often, or else that those friends had better taste, and more good sense. I dislike very much when I am listening to some amusing story in a room full of people to have some well meaning friend tap me playfully on the shoulder, and remark in a confidential whisper that is audible in every corner of the room—"Food for an article! Eh old man!" And I also dislike particularly to have some acquaintance suddenly adopt a demeanor of injured hauteur towards me, and to find out afterwards that his attack of dignity is caused by something he has read in the paper which he fancies is intended for him, and as I am on the staff, he feels convinced I am responsible for.

I suppose all journalists have a somewhat similar experience; but how I do wish that people would bring a little more intelligence and courtesy into their intercourse with newspaper people, and get over the idea that a person connected with any sort of journal must necessarily be engaged in a perpetual hunt for news. That they would, in short let us forget the shop once the office door is closed, and enjoy the privileges accorded to other private citizens. I sometimes wonder if any of us will be allowed to enter Heaven, should we be so fortunate as to reach our just reward—without being greeted by a chorus of inquiries as to whether we have come to stay, or merely dropped in to gather material for a forthcoming article on the joys of Heaven.

One Way to Find Out.

They were sitting on the sands side by side, looking out over the ocean.
'How peaceful it looks!' said he.
'Yes,' said she, 'but how very wet!'
'True,' he observed, 'and yet how calm and restful it appears! With you by my side I could sail on forever.'
'Yes?' she queried.
'Yes,' he affirmed, 'forever. Will you, dearest?'
'On one condition,' she replied. 'I am a cautious girl, and I do not wish to be over hasty. But I will let you make the test, and when the test is made and you say it is successful, I will go with you.'
'And that test, love?' he cried.
'You take a boat and sail on forever, and after you have sailed on forever tell me how it works,' she answered.
And she left him meditating.

How Old are You?

It makes no difference whether you answer or not. It is always true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age upon a woman's beauty so deeply, as gray hair. The hair loses its color generally from lack of nutrition. If you nourish the hair, the original color will come back. That is the way that the normal color of the hair is restored by

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A NICE ARRANGEMENT.

"I don't want him at all," said Mrs. St. Julian. "Then why not tell him so?" returned her husband from behind the outspread Times. "Surely you needn't stand upon ceremony with Ted. But I must get someone to talk to him, Tom. I can't have him on my own hands all day. Let me see. Maud Affleck's at home—I think I'll ask her over. She knows nearly as much of the Mongols as he does. I will write to her at once. She must come on Monday afternoon. Ted proposes to arrive by the 7.15."

it would hold water, well, the best half of his second volume was just so much waste paper. He pushed the temptation from him to the opposite end of the bench. Then he fell to writing busily on certain slips of paper. These slips—together with her manuscript in a neat parcel—he took, occasion to present to Miss Affleck the same afternoon at tea time. "What is the meaning of these hieroglyphics?" she inquired. (The Professor wrote an execrable hand.) He explained, reddening slightly, that they were "rules for transliteration, which he thought she might find helpful."

hair? Oor the dispensations of Providence? They are all beautiful, in different ways. "Nonsense! I was thinking that—that you would let me help you with the book, now." "The Professor started guiltily. To do him justice he had quite forgotten the book. "We will collaborate—we will write it together," he murmured. Then he kissed her, and rose to new heights of magnanimity. "And publish in our joint names—Edward and Maud Alleyne."

A Prominent City Official

Thinks As Highly of Paine's Celery Compound As He Did Years Ago.

Mr. J. T. Dillon, Chairman of the Board of Assessors of the city of Montreal, is one of the best known and most popular citizens of the great metropolis. As Mr. Dillon had some years ago given public testimony regarding the life-giving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, he was recently asked if his opinions had in any way changed as far as the value of the great curing medicine is concerned. Mr. Dillon's reply was prompt, and his statement as strong as words could make it. His brief letter reads as follows: "I am in receipt of your valued favor, and would say that I most cheerfully testify again to the worth, value and merits of Paine's Celery Compound."

MRS. DOMINIS AS A HEROINE.

A Sorry Figure, Even After the Most Strenuous Efforts of Her Friends. Those who have any knowledge of the life and history of the ex-Queen of Hawaii will be surprised at the extravagant flattery heaped upon her by Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Bazar. The whole vocabulary of the English language is brought into requisition to describe the beauty of her face and form, the liquid softness of her voice, the grace of her carriage and the suavity of her manner. Mrs. Spofford's eulogy of Liliuokalani bears the earmarks of Julius Palmer or of the subject herself. That the public may lose none of the minor details of their heroic lives through undue reticence of the narrator, probably, Julius describes the Queen and the Queen describes Julius. It is generally supposed that they have been lifelong friends, but this is an error into which the public has dropped unconsciously. "Duke" Palmer went to Hawaii about 1870 in command of a ship, discharged his cargo, took on another, and sailed away. He next appeared, twenty-five years later, as a reporter for a Boston newspaper and took the anti-annexation side of the controversy then raging on the islands. He then made himself as conspicuous and as ridiculous as he has done since in Washington. In a few months he returned to the Pacific coast, and when he again returned to Hawaii the Queen was a prisoner. Mrs. Spofford gives us a beautiful insight into the character of the fallen Queen



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Her rhapsody on the grace and beauty of Liliuokalani may not seem accurate, however, to all who have seen Mrs. Dominis. To some she appears to be a fairly good-looking, well-dressed Kanaka woman with coarse features and the peculiar brown spots beneath the dark yellow complexion so often seen in stout elderly colored women with white blood in their veins. Mrs. Spofford speaks of her straight black hair, but most assuredly her hair is very kinky, as was the hair of her brother, Kalakaua. Mrs. Spofford waxes eloquent in describing her descent from the Kamehamehas, and from that doughty Queen Kapiolani who abandoned her idols and defied the fearful goddess Pele at the crater of Kilauea. She says: "Liliuokalani would do the same today." Perhaps, but her valor was not conspicuous during the riots, although at one time she had the whole armed force of the islands under her control. Mrs. Dominis as a girl was brought up by Paki, the father of Mrs. Bishop, and one of the high chiefs. Her father was Pakea, a minor chief. Her brother, the late King Kalakaua, was at one time Postmaster-General, but was deprived of his office for financial irregularities. He was then made second clerk in the interior office and he held the place until the death of Lunalilo, when he was elected King, and his sister, who had married John Dominis, the son of an Italian-American ship Captain, became the Princess Liliuokalani, subsequently Queen.

posed to it, declaring to her brother that she never would have signed it. Before taking the oath of office she said to the Chief Justice: "Suppose I refuse to sign it? Then you will never be Queen," he replied. She did sign it when the time came, knowing perfectly well every article that it contained, and thereupon commenced to sit in trigas and plot to overthrow it. It was her wish to name the members of the Supreme Court; to have the Judges of the Supreme Court hold office at her pleasure, and to have the taxes levied by Hawaiians, paid by foreigners. But probably no event of her life does the Queen regret so much as her interview with Mr. Willis, where she distinctly expressed her determination to behead the leaders of the revolution if she were restored to the throne. Everything was done to make her retract this, but she would not for a long time. Finally she agreed with Mr. Carter, a devoted adherent, that she would merely confiscate the property and banish them. Mr. Willis, with the expressed determination of restoring to her the throne, was obliged to abandon her. And this is the woman that Mrs. Spofford would have us admire, telling us of her charity, the purity of her life, her religion and noble deeds.

SEE COULD WAIT.

The Resident Only Called When Funerals Were on the Way.

It is often very difficult for newcomers in a community, especially if the community is a small one, to understand the local ideas of social requirements, for etiquette—a ticklish thing at best—is often greatly modified by local usage. A Mrs. Cathcart, who had grown from a large city to live in a small village on Long Island, was a woman of strong social instincts, and soon after she was comfortably settled, she set about getting acquainted with her neighbors. She soon learned that she would make small progress if she waited for the neighbors to call first, as she naturally would have done in the city; so with some misgivings she ventured to call at the house next door, where lived a pleasant friendly woman, who welcomed her cordially, and promptly made her feel thoroughly at home. After a suitable time, Mrs. Cathcart rose to go, and said: "Now Mrs. Johnson, I hope, since we have become acquainted, that you will come over and see me." "Well, my dear," said Mrs. Johnson, "I ain't no hand to gad. You see, I have so much to do at home, 't I don't get time. I haint ben out but once all winter, 'a' that was when Aunt Sally Bashford was buried. Of course, I make a pint always to go to the funeral when any o' my friends die, but I don't get out no other times." "In that case," said Mrs. Cathcart, "I hope you won't be in any hurry about returning this call."

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Sunday Reading.

The Schule-Maister's Burial.

Oh, but this is hard upon us, lads,' said Davie Dunton, one of four boys who stood by the roadside and saw the coffin carried past which was to shut in the form of their beloved teacher.

'Ay, Davie, it is hard. Ye may weel say that it is hard. It isna twa weeks sin' he cam' to oor hoose an' helped me wi' me hard sams, an' noo he is cauld i' dait,' replied Geordie Harley.

'It is ane o' the ways o' Providence that are past findin' out,' observed Jamie Struthers, with less sadness, but with becoming gravity.

'Mither was sayin' that verra thing th' morn,' said little Archie Greens.

'I wish we could do something to show our regard for the maister,' came from Davie, after a moment of silence.

The three lads began to think what they could do, and 'wee Archie' soon exclaimed 'I ha'e it! We will strew his grave wi' heather bells. Ye mind he likit them weel when he was leavin'.' Or we might pit bit bunches o' heather upon his coffin.'

'We wadna be let to do that,' said Geordie. 'They wad sune be brushed awa, for Michael Halliday wadna think it seemly to pit heather upon the coffin; but upon the grave they wadna be disturbit. They wad jist lie upon it an' waste awa' like him that is buried aneath them.'

'He'll not waste awa' a' thegither,' said Jamie.

'Wha doensna ken that?' retorted Geordie, quickly.

'I wanner hoo sune the procession will be comin'.'

'I canna jist say, Davie, when they'll be comin',' answered James, 'but gin we wad get bonnie bells to deck his grave we maun set about it. They are gey fine at the foot o' the brae yonner. We wad do weel to seek them there.'

'Aye; let us awa,' or we will be too late,' assented Geordie.

As the four lads started to pick the heather, they met Donald Momann, who asked: 'What are ye after noo, lads?'

'Heather bells to pit upon the maister's grave,' they all replied.

'That is weel; he likit the heather, an' he wadna despise a thistle blow, oor ain national emblem. He was a Scotsman frae and croon o' his heid to the sole o' his feet.'

