

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE SMALLPOX SCARE.

The Measure That has Been Taken to Prevent the Spread of the Disease.

The outbreak of smallpox in the city, though confined to one case—has occasioned not a little anxiety among those who are supposed to safeguard the community in this respect.

A sailor introduced the disease and it was some time before the doctors realized that it was smallpox. The man had a chance to mingle with the crew and the members of that body roamed here and there and met many people. Just how the contagion may have spread remains to be seen. The authorities have awakened to the fact that the possibility of the disease getting a start are quite within the bounds of reason and they are making strenuous efforts to check its course.

Mistakes are made in every case of this sort but the people do not care to excuse them when smallpox is in the question. To send a smallpox patient to the hospital in the ambulance that is in daily use is not in the interests of those who look to the public physician to do things properly. It is said that the ambulance was used again without being fumigated, but Mr. Hamm, who looks after the ambulance vehicle says that he looked after the fumigation process. He deserves credit for doing so and if he had not looked after it the work of the opportunity for the disease to spread would have been very great considering the number of coaches and cabs in the stable.

The crew are confined to their vessel and all the houses they have been in are in a state of quarantine. This may seem a hardship, but it is necessary in the public interest.

The visit of the royal party in the course of two or three weeks and the presence of a large number of strangers in the city, makes it a matter of greater necessity that every precaution should be taken.

In Yarmouth there is a mild scare owing to the discovery of a case of smallpox which is described by the Herald as follows. The paragraph is interesting as it shows how prompt the measures were to prevent the disease spreading.

Yarmouth has a case of smallpox in her midst, the first for over a quarter of a century. Our citizens were startled late on Friday night and on Saturday morning when it was reported that Miss Maggie Mause, 19 years old, daughter of Mr. Theophilus Mause, proprietor of the Central House, was quite ill of the disease. It appears that she complained of being ill some days previously, and on Tuesday a consultation was held, when the disease was pronounced to be smallpox.

Dr. Fuller, town medical officer, as soon as the case was reported, took every precaution and placed special policemen to guard the house, who are still on duty.

On Saturday morning a meeting of the Board of Health was held at which a lot of resolutions were passed respecting the case, and measures adopted to prevent the further spread of the disease.

The patient has been removed to the pest house, Arodisia, which has been fitted up, and a nurse procured.

All the boarders at the Central House have been confined to the house, where they will remain until the expiration of the quarantine period. Two policemen guard the premises night and day, and Brown and Hawthorne streets have been roped off.

There is no cause for unnecessary alarm, but it is expedient that every citizen, young and old, should be at once vaccinated. Every precaution should be taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

The doctors have been kept busy vaccinating patients since Saturday last. We are led to believe that there are yet large numbers of our citizens who have not done so. They should attend to it without delay.

MR. CHAPMAN'S CONCERNS.

Why they were not a success from a financial standpoint.

St. John, this week has had a rare treat. The musicians who have favored this city with their presence, are among the best

in the world. It is the first time, it may be said that such talent have visited New Brunswick.

Mr. Chapman under whose auspices the orchestra has appeared is a man from a musical standpoint, who thoroughly understands his business, that his great undertaking here has not met with the financial support that it deserves is through no fault of his as a musician, but if say through lack of foresight in business management.

In this matter, let Progress speak plainly. Mr. Chapman has announced his intention of bringing to St. John in the future other leading musicians. It is but right to him and to those he intends bringing there to be acquainted with the state of things.

In the first place Mr. Chapman or any of the celebrated artists who visited the city this week, have no right to judge the number of music loving people in this city from the poor audience that attended the Opera House. Mr. Chapman has only to turn to the pages of history to find that when first class musicians have been brought to St. John they have been most liberally patronized. Mr. Chapman's artists are not at all inferior to those of former years, but Mr. Chapman, if to speak to the point, has not gone the proper way to work to introduce his people to the public.

Let it be stated more plainly. Mr. Chapman comes to St. John a stranger. He meets the Opera House people. The latter inform their genial visitor the papers he should use as the medium by which to introduce himself to the public. In this list of papers, Progress is not included. The reason is plain. The Opera House people know and the public know that dis regarding any patronage Progress will speak its mind plainly.

The same cannot be said of all journals, and St. John people believe that no matter how poor a show visits this city it will be previewed to the skies.

Mr. Chapman visited the papers favored by the Opera House and of course he received his elaborate advance notices and notices after the concert were over, but these things are all taken for granted by the public. Mr. Chapman may bring Paulini and all the great singers that live here. The people of this vicinity know that his artists can receive no greater praise on some papers than those papers have done and again bestowed on the poor estate shows that have ever come here.

Progress has nothing more to add; except to say that Mr. Chapman's artists whom he presented to the St. John public this week, are exceptionally clever and in saying this Progress feels that it is giving Mr. Chapman and his company a greater advertisement to the St. John and New Brunswick public, than they have yet had.

CARELESSNESS IN THE WOODS.

How Accidents Occur That Might be Easily Prevented.

The shooting accidents started in promptly with the opening of the season. The number of deaths from carelessness has been greater than usual. The regret felt for the loss of the bright son of the postmaster at Canterbury through the carelessness of an experienced hunter to fire at a mere disturbance in the bushes shows how easily a serious mistake can be made. In Maine such mistakes are considered seriously and a penalty is exacted. Imprisonment for ten years may be the result of gross carelessness. It was found necessary to make the law to make hunters exercise greater care. Here is a case in point showing how little care is taken when parties are eager for a little game.

Four men were on the watch for deer in the woods near DeWolfe Corner Charlotte Co. They had agreed on signals to be used in case they should come together, but the system did not work well. John Dinamore one of the four, seeing something glancing near him, called out, thinking it might be

one of his companions as he had been told to shoot. He received no answer and calling out two or three times "whistle or I will shoot" and still receiving no answer he pulled the trigger of the gun and Daniel McIninch received a bullet in his neck. Medical aid was quickly sent for and Dr. Dibble, of Moore's Mills, was soon in attendance. He found that the bullet had entered the neck near the windpipe and passing downward had come out near the shoulder. Mr. McIninch is reported as doing well and there is a good chance for his recovery.

A SIBYRIAN SCOTCH STORY.

An Afflicted Mother Could not Bear the Loss of Her Son.

A sad story comes from Yarmouth showing how an afflicted mother unable to bear the loss of a well loved son died a few hours later. The young man was a son of the late Capt. Norman Durke, formerly of Yarmouth, and was 27 years, 1 month and 24 days old. He was born in Humberg, Germany, and came to the United States two years ago with the hope of recovering from the disease; but while it may be prolonged his life, permanent benefit was impossible. He was a bright young man and had the sympathy of the community during his illness.

His mother, Mrs. Theodosia B. Durke, was completely prostrated at the death of her son, and died at 4 o'clock on the Monday morning following, aged 57 years, 6 months and 6 days.

The devotion of mother and son to each other was very marked, and the first separation was more than the mother could bear. Her afflictions were exceedingly heavy, she had lost her husband, a daughter and two sons within three years. There is one son still surviving, who is at sea.

A Successful Ball.

The annual ball under the auspices of the Neptune Rowing club, held in the Assembly room of the York Hotel on Thursday evening was a most enjoyable and successful affair. The room was extensively decorated and presented a very pleasing appearance. The club committee which had the management of the ball are to be congratulated on the very able manner in which they performed their duties. The program of dances was enjoyed thoroughly by all present and the evening was a most fitting opening to the seasons social festivities. Owing to the lateness in the week in which the ball was held, Progress is unable to give a full description of the happy gathering.

A Much Esteemed Man.

The death of Mr. William Barnhill which occurred at his home early yesterday morning removes from our midst one of the best known and most highly respected residents of Lunenburg. Mr. Barnhill who was born in 1827 at Truro, N. S. came to St. John when a young man and engaged in the lumbering business in which undertaking he has engaged in ever since. His career has been a most successful one, the result of industry, perseverance and honesty. He was a gentleman who was much thought of, his genial disposition and popular manner making friends with whom he came in contact.

They Made Excitement.

The people of St. John have taken considerable interest in the big yacht races. During the days of the racing the bulletins were eagerly scanned by hundreds as they were posted in front of the newspaper offices. Anyone could tell by the expression on peoples faces which yacht led. As the Shamrock led for considerable of the distance in both contests, persons got very hopeful and excited, and when the news came that the Columbian won, the disappointment was very great. It is now the general opinion that Sir Thomas will have to build another yacht.

Successful Past.

The session of the Presbytery of the St. John's Province held this week in St. John was very well attended and the various discussions that have been carried on by that body have proved most interesting even to those not of that denomination. The debates have been exceptionally well conducted and show that the Presbyterians of these provinces possess very learned and able men. The convention has been most successful in every particular.

TO WELCOME ROYALTY.

The Preparations That are Being Made for the Visit to St. John.

It is less than two weeks, before the Duke and Duchess will be here, but the town does not appear to have become very much enthused yet. Two weeks is a very short time in which to make preparations and it is beginning to look as if everything was to go on smoothly at the last moment.

It is a fact that to the people to learn that the Royal party will take more than a passing glance at St. John on their way to Halifax. It was feared at one time that this City might even be passed over, but happily it has been turned out all right. Major Maude has least that some respect is due the city of the loyalists, but if report is true it took some little time and some little persuasion to get the Major to meet the wishes of some of our representatives. A visit of nearly two days is somewhat respectable, but an afternoon and evening as formerly planned would not have been very acceptable to the people of this Province.

It does not do, however, to say too much about the length of the visit or just what may yet happen. Progress pointed out some time ago that the programme had been changed so much, that the public could not rely on any information for any length of time. Within the past few weeks the order of events has been changed no less than three times and as there are nearly two weeks yet to come, several changes may still occur. First the announcement was made that their Royal Highness and party would stay a day and a night in St. John and put up at the Jones and MacNutt houses. Then it was heralded that the distinguished visitors would reside upon their own premises. Then another change and the visit was reduced to a single afternoon and evening, when behold still another change and everything has become lovely again. They will stay at the Jones and MacNutt houses and they will stay nearly two days.

As a magician, Mr. Maude has played his part well. Let the acting close now. The public is satisfied. Any more changes will spoil the whole performance.

Regarding the programme that has been arranged for entertaining the big guests while here, it is a little early yet to speak with accuracy. Some of the events marked down will no doubt prove highly interesting, while others perhaps will not be looked upon so favorably. The fire works are always a pleasing part of all St. John's celebrations and if they are as good as they have been they will on this occasion be satisfactory. No dress suits will be required to see the fireworks. All alike can witness them, the high and low, the rich and poor, the small and tall, one and all.

The authorities have announced that only those properly dressed and supplied with two cards will be admitted to the reception. Onlookers will not be allowed to view the proceedings from the gallery. This limits the number of people in this free and enlightened country who would like to view their future King and Queen. The poor and humble citizen must submit to a custom that only permits those who dress in fashion to see the great people. It is a tail end of an ancient custom that still remains in the old country and which Canada tries to imitate, just the same way as some cities try to copy some of the dresses and actions of the Lord Mayor of London. It is in this respect that the United States is a little in advance of our people. If President Roosevelt for instant was to hold a reception here, he would ask all to meet him whether they were wearing swallow tail coats or hayseed jackets.

Then think again what the people are missing in not being able to view the presentations from the gallery. Some of those who were present at the reception to Lord and Lady Minto, and they should know, say that it surpassed many shows ever produced at the Opera House. It was so, then, how much greater will be the entertainment when the Duke and Duchess are at the head. Probably those intending to be presented are better practice now than those were when the

Governor General was here, but still with some people it will take a good deal of practice to make perfect.

The mobilization of sixteen hundred troops in this city should prove an interesting sight. It will not be as large a gathering as in Halifax, but the mobilization of such a force here will be more of a novelty to our people than to the sister city.

It is estimated that some forty thousand persons will visit St. John. If this turns out a fact there won't be many vacant beds about. The hotels and boarding houses will have to wake up. To provide for such a large number of guests is no easy matter. Everything points to a busy week and St. John will no doubt resemble for the time being a little New York. The decorations are expected to be on a grand scale and everyone will decorate.

If there are no more changes made in the programme, all well and good. The Duke and his Royal wife should enjoy themselves, barring of course those addresses. The people will do their part well. St. John knows how to take care of itself on occasions of this kind and the coming visit will prove no exception to the rule.

EXHIBITION AND RACES.

The Sussex Fair was a Success—Some Horse Race Comments.

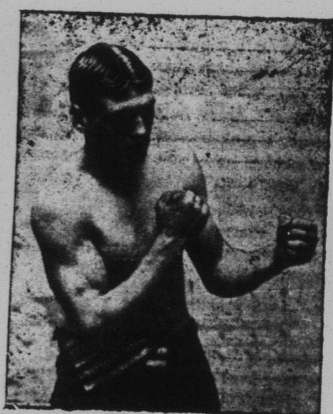
The Exhibition and horse races at Sussex were successful from every point of view. The story of the races has been told in the daily papers but there were some incidents Progress may comment upon. The events were all interesting but especially of note was taken of the free for all pace in which Mr. Willis had Walter K entered and Mr. Clarke the mare Happy Girl. The speed she showed at Fredericton made the admirers of Walter K somewhat anxious but the mare was not in good form and Mr. Willis' horse was an easy winner. Happy Girl, just to show that she can pace a dead heat with the Sydney horse and took second money.

Mr. John M. Johnson of Calais whose reputation for equanimity on the turf can not be excelled made a bad break Wednesday when he permitted Tutrix to pass him on the home stretch while his horse was joggling in. The error was not intentional and the judges should have given his horse Koonson the heat instead of Tutrix who had skipped a good part of the distance, but judges are not infallible and certainly the gentlemen in the stand at Sussex were far from the line of perfection. The same can be said of the timers the first day who seemed at aid to give the correct version to the public. If they insist upon clean records for the horses and drivers they should be just as careful not to sacrifice their own reputation.

THE FALL FISTIC EVENT.

A Picture of one of the Boys who Will Spar Oct. 14th.

A week from Monday evening is the date fixed for the boxing tournament in Victoria rink under the management of William Keefe whose reputation as a lover of good sport and whose work as a ring referee has won him the respect of those who love to see honest sport. One of the boys to



come here is the well-known Al Weing who is to box fifteen rounds with Jack Bonner of Philadelphia. There will be other bouts of course but this will be the principal event. Progress gives a picture of Weing who stands in an attitude of defiance. He is a muscular looking young fellow and looks as if he knew something of the fistic art. His record says that he has won a good deal about it.

BORN.

Sydney, Sept 14, to the wife of F. A. Nicholl, a son.
Westville, Sept. 11, to the wife of W. H. Clark, a son.
Burlington, Sept 16, to the wife of Albert Burgess, a son.
Halifax, Sept 20, to the wife of J. D. Currie, a daughter.
Glenwood, Sept 19, to the wife of Bowman N. Rickert, a son.
Lynn, Mass., Aug 26, to the wife of Morton Hathaway, a son.
Yarmouth, Sept 16, to the wife of Joseph B. Burdill, twins.
Yarmouth, Sept 16, to the wife of Rev. R. D. Bambrick, a son.
Wentworth, Sept 18, to the wife of John W. Chambers, a daughter.
Hillsborough, Sept 18, to the wife of E. C. Randall, M. D., a son.
Dorchester, N. Y., Sept 16, to the wife of Edmund Clegg, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Sept 18, to the wife of Herbert L. Anderson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Sept 18, Joseph Bray to Sadie Baker.
Sept 18, Vincent Burr to Annie York.
Sept 18, Charles Adams to Maudie Holmes.
Dorchester Cape, Sept 18, Walter Cole to E. A. Cook.
Sept 18, Florence Kent to Chas. Tremblay.
Halifax, Sept 19, Albert Burbridge to Ada J. J. J. J.
Sept 19, W. E. Hardie to Margaret Wood.
Sept 17, Joseph Porter to Mary McKay.
Sept 17, Albert Murray to Ethel Jamieson.
Sept 16, Joseph Gaynor to Jessie Hoskins.
Sept 18, Geo. Sutherland to Janie Elliot.
Sept 18, Blake G. E. R. to Florence M. Johnson.
Sept 6, Will T. Beveridge to Lydia Killiam.
Boston, Sept 11, Edgar Kinney to Celia A. Curran.
Sept 17, Gordon Seaman to Mary E. Miller.
Sept 17, James Macdonald to Edith Gallant.
Sept 17, Medley E. Biekhorn to Lena Duncan.
Sept 16, Joseph Aitkin to Marlon Townsend.
Sept 9, Rev. David Grant to Isabel F. Macgregor.
Sept 19, Adelbert Hamilton to A. E. Dickie.
Sept 18, William Canly to Florence McManara.
Sept 17, Oscar C. Hulman to Jessie Tuffs.
Sept 18, Walter Starkweather to Mrs. Olivia Harris.
Sept 17, Milton Schermol to Miss Emma Wright.
Sept 18, Dr. Jerome McLean to Annie Macrae.
Sept 18, S. Ross Mackay to Eleanor Blythe.
Sept 18, Adelbert Rogers to Miss Delaine Spinye.

DIED.

W. H. Steeves, 61.
Sept. 12, James Law, 93.
Thos. Wallace Bestman.
Sept. 17, Harry Miller.
Sept. 16, Anne Bradshaw.
Sept. 15, Agnes O. J. 79.
Sept. 12, Annie McGill, 87.
Sept. 12, Mary J. Forbes, 88.
Sept. 17, Elizabeth Butler, 76.
Sept. 14, Mrs. Melb. Marling.
Sept. 17, Perthania Dexter, 97.
Sept. 17, Benjamin B. Ritchie, 47.
Sept. 13, Lillian Cook, 2 months, 9 days.
Sept. 12, Mrs. Theophilus McWilliams.
Sept. 15, James Harvey, 11 months, 16 days.
Sept. 20, Hon. Archibald Campbell.
Sept. 12, Sydney R. M. Belman.
Sept. 14, Florence May Fletcher, 2, 10 days.

congratulate you, my dear boy. You're a very handsome woman. But I don't like to see you so much of a talker. I congratulate me again, old friend. Which do you take after—your mother or your father? Well, when I'm talking I'm more like my mother, and when I'm quiet I'm like my father.