When Donald was well out of hearing, Davie said: 'We'll hae nae thistles upon the maister's grave.'

'Ay; we will hae thistles, an' nae mistake about it.' This from Geordie Harley.

'Then I'll hae naething to do wi' th' grave. Whaiver saw the maister wi' a thistle blow i' his han', while a'bodie kens that he ye plucked the bonnie heather.'

'Ye'll no be fechtin' aboon the grave o' oor maister, lads,' came from Archie, in a tone of reproof.

'I dinna ken but we will, gin Geordie thinks to pit thistles upon it,' replied Davie. 'If they are on it at a', which I muckle doot, they will no lie at the grave's heid, but at the foot.'

'We'll see about that, gin we measure airm's,' was Davie's threatening retort.

'Shaame on you, lads!' said Jamie, for the first time taking part in the controversy. 'Gin yir peaceable, I'll stop here wi' ye; but gin ye arena, I'll strike out for the kirk wi'oot ye.'

'I ha'e to laugh!' and Archie suited the action to the word. 'Here are Davie an' Geordie, heid an' shouthers aboon me, but I can correct them for a' that. Thistle isna richt ava. It is thistle ye maun say, an' no thistle. That wad was i' the spellin' lesson the last day o' schule.'

'Daur ye take us to task, ye wee toad?' asked Davie angrily.

'Ye are fine lads, to quarrel upon oor gude maister's funeral day!—an' yonner comes the procession noo,' and Jamie pointed to the road.

Slowly the procession wound around the brae, the wheels of the vehicles sinking deeply into the hot, dusty road. Those who were on foot experienced much discomfort, but they heeded it not. It was to them the last token of respect they could pay to their valued instructor and fellow-townsman, and they were oblivious to both heat and dust.

The four lads had leaped over the gray tottering wall which outlined the road, and with uncovered heads they watched the approach of the slow-moving train. Their faces were scarcely less solemn than those of the mourners. A sight of the black hearse had silenced their dispute and filled them with awe. They held their bunches of heather bells behind their backs, lest some stern old man, or still sterner dame, should think ill of their offering and pronounced the pian 'fair falsehoods.'

The boys waited to join their school companions who were in the rear of the retinue. In the thickest of the ranks Willie Whistler was leading blind Alan McGregor, and James Tammas Hughes was wearily dragging himself along upon crutches. At last the older people passed, and the lads took their places with the school. Some of the children were sobbing, and even those who had been the mischievous ones of the school, looked as if they could never smile again.

So large was the procession that it taxed the accommodations of the kirk. More than once Michael Halliday, the old sexton, lost his self-possession, and he apologized by saying, 'My wits hae ta'en leave o' me th' morn.'

At length all were seated, and the gray-haired minister stood up to conduct the funeral services. He and the master had been close friends, and many a tear trickled down the furrowed cheek of the man of God, as he dwelt upon the loss the community had sustained, but he smiled as he spoke of the rest that awaits the faithful.

At the close of his discourse the minister turned to the lads of the school, and said, 'I canna close this discourse, without some words to the lads here. A mighty man has been taken from us; mighty in deeds, not of bloodshed, but valiant none the less. He has been bold to resist evil and forward in every good work. There isna an intemperate man here whom he has not warned as a brother. There isna a poor, weak body he hasna helped wi' his wise, strong counsel. There isna an indigent family in the town that his purse has been closed against. He had the good o' the whole parish upon his great, generous, sympathetic heart. You lads upon whose feet he has put shoes, I charge you to grow up into useful men. And you lads by whose sick-beds he has watched, be ye likewise self-sacrificing and helpful. And you who have caused your kind maister great an' sair trouble by your stubbornness, idleness and inattention, recall his patient words an' the look o' his pleading face, and cease from evil and make men o' yourselves. I call upon every lad among you this day to emulate the virtues of him who is awa'. Be sober, be industrious, be studious and God-fearing, and you will be happy here; and when you are called to the other world it will amass likely be that he on whom you look today for the last time in this life, will find you in heaven and say, 'Here are my ain laddies.'

Among all the school-children there was not a dry eye, and that day in the old kirk many firm resolves were made, never to be forgotten. In after years, scholars, ministers, merchants, sailors, farmers, and mechanics, looked back upon the day of the maister's burial as the time when they received impressions which had helped to mold their lives.

When the body was being lowered into the grave, Davie Dunton sidled up to Geordie Harley, and whispered, 'Ye may scatter thistles upon the maister's grave if ye like; they may lie among the heather.'

YISSABET'S JOURNEY.

How a Little Girl's First Journey Began and Ended.

Above all the country where Yissabet lives Mount Argæus lifts its leafy summit, wreathed in mists. Sometimes, at sunrise, the mists will be withdrawn, and the mountain peak, crowned with light, will shine out for thousands of homes in Asia Minor. But a far brighter light for Yissabet was the girls' school of Cæsarea at the base of the mountain. The morning when she was to leave her village home to begin her year at that school found her already dressed and waiting for kind Dr. Farnsworth, the missionary. She had worked all summer in the fields; the crops were gathered, and now, very proud of the carefully bound bundle that contained the outfit which her own hands had earned, she was to enter upon a wonderful experience.

Going away to school for the first time is a marked event in any girl's life, but in Turkey, where a few years ago men would as soon have thought of donkeys reading as girls, it makes an epoch! All her relatives had gathered and most of other villagers; many farewells were spoken, many tears were shed by her mother and kindred women; her father and brothers went two hours with her on the way; then they turned back, and she was alone, for the first time in her life, with strangers.

Alli, the Turk, was driver of the two horses that drew the foreign marvel, a double wagon, in which she rode with the missionary, in proud state, vain little peasant maiden! The city pastor was there too, and her little wool bed, with her precious bundle, was stored in the ample vehicle. She had already left the limited part of the world known to her, and was glad of the continued sight of the mountain far at the north. She passed fields where the grain was still waiting for the tax-gather-

er, and pitied the poor peasants who might find the fall rain upon them before their grain was housed. Once, the road lay along the border of a salt lake, and she saw the white crystals of salt piled on the bottom of the clay tank from which the water had evaporated. She had not experience enough to wonder at the wasteful government which was still content with the rattle machinery of an old pump, and a clay tank, to secure the sure revenue that the salt lakes yielded.

She saw the familiar flocks and herds of the country and, on the hill slopes, the black tents of the wandering Kurdish shepherds. The herbage was very scant; the hill slopes, bare of verdure, showed the long lines of clay strata, in all the colors of the rainbow. The afternoon was well along when the wagon stopped at a village for the night. There, the already homesick girl was glad to find the low brown houses of unburnt brick with which she was familiar, and to meet with friends of her mother's acquaintance who gave her lodging, the best at command, in the warm corner of the stable.

The stirring of the cattle, and even the hideous bray of the donkeys, which would have made a restless night for you, were accustomed sounds for Yissabet, and lulled her slumbers. At early morning, as before, they were on the road. Travel in Turkey is always in the first hours of the day. Sometimes in hot seasons there is a noon rest, but the natives prefer to reach the night's station early. After dark the wayfarer who comes to town is sure of a cold welcome; he is a suspected man.

To-day Yissabet would reach her school and the wonder of what it would be like had driven away her homesick feeling when the driver Ali suddenly called out: 'Tcherkess var!' (There are Circassians.)

They were passing alone a rising piece of road, and before them on the ridge of the hill Yissabet saw a single horseman. He appeared to be very tall, his high sheepskin cap adding to the impression made by this man of more than ordinary stature, clad in a long gray robe and sitting upon a tall horse. Across his breast were the usual rows of cartridge-boxes; his belt was stuck full of knives and pistols, and a long gun rested across his shoulder. He was a formidable-looking object, sitting there framed against the sky and waiting for them. When the wagon was nearly up to him he rode forward, and and, one by one, five more horsemen like him came over the hill.

Before Yissabet could explain what followed, she and all the rest of the missionary party were lying on the ground, while the fierce robbers were beating them with their whips. Their blows were not very severe, and were meant more to frighten than hurt the travellers. The wild robbers soon had everything that the wagon contained scattered on the road. They ripped open every article that could serve to conceal any valuables, and poor Yissabet saw her new wool bed torn to pieces and all the wool strewn in the ditch. Watches and money were stripped from the preacher and missionary; bags and valises cut open, and anything of possible use to the robbers taken. What they did not want they ruined without remorse. A Turkish soldier appeared while the Circassians were about their lawless work. But he could not help the victims. The robbers caught him and seated him upon the ground beside them while they gathered up their plunder.

UNKNOWN HEROES.

A Soldier's Courage Under Most Trying Circumstances.

The story recently told in the Companion of Lord Nelson's heroism in submitting to a surgical operation has brought to us a very interesting letter from Dr. R. S. Dana of Morrisville, Pennsylvania, who was a surgeon in the 107th Pennsylvania Volunteers during the Civil War. Dr. Dana adduces several incidents from his own experience to prove that instances of extreme heroism in enduring wounds were almost of everyday occurrence during our great conflict.

The day after the battle of Antietam Doctor Dana and another surgeon were in sole charge of a hospital in a barn on the road from Keedysville and Smoketown in Maryland, and near the famous long-contested corn-field. A soldier was brought from that field with his knee shattered by a musket-ball.

Amputation was necessary, and anaesthetics were prepared. 'No,' exclaimed the soldier, 'don't give me any of that! I want to see the thing done. Give me a piece of hardtack to munch.' The square of hardtack was given him; his head was propped up so that he could see the operation; and there nibbling his cracker, he bore the whole amputation without a murmur, and with scarcely a wrinkle of his brows.

Such stoicism in a great general would have become memorable; this private soldier's name is unknown.

At the battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865, just after Anderson's Confederate corps had been forced from their entrenchments and were being closely followed up, a mounted colonel rode up to Doctor Dana. His name the doctor did not ask, because such details were of minor importance then. The colonel's left shoulder had been struck by a piece of shell, which, falling edgewise, had taken from the flesh over a strip about two and a half inches wide and four inches long, leaving a bridge of skin over the wound.

The colonel was all questions. 'I've been hit; is it bad? Do it up as quickly as you can. Is it dangerous? May I go on with my regiment? I would not leave the regiment now for anything, unless I must.'

Doctor Dana made an examination and reported no immediate danger, but a serious wound that would give trouble in the future, and great inconvenience, to say the least, by the morrow.

'Never mind to-morrow,' said the colonel.

KEEP THE SKIN SOFT AND WHITE WITH BABY'S OWN SOAP... BEST INGREDIENTS MAKE IT GOOD. BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

When they rode away Yissabet saw her bundle of clothing disappear with them. Poor little school-girl! Her whole year's outfit was gone! While she was trying to recover from her terror, for the robbers had fearfully frightened her as they roughly searched her for money, and while the bitter tears began to fall, she heard the venerable missionary say to the disconsolate pastor.

'Let us thank God that we have been left alive, and with our good horses to carry us home!'

Therius were gathered up with speed, and the badly used party made good progress the rest of the day homeward. To the missionary the loss from the robbery was very large. Perhaps friends in America would supply that loss. But who would restore the lost outfit to the little, unknown Yissabet? When I see any missionary from the shadow of Mount Argæus again I am going to ask how the little maid got clothes for the winter and how she fares at school.

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Patrick's Economy.

In the days of expensive postage, a young Irishman wrote a long letter from America to his mother in Ireland, and closed it as follows: 'Well, well! Here I am with eight pages entirely full, and not one of the things said that I laid out to say. But sure, there'll be double postage to pay if I say 'em here; so to save that I'll write ye another letter tomorrow.'

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good half... Wash clean with every... SE... brother that... Before... said to the... fuse to sign it?... he replied... came, know... that it con... menced to in... w it. It was... of the up... of the... her pleasure... by Hawaiians... her life does... interview with... tly expressed... the leaders of... restored to the... are to make her... not for a long... with Mr. Carter... would merely... banish them... Cleveland at... sed determina... throne, was... And this is the... would have us... rarily, the purity... noble deeds... AT... When Funerals... For new-comers... if the com... understand the... requirements, for... at best—is often... usage... and gone from a... small village on... of strong social... was comfort... getting acquaint... he would make... for the neigh... naturally would... with some mis... all at the house... pleasant friendl... er cordially, and... thoroughly at... Mrs. Cathcart... Mrs. Johnson... acquainted, and... ed see me... Mrs. Johnson, 'I... you see, I have so... don't get no time... e all winter, 'n'... Bashford was... ke it, but when any o'... n't get out no... Mrs. Cathcart, 'I... hurry about re... FALLING... S... —Shakespeare... Sickness' has... ntries, and for... care has been dis... Kootenay Cure... revolutionized the... ear, one of the... times, was a vic... of his day could... the greatest war... a prey to it, and... hosts there was... quer this insiduous... uffin, residing in... ssouri, eight miles... on, who makes a... a Notary Public, ... er since been sub... came upon him... safe for him to be... of five of the... rovince, and spent... avail, in endeavor... the tried Kootenay... new ingredient... en three and four... a good appetite, ... and best of all, the... y left me.' 'My... appearance, and... in doing, I gladly... taking Kootenay... nderfully improved... er twelve years of... been given a new... Cure, the Greatest... y Cure is \$1.50 per... at does not keep it... edicine Co., Hamil... free on application... month.

Notches on The Stick

When murmurs are in the air of dissent from appreciations of contemporary authors which are not in the proper sense criticism it gratifies us to meet in the pages of a journal, at least respectable, (The Methodist Bimonthly Review) a specimen of the species objected to, in reference to an author against whose work considerable criticism has been directed. We deem it worthy the graceful, poetical pen of Dr. Kelly. The book dealt with is, "Behind The Arras: A Book of the Unseen," by Bliss Carman:

"Two poems much alike in theme are the first and the twelfth, 'Behind the Arras,' and 'Beyond the Gamut.' Under the figure of the first events and people of this life seem to this poet's fancy like scenes and figures woven on suspended tapestry, all plain enough to see and touch. On this marvelous tapestry of the visible he beholds many strange things 'degraded shapes and splendid seraph forms.'

And beings with hair,
And moving eyes in the face,
And white bone teeth and hideous grins, who race
From place to place.

They build great temples to their John-a-bod,
And fame and plod
To deck themselves with gold
And paint themselves like chattels to be sold;
Then turn to mold.

But the tapestry which holds the figures many and various, is swayed by windlike forces from the farther side, stirs often as if some one went to and fro behind it brushing against or pushing it with hands. Seeing which the poet falls a-wondering what is "Behind the Arras," suspects foot-falls and voices almost audible, and hunts to find some peep-hole in the curtain. In "Beyond the Gamut" the same general theme is treated under a different figure. The violinist feeling his dear instrument thrill as it nestles between chin and shoulder, asks what reason any find to doubt that past the seven notes, both up and down, are notes and music further and additional, could we but hear. There might be hearing so acute that the motions of the spider's loom would roar like a tornado. That little pearl and coral couch shell which we call the ear is not the measure of the sea of sound. Through realms of manifold music 'Beyond the Gamut' Carman's fancy listens, and through fourteen pages reports more or less of what it thinks it hears; report which is secure in one advantage—no man living can well contradict it. It is expected that in life's later, larger, loftier rooms man will develop new senses of soul, it not of body senses, now unknown, if not undreamed of. Had we the powers of court or legislature we would decree a change of name; it should hereafter be Bliss Carman, because, in large degree and in undertone, when not in dominant note, his poetry is a song of bliss. He knows reasons why each new morn that stands a tip-toe on the mountain top is a joyous day. It is happily safe to float on the roll of his rhythm, for there are no treacherous currents, no dangerous eddies sucking faith under, no deadly scapues sticking his claws into the swimmer; no monster of the slime reaching up its clammy tentacles to seize and drag the soul down in the dark and be devoured in the ooze. The joy of life is full and strong in Carman; above the world's gray tears he marks the sun's gold glee; but his test for all things, low or high, is what they impart to the soul. He holds that the joys of earth are journey-aids to heaven; and as for ills, sufferings and privations, dangers and hardships—without them there would be among man no touch of pathos, or of daring, none of the unquenchable valor of the overcomer, none of the patience which endures, nor the unflinching loyalties of love.

"He calls evil a false note; is of opinion it will not persist but die away, and at last, far on be whelmed in God's triumphant harmony so that heartening down his deep, wide universe he will here not one discordant note. The poet seldom argues; he affirms or hints. Neither science nor logic dictates his forms. He is no professed philosopher, bound to explain things. He no more binds himself to complete statement than a piano player promises to strike all the keys at once. When he says that Shakespeare's people are 'sweet and elemental and serene' he means that some of them are. 'Good is impetus to Godward; evil, but one ignorance of laws,' he omits to make his semicircle whole by a supplementary statement that evil as it exists in the human world includes a vast amount of deliberate or passionate defiance and stubborn disobedience of laws which are as painfully well known as they are clearly revealed and solemnly sanctioned.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

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insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In the claims and conquests of The Good, Carman has an assured confidence; earth's brief twilight dirges shall melt in Te Deums. Through his verse breathes such faith and hope and trust, as might enable an aging or failing man to say to friends or to the stripped and frinless years,—

Slowly, therefore, and softly,
With more memories than tongue can tell
Lever me down the slope of life and leave me,
Knowing the hereafter will be well.

"In 'The Cruise of the Galleon' he pictures an old battered and laboring galleon, lettered on its stern, *Tellus*, the earth, 'laden deep and rolling hard,' but bound to weather the storms, clear the reefs, and at last, beyond the zones of sorrow, go 'bowling down an open sea line for the latitudes of joy.' Carman's poetry is not hard to interpret; mostly its meaning can be caught on the fly. The two poems first mentioned in this notice are somewhat more subtle than the rest. Among those whose message is most obvious are, 'The Lodger,' 'The Juggler,' and 'The Night Express.' The Lodger signs his name, *Spiritus*; a mysterious tenant, biding a while in a house of tinted clay; biding and hiding, a silent guest who minds his own affairs in a very private fashion, goes softly in and out; mostly keeps himself upstairs. No Paul Pry at his keyhole ever sees him; but

The light under his door
Is glory enough;
It outshines any star
That I know of;

and his presence is worse to miss than the sun's best shine. In most of these verses we meet God and the soul or overhear them pretty much everywhere and all the time; a God not feared and trusted, a soul buoyant, eager, believing, affirming. The conception in 'The Juggler' is finely written out in fourteen verses, easy, beautiful, charming. The Juggler is God; the world are his golden balls; he throws them up and up; there is never one that swerves. His hand never hurries nor halts; he forgets not the time of their return; he sees just where they are; he knows them all like a book; they will return home to his grasp at last; and

Likely enough, when the show is done
And the balls are all back in his hand
He'll tell us why he is smiling so,
And we shall understand.

'The Night Express' is one on-rushing life, in which 'we are travelling safe and warm, with our little baggage of cares,' because the Driver of iron nerve handles the trolley-bar and gathers the track in his smile:

For he of the sleepless hand
Will drive till the night is done—
Will watch till morning springs from the sea
And the rails stand gold in the sun!
Then he will slow to a stop
The tread of the driving-rod,
When the night express rolls into the dawn;
For the Driver's name is God.

"Just as we close Bliss Carman's little book we catch the picture of a river wandering fast and far 'through a gate in the mountain left ajar,' and the Delaware Water Gape flashes into mental view. To save someone else the need of saying it, we remark that this book notice is an appreciation rather than a literary criticism; and we beg leave to add apologetically that to enjoy may be as judicial as to find fault."

No memorial to her has yet been erected at Liverpool, England, though Mrs. Felicia Hemans was born in that city, lived in its vicinity, and wrote many other poems there. Mr. McKenzie Bell has proposed that something be done in this direction, which, it is thought, may take the form of a prize for lyric poetry in the university college Liverpool. This seems next to nothing and not liable to be productive of much good; since the best inducement to the production of good lyric poetry is the impulse within the heart, and not the bait of a glittering temptation.

A finely discriminating article on Prof. Henry Drummond is that of Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) in "The North American Review." He says of Drummond's personal presence: "No man could be double or base or mean or impure before that eye. His influence, more than that of any man I have ever met, was mesmeric." Of his writing he affirms that to many readers they have "given a new vision of the beauty of life and the graciousness of Law."

Mr. William B. Chisholm in an article in

The Home Journal on "The Blessings of Critical Severity," says: "Lord Jeffrey had to do some disagreeable things in his day; so did Gifford and Edgar A. Poe." Of Jeffrey it may be said, he did some things more disagreeable than necessary. We fail to see the usefulness of exasperating Scott, and harrying Wordsworth. As to Gifford, whom Shelley in his great threemeter compared to a beaten hound,—"we well know him as the mangler of Keats. Some of Poe's criticisms did the author more injury than they did good to the persons assailed. We do not see the reason for a return to that style of criticism.

Among degrees recently conferred by Yale, is that of M. A. upon the artist, Edwin A. Abbey; that of D. D. upon Rev. John Watson, (Ian Maclaren); and that of L. L. D. upon Capt. Alfred Mahan, the naval writer.