RAILROADS.

Colonial Railway

after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Hampton	8.50
Express for Campbellton	7.00
Express for Rothesay	7.00
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and	7.00
Express for Moncton	11.50
Express for Moncton and Point du Chene	11.50
Express for Moncton	11.50
Express for Moncton and Point du Chene	11.50
Express for Moncton	11.50
Express for Moncton and Point du Chene	11.50
Express for Moncton	11.50
Express for Moncton and Point du Chene	11.50

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Hampton	8.00
Express from Campbellton	7.15
Express from Rothesay	7.15
Express from Point du Chene, Halifax and	7.15
Express from Moncton	11.50
Express from Moncton and Point du Chene	11.50
Express from Moncton	11.50
Express from Moncton and Point du Chene	11.50
Express from Moncton	11.50
Express from Moncton and Point du Chene	11.50

are run by Eastern Extension time notation.
D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager.
St. John, N. B., Oct. 5, 1901.
GEO. C. F. J. C. T. A.
The St. John, N. B.

Chat of the Boudoir.

The crowd in the shopping district is swelling every day, and the women come meekly with furrowed brows, puzzled brains and shopping bags full of samples.

It isn't easy to decide, at this early day, just what one wants for winter wear, and modes are launched experimentally, with no guarantee that they will not disappear speedily.

One thing seems to be well established and that is the fact that black and white has precedence over everything else in the matter of color. In every opening display of millinery, dress goods, trimmings, etc., fully 80 per cent of the best effects are in black and white, and the dressmakers say that the demand for black and white is practically universal, save among very young girls.

Following black and white, the greens seem to be the chief favorites, and even now, many of the choicer green stuffs have been sold out. As a matter of fact there is one strong argument against buying either green or black and white, this season. Every other woman appears to be buying the same thing, and the chances are that later in the season, one will be unutterably tired of the endless repetition.

The reds are particularly good, especially in the sibiline mixtures with black and white. A red and black mixed sibiline, sprinkled over with white hairs and shewing touches of black and white in its trimmings, makes a most effective frock, but the average woman fights shy of red gowns because they are so uncompressing. They do not combine readily with other wardrobe items, and they are too striking to be advisable for the woman who has few gowns and does not want those few to be so aggressive that everyone will remember them and know how often she wears them.

Word comes from Paris that red is a prevailing color in the autumn street frocks there and that no Parisian woman can breathe easily at the present moment unless she owns a red hat. Hats of soft shaggy red felt are trimmed with panne velvet, glowing velvet roses shading from brightest scarlet to a crimson so deep that it is almost black. Scarlet geraniums are favored too, and red dahlias are used with good effect. Artificial autumn leaves and berries are successfully introduced, not only upon these red hats, but also upon other hats more sombre, and a cluster of them will make many a summer hat presentable for October wear.

One color that was conspicuous last season is little seen this fall. Turquoise blue has for some reason or other fallen from Parisian grace. The other shades of light blue are much in evidence, the cornflower blue are as numerous as ever and there is a new shade called sapphire, which is almost as popular as the greens; but turquoise is out of favor.

The yellow, ochre, and full orange tints are used sparingly on many of the street gowns and hats, and combine effectively with some of the browns, blues and greens. A stunning hat made for wear with a warm ochre brown cloth is of felt of the color of the cloth. The shape has a low crown and rolling sailor brim. A wreath of velvet and silk roses encircle the brim, rising to the top of the crown in the back, where it meets a broad soft bow of panne velvet. The roses shade from yellow ochre through yellows, orange and browns to a brown that is very deep, and the velvet bow reproduces the deepest shade of the roses.

Those rose-wreathed hats are among the most charming of the autumn expedients, but have been so successful that there is danger of their being too common.

The very rough cloth coats in exceedingly fine quality are decidedly the most chic of the fall and winter coats if one leaves furs out of the question, but for some reason or other few of the shops have such coats ready made to show, and one sees them only in models imported by the most knowing tailors and dressmakers.

In the realm of ready-made coats the woman who has not Junoesque proportions is likely to encounter trying snags. A jaunty short coat seems as rare as the duds, in spite of the fact the Parisian fashion journals picture fascinating Russian

blouses and little coats with short skirts or merely tab backs.

A few short fur coats one does see in the shops, but the cloth coats present a weary waste of three quarter lengths that are impossible for any woman save the one who has length of limb. Some of the long-skirted coats are very fetching for those to whom they happen to be becoming; but the wise woman whose inches are few will do well to go to a tailor and have a short blouse or jacket made. It will cost her purse more, but cost her vanity less.

The Norfolk jacket has unquestionably reappeared, but is used for suit jackets rather than for an outside coat, and, though attractive, the Norfolk model has a youthful air, which makes it inappropriate for any woman past the 30 mark. Some of the prettiest of the outing costumes for girls this fall are made with a Norfolk jacket, either belted down all around or belted across the back and sides, the belt ending on either side of a loosely falling box front. Shirt waists and separate waists of all kinds are as plentiful as blackberries in June, and prettier models appear each day. The most exclusive shirt makers have gone back to the regulation shirt-waist sleeve and cuff, a move necessitated by the appalling popularity of the bishop sleeve and waistband in the cheapest grades of ready-made waists.

In the shops one sees fancifully tucked and pleated and trimmed waists, but the few tailors who make a specialty of women's shirt waists, stocks &c., are making the plain shirt waist with slightly full front, pleated back and sleeve a trifle fuller than the sleeve of last season. The material, the buttons, stocks and belts must give the touch of distinction to the waist.

This monogram idea has appealed strongly to the shirt-waist girl because it stamps her waist with originality, but it is feared that the mode will be taken up by other shirt waist makers and run into the ground.

The embroidered waists increase and multiply, but the machine embroidery is a thing to shun, and the woman who buys a machine-embroidered waist, even at a good tailor's, is making a mistake.

Black velvet circles, set under cut circles in the material which is embroidered down to the velvet, are very effective on velvet, cloth and flannel waists in plain color; and on fancy waists a black velvet applique combined with these velvet circles is most successful. Such a waist has been sketched. Its material is pale blue cloth, and the velvet applique and circles are in white silk.

Another waist, less striking, but more practical, is a tucked silver green blouse whose only trimming is a collar band and stole and wristbands of heavy embroidery in dull colors. With this waist, a shallow guimpe and collar of lace are used, and it is not at all a bad idea to have several of these separate detachable guimpes so that there may always be a fresh one for the waist. The light collar of a fancy waist invariably soils before anything else and makes the whole waist look passe.

In dark, serviceable colors, with the light guimpes and collars to brighten them, waists on this model should be most desirable items in a wardrobe. A wash flannel which is new and is warranted neither to fade nor to shrink is finding favor for waists this fall. The colors, as is the case in all wash flannels, leave something to be desired, but the material comes in very stylish black and white stripes and figures, which should solve the problem of light colored waists that may be worn recklessly without thought of spoiling them.

Heavy white bengaline, embroidered in large black dots, is one of the most attractive shir-waist materials; but it is to be found only in a few houses, where the plain bengaline has been bought and embroidered. Dotted velvet and velveteen, and plain corduroy are also popular, with the shir-waist girl and the velveteen and corduroy are durable, though a trifle clumsy.

The fancy for velvet, velveteens and corduroy does not stop at shir waists. Whole walking suits of corduroy and velveteens are much in evidence, and have their merits, though it is a question whether they ever look as trim and well-tailored as a cloth costume.

A Rushing Business. There are more with two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one this Saturday than a week ago. Cupid has been doing a rushing business and the clergymen have had a harvest. May the good work continue. The land is getting happier all the time.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c. It is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Break the mucus, clean the sinuses, stop droppings in the throat and permanently cure Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower Co., All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Montreal.

Sunday Reading.

The American Revised Bible.

Many people will welcome the American revised Bible, which has only just been issued, though it is only seventeen years since our own Revised Version was published. The delay has been owing to an arrangement with the English revisers. All their expenses were borne by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in consideration of this the universities were granted the copyright of the English Revised Version. Copies of the new American Bible are not yet on sale here, but any one who will turn to the appendices to the Old and New Testaments of our Version may see what the principal changes are. Our revisers considered the suggestions of the American committee, but, being more conservative, were unwilling to adopt them. So—to meet the wishes of the Americans—a list of them was appended to each Testament. The American readings certainly make the Bible more intelligible, and, on the whole, the changes commend themselves. The divine name, 'Jehovah,' for instance, appears wherever it occurs in the Hebrew text, instead of being rendered 'Lord,' as it usually is in the English Bible. The Hebrew word 'Sheol' (the underworld) is also retained in the American Old Testament, in place of the misleading English translations, 'the grave,' 'the pit,' and 'hell.' 'Holy Spirit' is uniformly adopted instead of 'Holy Ghost,' and 'demon' (instead of 'devil') for the corresponding Greek word. Obsolete words and spellings are replaced by their modern equivalents. Instead of 'chapmen,' the Americans read 'traders'; instead of 'basilik' 'adder'; instead of 'ouches' 'settings'; instead of 'chapiter' 'capital' and for 'minish,' 'sith,' 'strakes,' 'charger,' 'winesfat,' etc., they substitute 'diminish,' 'since,' 'streak,' 'platter,' 'winesat,' and so on. One American change, at least, will not be appreciated in England. 'Corn' across the Atlantic means 'Indian corn,' so the word is dropped in the Bible where we should keep it.

A Chinese Martyr.

The new report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose native colporteurs and auxiliaries, suffered very greatly during last year's social eruption in the Far East, gives some painfully interesting details of the sufferings of native converts. The following is but one of many:

In the Yenshan district there lived Han Yeh Shan, one of our old colporteurs. He had retired from active service for several years, and his son had taken his place, but even in his retirement he could not keep quiet. For several weeks at a time he would leave his home and preach the Gospel in all the villages round, and thus he was well known everywhere. The Boxers captured him. At first he was nervous, but when he was taken into the city of Yehshan, and saw what was awaiting him, he was given grace, and became very bold preaching the Gospel even to the Boxers. Would they like to hear him sing? So he sang them a Gospel hymn, and then were going to exterminate the Christians when they burnt the churches they were greatly mistaken; in three years there would be three times as many Christians and chaplains in the city! Then they cut him in pieces.

The horrible torture meted out to poor old Han Yeh Shan was apparently that known as 'the death by a thousand slices,' in which the flesh of the victim is little snipped off his still living and tormented frame. Equally faithful and courageous was a native Christian in 'a distant outpost' of Manchuria. He was ordered to repent. 'Repent,' said he; 'I have repented long ago, and believe in Jesus.' His persecutors pressed him to renounce Christ and worship Buddha. 'That I cannot do,' he replied, and began to pray. While he thus prayed his head was struck off.

Religious News.

Dr. Moule, the new Bishop of Durham, has been a total abstainer for upwards of twenty years.

A granddaughter of John Brown, the Kansas Abolitionist, is one of the Salvation Army officers in Oregon.

One of the best known Methodist Episcopal preachers of the last generation, the Rev. William McDonald, D. D., died last week at his home in Somerville, Mass., aged eighty-one years. Long an official of the National Camp Meeting Association, and editor for many years of the 'Advocate of Bible Holiness,' and then of the 'Christian Witness,' he left his mark upon his times. He also was a voluminous author. Some of the monks exiled from France

are arriving in England. A permanent home for the Benedictines has been formed in the Isle of Wight. Cardinal Vaughan has invited another French brotherhood to settle in Wapping. The monks of the Grand Chartreuse are also thought to be leaving France, and the factory of their famous liqueur may be removed to Spain, the German Emperor having refused to allow them to settle in Alsace-Lorraine.

There are more than 25,000 Indians and Eskimos in Alaska, of whom 7,600 are Protestants, 13,755 are under the care of the Greek Church, and about 500 are Catholics. The Protestants, Moravians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregational-Methodists, Quakers and Swedish Lutherans. The Greek Church receives sixty thousand dollars a year from the Russian Government, and yet is steadily declining in influence.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. S. J. Long said that mission work in South India was a very real power in uplifting the people. A native prince, referring not long ago to the work of Christian missions, had said: 'I am not a Christian, and many of the doctrines of Christianity I do not accept, but Christian ethics I accept in their entirety. There is vice and immorality among Christian nations, as among all nations, but vice is condemned amongst Christians as it is not amongst Hindus. Even among our poor village Christians the epithet of "liar" is a disgrace, whereas our own people lie unblushingly.'

The 'Church of England Temperance Chronicle' gives some facts and figures to show what public house prosperity costs the nation in taxes. Here is an example: A widow, aged thirty five, respectably connected, who had given way to drink, and had been cast off by her relatives in consequence, spent nine months of that year in prison, in seventeen convictions, and was also two months in the infirmary. Homeless, friendless, more ragged, more loathsome after each imprisonment, work or lodging were equally impossible, and she drank craver stronger each time. Here we have in one year the cost of eleven months' maintenance, and in addition the heavy expense of seventeen times conveying the woman to the police courts, and seventeen times driving her from thence to the jail. Three children were in the Poor Law schools, and another was supported by relations.

At present life for Protestants in the west of Ireland is becoming almost intolerable. Unless people see their way to join the United Irish League they are threatened with the 'forty foot pole medicine' and the publication of their names in a black list. Indeed, it is stated that in County Galway the small Protestant farmers, after holding out as long as possible, have been compelled to join the League, and that the most trifling offences of Christian kindness to neighbors who have incurred the displeasure of the League are visited with condign punishment. Moreover, in Sligo Protestants are excluded from every public appointment, and their children are obliged to leave the district in order to secure employment. Further, at some of the League meetings it has been openly stated that if the people had rifle and pom-poms they would be justified in rising in rebellion and driving the last vestige of British rule from the land. Where this sort of thing is going to end it is hard to see.—The 'Christian.'

Some interesting facts may be gleaned from the King's ecclesiastical appointments to his household. While those who perform the most intimate duties are those clergy who similarly served the late Queen Cannon Hervey, the rector of Sandringham shares with the Dean of Windsor the post of Domestic Chaplain. The new chaplains have all enjoyed the King's personal intimacy; Canon Moberley and Dr. Handley Moulle represent Oxford and Cambridge; Canon Gore and Dr. Gibson are selected on account of their purely personal qualifications. All the chaplains are to wear the royal cipher embroidered on the ends of their chaplains' scarves.

The Bishop of Bangor has been speaking very strongly on the intemperance of temperance advocates, and condemning the way in which many temperance reformers describe those connected with the production of alcoholic liquor as 'corrupters of the human race.' The bishop is of the opinion that this line of action turns friends into opponents, and he instances such well known families as the Buxtons, the Gurneys, and the Halls, who, though connected with the liquor trade, enjoy a foremost place among the philanthropists and benefactors of the country. He also pleads for more tolerant behavior to those who earn a livelihood by their connection with the sale of alcohol.

Considerable indignation has been expressed at the way in which the Bishop of Tasmania has been elected to the secretaryship of the S. P. G. This society is a corporation consisting of about 7,000 mem-

bers; yet when its new secretary was to be elected no notice of the event was sent to the members, and only a very few learned of the election from tardy notices in the public press. As a result only about a hundred members attended the meeting, and even then, when an amendment was moved that the election should be postponed, urgent pleas were put forward by the officials that the matter should be dealt with then and there. A very large number of the members of the corporation are consequently indignant and more will be heard of the matter.

Why Do Choose the Fanatics.

A very pretty story concerning President Mc Kinley is told by the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. In the course of a year many autograph albums are sent to the President for his signature, and the request is almost invariably granted.

One album laid before the President contained the picture of a flower on every page, with a sentiment beneath. In this case the President did not follow his usual custom of putting his name on the first pages as he is expected to do, but slowly turned over the leaves until he came to a bunch of pansies in the middle of the book.

The pansy is Mrs. McKinley's flower, and the President smiled when he saw under the picture this sentiment:

You cannot guess the power Of a little simple flower.

He took his pen and wrote under it 'William McKinley,' and sent the album to the owner, who, if the little story and the sentiment attached come to her, will find an added pleasure and significance in the acquisition.

Helpless as a Baby.—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, 10 Daniel street, Brookville, Ont., for twelve years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work, and 'I think pain has left me forever.'—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.,

Her Heart like a Polluted Spring.—Mrs. James Grigley, Pelee Island, Ont., says: 'I was for five years afflicted with dyspepsia, constipation, heart disease and nervous prostration. I cured the heart trouble with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and the other ailments vanished like mist. Had relief in half an hour after the first dose.'—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.,

ITCHING LIMBS



And all Forms of Itching, Scaly Humours are Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

Citricura

Complete Treatment, consisting of Citricura Soap, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CITRICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CITRICURA ESBOVANT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SER is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, when all else fails.

Millions of People Use Citricura Soap, assisted by Citricura Ointment, for beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp, and stopping of falling hair, for softening and whitening the hands, for baby itches and rashes, in baths for annoying irritations and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in washes for ulcerative weaknesses, for sanitary antiseptic purposes which suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Sold by all druggists. British Depot: 25-26 Chancery Lane, London. Export: D. & C. Co., Sole Prop.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY OCT. 5.

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

THE SUNDAY INQUIRY.

The inquiry into the charges preferred by the Lord's Day Alliance brought nothing of importance to light that was not known before and which has not been commented on by the press again and again. No one thought for an instant that inquiry was not held in St. John on Sunday but the charge of open violation has not and cannot be sustained. In fact the difficulty of getting proof even if secret sale was so great that the services of a scout were necessary and he at the instance of the president of the Alliance broke the Sabbath and drank liquor in order to get the evidence he submitted. The ability to consider this a proper act lies with few persons. Dr. Fotheringham's zeal we think in this instance perverted his good judgment.

Commissioner Smith's expression of what he thought was right and wrong as far as the sale of soda water on Sunday is concerned may not have been necessary but it was frank and above board. Few people will consider it a crime to sell soda on Sunday.