In the Russian town of Orel, the birthplace of the novelist Turgenyev, a monument is to be erected. Prince Constantine, Constantinovitch, president of the academy of sciences is at the head of the committee at St. Petersburg which will collect and disburse funds for this purpose.

A statue of Washington is to be presented to France by America, at the instigation of the woman. For several years the work of collecting funds has gone quietly on, until \$22,000 out of the \$35,000 have been raised. The year 1900 being the named time limit for the erection the enterprise is being pushed onward, and much interest is being excited. The figure to be a bronze, life-size, will be executed by Daniel French.

The ex-librarian of the Congressional Library, who is retained in a subordinate position, found in his advanced years and failing health the pressure too great for him. The journalist, John Russell Young ex minister to China, has been appointed to the position of librarian.

PASTOR FELIX.

HERMANN'S STRANGE PETS.

The Power Which the Great Magician Had Over all Animals.

Perhaps in no way was the late great and only Herrmann more truly the wizard than in his absolute power over every kind of animal. He was never known to approach one that did not instantly recognize and love him as a friend; and so devoted was he to 'pets', that he never travelled without a retinue of dogs, birds, monkeys, etc. Mrs. Herrmann was not a whit behind the great magician in her fondness for and power over animals and if there was room in their private car for General Sandow and Lola (Mr. Herrmann's Danish hound, monkey and macaw) it was only upon condition that they remained upon good terms with Fidget, a black and tan puppie, a mocking bird, and Rutie, a parrot—the special pets of Mrs. Herrmann.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the magnificent Herrmann manor at Whitestone, L. I., with its broad acres has long been the home, not only of some of the finest bred horses and dogs in America, but of deer, goats, ganders, ducks, doves, monkeys, magpies, parrots—in fact, every manner of living things. When Mr. Herrmann was at home it was always his custom to have his morning coffee and roll in bed and this was a grand hour for the dogs, as one and all were allowed to go to his room and assist at the function and it was thus, surrounded by a dozen or more huge hounds and St. Bernards, each clamoring for a friendly word, that this almost supernaturally delicate man best enjoyed his breakfast.

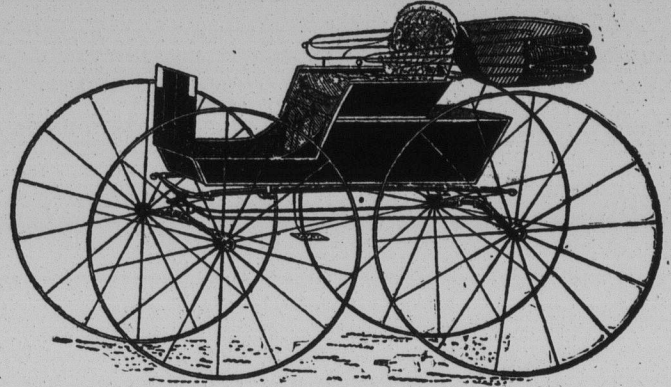
Some of these great St. Bernards, by the way, enjoyed a very unique sort of protection during their puppyhood, though they have doubtless forgotten all about it by this time. Thirteen of them are born at one litter—a quite unusual thing—and formed of course a most picturesque and interesting group. It chanced that Mr. Herrmann's favorite pet at this time was a brilliant macaw that he had brought from Central America. These birds are sometimes a shimmering cadet blue with golden wings, but this one was a bright scarlet with black beak that only seemed the black

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er from its striking setting of snow white feathers. This gorgeous bird measured 1½ yards from beak to tip of tail, and in addition to its great beauty was a very clever talker. One day Mr. Herrmann put this beautiful macaw into the monkey cage, which he placed on top of the kennel containing the thirteen young St. Bernards. Later in the day the family were aghast at discovering that Miss Lola had used her sharp bill to good purpose, for she had bitten a great hole in the cage, thereby obtaining her freedom. Search was made for her everywhere, but all in vain.

Sad at heart, Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann strolled out to take a look at the puppies by way of consolation, when to their great surprise, there in their midst stood Miss Lola, having the most beautiful time in the world. She had evidently got upon the most intimate terms with her four-legged neighbors; one was licking her beak, another her wing, still others contented themselves with her back and beautiful tail feathers each and all doing her homage in their own clumsy puppy fashion, and Miss Lola, a truly feminine creature was enjoying all this devotion in every feather of her being. Presently the mother appeared and the hungry and ungrateful little puppies one by one deserted their brilliant guest, who was by no means pleased at the turn affairs had taken. Now, Lola could be very vicious if she chose, and when she marched in a dignified manner over to Mrs. St. Bernard, planted herself firmly in front of her and began to wink at her in a very wicked way, both Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann were on the alert to see that she didn't pick out her rival's eyes. However, after winking and deliberating—deliberating and winking, she looked squarely into the eyes of the mother dog, and in a coarse, gruff voice ejaculated, 'Hallo!'

From this time on she constituted herself the mistress of the dog kennel, grudgingly allowing the mother to come in when occasion required, but never ceasing to be fiercely jealous of her. Sometimes Lola would fly into a tree and refuse all entreaties to come down until some one would stand under the tree with

a puppy in his arms, when she would fly down at once. Unfortunately, this beautiful pet developed such a habit of biting or nibbling at every thing within sight, especially wood, that Mr. Herrmann could not take her on his last trip, fearing that in time she might eat up the car. He therefore placed her in Central park and, curiously enough, she dropped dead from her perch on the very day that her beloved master so suddenly expired.

Nearly every one is familiar with Herrmann's 'Noah's ark' trick, where he shows the audience an empty box, and for further verification of its emptiness has buckets of water poured into it. Then he begins to take out animals by the wholesale. First comes a squealing pig, then a pet gander, and so on. Now, for some reason or other, the gander suddenly developed a strange jealousy of the pig, and every night would seize its poor little tail in its sharp beak, causing it to run about the stage squealing furiously, to the great amusement of the audience. Mrs. Herrmann, however, had much too soft a heart to let this go on, and one day cleverly fitted a piece of kid glove over the pig's tail. That evening the gander, discovering this device, and not willing to let the little beast go scot free, caught him by the ear, and the audience was as much amused as ever. The next day Mrs. Herrmann made a red flannel cap, tying under the chin and perfectly fitting the ears of the little victim. When Mr. Herrmann drew him out of the ark that night so attired he was almost more paralyzed than the gander, who, however, never molested piggie again. All the trick animals were as tame as possible, and seemed to greatly enjoy their public appearances. A trick duck in particular was so devoted to one of the maids that it would persist in following her all over the theater.

Wore Grouse-Gloves Seven Years.

John Siron, mason, Aultville, Ont., had Salt Rheum so severe that for seven years he wore grouse-gloves.

He writes: 'I used a quarter of a box of Chase's Ointment. It cured me. No trace of Salt Rheum now.' Chase's Ointment cures every irritant disease of the skin, allays itching instantly, and is a sterling remedy for piles. Avoid imitations. 60c. per box.

Woman and Her Work

I am hearing more good words for those wonderful preparations—Fould's Arsenic Soap, and Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers—all the time. Not only have they proved in my own case almost a specific for violent headaches from which I have been a sufferer all my life, but I have also made a discovery in connection with them which I deem will be a surprise even to the manufacturers themselves, as I have never seen this particular property of theirs advertised, or exploited in any way. I find that the use of the Arsenic Waters has a truly wonderful effect upon the hair, arresting it in falling out and giving it fresh vigor in growing. My hair has always fallen out a great deal in the autumn and early winter, but last winter I noticed with surprise that instead of having my comb filled with hair after doing up my hair, there was scarcely a strand remaining. As I had not been doing anything for my hair, I was naturally at a loss to account for the phenomenon, and did not connect it with the waters at all. But as I began to observe that the hair had not only stopped falling, but become much thicker, I remembered having washed it with arsenic soap, and came to the conclusion that the improvement was entirely due to the use of arsenic, both internally and externally.

I only wish that all of my sex who are distressed when they look in the glass by the sight of scrawny necks, thin arms, and flat undeveloped chests, or by sallow muddy complexions, could be induced to try these wonderful preparations, and prove for themselves the benefits which are to be derived from them. I don't say they will effect miracles after a few doses, and they certainly will not transform a weatherbeaten woman of sixty into a girl of sixteen. But they will give the woman of thirty-five the smooth skin and white neck of twenty-five, and they will brighten her eyes, and give her pink cheeks, and red lips, all for the trifling amount of five dollars, because I would not advise anyone to spend a dollar on a single box of waters, and fifty cents on a cake of soap, and then be disappointed because the expected result is not secured. It takes some little time to purify the blood, and no physician who was prescribing a blood purifier would advise his patient to stop when the first bottle was empty. One must persevere in this, as in other treatments, but the result will amply repay one for all the outlay, both of patience, and of solid cash.

I often wonder just how far what is called "trust in Providence" should be carried, and to what extent that trust can be abused—I mean when it ceases to be an expression of religious faith, and degenerates into a lazy disposition to help oneself? It is all very well to trust in Providence provided one does not end by leaving everything to the All Wise, shifting all responsibility from our own shoulders, and declining even to keep our powder dry.

"Oh I'll take the risk" says the girl squandering the greater part of her allowance on some extravagant piece of finery which she really cannot afford, "I positively must have that lovely silk, if it takes my last cent, and I will trust to Providence to pay my debts." "I really can't work these lovely nights when there is so much going on" says the idle youth who is wasting his parents' hard earned money at college. "I may just as well take all the money that comes in my way, and trust to Providence to pull me through the exams somehow."

"Just a few hundreds more" whispers the man who is "borrowing" from his employer in order to make a rapid fortune by speculation, "I shall be able to return it fourfold in a month, and I will trust in providence, to keep him from finding out about it before that."

But somehow it too often happens that the girl whose love of pretty things was stronger than her principles, finds herself hopelessly involved in debts that she cannot pay, that the idle student is ignominiously plucked; and the too sanguine borrower is discovered by his employer before he can return the amount he appropriated, and that same employer who is cruel enough to call his borrowing by a harsher name, and prosecute him for embezzlement. And then the victim of a too child-like dependence on a mysterious power supposed to relieve him of all responsibility connected with his own career, felt aggrieved and disposed to transfer his patronage to some other establishment.

I have seen really religious and conscientious people who carried their blind trust in an "over ruling providence" as they were fond of calling it, to such an extent that they were content to drift with the tide in a sort of supine inertia which they

earnestly believed was the highest form of submission to divine guidance, they had such perfect faith in the ability of their Creator to look after His creatures that they quite overlooked the plain injunction to help themselves, and equally plain admonition that faith without works was dead.