It is no harm to sell milk and yet the few loaves of bread that have been supplied on Sunday have created quite a disturbance in the minds of alliance members.

The alliance had plenty of witnesses but their evidence failed to support in any marked degree the charges that were made in their memorial. All the evidence of the officers and officials went to show that St. John is a well ordered and quiet city on the Sabbath. The efforts of the Lord's Day Alliance to convey the impression that this is not so must reflect upon the community and yet in spite of their assertions the people know that the Sabbath is well observed, not, it may be in the matter of church attendance but certainly in respect for the day.

If the inquiry results in the government making the Sabbath observance law into consideration and making it a more consistent statute then good will have resulted.

RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

Two appointments made by the local government to fill the office of sheriff and clerk of the equity court seem to have been satisfactory to the people if the lack of adverse comment is any indication of approval.

The applicants for the position of high sheriff were only two in number Mr. R. R. Ritchie who secured the appointment and Mr. W. C. RUDMAN. Both gentlemen were officials of the province and both strong supporters of the administration. Mr. RITCHIE possessed the advantage of being a lawyer and this may have turned the scale in his favor. At any rate Mr. Allan does not seem to take the appointment of Mr. Ritchie to heart and has no doubt heartily congratulated him ere this.

The remarkable feature of the vacancy was the scarcity of applicants. That one of the most important and honorable offices in the gift of the government should not be sought for more eagerly is surprising. The government can be congratulated upon its promptness in filling its vacancies. It has been shown that delays in making appointments are dangerous especially in St. John.

Mr. R. Gans appointment as clerk in equity will no doubt prove very satisfactory. He has not been a persistent office seeker and the willingness of the government to accede to the wishes of himself and his

ends will not be to its disadvantage in the future.

IMPATIENT PATIENTS.

People so frequently blame a doctor for failing to perform impossibilities that at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association a distinguished physician undertook to state the case fairly, and show that some of the burden of failure ought to rest upon the patients.

As human beings have become sensitive to pain, he said, they have got into the habit of requiring treatment that produces immediate results. The consequence is a dangerous experiment with drugs and needless recourse to surgery.

The average invalid, said this medical man, wants to know at once what is the matter with him. The doctor cannot always tell, and would like to wait developments. But the patient insists on being dosed, and as often as not demands that an operation be performed. If he were content to go to bed and keep still, his ailment might cure itself; yet if the doctor suggests this, the patient concludes that 'nothing is being done' for him, and he hastens to call another doctor.

Two things the public needs to realize: that the best physicians do not travel with knives in their hands,—since they know that surgery has its pains and perils, as well as its successes,—and that they are increasingly averse to dealing out drugs.

The great men of the profession win all their victories with pure air, cleanliness, proper diet, and insistence on exercise for well people and rest for sick ones. Less famous physicians would be glad to follow their example if men and women would possess their souls in patience and forego the desire to tuck their stomachs into apothecary shops. Give the doctor—and nature—a chance.

Mrs. McKinley and Gen. Grant.

Brigadier General Frederick D Grant recently returned to this country from the Philippines on leave of absence, and told how eager many of the Filipinos are to observe American holidays, to wear American clothes, and to honor the American Government.

The resemblance of the General, in appearance to his famous father is very striking, and especially when he is in military uniform.

General Grant has just passed his fifty-first year and is himself a graduate of West Point. His career has been a curious one. He was for a time a Colonel of cavalry; afterward he was United States Minister to Austria; still later he became one of the Police Commissioners of New York City; during the war with Spain he was once more a Colonel; then he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and recently was advanced to the same rank in the regular army.

In connection with his appointment to his present rank a pretty story is told that illustrates the kindly heart of Mrs. McKinley.

As the President and she sat talking one evening, Mr. McKinley told her that he had that day decided to give General Grant this last advance, and Mrs. McKinley expressed her pleasure at learning of the intended promotion, and added: 'Don't you think, dear, that it would be nice to send a note to Mrs. Grant, telling her that you had decided to appoint her son? It would be so much nicer for her to get it direct from you than to read the official announcement in the papers. I can imagine how a mother would like to know of her son's promotion.'

Not until entering Manila harbor did the bishop's smile change to a look of apprehension. A government officer had just boarded the steamship and was putting the passengers through a series of questions. There were twenty of these questions and each person who sought admittance to the port was required to answer them to the satisfaction of the officer.

When it came Bishop Potter's turn he told his name, age, birthplace, profession and everything else with his usual promptness and candor. Then came the last question on the list. The officer, knowing the distinguished visitor, hesitated for a second, looked embarrassed, and then asked: 'Are you a polygamist?'

Bishop Potter stopped smiling and gave a look of serious apprehension came over his face. 'Have I got to answer that?' he asked. 'Yes; it's one of the requirements,' the officer replied.

Again the bishop hesitated. The officer grew more embarrassed. Then, as if with much effort, the bishop exclaimed: 'No; I'm not a polygamist.'

Everybody laughed except the officer, who wondered why it was necessary to ask silly questions of man of Bishop Potter's standing.

You can teach a woman how to forgive the sins of another woman, but you can never teach her how to forgive another for wearing better clothes than she does.

FEELINGS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

My Wilderness.

A little, idle, leafy way
By the cool brink of the river,
Widened sweet and far away;
Where the birds and the bees
Never careless foot can allow
To be trampled on or to be
Of the soft, warm, sunny days
Where the sun is always quiver
In the light of early day.

At his side and all along,
Welcome the lonely corner,
As a man's lover
Come to his lonely heart—
And soon to be a lover
Lies the closing of a song.

Here the day's pine doth assume
State as master of the realm,
Faded in his ancient gloom;
And each year's old and tender
A deep pink comes to render
Full of color and will bloom,
Heaped and piled in mossy splendour,
As if some grand old beam
Shone of yore and of pine.

Even the laughing of the sun,
In the sweetest of his mirth,
Like a far off, plain we hear
At the great and lowly hearth.
Glowing in the one soft, sea
The dust, he makes it see
The sweet sound of a simple song
Sings what nothing else can do.

O, my spirit slips away
From the best of world's prices
For a hour in a garden
A little of it is worth
All the pleasures of life
More to be in a garden
A little hour on the green earth
In the sweetest of wild flowers
Take a hour of the sun's way.

The R. J. -ed Manuscript.
O, rejected manuscript!
Unloved of all my times
Thy sorrow wings a score of times
The editorial frost has nipped
The editorial frost has nipped
Full of my budding hopes of three
Condemned to still return to me,
O, rejected manuscript!

O, rejected manuscript!
I know not why they send thee back,
Nor rhyme nor reason dost thou lack—
With but a few lines thou wert
Where with I wrote thee, line for line,
And yet thou art a dead no rhyme,
O, rejected manuscript!

O, rejected manuscript!
O child of my bewildered brain!
Thou art not a glorious poem
Each me I find the homeward ship;
Yet back again I thought thou hadst out been whipt
From me as a cruel, cruel thing,
Here thou art, still, Time is know no more,
O, rejected manuscript!

The Exp. -ed Manuscript.
There is a city by the sea,
A city of our West, I said;
The sea is blue, and mild, and rolling land,
The sea is blue, and mild, and rolling land,
Like a sea of blue, and mild, and rolling land,
In noble halls, which rose at a command,
Mid the waves and cooling fountains, a phantasm,
A phantasm of a city, as it may be,
But the city is not a city,
What is it? What is it? What is it?
What is the marvel you so deeply prize?
Why is the best of our art dispensed in me?
Your powers shall fall, disturbed by your traffic,
And yet thou art, still, Time is know no more,
Here I shall be, till Time is know no more,
NINETTE M. LOWANER

The Water Lily.
The Star had dawned, and on the lake
Froth his reflection was another star,
Froth his reflection was another star,
And I had him from my bright fellowship above.
A day of his life, a day upon the lake,
The fallen Star had dawned his mistake.
Kind Heaven, in pity for his deep despair,
Bade him shine on a Water Lily there,
And now, fair lights, he upward in his eyes,
Re-positive to his brethren in the skies,
G. J. ROBEY 3 RD E.

Bishop Potter at Manila.
From far away Manila comes a story,
Which is being told at the expense of Bishop Potter.
The bishop, always ready to laugh at an agreeable story, was the life of the party that stilled to Manila with him some months ago.

Not until entering Manila harbor did the bishop's smile change to a look of apprehension. A government officer had just boarded the steamship and was putting the passengers through a series of questions. There were twenty of these questions and each person who sought admittance to the port was required to answer them to the satisfaction of the officer.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

News of the Passing Week.

In the Nova Scotia Provincial election held Wednesday, the Conservatives succeeded in electing but two men.

The C. P. R. Co., have decided to establish a pension fund for its employees.

Gen'l Hutton has been appointed to the chief command of forces in Australia.

As a result of the musical festival held in St. John this week a local musical organization has been formed.

Oct. 1st was the last for paying taxes in St. John to save discount. The amount paid in was \$77, 870 56 compared with \$98, 114 32 paid in 1900.

A Manila despatch of Sunday says that an insurgent attack on U. S. troops resulted in some sixty of the latter being killed.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall reached Vancouver on Monday.

R. R. Ritchie a son of the late Chief Justice Ritchie has been appointed Sheriff of St. John.

The St. John Musical Festival held this week was a musical but not a financial success.

This week the British defeated a large force of Boers, killing two hundred and wounding and capturing three hundred more.

The Sussex Exhibition was opened Monday Evening by Premier Tweedie.

Sixteen hundred troops will mobilize at St. John on the occasion of the Royal visit.

The Twenty-Eighth annual meeting of the Maritime Presbyterian Synod opened at St. John Tuesday.

A fire in the Opera house block Truro on Tuesday did \$30,000 damage.

Fire originating in the Mississippi hotel, Clayton, Iowa, Sunday morning, destroyed five buildings and ten residences, comprising the principal part of the town. Estimates of the loss range from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

The members of the Tremont Temple church, Boston, on Sunday refused to accept the resignation of Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer and have undertaken to reduce the present church debt by \$100,000, it being understood that Dr. Lorimer will remain under such conditions.

John McDonald, as agent for W. K. Vanderbilt, has closed a deal with Julius and M. A. Fleishman of Cincinnati for 12 brood mares in foal to the great sire Halima. The amount paid is not made public. These mares will be shipped to France where Mr. Vanderbilt is racing his horses.

Henry Brooks, 30 years of age, was drowned in the harbor at Sydney Mines, N. S.; Tuesday, by the upsetting of a boat. He leaves a widow and one child.

The first meeting of the committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, which has charge of the arrangements for the national conference on reciprocity will be held in Philadelphia on Oct. 18.

The constitutional convention has addressed a letter to Gov. Gen. Wood informing him that the changes which he suggested should be made in the election law have been made and that the convention, deeming its work completed, is ready to dissolve. It is probable that Gen. Wood in his reply will suggest a dissolution.

The Cunard line steamer Sylvania, Capt. Pritchard, from Port Natal for Boston, which put in at St. Vincent, S. V., Sept. 22, with boilers leaking and after repairing proceeded on her voyage returned Monday with her boilers leaking again.

The cricket match between the All Philadelphia team and B. J. T. Bosanquet's English eleven which was begun on the ground of the Merion Cricket club at Haverford, on Friday, ended Monday in a victory for the Englishmen who won by a margin of 63 runs.

The verdict of the coroner's jury which investigated the explosion of the port boiler of the steamboat Trenton in the Delaware river, Aug. 28, which resulted in the death of 24 persons, was rendered at Philadelphia Monday. The jury was unable to charge criminal neglect on the part of any of those who constructed the boiler or those who operated it.

Gen. McMahon, of the Board of the National Soldiers' Home, speaking for the board, said Sunday at Milwaukee: The board has decided to maintain cantens at all the homes, for the good and efficient reason that experience has taught us that it is better for the veterans and for the people in the communities in which the homes are located.

At the Valsburg, N. J., cycle track Sunday, the match race between Michael and McFarland was won by Michael. Time, 7 42 3-5 7 59 5-5 Champion, in his ride against the world's record, covered the mile in 1 15 flur, beating the record made by G. R. Barler at Buffalo recently by 1 15 seconds. The five mile professional open was won by Joe Fisher, Chicago, time 11 03.

The London Daily Express publishes a report that Lord Kitchener, has asked for £3,000 more second mounted men and for power to hang rebels, traitors and murderers without reference to the home government. 'Immediately on his return from the continent,' says the Daily News, 'the king summoned a meeting of the council to consider Lord Kitchener's position. It is understood that his Majesty assumed a very strong attitude and closely questioned ministers upon their proposals.'

Word was received in St. John, N. B., Monday night that the barkentine B-hans which went aground Saturday night in the Pautodeise t'wet was lying on her beamends on the river banks. Her mizzenmast is broken and her yards and topmasts gone. Her hull has been very badly damaged by beating on the rocks. It is said that there was no insurance on the barkentine which was valued at \$10,000.

The annual sophomore freshman rush at Harvard was held Monday. Owing to the fact that Coach Reid of the football team had forbidden any candidates for freshmen and varsity football to enter the rush, the sophomores had the advantage in numbers and won the contest easily. The rush lasted about an hour and a half. No one was hurt seriously and all ended amicably with the classes cheering each other from the steps of University Hall.

The schooner Myra B. flew the yellow jack at quarantine Monday night at St. John, N. B. Monday afternoon one of her crew, Joseph Barton of Maitland, N. S. was declared a smallpox suspect at the general public hospital where he had gone for treatment as a typhoid fever patient. He had been ill since Friday on the schooner. The board of health immediately on learning of the matter, sent the schooner into quarantine. The Myra B. went there from Boston and is ready for sea bound for Boston.

The senate sub committee of the committee on military affairs Monday at Washington began the investigation of charges against Lieut. Col. H. O. S. Holstand of the army, in connection with the alleged Manila hemp combination. The charges were preferred by Major Hawkes formerly a volunteer officer. In brief, the charges are that other officers in the army and some officers in the civil department Col. Holstand attempted to form a combination to control the output of hemp from the Philippines, using their official position and influence to further their ends.

The financial condition of Venezuela is best exemplified, says a despatch from Caracas, in the fact that the government is unable to pay its debts.

Monday Queen's coronation was celebrated in St. John, N. B. The coronation was celebrated in St. John, N. B. The coronation was celebrated in St. John, N. B.

Thursday the residence of his daughter H. N. Ling American cure was formed by Miss was attended the couple left through the Mr. H. B. We filed the city to Mr. H. B. Boston.

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CALVERT'S
20 per cent.
CARBOLIC
SOAP
Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites.
The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.
F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound
Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your Druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, Pills and Remedies are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 51 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, 85 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Cook's Root Compound is sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1—and—No. 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists

BAKING POWDER PURE delicious and wholesome

Gen. MacMahon, of the Board of the National Soldiers' Home, speaking for the board, said Sunday at Milwaukee: The board has decided to maintain cantines at all the homes, for the good and sufficient reason that experience has taught us that it is better for the veterans and for the people in the communities in which the homes are located.

At the Vailsburg, N. J., cycle track Sunday, the match races between Michael and McFarland was won by Michael. Time, 7:42 3-5-7 59 5 5 Champion, in his ride against the world's record, covered the mile in 1:15 flat, beating the record made by G. R. Butler at Buffalo recently by 1:15 seconds. The five mile professional open was won by J. J. Fisher, Chicago, time 11:03.

The London Daily Express publishes a report that Lord Kitchener has asked for 20,000 more seasoned mounted men and for power to hang rebels, traitors and murderers without reference to the home government. 'Immediately on his return from the continent,' says the Daily News, 'the king summoned a meeting of the council to consider Lord Kitchener's position. It is understood that his Majesty assumed a very strong attitude and closely questioned ministers upon their proposals. Word was received in St. John, N. B., Monday night that the barkentine Bhana which went aground Saturday night in the Penitentiary wharf was lying on her beam ends on the river banks. Her masts were broken and her yards and topmasts gone. Her hull has been very badly damaged by the beating on the rocks. It is said that there was no insurance on the barkentine which was valued at \$100,000.

The annual sophomore freshman rush at Harvard was held Monday. Owing to the fact that Coach Reid of the football team had forbidden any candidates for freshmen and varsity football to enter the rush, the sophomores had the advantage in numbers and won the contest easily. The rush lasted about an hour and a half. No one was hurt seriously and all ended amicably with the classes cheering each other from the steps of University Hall.

The schooner Myra B. of the yellow bark at quarantine Monday night at St. John, N. B. Monday afternoon one of the crew, Joseph Barton of Maitland, N. B., was declared a smallpox suspect at the general public hospital where he had gone for treatment as a typhoid fever patient. He had been ill since Friday on the schooner. The board of health immediately ordered quarantine. The Myra B. went there from Boston and is ready for sea bound for Boston.

The senate subcommittee of the committee on military affairs Monday at Washington began the investigation of charges against Lieut. Col. H. O. S. Holman of the army, in connection with the alleged Manila hemp combination. The charges were preferred by Major Hawkes formerly a volunteer officer. In brief, the charges are that other officers in the army and some officers in the civil department, Holman attempted to form a combination to control the output of hemp from the Philippines, using their official position and influence to further their ends.

The financial condition of Venezuela is best exemplified, says a dispatch from Caracas, in a report that the government has been forced to suspend the payment of interest on its foreign loans.

Continued on page eight.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and preparations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 81 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, 45 per box. No. 3, 15 degrees stronger, 75 per box. No. 4, 20 degrees stronger, 1.00 per box. Cook's Cotton Root Compound is sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites. The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.



Now that most of the city society people have returned from their summer residences, it is expected that many social gatherings will be the order of the day. Progress learns of many entertainments on the programme to take place shortly and the younger people are looking forward to a gay season. Parties have not been very numerous lately, but now that the cool weather has set in, a party will be more in order. Dressmakers expect a busy time. The Duchess of Cornwall's reception will probably set the ball rolling.