For myself, I cannot help thinking that after Providence provides us with health, brains, and judgment we are supposed to make proper use of the gifts placed in our hands, and help ourselves to some extent, and therefore it always arouses me to a lively state of indignation when I hear some easy going soul remark with an air of virtuous resignation—"I am not doing a thing but just trusting in Providence"—because it so often means that the pious one is in reality depending on the good offices of their more industrious neighbors.

Although this is essentially the dull season for fashions, and a time of year when very little change could be expected, there is really a surprising variety in the fashions published each week. One of the oldest features is the tendency to turn backward and adopt styles that we thought we had seen the last of some years ago. Trimmed skirts, double skirts, Eton and bolero jackets, and last of all pouched blouses and plaited skirts are instances of this tendency, and I am really looking anxiously through the fashion reports every week, to see if the large sleeves are not with us again in full force. We have been losing sight of the cape lately, the decline in sleeves having greatly affected its popularity, but it is by no means a back number yet though it is more ornamental than useful now. Lovely little capes are made of lace over a colored taffeta lining, fitted closely to the shoulders. The lace may be either cream, or black, and it is gathered around the neck to secure a good fit, and finished with a neck ruche of lace and ribbon, and on the edge with ruffles of lace over taffeta. It is very short, only extending about half way down the arms, and the whole effect is most airy and fluffy.

Mull, grenadine, and net gowns are scarcely considered quite complete without one of these frivolous little capes to match each costume. Bows of white valenciennes insertion, alternating with bands of tucked chiffon over a yellow lining, form one of the newest caps, to be worn with a dress of maize and white organdie, and even pique dresses have capes, as well as jackets to match them, and the heavier guipure, and Irish point lace, are used for trimming them. Some very pretty black net capes for general wear are seen, and they are trimmed with jet, and ruffles of the net having several rows of narrow black satin ribbon sewn on each one.

In millinery the same light and transparent effect so noticeable in dress fabrics, seem to be sought after. In general appearance the fantastic styles of the early spring are greatly modified, and the wild clash of colors is no longer apparent, white and yellow straw hats taking the lead, with white lilies, white wings and birds, and dainty white, and pale tinted chiffons for trimming. Neapolitan and zephyr braids, are the prettiest of all the fancy braids, but there are numbers of others shown; and the old fashioned leghorns lavishly trimmed with white ostrich plumes are being worn again, sometimes with the addition of pink roses, and buds. Pale ecre panamas are in the height of the fashion, and are trimmed with flowers, tulle and wings.

In spite of the number of white hats seen, black ones are quite as popular as ever; but the vivid green, purple and red straws worn early in the season, look out of place with dainty pale tinted summer dresses, and they have been discarded accordingly. A very special feature of the summer hats, is the keeping to one line of color, in combination with as much white, as may suit the wearer's fancy the motley combinations of every color in the rainbow, or out of it, which were considered the proper thing two months ago, having worn themselves out, as all startling fashions, have a way of doing. For instance—turquoise blue, or yellow chiffon, with white lilies and white wings on a white Neapolitan hat make as dainty a combination, as any woman need wish for, and white corn flowers with blue centres, and blue for-get-me-nots are very popular together.

One rather striking hat is of white leg-horn with a wreath of green oaks, a bow of green antique satin ribbon and two black ostrich feathers standing up at one side. Hats made entirely of white tulle, or chiffon with white ostrich feathers are worn with thin white gowns, and pretty little toques are made of black lace over white tulle, and trimmed with pale blue chiffon, rosettes, a white ibis wing and a black aigrette. A dainty toque is of yellow silk straw, and lace insertion radiating from the crown in alternating bands, and trim-

PEREMPTORY SALE OF Boots, Shoes and Slippers

At our Union Street Store, opposite the Opera House. We succeeded in purchasing most of this large quantity of goods at about 50 Cents on the Dollar, and have placed the entire lot in our UNION STREET STORE for immediate sale at cash prices only.

We will make this sale the greatest opportunity to buy CHEAP SHOES that has been offered in St. John in a lifetime.

The goods will be marked in plain figures at about One Half the Usual Retail Prices now quoted in St. John and will be sold for CASH ONLY.

During this sale we expect this store to be crowded, so that no trying on of Shoes can be allowed, nor can boots be sent out on approval. Customers buying Shoes and finding them unsuitable will have their MONEY RETURNED as pleasantly as it was taken from them.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS NOW ON at our UNION STREET STORE, opposite the Opera House, and will continue until the entire lot is disposed of.

WATERBURY & RISING, 212 and 214 Union St.

med with black ostrich feathers yellow and white rosettes of chiffon and tea roses.

Strings of velvet, lace ribbon and tulle are a feature of some of the newest hats and toques, and all the new hats have higher crowns than those shown in the early part of the season. Very pretty and simple hats of yellow straw, are in round shape, turned up at the back, and trimmed with yellow or pink roses, and a bunch of black quills at one side. The touch of black is seen in nearly all light hats and is most effective.

"He looked at her thoughtfully. Being the head of a dramatic school, he had acquired the knack of looking thoughtful without any serious effect.

"You are determined to go on the stage?" he asked at last.

"I am," returned the young woman.

"You are satisfied that you were made to be an actress and set the world afire with your genius or do some other equally startling thing?"

"Well, I won't exactly say that," she replied, with the air of one conscious of her power, but too modest to exploit it herself. "I am satisfied that I will make a success in the theatrical business if I get half a chance, but I do not care to say more than that."

"What line do you favor?" inquired the man whose business it was to teach stars to shine, suddenly impressed with the idea that she was not so aggressive in calling attention to her merits as most young women who have acquired stage fever.

"Would you want to start in as Juliet, or do you consider Lady Macbeth more in your line?"

"Really," she returned, in surprise, "I had expected that you would settle that."

"You—you were willing to leave the selection of play and character to me?"

"Certainly."

The dramatic man found it difficult to believe his ears, but she repeated the assertion.

"You have had experience," she said, "and you ought to be able to tell in what I would make the greatest success."

"Precisely," he said, "but most girls who come here think they already know just where and how they can do the best. Now, if you are willing to leave the matter to me—"

"I am," she interrupted.

"I will send you down to the seashore for a few weeks—"

"Yes?"

"And if you make any kind of a sensation I'll put you on in burlesque or comic opera at once, thus starting you at the very pinnacle of success, while if you attract no great amount of attention it will be necessary for you to begin a long course of study for tragedy or drama, and it may be years before you reach distinction."

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Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness,

And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS

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

MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

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WAYS OF MEXICAN CHILDREN.

How Mexicans are Taught to be Kind and Useful.

Children are much loved in Mexico, which is well, for they have very large families—sometimes as many as twenty-four in one family, and sixteen is a common number. But this is only among the well-to-do, as many children of the very poor die in infancy, from want of proper food and care.

Politeness seems to be inborn. Even the babies will extend their hands when you are leaving the house, and the small boys on the street will lift their hats in a manly way.

The older girls oftentimes bring their baby brothers and sisters to school with them, patiently and lovingly caring for them to the best of their ability, while the mother is away from home hard at work.

Except in a few mission schools, there is no such thing as co-education; even the small children of different sexes are not allowed to attend the same school. There are not half as many schools for girls as for boys, and these are not so well attended; for girls as a rule leave school early, as they are frequently married between the ages of twelve and fifteen. The attendance at the Industrial School at Santa Maria is well sustained and the Junior C. E. prospers.

The children are fond of singing and in that way carry much truth to their homes. They are bright and learn readily, particularly anything that is to be memorized; but when it comes to reasoning out anything, it is very hard for them. The poor girls of Juarez are given a free education of a practical character, that they may make them-selves independent of want. Among other things they are taught book-keeping, drawing, printing, bookmaking, painting and music. The government gives them comfortable rooms, two good meals a day, and furnishes many of the poorest pupils with clothing.

The children are not taught that obedience is a praiseworthy attribute, and the girls especially are allowed to do very much as they please—"I don't want to" being thought reason enough for not doing as they ought.

The children of the rich are brought up to despise work, and to believe that it is shameful for them to soil their hands with it, and of course the poor are more or less influenced by this. Many prefer to beg as they are ashamed to work for an honest living.

They do not have as many games as our children, but the poorer classes are not so rough as the poorer class in our large cities, for a fight is almost unheard of among them. In this respect our own children may take lessons from their little brothers and sisters of Mexico.

SEE MISUNDERSTOOD.

The Old Lady Couldn't Place the Stanzas as Sung.

Many singers fail to realize the importance of distinct enunciation, and the charm of a beautiful voice is often lost by the listener who is vainly struggling to catch the meaning of the song.

A young woman, who considers herself an admirable ballad-singer, one day received a severe shock from the criticism of an old lady who had formed one of her audience. Among other ballads, the singer had rendered "Rory O'More" in her best style, and had received much applause.

The old lady, who sat in the front seat

in the little hall where the entertainment was given, looked at first puzzled and then distressed as the familiar song proceeded; and at the close of the concert she waited to speak to the young woman.

"My dear," she said, in a quivering voice, "I remember when when 'Rory O'More' first came out. I have never been a singer myself, but have always been interested in music; and I am sure I never heard the words as you sang them to-night. I am not deaf; my hearing is unusually good; but will you tell me where you get your authority for singing:

"He polished the lock, And she salted it down;"

for though I cannot remember the original words, I am sure they were not like that." The young woman's face was crimson as she showed the old lady her copy of the song, and pointed to the words:

"He hold as the hawk, And she roft as the dawn."

Timed His Drinks Better.

A minister in the Highlands of Scotland found one of his parishioners intoxicated. The next day he called to reprove him for it. "It is very wrong to get drunk," said the minister.

"I ken that," said the man, "but then I dinna drink as meikle as you do."

"What—how is that?"

"Why—ginit please ye, dinna ye aye a glass o' whiskey with water after dinner?"

"Why, yes, Jemmy—merely to aid digestion."

"And dinna ye take a glass o' toddy every night before ye gang to bed?"

"To be sure—just to help me to sleep."

"Well that's just fourteen glasses a week an' about sixty a month. I only get paid once a month, an' then if I'd take sixty glasses it wd make me dead drunk for a week; now ye see the only difference is ye time it better than I do."—London News.

\$19.500
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During the Year 1897.

For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

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TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE,
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The "Methode" "Methode"; also "Synthes System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of
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LARGEST GLOBE IN THE WORLD
Work of a German University Student at the Paris Exposition.

George C. Schreiber of Lincoln, Ill., is now completing what he says is the largest geographical globe in the world.