The Chapman's concert at the opera house this week drew a large number of our social leaders to that house, though judging by the slim attendance at these excellent evening concerts, classical music does not seem to be so popular with St. John's society people. Mr. Chapman has said that he intends to continue to give his music. He has a large number of admirers. The fact is that those at the present time who enjoy and understand the higher music are not those who are all to pay such great prices as famous artists demand. It is not always those who are highest in the social scale who have the money to spend that the leaders in education, especially in musical education.

It will be pleasing if Mr. Chapman is able to carry out his programme. There is no reason why proper management of a city like St. John should not be able to support the very best music. It is not to be found wanting. The oratorio society has always met with favor here and its co-operation with Mr. Chapman should pave the way to success.

The reception tendered Mr. Robinson last week by the Nuptial Evening club was a very pleasing event. Mr. Robinson who goes to Sydney will be much missed in St. John. He has been very popular here and his friends are legion. It is very regrettable that he is leaving St. John. He should succeed in his new home. The people of this city regret to lose so good a citizen.

October has not started out as well as September did in the wedding line. This week has been quite quiet in that direction after last week's large list. A few very pretty arrangements however were solemnized within the past few days, in which a great many persons were interested.

An event that has been anticipated for some time and one that has been much looked forward to, took place in Centenary church Wednesday afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Campbell in the presence of a large number of invited guests, officiated at the wedding of Miss Alice M. Lockart, daughter of William A. Lockhart, collector of customs and James C. Henderson of Dominica, British West Indies.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Frances E. Lockhart and Miss Mary E. Cotton of Halifax, while E. F. Moore supported the groom. Miss Lockhart's dress was of the latest fashion, a beautiful bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Beatrice Lockhart wore a pink organza dress with black velvet trimmings, and had a bouquet of white and pink roses. Miss Cotton wore white china silk, large white hat and carried a basket of flowers. The brides were Percy A. Clark, Douglas Sutherland, N. M. Geoghegan and Maurice F. Dyer. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and valuable presents, among which were a handsome annuity from the groom's father and a diamond ring from his mother. After the ceremony in the church, a reception was held at the home of the bride, 272 Princess street. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson left for Fredericton, and today will leave for their home in Dominica.

Monday Mr. and Mrs. George Nixon of 191 Queen street, celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage, their wedding taking place on Sept. 29th, 1851, at Centenary church. The family circle is still unbroken. It numbers eight children, 11 grandchildren and one great grandchild. The sons are Messrs Geo. P., Edwin B., and Alan M. The daughters are Mrs. J. R. Ferguson, Miss May Nixon, Miss Alice Nixon and Mrs. J. A. Clark.

Thursday evening at half past eight o'clock at the residence of Captain A. D. Munro, 28 Pitt street, his daughter Elizabeth M. Munro was married to H. N. Lingley, the popular waybill clerk of the American and Canadian express companies. The ceremony which was a very quiet one, was performed by the Rev. J. A. Richardson. The bridesmaid was Miss Agnes Munro, and Charles F. Filley attended the groom. After the ceremony the happy couple left by the Halifax express for a short trip through the province.

Mr. H. B. Robinson and family moved in from their new home on Monday. Mr. Harry W. Murray and bride passed through the city to Halifax, the first of the week from St. John, where they had been on their honeymoon. Mr. John Russell, Jr., and Miss Russell are back from their trip to England. They arrived from Montreal Monday. Mr. T. Robinson Clark and Mrs. Clark, who have been visiting friends in St. John, have returned to Boston.

Mr. Jas. F. Robertson and family moved in from their new home on Monday. Mrs. J. M. Hill, accompanied by Miss Jennie Hill's mother, Monday morning for Boston. Mr. Wm. A. Stewart, of Hampton, returned to Windsor College, Windsor, N. S., on Wednesday to resume his divinity studies. Mr. William Robson, of Manchester, Robson & Allison's establishment, has returned from New York.

Mr. J. M. Johnston and wife, of Calais, visited in the city. Mr. T. S. Simms, Mrs. Simms and Master Simms went to Prince Edward Island the first of the week. Miss Robert M. Stevens, of Moncton, sister-in-law of Mr. Isaac Stevens, of the I. C. R. depot, passed through the city from Vancouver, B. C., on Monday morning. She had been visiting her son Alfred.

Mrs. H. H. Donham is spending the week in St. John visiting friends. Mr. Robert Thomson and family have removed to their new residence from their summer home at Colchester. Mrs. C. M. McLaughlin and daughter have returned from Buffalo. Miss Myrtle Seelye, Mount Pleasant, left on Tuesday for Boston, where she will spend the winter six weeks.

Mrs. W. J. S. Myers is visiting friends in Sussex this week. Mr. J. M. Perry and wife of St. John, West, left Tuesday evening by C. P. R. for San Francisco where they will in future reside. Justice Barker went to Fredericton this week.

Arthur E. King of the St. John branch of the Canada Cycle and Motor Company left Tuesday on a trip to Montreal, Ottawa, and New York. Stanley Smith left Monday last for Baltimore to study at the Baltimore Dental College there. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McQuade returned home Tuesday on an enjoyable trip to the Pan American, Montreal, Quebec and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Stevens left for the Pan American on Tuesday. Joseph Hawker left for Montreal Tuesday to resume his medical studies at McGill. Mrs. A. R. McClellan of Riverside was a guest at the Royal this week. Dr. Inch chief superintendent of education of Fredericton, passed through the city this week on route home from his European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Phillips and their family left for Europe on Wednesday and will spend the winter there. Mrs. Peter M. Lyne and son, Allan, of No. 4 end left Monday for Wolfville where Master McIntyre will attend Acadia College. Alfred Porter left for New York on Saturday. Mrs. Norman Wyman of Yarmouth, is in the city, the guest of her niece, Mrs. Harr. Barbour. Miss Shaw, the solo harpist of the Chapman orchestra was the guest of Mrs. Isaac Purpee.

Miss Jessie Staples and her brothers, W. Allen Staples and Oliver Staples, left for Boston by St. Croix on Saturday. The two latter will resume their studies. Mrs. V. E. Gowland of Salisbury is visiting her brother Prof. Thos. Germain street. Mrs. John Collins and daughter left on the steamship St. Croix Saturday for a visit to Boston.

Mrs. W. Warwick Street and daughter, of Colchester Mass., who have been visiting relatives returned home on Saturday. Dr. F. W. Barbour and Mrs. Barbour of Fredericton, were in the city this week. Mrs. E. R. Machum is visiting friends in Woodstock.

Carson Flood left for Boston on Saturday by the St. Croix. Mrs. Thomas McCarthy received her friends at her home on Main street, near the corner of Adelaide, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 1st and 2d October. Major J. M. Grant returned from Montreal on Saturday.

W. F. D. Jarvis left for Woodstock on Saturday. Mrs. M. Sims left Tuesday for California to visit her son, Mr. F. J. Sims. Rev. R. H. A. Haslam, left on Monday night for the Alumni Association of Weymouth College in Toronto. Miss Laura Loller of Ottawa who has been the guest of Mrs. J. G. Taylor returned to her home this week.

Miss Mowatt left this week for Dalhousie. Miss Helen Furlong who has spent the summer at her home here, returned to Boston Monday. Mrs. R. D. G. Beebe, who has been spending a week in the city, returned to Spryhill, N. S. Monday evening.

Mrs. W. J. Logan, left Monday evening for Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Duffy left this week for New York. Mrs. Charles McLaughlin and daughter returned from the Pan American Monday.

The residence of Mr. David Cameron, Castle street was the scene of a happy event on Thursday evening Sept. 26th, when his daughter Maude, was united in marriage to Mr. Harry O'Neill of Montreal. The bride who was becomingly attired in a light grey traveling suit with hat to match was the recipient of many handsome presents, among which was a beautiful gold watch and chain the gift of the groom and a silver set from the choir of St. Peter's church of which the bride was a valued member. The happy couple left by the train for Halifax where they will spend a few weeks and then return to Montreal where they will in future reside.

Rev. Dr. D. M. Gordon of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. Geo. McLeod. Senator Wood and Miss Wood of Sackville, were in the city this week. The engagement is announced of Lieutenant Hammond of H. M. S. Crescent to Miss Edith White, daughter of Lieut. Colonel George R. White, of Halifax. Miss White is a sister of Mrs. G. W. Jones of this city.

Mrs. J. G. Walker has returned from a visit to her old home, Hockley, Ontario; also Toronto, O. Lawa, and Montreal. Miss Alicia Wood has returned home after an extended visit of five weeks to Buffalo, Hamilton, Toronto and other western cities. Mr. W. B. Moore, who spent the summer at James Smith's during the season.

Miss A. Pender, who has been visiting friends in the city, left by the steamer St. Croix Tuesday evening for Boston, accompanied by her niece, Miss Ethel Pender. Capt. C. B. Robinson of St. John is visiting relatives at a Hill, Albert, Co. Mr. and Mrs. Silas Alward left for the Pan American Exhibition Wednesday. Their boys, Ernest and Walter accompanied them. Their father, Ernest and Walter accompanied them. Their father, Ernest and Walter accompanied them.

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ST. GEORGE. Oct. 2—The marriage of Miss Georgina Lodge and Mr. Thomas Norton Meeting took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Lodge, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 25th, Rev. Mr. Lynde, rector of St. Mark's, officiating. The rooms were beautifully decorated with floral arrangements and a number of friends and the spouses of the bride were the old-fashioned manners with their quaint mirrors and old time ornaments, back with Mrs. Flower, ferns and delicate trailing vines. In the eastern corner of the parlor where the ceremony was performed, a very artistic effect was secured by hanging rays of lights against a background of fine old engravings. Half past eight the wedding party entered the parlor. The bride was attended by Miss Beattie Holt of St. John and Miss May Johnston, Mr. Morton Lutgale and Mr. George Lodge supported the groom. A pretty feature of the wedding was the giving away of the bride by her twin brother, Mr. George Lodge, who, after Alexander MacIntyre presided at the piano playing the wedding march at the time of the ceremony and other musical selections during the evening. The bride was gown in white Swiss organdie and wore the customary veil. Her bouquet was white carnations and white hair fern. The traditional good wishes and good wishes were given by the bride's friends, and some of the gifts of silver, crystal, china, a brace and a needlework were very handsome.

The bride will receive her friends at her mother's home where she will reside for the present. On the same evening Miss Mattie Sullivan and Mr. Nelson Dods were united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Fraser. The wedding was plain and quiet but none the less interesting. Both bride and groom are of St. George and they were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Dods on Wednesday evening and Mr. and Mrs. Dods on Thursday evening.

A quiet ceremony performed on Tuesday afternoon by Dr. Morrison of New York St. John at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. O'Brien in which the marriage of their eldest daughter Miss Daisy O'Brien and Rev. Mr. Fraser pastor of the Presbyterian church though quietly observed was still an important function. The parlor, dining room and hall were gay with floral decorations. The bride wore a pink and white christening gown. The bride wore a lovely gown of white silk organdie, embroidered with acorn and pleatings and white satin ribbon. The customary veil, a bouquet of sweet peas and smilax tied with a long white ribbon completing a charming bridal toilet. The bride was attended by Rev. Mr. Fraser. The wedding was a refreshment Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser left on the afternoon train for St. John to attend the Synod. The bride's traveling gown was grey homespun, blue silk hat and grey velvet with grey silk trimmings and a tulle buckles.

A crowd of friends had assembled at the depot to bid adieu to the happy couple on voyage. Mr. and Mrs. John Lynott of Boston are visiting relatives in town. Mrs. J. Clark is visiting relatives in St. John. Mrs. John East an aged resident died at her home on Saturday. This interment took place on Monday.

MONCTON. Oct. 3—Rev. Mr. Weddall was the only today, Mr. Legere collector of customs at Sherbrooke is in town today. Mr. Horace Cole, a well known commercial traveller is in the city. Mrs. Wm. Baraby has returned from Port Mulgrave, N. S., where she spent the summer. Mr. F. L. Thompson and bride have returned from their wedding trip to the Pan-American exposition.

Mr. I. F. Avard has removed his family from Shemogue to this city, and they are residing on St. Peter street. Mr. J. M. Call, of the Brunswick hotel was called to St. John this morning owing to the death of his little child. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Lea returned Monday from their wedding trip, which they spent in different parts of Prince Edward Island. Mr. and Mrs. Lea will reside at Mr. James Stewart's residence, Highfield street.

Miss Flossie M. LeBlanc, of Dorchester, left by the C. P. R. Monday for Toronto, where she will visit her uncle, Rev. A. T. LeBlanc, rector of St. Patrick's church, Tacoma, for a few days before beginning her studies at the Dominican Nuns' convent, of that place. Mrs. LeBlanc accompanied her sister at the station to see her off and wished her bon voyage.

Mrs. Geo. Flanagan and Miss Mary B. Flanagan, of Boston, are in the city the guests of Mrs. James Flanagan. Mrs. Fisher wife of Rev. G. W. Fisher returned home from a visit to friends in Prince Edward Island and New Mill, Resigonche Co. Mrs. James Sweetman is on a visit to her parents at Greenville, Me. Mrs. Stewart, of Lewiston, who was visiting her brother, Conductor Jas. Sweetman, returned home with Mrs. Sweetman.

Miss Maud Nielson, who has been spending her vacation at her home in Moncton, is Monday morning for New York, where she resumes her duties as nurse in the General Memorial Hospital. Miss McDougall returned Saturday evening for a visit to Boston and vicinity. Mrs. C. J. Willis, of Amherst, is in the city, the guest of her daughter, Miss B. Walker Mill. Mrs. Wm. J. MacKinnon will be at home to friends today and Thursday afternoon of this week, No. 57, corner Union and Lutz Sts.

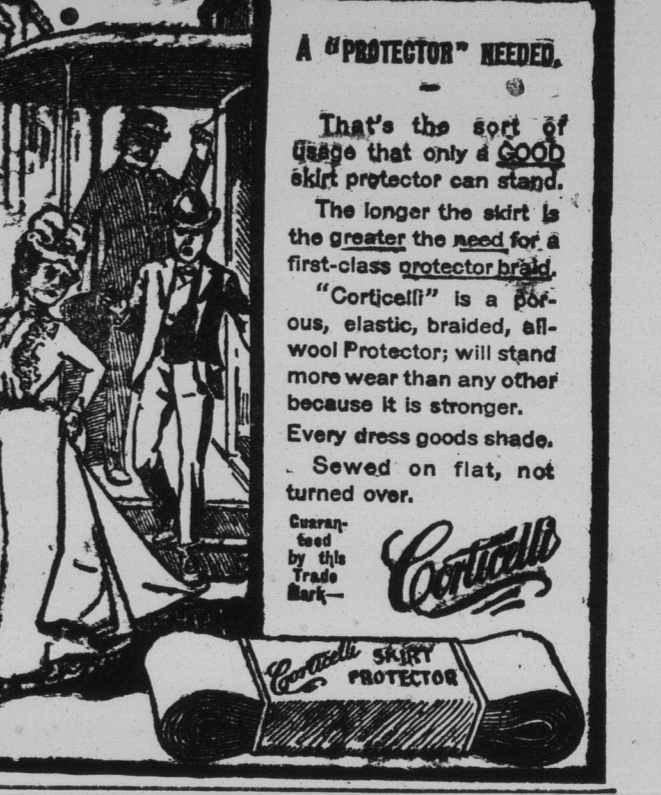
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WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.



When You Want a Real Tonic ask for 'ST. AGUSTINE' (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL—'Having used both we think the St. Augustine referable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL, Commissioner Merchants at 62 Union Street

Maypole For Economy. THAT FAMOUS HOME DYE, Maypole Soap, stands for "economy" because it helps a woman save money, especially in her dress. It always yields fast, brilliant colors without streaks. It saves time and patience because it washes and dyes at one operation without mess or trouble. It is known as "the household dye in England. Used everywhere. THE HOME DYE. Best dealers sell it—10 cents for colors, 15 cents for black.

NEW GLASGOW. Oct. 2—Miss Isidore Graham, daughter of Mr. Harvey Graham has left to attend Edgely Ladies' college at Windsor. Miss June Murray, a number of young friends very pleasantly last Monday evening. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin of Sydney, spent a few days in town last week on their way to St. John where Mr. Rankin goes to attend the synod. Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Miss Miller, of Lunenburg, who has been the guest of Mrs. Miller's sister, Mrs. John Wilson for the past two weeks has left for home.

Mrs. Bernice M. Antigonish is the guest of her friend, Miss Nelson. Miss M. E. Bray of Moncton is in town giving lessons in lace making. Quite a number of young ladies are availing themselves of the opportunity of learning this beautiful art. "Loretta"

An Irish judge of the old school, in a recent summing up at the Exchequer Courts, Dublin, created a great effect. The plaintiff was even more beautiful than her beautiful daughter, who was a witness. Gentleman of the jury, his lordship began, "everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

"You get all that is best in your system of government from England, you know," said the placid Londoner. And in a tone of slight irritation the New York man rejoined, "How about Dick Croker?"

She—You know, John, you promised me a sealin' wrap, and— He—And you promised to keep my stockings darned, and you haven't done it. She—Well you don't mean to say you'll break your promise on that account? He—Well it's just this: You don't give a darn, and I don't give a wrap.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perfected, Dural, 17 Waterloo.



His babyship will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert" Baby's Own Soap.

Eugene Field's Poem A \$7.00 Book. Given Free. The Book of the century, has a dromily illustrated by thirty-two of the world's greatest artists.

NOTICE. Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms.

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday newspaper in the world. Price 5c a Copy. By Mail, \$2 a year. Address 112 N. 3rd St., New York.

WOLFVILLE. Oct 2.—Mrs. Terng who has been visiting her uncle, Albert Eldridge, has returned to her home at Clyde River, Sherburne County. Mrs. Joseph MacDonald and guests have returned from a short visit to Halifax.

THINGS OF VALUE. WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH. Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath pipe.

WOODSTOCK. Oct 2.—John Arnold has been confined to the house for some weeks through illness. He hopes soon to get to work again. Mrs. T. B. Wislow and her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Smith of Fredericton are visiting relatives in Woodstock.

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, \$450,000. HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO. PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario. MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario. Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

Everyone Likes the Best of Perfume. Have just opened a full line of Roger & Gallet's latest odours. R. and G. Soaps, Powders and Dentifrice. Call and see my display. Everything marked at lowest figures.

W. G. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. Mail orders promptly filled. Telephone 239.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. WM. OLARK, Proprietor. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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

APPLICATION FOR SHARES. GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO: DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith in full payment for shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices. And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints. THOS. L. BOURKE! 2 WATER STREET. No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. F. D. Kellore's Dysentery Cordial in that possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaints, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering, and frequently valuable lives.

Mr. Ferguson's Initiation. It was still early in the evening when Mr. George Ferguson, having been notified that his application for membership in the Beneficent Order of Healthy Men had been voted upon favorably, accompanied the messenger to the lodge room.

His entrance into the ante-chamber was somewhat startling. The personage in charge of the outer door immediately thrust a thermometer in his mouth, held it there a few minutes, and recorded the temperature in a note-book. The solemn man in black tipped him to the waist, applied a stethoscope to the region of his heart, made a memorandum in another note-book, and passed him on to another solemn man in black, who ascertained and recorded his pulse and respiration.

Thus far the word had been spoken. He was blindfolded and conducted into the lodge room proper. 'Who comes here?' demanded a voice. 'A stranger,' replied another voice, who desired, if found worthy to be initiated into our salutiferous and prophylactic fraternity.

'Has he been examined with special reference to the requirements upon which we insist as conditions precedent to membership in our beneficent order?' 'He has.'

'Lead him to the chair of the Retsiring Pointer for further examination.' To the accompaniment of a dirge, way around the room and halted with a jerk. 'Open your mouth!' commanded a stern voice.

The candidate complied. 'Ha!' continued the stern voice. 'Two amalgam fillings! They must come out! Jaw's aches, place him in the chair.'

He was seized, lifted into what seemed to be a dentist's chair, his mouth was opened, and an operator with the instrument of torture known as a dental engine bored out the offending fillings, a sepulchral voice assuring him meanwhile that his teeth must be made to conform rigidly to the gold standard thereof.

'Is the candidate ready for the next step?' demanded the presiding officer. 'He is, Worshipful Robusto.'

'This is the Grand Conjuror's will.' He was marched around the room again to the same solemn music on the same depressing instrument, and brought up with a jerk before the chair of another high officer.

Remove his hoodwink, commanded the Grandulatus Conjurativus. It was done. 'Singer, look at this printed card, can you read the letters thereon?' 'No, replied the candidate, I cannot.

It is as I suspected. Stranger, later on in your journey this evening you will be fitted with a pair of glasses, which you must wear hereafter. Conductor replace the hoodwink and lead him to the Great Hygiclerium.

The conductor obeyed. 'Thrust out your tongue,' commanded the high dignitary. The candidate complied. 'Ha!' exclaimed the Grand Hygiclerium. 'Coated! The result of improper food! Stranger, in the solemn obligation, which will shortly follow, you will be required to take upon yourself a vow never again to eat unwholesome provender. Conductor escort the candidate to the chair of the Osteo Arthritis.'

Which was done. Roosevelt by A. F. R. d. Theodore Roosevelt has only one fault, said a well known New York politician less than two years ago.—he does not know how to tell a lie. This was an expert judgment, uttered with every assurance of settled conviction. It was as true as it was naive. Theodore Roosevelt has never learned to tell or act a lie.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Continued from Fourth Page.

Caracas, by the fact that Venizuela has not paid interest on her foreign or international indebtedness for the past 26 months. Only two or three imposing houses at Caracas are paying expenses business practically halted to needed foodstuffs, extreme lack of confidence prevails in business circles and the atmosphere contains nothing promising improvement. Among the people, the suffering from hard times is greater now than at any time during the past four years. School teachers in Caracas have been notified that the government must, for the present, discontinue their salaries and paymasters are also unpaid.

A dispatch from Baltimore to the Figaro describes a bull fight which occurred there Sunday in which an automobile replaced the house of the picador. The novelty drew an enormous crowd; but several bulls in succession turned tail and fled at sight of the automobile. M. Henri Dutach of the Paris Aero Club, who established the prize for a dirigible balloon, which M. Santo Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, made such a valiant effort to win, furnished the automobile and presided over the fight.

A telephone message Sunday night from Hopewell Hill, Albert county, N. B.; reports the wreck of the Nova Scotia barkentine Bahama in the Peconic river, Saturday night. She struck on a shoal called the middle ground in the river. Two sections of her keel were torn away and the bark capsized. Capt. Anderson, his wife, his crew of nine men and the cook's wife got away in two boats. A third reached shore but one of the boats swamped and a shore boat put out and rescued those aboard. Fred Muller, a Norwegian sailor, in leaving the bark had his head jammed between vessel and boat and it is feared he will die. After striking, the bark came off the shoal and was driven up the river by the tide. She is a total loss.

Secretary Horace Wilson of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' association, has been authorized by Thomas W. Lawson, to issue a challenge to Harry Hamlin for a match race between Lord Derby and Borsara, to be decided over the Lexington track, one week after the match between The Abbot and Borloma is contested, which should see it, providing no delays occur from bad weather, on Oct. 16. The race is to be the last of the five. Should The Abbot win any cause be prevented from meeting Borloma, the race will be set for the date of The Abbot Borloma race match on Oct. 9, and in such case the association will aid to the stakes the \$10,000 originally set aside to be added to the Abbot Borloma match by it, winner to take all. The special race between Crescer and Charley Herr has been declared off.

The express men's strike at Boston has been settled, the 200 drivers, keepers and lumpers returned to work, Wednesday and the sympathetic strike of 20,000 men composing the allied trades' unions, which was threatened to go into effect, Wednesday morning, is hereby averted. Under the terms of the agreement, the cases of three men discharged by the express company are to be heard by the state board of arbitration within three weeks, the points to be decided being: First, whether the charges, specified against the three men of incapacity and carelessness, are true, and second, if true, are they sufficient cause for their discharge? Pending the decision of the board, these men will not return to work. Everything was in readiness Tuesday night for calling out every member of the allied council Wednesday if the difficulty had not been adjusted.

Names of Presidents. Of all the 25 presidents of the United States it is not a little remarkable that only seven had what we call middle names. These were John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison, James K. Polk, Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur—and, if Samuel J. Tilden had been seated instead of Hayes, as not a few good Americans believe he should have been, that circumstantial world not have changed the proportion; there would still have been 18 two name presidents. And worthy of remark, too, is the fact that the last four presidents have all been two-name men. In the whole bunch there was only one George—the father of his country; only three Johns—the Adams and Tyler; five James—Madison, Monroe, Polk, Buchanan and Garfield; two Andrews—Jackson and Johnson—two Williams—the first Harrison and McKinley; and the names Thomas, Martin, Zachary, Rutherford, Millard, Franklin, Abraham, Ulysses, Chester, Grover, Benjamin and Theodore appear only once each in the distinguished list of Chief Executives.

Torpid Liver

Is sometimes responsible for difficult digestion, that is, DYSPEPSIA.

When it is, What headache, dizziness, constipation, What fits of despondency, What fears of imaginary evils, conduce with the distress after eating, the sourness of the stomach, the bad taste in the mouth, and so forth, to make the life of the sufferer scarcely worth living!

Dyspepsia resulted from torpid liver in the case of Mrs. Jones, 2320 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa., who was a great sufferer. Her statement made in her 77th year is that she was completely cured of it and all its attendant aches and pains, as others have been, by a faithful use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

That acts on all the digestive organs, cures dyspepsia, and gives permanent vigor and tone to the whole system.

A Fine Horse. Mr. Johnson's horse Kovanom is a son of the great stallion Kremlin and his performance this week showed what great stuff he is made of. He got a record of 2:20 1/4 on a track that is set in fast shape and showed that he is worthy to be in a stable that Mr. Johnson has made famous throughout Eastern America. PROGRESS will have something further to say of the company Kovanom keeps at home in another issue.

He. 'I believe I'd go to church with you this morning, Clara.' She: 'Indeed you won't; you've got your new suit, and my new dress hasn't come home yet.' 'I don't think Miss White will ever marry Mr. Jerks.' 'Why not?' 'Oh she quarrels with him constantly.' 'Ah! Perhaps they have been secretly married already.'

Will, I want you to go with me to call on the young lady I'm engaged to.' 'No, I'd better not; I'm so dreadfully irritable. I might catch your enthusiasm about her.'

Ladies and gentlemen, send the musician, 'I know how to get a bottle of beer into a power mug.' Which he did, and great was the amazement of the audience as he qualified the remark.

Elmore received a terrible insult this morning. 'What was it?' 'Why, an old lady saw the handles of his golf clubs protruding from the bag, and asked him how much he would charge to mend an umbrella.'

'I hope this proposal of mine hasn't taken you completely by surprise, dearest?' 'Well, yes, it has. I long ago abandoned all idea of it.'

All that glitters is not gold—sometimes it's a diamond.

Intercolonial Railway.

MONTEAL AND RETURN \$10

Road Ticket issued at St. John, Campbellton, and other stations on October 10, 11 and 12, good for return until October 27, and on October 21, 22 and 23, good for return on November 7. Proportional rates on points east of Montreal.

JOHN M. LYONS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Montreal, N. B., October 5, 1901.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Sale of Unclaimed Goods, There will be a sale of Unclaimed Goods at the Freight Shed at St. John on FRIDAY, the 1st November, 1901, commencing at 10 o'clock. Car's goods can be seen at the Railway Stations.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Montreal, N. B., 11th Sept., 1901.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Tenders for a New Station and Freight House at Trois Rivières and a 50,000 Gallon Water Tank with Foundation at Champlain.

Special sealed tenders addressed to 'the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Station and Freight House, Trois Rivières," or "Tender for Tank at Champlain," as the case may be, will be received up to

TUESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER, 1901, for the consideration of the above works. Plans and Specifications may be seen and a copy of the same may be obtained on application to the Station Master's Office at Champlain, Trois Rivières, or at the Office of the Station Master at Trois Rivières, or at the Office of the Station Master at Champlain, N. B.

Plans and Specifications may be seen and a copy of the same may be obtained on application to the Station Master's Office at Champlain, Trois Rivières, or at the Office of the Station Master at Trois Rivières, or at the Office of the Station Master at Champlain, N. B.

At all Druggists 25 cents, or mailed on receipt of price. Dr. J. C. DEAN'S EXTRACT PURE, Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co. Corner William and John streets, New York.



HOME LIFE.

The happiness of home life depends largely on the health of the wife and mother. When her strength is unequal to the daily cares and duties of home, the evening hours find her utterly worn out, too tired to talk, too weary to read. At first even she is glad to have her husband go out for the evening. She wants rest and quiet at any price. And so the foundation for marital misery is often laid in ill-health.

But when the housewife is healthy and strong she finds in her day's duties only a sufficient outlet for her energy. She looks forward all day to the evening hour spent with her husband over a book, or passed in quiet conversation. And every evening so spent draws the wife nearer to the husband and knits together the twin who are "one flesh" in the higher unity of one mind.

Every woman should know that the general health depends on the local womanly health. Irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness are disorders which sap the woman's strength and destroy her happiness with her health. In ninety-eight cases in every hundred the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will effect a complete cure of womanly diseases. It is a reliable regulator. It dries the drains which enfeeble women. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential and womanly confidences are guarded by strict professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. In a little over thirty years, assisted by his medical staff of nearly a score of physicians, Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., has treated and cured more than half a million women.

There is no similar offer of free consultation by letter which has behind it a physician of Dr. Pierce's eminence and success, or an institution of world-wide fame such as the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. Write to Dr. Pierce and obtain a specialist's opinion absolutely without charge or fee.

WAS NEARLY CRAZY.

'I was pleased that Dr. Pierce answered my letter,' writes Mrs. C. W. Young, of South Regent Street (Lee Park), Wilkesbarre, Penna. 'I am perfectly willing for you to use my name and address, as I think it my duty to let the people know what a wonderful medicine you have. When I had those mishaps I began to think I would never have children, and my husband always said that if I would take your medicine I would soon be all right. My back used to almost break and I would get sick at my stomach and have such headaches I did not know what to do; they used to set me nearly crazy and I used to dread to get up. I felt so bad; then I began taking your medicine. When baby was expected I took it all the time I was that way. I felt fine all the time and I never got those dizzy spells now. I hardly ever have a nervous headache any more. I have a perfect romp of a boy; he is the light of our home. I am now twenty years old and my baby is almost eight months old. I now feel well, and weigh 120 pounds, and the baby 23 1/2 pounds. We feel very grateful for the good your medicine did for us. We are both healthy, thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicine.'

ALMOST A SKELETON.

'Your Favorite Prescription' has done so much for me," says Mrs. Susan West, of Lawndale, Cleveland Co., N. C. "That I feel it my duty to write to you and tell you I think it saved my life. I had been under the treatment of two doctors—had two mishaps. I was almost a skeleton, weighed only seventy pounds. A friend of mine recommended Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and when I commenced to take it my health began to improve greatly. In ten months I was a happy mother. I had only taken six bottles and have never taken any medicine since, of any kind, and now weigh 120 pounds. We feel very grateful for the good your medicine did for us. We are both healthy, thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicine.'

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are at once the most agreeable and most effective laxative for women's use.

"77"

BREAKS UP WRETCHED COLDS

It is not for us to alarm you about your cold; you are wretched enough as it is. Our province is to supply the cure, and we do so with confidence. Dr. Humphrey's "SEVENTY SEVEN" breaks up a Cold by acting directly on the affected parts; restores the checked circulation, starts the blood coursing through the veins, awakens the numbed organs of respiration and cleanses the system, soothes the mucous membrane, and the cold passes off without a struggle.

"77" is a small vial of pleasant pellets that just fits the vest pocket.

At all Druggists 25 cents, or mailed on receipt of price. Dr. J. C. DEAN'S EXTRACT PURE, Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co. Corner William and John streets, New York.



SURPRISE

MAKES EVERYTHING WHITE.

That Snowy Whiteness

can come to your linens and cottens only by the use of SURPRISE Soap which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

SURPRISE is a pure hand Soap.

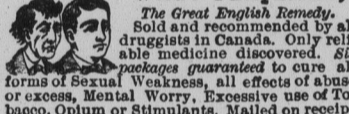
ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.



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

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.



Wood's Phosphodine

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all Druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1. Six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

FALL EXCURSION TO MONTREAL.

GOING \$1.00 RETURN TO RETURN TO \$1.00

ROUND TRIP \$1000.

Ask for tickets via CANADIAN PACIFIC SHORT LINE.

General Office of the Co. Oct. 13, 1901. See nearest Ticket Agent for particulars or write A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N.B.

MOOSE MEAT

VENISON.

THOS DEAN, CITY MARKET.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1901.

An American's Opinion.

An American had a letter in last Sunday's New York Sun in which he gives his opinion of Halifax and St. John. This opinion is amusingly ridiculous.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 28.—When the Yankee longs for a complete change of scene and of everything else he doesn't have to go to Europe or to other distant lands; he has merely to take a little trip into the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

Of all the cities in the Maritime Provinces, Halifax is the most interesting, and travelers say that it is decidedly European in its general aspect and atmosphere.

One of the first things the Yankee notices the street crossings. Many of the crossings are diagonally from corner to corner, instead of directly across the street at right angles, as in the S. States.

The two great sights are the Citadel and the Public Gardens. The Citadel is a big fortress occupying the top of the west end of the peninsula. It is an immense affair of stone and earth, with complicated subterranean passages, massive granite walls surrounded by deep ditches, high parapets bristling with big guns and a fine parade ground stretching down to the outlying street.

The public gardens are extensive and very beautiful, and here on Wednesdays when there is a good-sized garrison, a regimental band plays for the entertainment of the middle and upper classes. On Sundays another band plays for the common people. One concert is as good as the other, but the classes never mix, each keeping to its own appointed day. This promotes peace, pleasure and satisfaction.

Single drinks of this ale are the exception. In every saloon or tap house will be noticed a shell upon which stand rows of earthen or pewter pots—pitchers, Americans would call them—and above the pots, suspended upon nails, are six times as many pewter mugs. The Tommy Atkins or the jackets come in, usually in noisy bunches of half a dozen or more, and instead of each ordering a drink or one calling the others up to the bar, they chip in, each contributing his share toward buying a pot of ale.

Halifax has several good sized hotels. They never fail to give you oatmeal at breakfast, and while you are eating a half grown girl, whose costume suggests Cigarette or Trilby, is likely to come in and urge you to buy a morning paper. There won't be much in the paper aside from news of the Boer war or of the movements

of Earl Minto, the Duke of York and such notables, but it is always desirable to buy it, for the sake of getting rid of the newspaper.

Should the guest desire to know what troops are in garrison at Halifax, the table girl can glibly reel off the entire list, together with the names of the officers and some brief account of the recent prowess of the regiments. The hotel has no elevator—no provincial hotel has such a thing. If one desires to be directed to the elevator he should inquire for the lift.

Halifax has become somewhat Americanized of late, but it will never be called so. Not so many years ago a Yankee went down there and established a street car line. The venture was a failure, because the aristocratic element would not patronize such vulgar conveniences as horse cars, while the poorer classes couldn't afford to ride. The promoter finally tore up the rails and shipped the cars, and for years the remains of the cars were to be seen piled up in a suburban pasture.

Another man, a native of the province, built a cotton factory, but that, too, was a failure, and very soon it was made into a brewery, which enterprise prospered finely. Today there are cars and some evidences of progress, but life will never be exciting in the old town unless a great war should come and some powerful naval enemy try to capture the place.

In St. John, N. B., called by the natives 'St. John', are to be found some of the peculiarities of Halifax, but not many of the attractions. In both cities, as all over the provinces, one turns to the left, as the King direct, not to the right, as in the United States, and for that reason the stranger from the States is continually bumping into pedestrians or crashing into carriages along the road.