Graduated from German universities, Mr. Schreiber is not only an expert map-maker, but is an authority on geography. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, Schreiber prepared his plans for the monster sphere with care, and has systematically put them into operation. The first step was to build the frame of the globe. This consisted of a skeleton of cast iron rods radiating from a steel pipe, which forms the axis; the pipe was perforated and the rods were received into it, being carefully graduated in length. Then common telegraph wire was used, a network being woven over the ends of the rods. A rigid and fairly smooth surface having been thus formed, he covered the wire network with several layers of stout building paper, gluing each sheet smoothly to the surface.

Not much time was required to lay on the integument of the great mass. The preparation used is of Mr. Schreiber's devising. He has used wood pulp and papier-mache, but neither was satisfactory. After years of experimenting he invented a composition which serves the purpose better than anything yet discovered. Sawdust sifted in through cheese cloth until it is as fine as flour is mixed with the cheapest grade of varnish known to the trade, and the outer covering is ready. Schreiber covered the big sphere with a layer a quarter of an inch deep of this material.

Two or three weeks time was required to dry the surface thoroughly, and then the real work commenced. First he marked off the degrees of latitude and longitude with mathematical accuracy, then laid off the entire surface of the globe in half-inch squares, half an inch on the globe being equivalent to a degree of latitude. His work then proceeded systematically, and for the past three years he has spent eight hours daily preparing the map of the world.

The maps are in relief, every ocean, lake, and river being carved out of the surface. All lines or names are engraved on the surface with sharp-pointed tools and then filled with paint, which imparts a pleasing effect and also allows more delicate minuteness of detail than if the names were put on with pen and ink. The route of every railroad and canal in the world is accurately represented, as well as the various steamship routes.

Not content with making his globe the largest of its kind in existence, Mr. Schreiber claims he has prepared the most accurate maps extant. His collection of maps is immense, and not a map of any importance is published that he does not procure immediately. This one item of expense has cost him hundreds of dollars.

His map of the United States is said to be absolutely accurate and more complete than any yet published. Of foreign countries his representations are far in advance of any maps. In India alone his globe gives 400 more towns than the latest publication. By careful study of his immense collection of maps and with the aid of industrious correspondents he has made his globe nearly perfect.

Some of the names of towns and rivers cannot be read with the naked eye, such is the minuteness of the work, but examination with a magnifying glass shows every letter to be formed with the most delicate care. The drawing and lettering throughout is that of a skilled engraver. From its mechanical point of view the globe is a work of art. All distances are measured with mathematical nicety, and are said to be absolutely accurate.

One feature of the big globe is in the designation of the gradually lessening widths of the degrees of latitude from the equator to the poles. On Mr. Schreiber's globe these widths are carefully marked, while they are thus given on no other map. He intends to exhibit the globe at the Paris Exposition.

Delusive Figures.
Figures won't lie of themselves, but they can be made to do it; and what looks like sound reasoning may be nothing but a delusion.

An old man went into an insurance office, says Cassell's Saturday Journal, and wanted to take out a policy on his life. He was greeted courteously, but the first question he was asked was enough to spoil his chances.

"How old are you?"
"Ninety-four," was the astonishing reply.
"Why, my good man," said the manager with a laugh, "we cannot insure any one of your age."
"Suppose I had been fifty?" asked the applicant.

"Why, of course, in that case."
"Well, sir," returned the old man triumphantly, "I have been reading the table of vital statistics issued by your office, and I find that twice as many people die at the age of fifty years as at the age of ninety. So, sir, you must admit that I am a good risk."

But strange as it may seem, the manager would not admit anything of the kind.

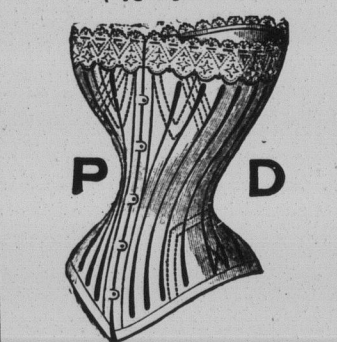
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Easy? Yes, if you go about it in the right way. Get the best always. Putman's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to cure. Acts in twenty-four hours and causes neither pain or discomfort. Putman's Corn Extractor extracts corns; it is the best.



BABY WAS CURED.
DEAR SIRS.—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.
MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

THE HEAD MASTER
GENTLEMEN.—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.
R. B. MASTERTON, Principal, High School, River Charles, N.B.

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EASY TO USE.

They are Fast.
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They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.
Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.
One Package equal to two of any other make.



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Buctouche Oysters.
RECEIVED THIS WEEK:
20 Bbls. Buctouche Bar Oysters
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J. D. TURNER.

NOT A GOOD SHOT.

He was Somewhat Flustered by the Improvement in Rifles.

Forest and Stream contains an account, full of sly humor, of a father and son and their experience with an American rifle of the best and newest make. Target-shooters nowadays have, perhaps, little faith in the marksmanship of the old frontiersmen, and the elder gentleman in question did much, during his visit to his son, to confirm to the impression of his own inadequacy. 'Well, well!' he said, examining the target rifle at the first opportunity. 'What improvements they have made since I was a boy. Dear me! our rifles were very crude affairs in those days!'

He continued in this strain all the way to the woods, and his son began to feel very sorry for him. It seemed a shame to be enjoying such modern improvements which the older generation had been denied. He tried to be encouraging.

'Yes,' he said, 'the finish of our rifles may be finer, but I suppose the old muzzle-loaders would shoot just as straight.'

'I don't know! I don't know!' replied his father, sadly.

'Well, you didn't miss often with them?'

'No, not often. But we didn't dare to miss. Powder was too scarce.'

'Dead, too, I suppose?'

'Well, not so scarce as powder, for we could use it over again. When we had powder enough to shoot at a mark, which was seldom, we would always put the mark on a tree, and then chop the bullet out. I guess you youngsters shoot much better than we did, for you have plenty of ammunition to waste in target shooting. And then you have seen fine sights; I shouldn't even know how to use them.'

'Oh, yes, you would! Here, I'll tack this target on a tree, and we'll try a few shots.'

'No! no! you do the shooting. I can't shoot. Why, boy, I haven't fired a rifle since the war. And I never was anything of a shot. Brother Zeke and Abe could beat me anytime, and neither of them could shoot like father.'

But when the target had been set up, and the son had hit the bull's-eye, the father consented to 'try those sights, just to see how they would work.' He had constructed his son's persuasion as a challenge, and he would not refuse it, even in the face of certain defeat.

He took the rifle, threw his arm well out, and raised the piece, but complained that he could not see. The younger man grew a little nervous.

'Be careful father,' said he, 'that's a set trigger.'

'Boy,' was the stern reply, 'I never used any other kind.'

A suspicion began to creep over the son that he might have been unnecessarily solicitous.

'Crack!' The old gentleman had shot into a line three inches below the bull's-eye. At his second trial, he did the same.

'That's funny,' said he. 'My sight was touching the mark.'

He had been holding the aperture as if it were a pin-head, and it was explained to him that the bull's-eye should be centred in that little hole. From that moment he hit the centre and kept on hitting it. His work was amazing, but he kept apologizing for it, and his humility was perfectly sincere.

No, he never was counted a good shot—Zeke could beat him—so could Abe—his father was better than any of them—and Uncle George was a real marksman.

'But my! what improvements you have made!'

A Mystery in Camp.

A New Brunswick contributor to Forest and Stream relates an odd experience that befell a Mr. Hunter while on a hunting trip. He was at Forty-nine Mile camp, and went out to look after his horses, leaving a candle burning on the table.

In a few minutes he returned to find the room dark. The candle had gone out it appeared; but when he went to relight it he found that it was missing. Mr. Hunter was startled, not to say frightened. Perhaps he remembered some of the legends which attach to those wild forests.

However, he lighted another candle, and by and by had occasion to go out again to look after his team. When he came back the room was dark again and the candle gone.

This time, having lighted a third candle, he made a search of the premises. Nothing was to be seen. He put the candle on the table again, set his axe where it would be handy, and stepped into a corner.

In a few minutes a flying-squirrel came through the door, mounted the table, knocked over the candle, which went out as it fell, seized it in his mouth and started with it for the door.



The National... Dress Cutting Academy
MADAME ETHIER, General Manager,
88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

Will be kept open during the holidays this summer for instruction of pupils in person or by mail. Out of town parties visiting the city will be cordially received, and every facility afforded for obtaining any information regarding system, methods, rates of tuition, etc.

The Best Piece

of 12 ounce Soap in the market at a similar price.

Oak Leaf

You won't know how good a wrapped soap you can sell at 4 cents and make a profit until you try a box of this.

All jobbers sell it
JOHN P. MOTT & CO.
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NERVOUS INVALIDS

Find great benefit from using
Puttner's Emulsion
which contains the most effective Nerve Tonic and nutritives, combined in the most palatable form.

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

OYSTERS FISH AND GAME
always on hand. In season.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
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CAFE ROYAL
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CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

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

Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.

THOMAS DEAN,
City Market.

INVISIBLE MONKEYS.

A New Family Discovered in Africa Which Can Scarcely be Seen.

Dr. J. W. Gregory, of the Natural History Museum, of London, reports the discovery of a family of African monkeys that add another curiosity to the wonders of the zoos, provided they are fortunate enough to obtain specimens. These monkeys are found in certain districts of East Africa, and pass most of their time in the dense forests clothing Mount Kilima Njoro and other districts of that section.

The black stemmed trees in which they make their homes are thickly draped with gray beard moss or lichen, which reaches to several feet below the boughs. As the monkeys hang from the branches Dr. Gregory says that they so closely resemble the lichen that he found it impossible to recognize them even when only a short distance away.

These monkeys are known to the natives of certain districts of East Africa by the name of guezera. They belong to the group of thumbless apes which are restricted to the African continent, where they take the place of the langurs, or sacred apes, of India and other Oriental countries. From the other thumbless apes the guezera, or the species to which that name properly applies, are distinguished by their long, silky black and white coats, which are much sought after by the natives of Africa as articles of their scanty costume and for purposes of decoration.

In the typical Abyssinian guezera the greater part of the fur of the body and limbs is of a deep, shining black, but from the shoulders there depends a mantle of long, white, silky hair, extending down each side and meeting on the lower part of the back, so as to hang down over the sides of the body as well as over the hips and thighs. The terminal third of the tail is also clothed with long white hairs. Strikingly handsome as is this species it is excelled in this respect by the East African guezera—the one met with by Dr. Gregory—in which the base of the tail alone is black, the whole of the remainder of that appendage being developed into a magnificent white brush, which may be compared to an Indian chowri or fly whisk.