The street car conductor in St. John goes through the car holding out a little leather box, with a tiny slit in its top. The fare is five cents, but American rickshaws won't be accepted. No one in the provinces will take a nickel. If the passenger hasn't one of the thin little Canadian five-cent silver pieces he must buy a ticket, getting a lot of big Canadian coppers in his change. The ticket is printed on paper almost as thin as tissue, and much patience and ingenuity are needed to get it through the narrow slit in the top of the conductor's fare box.

An American who went into a little hotel at St. John to buy a drink of whiskey found the whiskey to be fairly good and very strong. It left an unpleasant taste in his mouth and he called for a cigar. The bartender took 15 cents out of the dollar tendered by the customer, and the latter observing this, said:

'Here, I don't want a five-cent cigar; gimme a good one.'

He supposed that the price of the whiskey must be 10 cents. The bartender said: 'Oh, that's all right. You've one of the best smokes in the province there, my man. Seven cents and eight for the whiskey—fifteen, d'ye see?'

The man from Yankeland was dazed. He thought it over for a while and then burst out:

'Why, what kind of a way is that to do business? You might just as well have got 20 cents. You're all twisted up, Mister; you're dead slow!'

'Oh, aye,' dreamily assented the bartender, as though it were a matter of utter indifference to him. Many another thing is twisted in the provinces; it's the provincial way; but also, there's many a good thing 'down home,' including the sugar-heart cherries of Digby and the red and amber apples of Annapolis—wonderful fruit that thrives on the banks of the sweet little stream from Evangeline's land.

In an English School.

A lesson on the evils of talebearing and how an English schoolmaster regarded it, is conveyed by Irving Montagu, the war artist, in a reminiscence of his school days. Talebearing, or 'peaching,' inconsiderate among boys the most dishonorable of offenses, and young Montagu was duly impressed by this fact, as the story goes on

to show: Ten fellows were absent; they had gone to Bradley's farm, out of bounds, and were caught red handed in the possession of illicit stores by the doctor. Seven were intercepted at the cross-roads, laden with supplies; they were interrogated as to the names of the other three, and with a sneaking hope of lightening their own punishment, at once gave them up.

The other three were Tom Bertford, Nipper Watkins and your humble servant, better known in those days as Peg Montagu.

Then came the query to the trembling three: 'Who were the other seven?'

We fondly hoped that they had escaped, looked first at one another, then at the doctor; no one spoke. Threats followed, but we stood to our guns, and returned to the school still in custody.

The great bell was rung at an unwonted hour, and the silence was painful as the portentous step of the doctor was heard approaching. Morning's first rostrum he called out:

'Beresford, Watkins, Montagu, stand out! Do you still refuse to give up the names of those boys who were with you out of bounds?'

'Yes, sir,' in a sort of loud whisper.

'Very well, I give you five minutes to decide.'

And then came the most fearful five-minute we had ever experienced. At the end of the doctor said:

'Will you give up those names (an awful pause), or do you absolutely refuse to do so?'

We felt as if about to place a fuse at a given moment to a barrel of gunpowder, as we replied:

'We refuse to give them up, sir.'

'Very well,' said the doctor, in a voice of thunder, 'since that is the case there is only one course to follow. Come up here, each of you, and let me (another awful pause) shake you by the hand and congratulate you on having held on as you have done, in spite of prospective penalties as a matter of schoolboy honor. I congratulate you, I say, on having refused to give up the names of these other fellows, who to save themselves, were only too ready to give you up.'

How those ratters rang again, as the dear old doctor gave us, that never-to-be-forgotten lesson! When the excitement had somewhat subsided, he concluded by addressing the remaining seven:

'I have no punishment to give to you, except it be by expressing a hope that you may not be so ready on a future occasion to screen yourselves at the expense of others.'

Discretion Better Than Valor.

A New Yorker, the owner of a magnificent yacht, had for his guests on a recent trip three very clever young men, all of them suitors for his hand of his beautiful daughter. The young woman could not determine which she liked the best, they were equally good looking and equally eligible as to wealth and position.

In perplexity she sought the advice of the Old Salt, a kindly generous old sea-dog, who sailed the yacht.

'I tell you what I'd do, Miss. I were you,' he said. 'The next time we are in a safe place you fall overboard. I will stand by to see that no haln comes to you, and then you can see which is the best man of the lot.'

The plan was agreed to and a day or two later the young woman slid off the plank into the water. In a second two of the young men were in after her and she was heroically rescued. As soon as possible the heroine sought the captain.

'What am I to do now?' she asked. 'I have two of them still left.'

'Well, I would; say this,' replied the captain. 'If you want a good, sensible husband, you take the one that did not jump after you.'

Business-like Ephraim.

'No, there wasn't much romance about Ephraim,' said the postmaster, stroking his beard thoughtfully. Ephraim had been the great man of the town, and his death, the day before, had called out reminiscences to which the postmaster seemed anxious to contribute. 'I don't suppose if you'd biled Ephraim or put him under the stone-breaker you could have drawn a tear out of him. Never saw him laugh. Likely enough he never kissed his wife or one of his children.'

'And yet he wasn't a mean man or

hard man. I can't see he often laughed and cried inside, but 'twasn't his way to show it. And he was a natural born business man, up and down, top to toe, and that pretty accounts for it too.'

'D'ye ever hear how he proposed to Aunt Eleanor, his wife? Happens I know, because she and my wife was cousins, and the precedent tickled Eleanor so she had to tell of it.'

'Ephraim was at ever a talkative teller, and he didn't go round much with the other young folks. Jest stayed home and tended to his knitting work, as it were, but he was well thought of by everybody, and Eleanor and her pa and ma always made him welcome.'

'So he come in sort o' casual, one p'ric'lar Saturday night, and set around as usual, p'uttin' in a word now and then, till Eleanor's pa went out to see a sick cow he had, and Ephraim's ma started off up chamber somewheres. And then Ephraim speaks up pl to once, and he says:

'I'd kind o' like to marry you, Eleanor,' says he.

'She' says she. 'Would ye?' She was dumfounded, and couldn't think of any thing else to say.

'Yes, I would,' says he. He never moved out of his chair, but he looked her right square in the eye, real friendly. 'I've got a place of my own, ye know,—rented, but I can take it back 'most any time,—and two hundred and fifty do'rs out on intrust, and enough besides to stock the place. I make ye an offer, he says, 'and I'll hold it open for ye till next Saturday night.'

'Eleanor was staid' at him all the time 'nd ye, with her mouth open. And before she could get any words to put into it, 'it's time I was getting along home,' Ephraim says, 'so I'll bid ye good night, Eleanor.'

'Well, that was all there was to it. First off, Eleanor was mad at his makin' an offer so fast, and a leavin' it open just such a time, 's though he'd been dickerin' for a yoke o' steers. But when she came to think it over she realized it was only Ephraim's way, and she believed he liked her and she knew she liked him, and so she took him up, and neither of em ever was sorry for it.'

'No, Ephraim didn't make love romantic—no gettin' down on his knees and writin' poetry and such like doin's. But if you ever see a woman better provided for and more uplifted and more waited on by inches than Aunt Eleanor was, I'd like to have ye pint her out.'

'Actions speak louder words, they say and I think that's true. There's women in this town would be willin' to forget they was called angels before they was married if they could be treated like human bein's now.'

A Royal Visit.

These are happy and excited days in Canada. The loyal subjects of King Edward VII., of all classes and races, are joining in demonstration of welcome to his only son, the Duke of Cornwall and York heir apparent to the English crown, and the Duchess, 'Princess May.'

The connection between the royal family and Canada has been close. Two sons of George III. visited the provinces. One of them, the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, passed nine years there in command of royal troops; the other was 'the sailor prince,' who afterward became King.

The most important royal visit to Canada hitherto was that of the present king, forty-one years ago, when he was a youth of nineteen. Since then the provinces have become federated; the population has almost doubled; great railways and canals have been built; industries have established; cities have sprung up; trade and commerce have developed; institutions have broadened. But the Canada which Prince George visits is as loyal as the Canada which welcomed Albert Edward in 1860.

'After the Duke and his party have crossed and recrossed the continent, they will return to England, and then the duke will receive the title of the Prince of Wales so long borne by his father.—Yours Companion.

Deafness of 12 Years Standing.—Protracted Cataract produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben. Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Cataract. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Cataract Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Salt Rheum, Tetter, Eczema.—These distressing skin diseases relieved by one application. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a potent cure for all eruptions of the skin. Jas. Gaston, Wilkesbarre, says: 'For nine years I was disfigured with Tetter on my hands. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured it.' 35 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Sadness Explained. In Liverpool recently a sentimental young lady was on the Canard steamship quays when she saw a young girl sitting on a trunk in an attitude of utter dejection and despair.

'Poor thing,' thought the romantic lady, 'she is probably alone and a stranger. Her pale cheeks and great, sad eyes tell of a broken heart and a yearning for sympathy.' So she went over to the traveller to win her confidence.

'Crossed in love?' she asked sympathetically.

'No,' replied the girl, with a sigh, 'crossed in the Servia, and an awfully rough passage, too.'

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

Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Baltic or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. 'SURPRISE MAKES EVERYTHING WHITE.' 'That Snowy Whiteness can come to your linens and cottens only by the use of SURPRISE Soap which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.'

Advertisement for Silver Plate that Wears. 'MADE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN B. COMPANY.' 'A very complete line of this reliable and in Tea-ware, Bake-dishes, Fruit wares, etc., and also latest patterns in 1847 Rogers Bros. Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.'

Advertisement for Wood's Phosphorine. 'The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all cases of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse, Excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1. six, \$5. One will please. Will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.'

Advertisement for Canadian Pacific Fall Excursion to Montreal. 'GOING: Oct. 10, 11, 12. RETURN TO: Oct. 23rd, 1901. ROUND TRIP FROM ST. JOHN: \$1000. Ask for tickets via CANADIAN PACIFIC SHORT LINE. General clause of sale Oct. 18, 1901. See nearest Ticket Agent for particulars or write A. J. HEATH, D. F. A., C. P. R., St. John, N.B.'

Advertisement for E. W. Snow. 'Signature is on every box of the genuine laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. It is a remedy that cures a cold in one day.'

Advertisement for Moose Meat and Venison. 'MOOSE MEAT—AND—VENISON. HOS DEAN, CITY MARKET.'

The Maid Of The Mill.

IN TWO INSTALMENT—PART II.

When the next day came, and still there was no sign from her, he waylaid old Barbara, the Maine's servant, only to learn from her that 'Miss Mayla' was ill, or at least was keeping to her own room with a headache.

That explanation was enough to fill him with fears.

He knew Mayla was too young and healthy to let any ordinary indisposition keep her a prisoner, and hurrying back to the Manor, he made the gardener gather a basket of the rarest flowers the conservatory contained, while he wrote a tender little note, in which he told her of his love, and begged her to put his anxiety at rest.

The letter and the flowers were dispatched by one of the servants, though, if Leonard could have seen their fate, he would have known that both never reached Mayla, for Simon Maine had been over on the watch since he had won her promise to be his wife, and they thus fell into his hands.

But Leonard did not dream of such treachery.

It did not cross his mind that, if he chose to woo and win Mayla, anyone at the mill could possibly object, and he waited as patiently as he could for the return of his messenger, never doubting that the man would bring a loving little note.

The delay was a long one.

It had been early evening before the message was dispatched, and Leonard had to join Sir Myles at dinner with his anxieties still unallayed.

He had not yet mentioned his love to the baronet; not that he feared opposition, but he felt that for a little time the sweet secret must be kept sacredly between Mayla and himself.

After dinner, however, Leonard's impatience could endure no more.

He rose and went out to the terrace to smoke his cigar alone as he often did, though this particular night happened to be very unprepossessing.

It had rained during the day, and now a chill wind must have been creeping up from the mill stream, blotting out all the beauty of scene.

A footstep sounded close at hand, and then he saw the servant he had sent to the mill.

Where is the answer, Johnson? He demanded quickly, and he received an envelope from the man's hand.

With a muttered exclamation of thankfulness, he strode to one of the windows near, from which came a broad stream of light, and there, with fast-beating heart, prepared to read his answer.

There was an address upon the envelope, and somehow the right of the blank paper struck him with a little chill, though in the next moment he smiled at his own fears.

No doubt his little sweetheart had been too excited to remember anything so prosaic as the formality of addressing the envelope.

He tore it open, a smile upon his lips, the happy love light glowing in his eyes; and then, spell bound, as it were, he stood staring at what he had extracted from the envelope, for it was his own letter torn in two—there was absolutely nothing else, not even a name or a line of writing to say from whom the result had come.

In an instant more his attention had passed away, giving place to a hot passion of anger.

He knew that it was not Mayla who had done this.

His love and trust in her were ever greater than they had been before, and he burned to be avenged upon this coward who had dared to come between them.

He tore the letter into a dozen fragments and then turned away to stride through the mist from the old house upon the hill, into the valley, where the darkness was ever greater than it was upon the heights.

He would not go down the dear old lane; instead, he went boldly to the front gate of the mill, where the hoarse rattle of the stream seemed louder than ever in the gloom.

All was very dark there, for the mist had the garden, and even blotted out the light of the house.

He had to walk slowly, not knowing his way, and able to see only a few feet before him.

His firm steps made no sound upon the sodden ground.

The silence was weary, when suddenly he stopped, for, through the bush there had come the sound of a sob mingling with the rushing of the stream.

In a moment more he dimly saw the figure of a grey-robed woman standing on the bank, her eyes fixed upon the rushing water, her head bent toward it as if she could not see her face.

'Oh, heaven! be merciful and forgive me. Can it be a sin to die, when, when, if I live, I must sin too?' she cried.

Despairingly the words broke from her lips, and charged though it was, he knew that the voice was Mayla's.

The poor girl was maddened by her despair.

All through the long hours which had passed since she had promised to be Simon Maine's wife she had remained a prisoner in her own room, brooding over what seemed her dead mother's command.

She dared not break her promise; to do so would have seemed to her the darkest sin; and yet, surely it would be a still

greater crime if she were to marry Simon Maine when all her heart was Leonard's.

Storm tossed and despairing, she knew not what to think, and so at last had even dreamed of death as her one hope; desperate as she was, it would surely be no wrong to throw her life away.

Sobbing, passionately, her low voice thrilled through the gloom.

She looked shudderingly at the dark water which flowed at her feet, and then she closed her eyes.

One word, 'Leonard!' was on her lips; in an instant more the fatal plunge would have been made, when he sprang forward, responsive to her call, and his arms were flung around her.

'Mayla, Mayla, my dear love, I am here. What is this awful thing which has come between us?' Leonard—'you!'

'Leonard—you!'

'That was all she said.

In the joy of his presence, in the shock of knowing that he had dragged her back to life from the very jaws of death, her senses almost left her.

She lay passive in his clasp, stunned and bewildered by the joy of knowing that his arms held her, that each throb of his loving heart thrilled through her own.

His lips were pressed to hers.

His kiss filled her life.

She could not remember the past.

The hold which Simon Maine had on her was forgotten.

The joy of loving and of being loved filled all her heart, and never before had life been half so sweet as in that moment when Leonard's arms had snatched her back from death.

'My little love, my Mayla,' he whispered presently, and the tender words were the first coherent sounds she heard. 'I know you love me, it has needed no words to confess that; you are all my own, and now no power on earth shall ever take you from me.'

It was then that the awakening came.

She remembered all, and he knew that she drooped in the clasp of his strong arms, and shivered through every limb as though before a mortal blow.

It was only for an instant; then slowly she raised her head, and even while her tender arms still clasped his neck, while still his heart beat with hers, she looked into his face with despairing eyes, and inwardly resolved to speak her last farewell.

'Yes, I love you,' she said, not shyly, but with a chill of despair in her sweet, low tones. She might have been speaking to a dead lover who lay in his coffin awaiting burial, rather than to a living man whose heart beat loyal and strong and true with love for her. 'But we must part; after tonight we must never meet again.'

'Why not, in Heaven's name?' he demanded almost harshly, his every nerve strained between his love and fear. 'Mayla, we love each other, and you must be my wife. I am determined that no power on earth shall ever come between us.'

'You do not know what you are saying,' she answered fatheringly, and then suddenly she broke off, with a low, half-strangled cry, which told of an agony too great to bear. 'Ah! if only I were free!'

'Free! He hardly recognized his own voice as, with a great start, he echoed the fatal word. 'Great Heaven! What do you mean? It cannot be that you care for any other man?'

'No, no; it is not that,' she answered, and she almost smiled, though her smile was a thousand times more sad than tears. 'I love you—I love you—I love you! Yet we must part, for, if I live, I must be Simon Maine's wife!'

'His! You would throw yourself away upon a man like that?' Leonard exclaimed, in sudden anger. 'Mayla, it must not be! My dearest, I will save you from so great a wrong!'

She made a quick, hurried gesture, pressing her hand against her breast, and she felt the papers which were hidden beneath her dress.

They were those last letters from her dying mother, and it seemed to her that she heard a voice from the grave calling upon her to pay the debt which had been owed her dear dead.

The thought gave her strength, and she struck still further from him, though still his strong arms entangled her.

'Dearest, it cannot be!' she answered. 'I am bound in honour to be his wife. I dare not break my promise to marry him.'

'He has some hold over you?' Leonard exclaimed hotly. 'Tell me what it is, and I will set you free. Is it any question of gratitude or of money? Let me know all, and, for our love's sake, I will make him release you!'

'I dare not hope for so great a happiness,' she answered faintly. 'My mother owed a debt of gratitude to his, and, when she lay dying, she wrote a letter to me, her child, asking me to repay the debt. The time has come now, for Simon has told me that when once I am his wife, all will be paid a merciful debt.'

'Does he love you so much?' Leonard asked, almost with bated breath.

He realized that, in such a case as this, even his own love might be helpless.

'I don't think he loves me,' Mayla said naively, 'but he is determined that I shall be his wife, and so I must obey my

mother's wishes. Oh! I dare not hope; I know that he will never set me free.'

'Are you entitled to any money—any fortune?' Leonard demanded, seeing at once a possible key to the mystery; but she shook her head, and again there was that sad, sad smile upon her lips.