Black and white is a type of coloration so conspicuous and at the same time so rare among the larger mammals, that wherever it occurs we may be sure it is developed for some special purpose, although, unless we have an opportunity of seeing the animals in their native haunts it is almost impossible to divine what that purpose may be.

It is met with elsewhere in the zebras and also in the remarkable parti-colored bear of Thibet. Although the former animals are conspicuous enough in a stall at the Zoo, or when stuffed in a museum, travellers tell us that when seen in the haunts of an African desert their black and white stripes fade at a very short distance to an almost invisible gray. This may even be observed in a hot summer when the grass is burned brown in some of the private English parks where several of these beautiful animals are allowed to roam at will during the summer months.

Dr. Gregory's observations have fully solved the problem of the use of the remarkable coloration of the guezera, which has so long puzzled the brains of naturalists. Decisive evidence is apparent that the black and white coloration of these animals protect them by a close resemblance to their inanimate surroundings. There are, however, certain smaller animals with a similar type of coloration in which the startling contrast of black and white seems to be for the purpose of rendering them conspicuous, and as some at least of these creatures are endowed with a most disgusting odor, their conspicuousness has been regarded as warning other animals from attacking them.—New York Herald.

Old Foggy and Short-Sighted Merchants.
The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes receive letter orders every day from country places for Diamond Dyes. Ladies say their village store-keeper has been talked into buying one of the very interior makes put up to outwardly imitate the world-famed Diamond Dyes. They have tried these dyes, and the result was failure and loss of goods.

These country storekeepers (many of them) will not put in a stock of Diamond Dyes until they get rid of their poor goods. This means loss of trade to the short-sighted dealer. Diamond Dyes are certainly the favorites in country, town and city, and all live merchants sell them.

Any lady in the country who cannot obtain Diamond Dyes from her dealer can write to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, for the color required, stating whether it is to dye wool, cotton or silk, and the dyes will be sent by mail.

The Misleading Placard.
A restaurant-keeper, who had little sympathy with the 'plain speech' of the Quaker City, placed in his show window a placard inscribed thus:

MOLLUSCOUS BIVALVES
IN EVERY STYLE.
A couple of young fellows, manifestly from 'up country,' were observed standing before the window, engaged in spelling out the sign.

'What's them, Bill?' one asked the other.
'I dunno,' said Bill.
'Let's go up street a bit and see if we kin find a eyster's 'toon. I feel like eatin' some eysters.'—Philadelphia Record.

POLLY'S EXPLOIT.

Kane Creek was a railroad crossing on the S. and C. C. Railroad about two miles from the division terminal at Mercer.

A dozen trains whirled through Kane Creek every day with only a shriek of greeting and a whipping wake of fine sand.

For it was a moment of great joy to Polly Marshall when her father's engine went through.

At that moment three shots rang out, clear and distinct from the detached train.

Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the air-brake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill.

From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express messengers began to crowd around and inquire the Mercer men remembered her.

William H. White of Portuguese Cove, Racked by the Tortures of Rheumatism, Is Quickly Relieved and Permanently Cured by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure.

Wadeleigh says he never makes mistakes. "Him—m! That's one of 'em."

was a cry of distress. It seemed to say 'Help' in a long tremulous wail. Instantly Polly darted outside and flew up the track.

For a moment Polly was torn with doubt and were preparing to rob the express car.

Through the cab window she could see the robber sitting at her own little desk in the depot sending a message.

At that moment three shots rang out, clear and distinct from the detached train.

Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the air-brake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill.

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LANOLINE Toilet Soap. For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN. Lanoline Toilet Soap. From all Chemists. Wholesale Depot:—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

Too Much Headache.

Under my left hand as I write lies a letter from which I shall quote two sentences, giving a paragraph to each.

Let's think first, then answer. Omitting what has already been cited the letter runs thus: "Ever since I was six-

I had no hope of getting better, for hope must rest on something, and I had nothing for it to rest on.

Luckily for our good friend the information he needed came to him through his eyes, not through his ears.

Almost as Wonderful. If Scotchmen have little humor, they sometimes display a pretty good counter-

MIRACLES TO-DAY. William H. White of Portuguese Cove, Racked by the Tortures of Rheumatism, Is Quickly Relieved and Permanently Cured by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure.

Wadeleigh says he never makes mistakes. "Him—m! That's one of 'em."

TIME-TABLE MAKING.

Every Minute of the Running Time of Trains to be Considered. The most intricate and important task in a railway's operation is the making of its timetable.

Every modern railway has a room devoted to the stringing of time cards, and it is usually filled with charts set up on standards, with roller feet, by means of which they can be moved about on the floor.

Along the right side of the board are the names of the stations in regular order, say from east to west.

The faster the trains run and the fewer the stops the straighter the line hangs from the top to the bottom.

DEAR SIRS.—I take the liberty of writing to you regarding my experience with DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS W.W. HODGES SUFFERED—DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS EFFECTED AN ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE.

DEAR SIRS.—I take the liberty of writing to you regarding my experience with DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

One must see the men at work making the changes to realize the extent of the calculation and responsibility. When spring changes are to be made the train dispatchers of the division are sent for and assemble in the cardroom.

While at the board's the men present a very animated scene. Sometimes a group work on a board twenty-six feet in length. Stations are scattered down the board, but the enormous number of trains involving the suburban service makes it look much like a thickly studded spider web.

Each crossing point, or station where two trains meet on that board on the same time, is marked with a big pin. This indicates to the clerk making up the table for the printer that a meeting is fixed for that particular station and its time is printed in black figures about double the usual size.

This is a fair explanation of the trouble it causes the employees of a great railroad in the mere arrangement of tables for the operation of the road.

Occasionally an eloquent testimonial to the virtues of a "health resort" fails to find a place in the printed matter sent out by the hotel-keepers or others interested in the prosperity of the place.

DEAR SIRS.—I take the liberty of writing to you regarding my experience with DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

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in Africa which seen. the Natural Hist- reports the dis- can monkeys that wonders of the fortunate enough these monkeys are of East Africa, ne in the dense iliana Njro and ions. s in which they ckly draped with , which reaches ough. As the e branches Dr. e closely resemb- id it impossible to only a short dis- own to the natives t Africa by the belong to the which are restrict- ed, where they gurgurs, or sacred Oriental countries. s as the guer- which that name distinguished by and white coats, after by the natives air scanty costume tration. inian guerzra the of the body and g black, but from ends a mantle of extending down- in the lower part g down over the s as over the hips al third of the tail ong white hairs. is this species it is by the East African ith by Dr. Greg- of the tail alone is remainder of that ing may be com- or fly whisk. type of coloration the same time so r mammals, that may be sure it is ical purpose, al- an opportunity of her native haunts it to divine what that here in the zebras table parti-colored ough the former s enough in a stall ufted in a museum, en seen in the base ein black and white hort distance to an This may even be when the grass me of the private several of these allowed to roam at months. vations have fully the use of the re- the guerzras, which brains of nature- is apparent that coloration of these y a close resem- certain smaller ani- of coloration in trast of black and the purpose of ren- and as some at are endowed with their conspicuous- as warning other them.—New York Sighted Merchants. of Diamond Dyes re- y day from country Dyes. Ladies say her has been talked very inferior makes tate the world-famed y have tried these as failure and loss of ekeepers (many of a stock of Diamond of their poor goods. le to the short-sight- Dyes are certainly y, town and city, and them. country who cannot s from her dealer & Richardson Co., r required, stating pool, cotton or silk, ent by mail. g Fincard. , who had little sym- peech' of the Quaker w window a placard BIVALVES STYLE. fellows, manifestly re observed standing engaged in spilling ne asked the other. l. bit and see if we n. I feel like eatin- hiladelphia Record.

SAILING IN AIR CURRENTS.

What an Old Hand at Blowing Says of the Proposed Venture of Andree.

Andree the Swedish scientist, was to have sailed in his balloon from Spitzbergen on July 1, and if all his plans have been successfully carried through and his hopes realized, the Swedish flag is now floating at the North Pole.

Whatever may be the result of Andree's venture, there is at least one man in this city who declares his belief that Andree will not only not discover the Pole, but that he will not even make a start.

'Andree may know his business pretty thoroughly,' says the professor, 'but I confess that I would be afraid to take the trip with as little preparation as he seems to have made.'

'But mind you,' continued the veteran, pointing an impressive finger at his interviewer, 'I have great faith in the capabilities of the balloon. I believe that it is only with the balloon that aerial navigation for any great distance can be accomplished.'

'Over the Atlantic Ocean the air currents might be advantageously studied, and with a balloon which could be kept in the air for a long period one would be able to find currents blowing in any direction he might wish to follow.'

'Upon another occasion I made an ascension from Nashville. We started from the centre of the town, and Capitol Hill was black with people watching us. The balloon in rising floated in the direction of the hill, and passed over its brow. Then we struck a current blowing exactly in the opposite direction, and we travelled with it for possibly a dozen miles.'

'I'm going back now to where we started from.' He thought I was joking, but I called his attention to the fact that the first current we had struck had carried us toward Capitol Hill, and I knew I could strike that current again. I brought the balloon down gradually until, sure enough, we began to move back.

'I think it will be interesting to cite a few of my experiences in the upper air to show what remarkable things can be accomplished, even in a small way, by the utilization of varying currents.'

ascend, and I simply dropped back into it. It carried me back to the fair grounds, and I landed upon the exact spot from which I had started. I made my balloon secure and used the same gas for the second ascension, two days later.'

KANSAS TWISTERS.

A Few Little Anecdotes Told by a Truthful Witness.

'I've heard so many incredible stories about the cyclone and its eccentricities,' said the solemn looking man to a party of tourists he had joined in the sleeping car, 'that I've been to Kansas making some personal investigations in the interest of science.'

'I find that many reports from that section have been grossly exaggerated. Nothing occurs there that is not in accord with our understanding of these terrific outbursts of nature. For instance the tornado, often mistaken for the cyclone, has a rotary motion. I have known it to dip low enough to bore a well and then bound once more to the region of the clouds. This wonderful phenomenon was an accomplished fact in far less time than it takes me to tell it.'

'An extensive farmer here heard the roar of an approaching storm and just had time to get his team from his reaper to a place of safety. The wind caught the reaper and sent it round and round the immense tract, till the grain was all cut.'

'Not at all. That would have destroyed our theory. The circular whirl of the irresistible power swept the grain to the center of the field and into an immense stack such as human hands could not have piled.'