'No, oh, no,' she said. 'My parents left me destitute. I owe everything to the charity of the Maine. Ah! believe me, I must consent to this marriage; in honour there can be no way to escape for me.'

'Yet you hate the prospect so much that, only a little while ago, you thought of death as a way of escape?' Leonard said bitterly.

Man-like, he could not see all in the light in which she saw it, and, dearly though he loved her, he was half inclined to resent her determination to be true to the promise which had been extorted from her.

She shuddered at his words, but now a new strength, born of suffering, had come to the sweet young face.

She was very pale still, and her lips quivered; yet, steadfast and true, her blue eyes looked into his.

'I was mad in my despair,' she said. 'But, dear, now that I have seen you again, I have gained strength, and I know how great that sin would have been. Ah! Heaven was very merciful to send you here, so that you might save me from myself, and, in the future, it will give me strength to bear my burden and to pay my mother's debt. Good-bye—good-bye. We must never meet again. I shall know that I am doing my duty, and shall pray that you may forget.'

She was but a weak girl—almost a child; yet, in that moment, a new, sweet glamour came to her beauty, so that it seemed hardly this earth.

The thought of what was right had never led her to a great determination.

Leonard looked at her with hungry, passion-filled eyes, realizing, as he had never done before, how dearly he loved her, and almost a sob broke from his lips, strong man though he was, as, with a passionate gesture, he strained her yet more closely to him.

'Mayla! Mayla! you are my all; I have cried hoarsely. My dearest, I would rather part with life than lose you. You shall yet be my wife.'

'You are mad, Captain Frankford! Mayla is to marry me. She has given me her word, and I will never set her free.'

It was another voice—that of Simon Maine—which had broken upon them with strange abruptness.

As they heard, Leonard turned with a start; while Mayla, springing from his hold, sank upon the damp turf, with her face hidden in her hands.

From the heart of the shadows near, Maine strode with a determined tread, a burly form, with his gun upon his shoulder, though, as he passed, he rested the butt upon the ground, and stood leaning upon the weapon as he looked at the other two with an air of conscious triumph.

He said, 'We are here as man to man, and I need have no false delicacy. Tell me, are there no terms on which you will set her free? I am a rich man, and I—'

'I have a price, if that is what you mean,' the other answered sneeringly. 'For two hundred thousand pounds I might set Mayla free, but not for a penny less.'

'You are mad! I could not pay so much, but if half my fortune—'

'I have told you what I want, though I know you cannot pay it. Now you had better go; surely you can understand that your love is hopeless. Mayla is mine, and I shall never give her up.'

'Then I will wrest her from you,' Leonard cried, losing all patience. 'She loves me, and you shall never win her, even if you stand at the altar by her side. There is some mystery here—some mystery in her life—whatever it may be I will solve it, confident that when I know all, I shall have learnt how to make you give her up.'

It was a random shot, but it struck home. For a furious oath broke from the bearded lips of the other.

In a moment he seemed to lose all control of himself.

'You shall not trace the secret,' he cried, incoherently. 'You shall not take her from me. Before you do that I will kill you where you stand.'

He had sprung back, moving with lightning speed, so that Leonard had no time to be on his guard, no time to think what it was he was about to do.

Simon Maine lifted to his shoulder the gun he carried—in the gloom he contrived to take deliberate aim—and then through the night there leaped a vivid flash, followed by a sharp report.

Leonard staggered back, but he was unharmed, for in the very instant that the trigger had been pulled a slender form had sprung forward, and Mayla stood between the two men, with her hands held out entreatingly to the would-be murderer.

'Spare him—spare him—I will keep my word!' she cried, but the report of the rifle drowned her pleading voice, and the next instant she had thrown up her arms, and with a moan of pain fell heavily backwards, to lie senseless at the feet of the man she loved.

'Dastard! You have killed her!' Leonard exclaimed, and he sprang forward to close with the other man and drag the gun from his grasp.

He seemed stunned by what had passed; he could only stare for a moment in a fascination of horror at the still form of the poor girl, and then, as Leonard would have held him prisoner, he roused himself from his trance, and, with one last look at the white face, where the shadows of death seemed gathering, he fled from the scene to vanish into the night gloom.

Leonard had no thought of pursuit; his thoughts were all of Mayla.

He went to her side again, calling her name, kissing her cold lips; but he could bring back no sign of life.

The mill was close at hand, and the village was not far away, but he felt, in that moment of despair, that he dared not trust her to be left in either, whether she were living or dead.

Instead, he lifted her in his arms, carrying her as though she had been but a little child, and bore her away through the darkness, up to the great house upon the hill which was his own home.

He never forgot that weary walk with his motionless burden, but the Manor was reached at last.

He entered it by one of the long French windows, and, laying Mayla upon a couch, rang the bell so violently that the alarm pealed through the house again and again.

One of the first to enter the room was Sir Myles, who paused in amazement, looking alternately at Leonard's pale, trembling face, and at the still form of the girl on the couch.

'Leonard, what does this mean?' he asked. 'Who—who is this?'

'The girl I love, Sir Myles,' Leonard answered. 'Heaven forgive me! I have brought her here to die, for she has given her life to mine.'

An exclamation of infinite pity broke from the elder man, and he crossed the room to the couch.

As the poor girl had fallen, she had thrust her hands into the coiled masses of her hair, and the fastenings had given way, so that now the loosened tresses streamed in a silken veil to screen her pallid face.

Very gently the baronet bent down to put them aside, and for one moment he stood motionless, staring down upon the sweet face which was thus revealed, then staggered back, a great cry upon his lips.

'It is the ghost of my dead love!' he cried brokenly. 'My wife has come back from the grave!'

Mayla, after a while, came out of her swoon, thanks to the loving care which was lavished upon her, though her first consciousness was one of intense, burning pain in her shoulder.

A doctor was by her side, with a couple of women servants, and as her eyes opened she smiled down upon her reassuringly.

'Come, that is better,' he said. 'Your wound hurts now, but it is not going to be very serious. The bullet is extracted, and you will soon be quite yourself again. Drink this now and go to sleep, and when you wake up you will be well on the high road to recovery.'

Mayla obediently drained the glass he held to her lips, and it evidently contained a narcotic, for almost immediately she fell into a long heavy sleep, from which she did not wake until the next day was well advanced.

Then, when her eyes opened her memory came back with a rush, and she turned her face to the wall, forgetting the pain of her wound in the mental agony which she endured.

For she realized that she was at the Manor; she knew that she had saved Leonard's life, and guessed that he loved her still, while in honor she was yet bound to

be the wife of his would be murderer.

From the very grave her dead mother called to her, as it were, and she dared not disobey; yet she knew that she once looked on Leonard's dear face again if once she listened to his voice, all would be forgotten save her love for him.

The thought of her divided duty galvanised her into fresh strength, and from it a new resolution came.

Dearly as she loved Leonard, she would stay no longer here, she would go back to the mill, to pray that she might die; but if she lived she would become Simon Maine's wife, though she dreaded the marriage worse, a thousand times, than death.

'I have given him my promise,' she thought miserably. 'For my mother's sake it is doubly sacred. I must keep it to the bitter end.'

She swallowed the food they brought her and then lay still, so that servants thought she was asleep again; but as soon as they had gone on tip-toe from the room she sprang from the bed, to dress herself as quickly as her wounded arm would allow.

She endured exquisite pain in every movement, but her resolution gave her strength to bear all without a murmur; and when at last her toilet was complete, she opened the door of the room noiselessly, and glided into the corridor without.

Then suddenly she paused, for she realized the love she was leaving behind, and the hopelessness of the future which lay before her.

She almost broke down, but it seemed that the voice of her dead mother called to her; and sobbing, trembling, broken-hearted, she yet found strength to glide swiftly through the great house, flying with redoubled speed because she heard Leonard's voice in one of the rooms near, and all her heart and soul seemed to strive to drag her back to him.

Yet she would not yield.

She escaped from the Manor, and fled across the wide lawn to the tree-shaded park.

There, when a sheltering thicket was reached, all her strength gave way.

She flung herself down upon the mossy turf, stunned and overwhelmed with the misery she endured, so that even the agony of her wound was forgotten.

A long time elapsed; then she found strength to rise from the ground and to go on again towards the mill, taking the least-frequented lanes, so that she came at last to the dear old site where first she and Leonard met.

She dared not linger there, she dared not think of the past, for she had parted from him for ever.

Unlending, with the strength of despair she went up the grassy path through the orchard, until she reached the porch.

She opened the door and went into the cottage, and as she crossed the threshold old Barbara emerged from the kitchen at the further end of the little passage.

'You have come back, then?' the old woman said barely. 'Do you want to see the master?'

'Is he at home?' Mayla asked faintly, as she leaned against the wall for support.

Now that the interview with Simon was close at hand, she realized more bitterly than before how terrible it would be.

The old woman came to where she stood, her dark face working strangely.

Hitherto she had always been kind to Mayla, for she was devoted to Simon, whom she had nursed when he was a little child, and she had thought his future wife was to be loved for his sake.

But now there was a light in her eyes which Mayla had never seen there before, and she covered in terror from it.

'Yes; he is at home,' the old woman said. 'He is waiting for you, because he loved you so well that he swore you should never marry any other man. You have come back to him now, have you no? You will never, never go away from him again.'

'I will be his wife if he insists upon the marriage,' Mayla faltered, with white lips. 'He need not be afraid that I shall break my word.'

'Then go to him—he is waiting for you there!' Barbara exclaimed, with a strange chuckle that was half-sob and half-laughter, and, with a quick movement, she flung open the door of the best parlor so that Mayla might enter.

Trembling the girl crossed the threshold, the woman following close behind, and then she paused.

'Where is Simon?' she asked, and it seemed to her that her voice sounded still and strange in that hushed room. 'He is not here.'

'He is sleeping,' the old woman answered, and she pointed to the sofa. 'Go and wake him, if you can.'

Mayla's eyes followed the direction of that outstretched hand, and then she saw the indistinct outlines of a human form lying under a rug upon the sofa.

Her first impulse was to draw back, to go on tip-toe from the room for fear of awakening the sleeper; but some power, which was not her own will, drew her to him.

She crossed the room and drew down the covering, and then, with a wail of anguish, started back, her wild eyes riveted in terror upon the ghastly face of that recondite form; for Simon Maine was dead, his face convulsed by the last agony of death.

'What does this mean?' Mayla asked faintly. 'How—how did he die?'

'It was all through you,' old Barbara answered, and she came quickly to the girl's side. 'I, too, was in the garden last night, for I missed you from your room and followed you; while afterwards, when you had met Captain Frankford, it was I who went to warn Simon of your false news; I who brought him to you. I saw the shot fired, and when you tell my boy that he had killed you, He went mad in his despair then, and tried to fly, but fell into the mill stream, to drown in sight of home. It is your work—all yours—you have robbed me of him whom I loved as if he had been my own son; and I have been left behind to make sure that you shall keep your

word. You shall never see him again. I mean forever true powerlessness physical a la could of her lips, a laugh—'strangely lay, but to a strange, to be had been that Leonard her again.

We must give in utteration—'It is the wife has come—Leonard—'For a moment taken leave—'What of those as Sir Myles young was present—'You this I do not see as you the very im not she, I daughter! Can it be—that it is not before me claimed. He could check. Mayla, S—'He remem she was en—True, S—'But what dastard had! I Mayla Maine's bita account for—'Once he y know her w which woul The more stronger he might be ri child. But some at present, of her life. At all cost sible. He had en her to the M that fear re doubled for—'A doctor citedly. The baron—'Yes, yes, right, Leono at once. no! I must see. He seeme was right in in very tru child he had though he ha death. Without servant work nearest; do peditions in er back to a very b conscious gi two men w anxiety the that the wou one. It was car la was consi servants, by room that h where she w While she dead mother were taken d fort. The mome uttered a joy 'It is the w 'See, Leonar that Mayla is The young as the barone Read the m feverishly. But Sir M Strong man repress the he master d epistles. Without a Leonard. The young left no doubt he so ardently 'These are you that M Myles,' he said still further to as well to have will go at on that soundre of additional possession. Without w a word, he ha few moments spending towa The mist wa moon was beg

CHAPTER IV. THE DEED OF A DASTARD.

'Mayla has told me of her engagement, Mr. Maine, but you must have heard enough to know that she loves me, and me she. Surely, under these circumstances you will not insist on her becoming your wife.'

Leonard broke the momentary silence, which had fallen upon the little group, and he forced himself to speak quietly and clearly, though his every pulse was throbbing with a wild excitement which he had never known before.

He felt that his whole life depended on the answer which would be given him then.

'I do insist, nevertheless,' Maine retorted coldly. 'You choose to adopt the high hand, Captain Frankford, and to interfere, but perhaps you will be less ready to marry Mayla yourself when you know that she is nameless!'

'Nameless!'

In spite of himself, Leonard started as he uttered the word, and his tone was eloquent.

'Yes; nameless,' the other went on mockingly. 'Now you see how great a mesalliance this would be for you, a rich gentleman and heir to a great estate. She is not only a poor village girl, but she has an inheritance of shame as well. Her mother fled with her betrayer, only to be deserted and left to starve, while of her father's fate I know nothing. He may be still alive, for aught I can say to the contrary—the last we heard of him was when he was an inmate of a convict prison.'

He hissed the words between his clenched teeth, confident of his triumph now expecting to see Leonard turn away, glad to have escaped such a marriage.

A low moan of infinite suffering broke from Mayla.

Of all she had endured, nothing was so terrible as to hear this shameful story of the past thus revealed to the man she loved.

But as her mind died away, Leonard's voice rang out again, not faltering now, but staunch and true, with love's own music in its every tone.

'What you have told me has not altered my determination,' he said. 'I love Mayla for hers-I alone, and still my dearest wish is to make her my wife.'

A muttered oath broke from Maine's lips, and he drew a step back into the gloom.

They moved away from the crouching figure of the girl.

'You are a very determined lover, Captain Frankford,' Maine said hissing, as they confronted each other. 'But it is all in vain. Again I tell you that she is mine. I will never give her up.'

A sudden hope came to Leonard.

He remembered what Mayla had implied—that another motive than love was surely influencing this man's wooing.

'I followed you from her presence so that we might speak plainly to each other,'

he said. 'We are here as man to man, and I need have no false delicacy. Tell me, are there no terms on which you will set her free? I am a rich man, and I—'

'I have a price, if that is what you mean,' the other answered sneeringly. 'For two hundred thousand pounds I might set Mayla free, but not for a penny less.'

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As the poor girl had fallen, she had thrust her hands into the coiled masses of her hair, and the fastenings had given way, so that now the loosened tresses streamed in a silken veil to screen her pallid face.

Very gently the baronet bent down to put them aside, and for one moment he stood motionless, staring down upon the sweet face which was thus revealed, then staggered back, a great cry upon his lips.

'It is the ghost of my dead love!' he cried brokenly. 'My wife has come back from the grave!'

Mayla, after a while, came out of her swoon, thanks to the loving care which was lavished upon her, though her first consciousness was one of intense, burning pain in her shoulder.

A doctor was by her side, with a couple of women servants, and as her eyes opened she smiled down upon her reassuringly.

'Come, that is better,' he said. 'Your wound hurts now, but it is not going to be very serious. The bullet is extracted, and you will soon be quite yourself again. Drink this now and go to sleep, and when you wake up you will be well on the high road to recovery.'

Mayla obediently drained the glass he held to her lips, and it evidently contained a narcotic, for almost immediately she fell into a long heavy sleep, from which she did not wake until the next day was well advanced.

Then, when her eyes opened her memory came back with a rush, and she turned her face to the wall, forgetting the pain of her wound in the mental agony which she endured.

For she realized that she was at the Manor; she knew that she had saved Leonard's life, and guessed that he loved her still, while in honor she was yet bound to

be the wife of his would be murderer.

From the very grave her dead mother called to her, as it were, and she dared not disobey; yet she knew that she once looked on Leonard's dear face again if once she listened to his voice, all would be forgotten save her love for him.

The thought of her divided duty galvanised her into fresh strength, and from it a new resolution came.

Dearly as she loved Leonard, she would stay no longer here, she would go back to the mill, to pray that she might die; but if she lived she would become Simon Maine's wife, though she dreaded the marriage worse, a thousand times, than death.

'I have given him my promise,' she thought miserably. 'For my mother's sake it is doubly sacred. I must keep it to the bitter end.'

She swallowed the food they brought her and then lay still, so that servants thought she was asleep again; but as soon as they had gone on tip-toe from the room she sprang from the bed, to dress herself as quickly as her wounded arm would allow.

She endured exquisite pain in every movement, but her resolution gave her strength to bear all without a murmur; and when at last her toilet was complete, she opened the door of the room noiselessly, and glided into the corridor without.

Then suddenly she paused, for she realized the love she was leaving behind, and the hopelessness of the future which lay before her.

She almost broke down, but it seemed that the voice of her dead mother called to her; and sobbing, trembling, broken-hearted, she yet found strength to glide swiftly through the great house, flying with redoubled speed because she heard Leonard's voice in one of the rooms near, and all her heart and soul seemed to strive to drag her back to him.

Yet she would not yield.

She escaped from the Manor, and fled across the wide lawn to the tree-shaded park.

There, when a sheltering thicket was reached, all her strength gave way.

She flung herself down upon the mossy turf, stunned and overwhelmed with the misery she endured, so that even the agony of her wound was forgotten.

A long time elapsed; then she found strength to rise from the ground and to go on again towards the mill, taking the least-frequented lanes, so that she came at last to the dear old site where first she and Leonard met.

She dared not linger there, she dared not think of the past, for she had parted from him for ever.

Unlending, with the strength of despair she went up the grassy path through the orchard, until she reached the porch.

She opened the door and went into the cottage, and as she crossed the threshold old Barbara emerged from the kitchen at the further end of the little passage.

'You have come back, then?' the old woman said barely. 'Do you want to see the master?'

'Is he at home?' Mayla asked faintly, as she leaned against the wall for support.