'One of the strangest and best authenticated incidents I learned of occurred where a cyclone struck the base of a mountain and went burrowing through it. A few feet in the twister encountered a solid granite formation. It was two weeks later when the tunnel was completed and the terrific wind resumed its devastating way on the other side. The tunnel was promptly appropriated by a railroad company.'

A PIONEER'S STORY.

Following an Attack of La Grippe He Suffered Day and Night for Four Years—A Well Known Clergyman Endorses His Statements.

Among the residents of Kingsville, Ont., none is held in higher esteem than Mr. Jas. Lovelace, who is known not only in the town, but to many throughout Essex county. When a correspondent of the Record called upon him and asked him to verify certain statements as to his cure from a painful malady after several years of suffering, he cheerfully did so.

BORN.

- Halifax, July 16, to the wife of W. B. Thomas a son.
Nappan, July 10, to the wife of Clarence McKay a son.
Windsor, July 10, to the wife of W. W. Robson, a son.
Digby, July 15, to the wife of J. A. Van Tassel, a son.
Campbellton, July 14, to the wife of Wm. S. Fraser a son.
Bear River, July 15, to the wife of Allan Rice a daughter.
Kentville, July 13, to the wife of John J. Loyd, a daughter.
Lunenburg, July 5, to the wife of P. H. Ross a daughter.
Windsor, June 21, to the wife of James O'Brien, a daughter.
Parsonsboro, July 13, to the wife of Capt. Wm. Gates a daughter.
Quebec, July 10, to the wife of John G. Kirker, a daughter.
Fort Lawrence, July 9, to the wife of Mr. Atkinson, a daughter.
Bridgewater, July 10, to the wife of W. E. Manning a daughter.
Bristol, N. S., July 10, to the wife of Wm. Sheppard a daughter.
Hemlock, N. S., July 9, to the wife of Cornelius A. Wall, a son.

Dever Brook N. S., June 20, to the wife of C. J. Creelman a daughter.
Argyle Head, June 27, to the wife of Thaddeus Nickerson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Southampton, July 1, Fred Rector to Annie J. Rowland.
Amherst, July 15, by Rev. D. McGregor, Charles McKenzie to Maud Ward.
Boston, N. B., July 7, by Rev. H. Harrison, W. F. D. Jarvis to Janet S. Murray.
Caledonia, July 5, by Rev. F. G. Francis, James B. McLeod to Maggie Martin.
Digby, July 6, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Daniel Robinson to Mrs. Anna Wilda.
Kingston, N. B., July 14, by Rev. H. A. Meek, Henry Fickett to Grace L. Orr.
Dartmouth, July 13, by Rev. Dr. Morrison, George W. Arnold to Minnie Patterson.
Liverpool, N. S., July 3, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, A. C. Hatt to Miss F. Armstrong.
Amherst, July 12, by Rev. D. McGregor, James McGovern to Laura Carmichael.
Antigonish, June 29, by Rev. J. C. Chisholm, Richard Lays to Anna Murray.
Greenfield, July 14, by Rev. R. B. Mack, James D. Murray to Hattie M. Johnson.
Brooklyn, N. S., June 30, by Rev. A. Daniel, Frederick Black to Blanche Falk.
Acadia Mines, July 14, by Rev. J. A. McKensie, Solomon Daniels to Eddie Purdy.
Dorchester, July 14, by the Rev. C. C. Burgess, Robert McKay to Catherine Morrison.
West North-Ida, July 4, by Rev. L. M. McGreevy, Oued S. Vanlo to Bertha McKay.
Brookfield, N. S., July 2, by Rev. E. C. Baker, Robert McKay to Catherine Morrison.
Greenfield, N. S., June 28, by Rev. F. E. Bishop, John F. Dowell to Druc N. Smith.
Halifax, July 16, by Rev. John McMillan, Joseph Murrhead to Florence McDonald.
Salisbury, July 14, by the Rev. C. C. Burgess, Henry B. Bower to Annie Blenis.
Strathlone, C. B., July 6, by Rev. J. M. McLean, Wm. P. McLeod to Annie Stewart.
Quebec, N. B., July 14, by Rev. F. X. Coleridge, Patrick Boyle to Maggie McDougall.
Bridgewater, July 8, by Rev. A. H. C. Morse, Allen Wynacht to Lucretia Weagle.
Big Bras d'Or, July 10, by Rev. D. Drummond, Sarah B. Galt to Isaac B. McKinnon.
Centerville, N. B., July 14, by Rev. J. A. Cahill, Sanford S. Hallett to Eleanore Hawkins.
Baddeck, July 3, by the Rev. D. McDougal, Robert McKay to Catherine Morrison.
Scranton, Pa., June 29, by Rev. J. M. Carr, Rev. J. A. McIntosh to Sarah E. Archibald of N. S.
Upper Wicklow, N. B., July 7, by Rev. G. A. Gilmore, Richard Demarchant to Emeline D'Este.

DIED.

- Truro, July 9, James Smith, 59.
Truro, July 9, James Smith, 59.
Windsor, July 14, James Birse, 56.
Picton, June 11, Thomas B. Cole 16.
St. John, July 17, John Hamilton, 79.
Fort Lorne, June 13, Arle Johnson 79.
Picton, July 5, Mrs. Ada Matheson 82.
Chester, July 6, Edward G. Butler, 73.
Bath Me., June 13, Salomea O'Neal, 81.
Antigonish, July 6, John McMillan, 47.
New Glasgow, July 13, William Ross, 33.
Picton Island, July 8, D. L. McCallum 41.
Bridgewater, July 11, Robert Bourne, 45.
Halifax, July 14, John Stanley E. Lean 33.
Avalon, N. S., June 29, Debra Eiderick, 77.
Carleton Place, July 6, William C. Clark 43.
Kingsport, July 8, Mrs. John A. Loomer, 68.
Moncton, July 16, Mrs. A. H. Newman, 46.
Burlington, N. S., July 14, Eason Sanford, 36.
Bangor, July 12, Minnie McBride of N. B., 23.
Springfield, Guysboro, July 7, Isaac Smith, 57.
Movers River, June 20, Capt. George Fraser, 72.
New York, July 11, Addie, wife of James Miller.
Parsonsboro, July 13, Irene, wife of Oscar Parker, 19.
Sprague's Mills, Me., July 4, Annie M. Kinney, 23.
Middle Musquodoubt, July 9, Mrs. Christina Leck.
Halifax, July 7, Letitia wife of Andrew Dickie, 37.
Smith's Cove, Halifax Co., July 2, D. S. Gilroy, 27.
Richibucto, July 9, Capt. Richard MacLaughlin, 44.
West New Glasgow, July 13, J. Northrup Cameron 84.
Halifax, July 16, Mrs. Margaret Gordon Nickerson 21.
Halifax, July 7, Elizabeth widow of John B. Smith 84.
Halifax, July 12, Catherine widow of John Bell, 84.
Mill Cove, June 28, Richard son of Deacon Cameron 20.
Windsor, July 12, Letitia, wife of Edward Sponage, 50.
Chatham, July 9, Isabel K. wife of Rev. Dr. N. McKay.
New Bedford Mass., Henry Gough of Liverpool, 62.
Cariboo Mines, July 4, Margaret, wife of Daniel McLean 54.
Victoria, B. C., July 4, Amor DeCosmos of Wind.
Lakeville, N. B., July 8, Sarah E. wife of George B. Ashe, 52.
Moss Glen, N. B., July 17, Margaret wife of Geo. Aiken, 62.
Rockland, July 11, Margaret, widow of Capt. Bradford Page 61.
Antigonish, July 8, Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Chisholm, 73.
Westville, July 12, Christy A. wife of James H. McDonald, 45.
Shubenacadie, July 1, Agnes, daughter of the late Thomas Blake R. N.
Kempt Road, C. B., June 29, Margaret wife of Donald McDonald, 69.
Kentville, July 2, Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morrison, 7.
St. Croix, July 8, Maggie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Munro, 17.
Lake Porter, July 14, Georgina R. child of Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown 3 months.
Benton, E. I., July 17, James E. Ellis for some time a resident of St. John, 44.
Halifax, July 7, Jessie Mann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac McCulloch, 22.
Middle Stewiacke, June 27, Frank A. son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Winston, 11.
Fennell, N. S., July 11, Mabel E. only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Smith 5.
Beach Meadows, Queen Co., N. S., July 7, Elizabeth, widow of John A. handier, 92.
Steam Mill Village, July 6, Bessie G. July 11, Robert G. twin children of Mr. and Mrs. William Gould.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).

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

4—Trips a Week—4 THE STEEL STEAMERS

BOSTON and YARMOUTH

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

Steamer Alpha,

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon, Returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

International S. S. Co.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING May 31st, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at 8:00 o'clock, standard. Returning, leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8:45 o'clock, and Portland at 9 a. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

STAR LINE STEAMERS

For Fredericton

Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at 8:00 o'clock, standard. Returning, leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8:45 o'clock, and Portland at 9 a. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

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On and after Thursday, July 8th,

The Steamer Clifton

will leave Hampton for Indiantown.....

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

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.

BELMONT HOTEL

ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

QUEEN HOTEL

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

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 11.40
Express for Halifax..... 12.35
Accommodation for Moncton, Point du Chene and Springhill Junction..... 12.40
Express for Sussex..... 12.55
Express for Robesey..... 13.30
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)..... 6.05
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 7.15
Express from Sussex..... 8.10
Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12.40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.55
Express from Robesey..... 13.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SHORT LINE

Points West.

Fast express will leave St. John N. B., at 4.10 P. Week days.—For Sherbrooke, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and all points West, North West and on the Pacific Coast.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted). Lve. St. John at 7 00 a. m., arr. Digby 9 30 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1 00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3 30 p. m. S. S. Kvangline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parsonsboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 5.50 a. m., arr. in Digby 11.55 a. m. Lve. Digby 12 05 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 2 40 p. m. Lve. Halifax 8 00 a. m., arr. Digby 12 46 p. m. Lve. Digby 12 56 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3 00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 9.58 a. m. Lve. Digby 10 05 a. m., arr. Halifax 4.40 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8 30 a. m., arr. Digby 10 20 a. m. Lve. Digby 10 25 a. m., arr. Halifax 8 30 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7 00 a. m., arr. Digby 8 20 a. m. Lve. Digby 4.45 p. m., arr. Annapolis 6.05 p. m.

Buy

Dominion Express Co.'s

Money

Orders

FOR SMALL REMITTANCES.

Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be.....

Cashed on Presentation

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napesee, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 express Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express ready to send from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

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J. B. STONE, Asst. Sup.

C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Sup.