Now that the interview with Simon was close at hand, she realized more bitterly than before how terrible it would be.

The old woman came to where she stood, her dark face working strangely.

Hitherto she had always been kind to Mayla, for she was devoted to Simon, whom she had nursed when he was a little child, and she had thought his future wife was to be loved for his sake.

But now there was a light in her eyes which Mayla had never seen there before, and she covered in terror from it.

'Yes; he is at home,' the old woman said. 'He is waiting for you, because he loved you so well that he swore you should never marry any other man. You have come back to him now, have you no? You will never, never go away from him again.'

'I will be his wife if he insists upon the marriage,' Mayla faltered, with white lips. 'He need not be afraid that I shall break my word.'

'Then go to him—he is waiting for you there!' Barbara exclaimed, with a strange chuckle that was half-sob and half-laughter, and, with a quick movement, she flung open the door of the best parlor so that Mayla might enter.

Trembling the girl crossed the threshold, the woman following close behind, and then she paused.

'Where is Simon?' she asked, and it seemed to her that her voice sounded still and strange in that hushed room. 'He is not here.'

'He is sleeping,' the old woman answered, and she pointed to the sofa. 'Go and wake him, if you can.'

Mayla's eyes followed the direction of that outstretched hand, and then she saw the indistinct outlines of a human form lying under a rug upon the sofa.

Her first impulse was to draw back, to go on tip-toe from the room for fear of awakening the sleeper; but some power, which was not her own will, drew her to him.

She crossed the room and drew down the covering, and then, with a wail of anguish, started back, her wild eyes riveted in terror upon the ghastly face of that recondite form; for Simon Maine was dead, his face convulsed by the last agony of death.

'What does this mean?' Mayla asked faintly. 'How—how did he die?'

'It was all through you,' old Barbara answered, and she came quickly to the girl's side. 'I, too, was in the garden last night, for I missed you from your room and followed you; while afterwards, when you had met Captain Frankford, it was I who went to warn Simon of your false news; I who brought him to you. I saw the shot fired, and when you tell my boy that he had killed you, He went mad in his despair then, and tried to fly, but fell into the mill stream, to drown in sight of home. It is your work—all yours—you have robbed me of him whom I loved as if he had been my own son; and I have been left behind to make sure that you shall keep your

word. You shall never see him again. I mean forever true powerlessness physical a la could of her lips, a laugh—'strangely lay, but to a strange, to be had been that Leonard her again.

We must give in utteration—'It is the wife has come—Leonard—'For a moment taken leave—'What of those as Sir Myles young was present—'You this I do not see as you the very im not she, I daughter! Can it be—that it is not before me claimed. He could check. Mayla, S—'He remem she was en—True, S—'But what dastard had! I Mayla Maine's bita account for—'Once he y know her w which woul The more stronger he might be ri child. But some at present, of her life. At all cost sible. He had en her to the M that fear re doubled for—'A doctor citedly. The baron—'Yes, yes, right, Leono at once. no! I must see. He seeme was right in in very tru child he had though he ha death. Without servant work nearest; do peditions in er back to a very b conscious gi two men w anxiety the that the wou one. It was car la was consi servants, by room that h where she w While she dead mother were taken d fort. The mome uttered a joy 'It is the w 'See, Leonar that Mayla is The young as the barone Read the m feverishly. But Sir M Strong man repress the he master d epistles. Without a Leonard. The young left no doubt he so ardently 'These are you that M Myles,' he said still further to as well to have will go at on that soundre of additional possession. Without w a word, he ha few moments spending towa The mist wa moon was beg

Continued on page eleven.

the wife of his would be murderer. From the very grave her dead mother came to her, as it were, and she said: "What do you mean?" Mayla asked faintly.

She could make no effort to fly, for her terror was like a paralysis, and she knew that there was the light of madness shining in the old woman's glittering eyes.

I mean to kill you so that you will be forever true to him, was the answer; and powerless to move as she was, faint with physical agony and mental suffering, Mayla could only close her eyes, a prayer upon her lips, as she waited for the end.

A laugh of triumph rang from the old woman's lips, laughter which sounded strangely in that room where the dead man lay, but the next moment it changed to a strangled shriek of foiled rage, for the door of the room had been dashed open, and Mayla knew that Leonard's arms were close clapping her again.

CHAPTER V.
WON AT LAST.

We must go back a few hours—to the time, in fact, when Sir Myles Frankford gave utterance to that startling exclamation—

"It is the ghost of my dead love! My wife has come back to me from the grave!"

Leonard looked at the baronet in amazement.

For a moment he almost believed he had taken leave of his senses.

What otherwise, could be the meaning of those astounding words?

Sir Myles, glancing fleetingly at his young relation, divined the thought that was present in his mind.

"You think me demented," he said, "and I do not wonder at it. But I am sane—as sane as you are, Leonard. That girl is the very image of my long-lost wife. It is not she, I know; but my daughter—my daughter! I have no proof that she died. Can it be—oh, God in Heaven grant it!—that it is my child whom I see lying there before me?"

"Your daughter?" the young man exclaimed. "Can it indeed be possible?"

He could scarcely keep his excitement in check.

Mayla, Sir Myles's daughter!

It might indeed be so.

He remembered the mystery by which she was enshrouded.

True, Simon Maine had told him she was a child of shame.

But what guarantee had he that that dastard had spoken truly?

If Mayla was indeed Sir Myles's daughter, Maine's hitherto unaccountable determination to make her his wife was easily to be accounted for.

Once he was her husband, he could make known her identity and share the wealth which would be hers in consequence.

The more Leonard thought about it, the stronger became his hope that the baronet might be right in thinking Mayla was his child.

But something else had to be thought of at present, and that was the preservation of her life.

At all costs she must be saved, if possible.

He had feared, when he had brought her to the Manor, that she was dying, and that fear returned to him now with redoubled force.

"A doctor! a doctor!" he exclaimed, excitedly.

The baronet started, as if from a dream.

"Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "you are right, Leonard; a doctor must be sent for at once. I must not lose her again—no, no! I must not lose her again."

He seemed intuitively to know that he was right in his surmise—that Mayla was, in very truth, his long-lost daughter, the child he had mourned for years as dead, though he had never had any proof of her death.

Without a moment's more delay, a servant was despatched, post haste, for the nearest doctor, who was equally expert in accompanying the messenger back to the Manor.

A very brief examination of the still unconscious girl enabled him to assure the two men who awaited with breathless anxiety the result of his investigations, that the wound was by no means a mortal one.

It was carefully dressed, and then Mayla was consigned to the care of the woman servants, by whom she was conveyed to a room that had been prepared for her, where she was drenched and put to bed.

While she was being undressed, her dead mother's letters came to light, and were taken downstairs to Sir Myles Frankford.

The moment he saw the handwriting, he uttered a joyful exclamation.

"It is the writing of my wife!" he cried.

"See, Leonard! This surely is a proof that Mayla is my child."

The young man was almost as excited as the baronet.

"Read them, read them!" he exclaimed feverishly.

But Sir Myles was already doing so.

Strong man though he was, he could not repress the tears that sprang to his eyes as he mastered the contents of those pathetic epistles.

Without a word he passed the letters to Leonard.

The young man saw at once that they left no doubt as to the identity of the girl he so ardently loved.

"These are sufficient proof, to me and to you, that Mayla is your daughter, Sir Myles," he said. "But doubtless there is still further to be obtained, and it will be as well to have it, in order to make assurance doubly sure in the eyes of others. I will go at once to the mill, and wrest from that scoundrel, Simon Maine, every shred of additional evidence he may have in his possession."

Without waiting for the baronet to utter a word, he hastened from the room, and a few moments later was out in the night speeding towards the mill.

The mist was dispersing now, and the moon was beginning to assert her sway.

By the time he reached the mill-stream, he could clearly distinguish objects for some distance around.

As he neared his destination he was surprised to see a female form standing on the bank of the mill stream, alternately wringing her hands and gesticulating wildly.

On hearing his footsteps the woman suddenly turned towards him, and he saw that it was old Barbara.

There was a look in her face that for a moment repelled him.

So ghastly white was it—accentuated as its pallor was by the light of the moon, which streamed directly down upon it—that it looked like the face of Death itself, while in the eyes there was a gleam that betokened madness.

For only a moment Leonard paused, then he went forward again.

"You here, Barbara!" he exclaimed.

"Why is this?"

She did not reply immediately, but stood gazing fixedly at his face.

Then she raised her hand, and the quivering finger was pointed directly at him.

"That is the man!" she cried shrilly. "His blood is on your head!"

Leonard stared at her in amazement.

"What can you mean?" he said. "I am no murderer!"

"Liar!" the old woman hissed. "Had it not been for you he would be alive at this moment!"

"Of whom are you speaking?" the young man asked, more amazed than ever.

"O my boy—of Simon Maine. He is dead, and you are his murderer."

"You must be mad!" Leonard exclaimed, and in his own mind he had no doubt of the truth of his words. "I am here to see your master. Where is he?"

The old woman broke out into a shriek of laughter.

"He is here! He is here!" she cried, pointing downwards into the swift flowing stream. "If you would interview him, you must go down there, there, there!"

Could it be that the old woman spoke truly—that Simon Maine had indeed met his end in the chilling embrace of the mill-stream?

If so, that awful fact explained the madness which had seized her for its own, for he well knew of the dog-like attachment to the man she had served so long and faithfully.

He started forward impulsively, and in a moment was standing beside her on the verge of the stream.

It was very deep at this spot, but the water was clear as crystal, and the moon, now shining with unclouded brilliance, enabled him to see down in the depths with tolerable distinctness.

And as he gazed, it seemed to him that he could make out a dark object which looked horribly like a human form, lying down there motionless among the weeds.

In a moment his coat was off.

Another, and he had dived into the depths.

There might still be life in that motionless form, and villain though the man was, he could not let him drown without making an effort to save him.

In a moment he had seized the body of Simon Maine, and, with a mighty effort, he wrenched it free of the clutch of the entangling weeds.

Then he bore it to the surface, and, with old Barbara's aid, got it out upon the bank.

Every expedient he knew of he employed to restore animation.

But all was in vain, and at length he desisted, convinced that his foe was, indeed, beyond all earthly help.

"He is dead," he said to old Barbara.

She had been watching his exertions with bated breath.

"Help me to carry him into the house," the young man added, and she obeyed like one in a trance.

The body was laid on the sofa in the best room, and Leonard, possessing himself of the dead man's keys, opened the bureau, and was speedily in possession of the additional proofs of Mayla's identity for which he had come to the mill.

Old Barbara took no notice of him, but sat crouching over the body of the man she had loved with almost a mother's love and the young man silently took his departure and left her alone with her dead.

When hours later, he learnt of Mayla's disappearance, he guessed at once whether she had gone, and her motive in going, and once more he sped back to the mill, arriving, as we have seen, in the nick of time to save Mayla from the vengeance of the mad woman.

"My dearest, we missed you from the Manor, and I was almost in despair. Why did you run away from me like that?"

The lovers were together in the homely kitchen at the mill, waiting for the carriage which had been summoned to take them back to the Manor.

In the room close at hand Simon Maine was lying dead, but save for his presence they were alone in the house, for Barbara had been taken away, and placed in safe keeping.

"I could not stay at the Manor," Mayla answered brokenly. "Have you forgotten my promise to Simon? It was one I dared not break."

"It was one which you had no right to keep," Leonard answered resolutely. "But his death has cut that Gordian knot for ever. You will come back to the Manor now, dear love, for all the barriers which were between us have been swept away."

"Oh! but you forget," she answered, trembling. "I think of the difference between our stations—of the story which Simon told me of my poor mother's death—of my father's sin—"

"My darling, about that I have a great deal to say, for while you slept last night I was making great investigations. They brought me those old letters which they found in your breast, and Sir Myles and I read them together, for, dear one, he has a right to know all that was in them they were written by his dying wife!"

"How can that be?" Mayla asked, amazed. "I do not understand."

"In a few words, then, the story which Simon Maine told about your father having been a convict was a pure invention, fabricated by him in order, I suppose, to make you think the gratitude you owed him greater than it really was. That your mother died in poverty, cast off by all her friends, is unfortunately true, yet none the less she was Sir Myles Frankford's dearly-loved wife. From the time you were a baby he resolved to marry you and then when you were his wife, to claim the fortune that ought to be yours. You see, you were right when you thought he did not love you."

"And this wonderful story is true?" Mayla murmured. "I am really the daughter of Sir Myles?"

"Yes, beyond all doubt. Those letters which you possessed were alone sufficient proof, but I found still further when I came to the mill last night, and took myself to search that old bureau. Come my darling, Sir Myles is waiting for you, and I hear the carriage coming. Through all these years his life has been clouded by grief and remorse for your mother's loss, but you will console him now. Your love will be all the world to him. Just as it is all the world to me."

How she answered him need not be told nor how, within a little while she found herself clasped in her long lost father's arms, and realized that a new life of love and tender care had begun for her.

All this happened long ago, but the years which have elapsed have gifted by in cloudless sunshine.

The shadow of sorrow has long since been banished from Sir Myles's face, while in all the land there is no happier woman than Mayla Frankford, now the lady of the stately Manor, who still remembers tenderly the far off days when her husband wooed her as the blue eyed Maid Of The Mill.

Two Difficult Saturday Night Interviews.

The well-known Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, of New York, makes a point of being very courteous to newspaper men and is always willing to be seen and interviewed.

He sets aside one hour each day to be at home to callers in general; but to newspaper men he is at home at nearly all times—except on Saturday night. That night he devotes to final preparation and thought for his work of the next morning, and his rule has never been to be at home after six o'clock on Saturday evening.

In that particular he is like the late Dr. John Hall, who would never allow himself to be seen on a Saturday night, Doctor Parkhurst is a Presbyterian, and so was Doctor Hall—in fact, they were the two most distinguished Presbyterian ministers in the city.

About ten o'clock on a certain Saturday night a report came into a New York newspaper office that some one of Canadian Presbyterians had taken exception to passages in a book of Rev. John Watson's—'Ian MacLaren'—and that they even talked of forcing the matter into regular church proceedings against Doctor Watson on account of alleged heresy.

Go and see Doctor Hall and Doctor Parkhurst, said a city editor to a reporter, and get a full talk from them in regard to this.

The reporter knew very well that the city editor did not expect him to get those interviews, but was sending him on a "broken hope." But he merely took the assignment without any comments and went out.

He went first to the house of Doctor Hall on Fifth Avenue, that being the father of the two from the office. His knowledge that if he sent up his card he would merely receive a message that Doctor Hall could not be seen. He decided therefore that the Doctor must be made to feel "an interest in the information that he (the reporter) was to give."

The servant who opened the door recognized him as a newspaper man, and grinned. "You know the doctor won't see you on Saturday night," she said.

"Just tell Doctor Hall," said the reporter "that I have news for an intended trial for heresy of Ian MacLaren."

The servant took the message and in a few moments the giant form of Doctor Hall came hurrying down the stair.

"What's that about Ian MacLaren?" he cried.

The reporter told him, and then got a good interview from him in regard to it.

Then to Dr. Parkhurst's house. Again the face of a servant who had frequently seen the reporter, and again the words, "You know the Doctor won't see you on Saturday night."

But the newspaper man wrote on his card: "To tell you about a report of an intended trial for heresy of Ian MacLaren."

In a few moments Doctor Parkhurst's voice was heard. "Come right up here. Come right up to my study."

The news was told and the second interview gained.

The reporter was back at the newspaper office before midnight and walked up to the city editor's desk. That tired faced man looked up.

"I have been to see Doctor Hall and Doctor Parkhurst," said the reporter.


"Wouldn't be seen, of course?" said the editor.

"Got 'em both," said the reporter.

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"Dear Sir:—I have been very much pleased to receive your receipt and I had no trouble in using it. I feel much better and I can now do my work as usual. I have been very weak and I am now strong and healthy. I am very much obliged to you for your kind and generous offer. I will be glad to give your name to my friends and to any one who is suffering from the same complaint. I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, J. H. Smith."

The chief reason most men want to go to heaven when they die is that they know it will surprise their wife's relatives to see them there.

The older a woman gets the less patience she has with the heroine in a novel who refuses to marry a man with money, simply because she doesn't love him.

"A man hasn't no better nor no wuss ez he is rich," said Uncle Ebbin. "Day is just ez many microbes on a one lollar bill ez day is on a two yer."

Mr. Masquito—We'll have to move south pretty soon.

Mrs. Masquito—Dear me, I must be round and run a few more bills before we leave.

Mr. Beranx—No Willis, you couldn't have heard in owl this afternoon. Oats only hoot at night, they sleep during the day.

Willie Beranx (singing sadly)—Bird don't they ever hoot in their sleep.

Willie (who has been out shopping all day)—O, dear, how tired and hungry I am! Huh-banx—Don't you have any luncheon in town? A plate of soup only. I didn't feel that I could afford to have more. Did you find the hat you wanted? O, yes; it is a perfect dream, John, and it cost three pounds ten.

The plans of the Irish delegation which is to sail for the United States have been completed. John Redmond, the Irish parliamentary leader, will be accompanied by Messrs. McHugh and Thomas O'Donnell, member of parliament. They will sail on the White Star line steamer Majestic from Queenstown, Oct. 24. Michael Davitt will join them at New York. Mr. McHugh is at present undergoing six months' imprisonment in Kildinshan jail. He will be released Oct. 21. Mr. O'Donnell will make addresses in Celtic.

Sandra School Teacher—New, children what did Pharaoh say to Moses?

Children—We don't know.

Teacher—O, yes, you do. He told Moses to go and do something. Now, what did he say?

Class—Go way back and sit down!

Man—I wonder why Irene can't talk two minutes without dragging in the young man she's engaged to.

Maedl—Frogs of habit, I suppose. I've always understood she had to drag him into the engagement.

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TALES OF NOTED MEN.

Told About General Sir Evelyn Wood. The failing of deafness afflicts one of the great officials at the British War Office, the Adjutant General, Sir Evelyn Wood.

When Sir Evelyn got up to reply he began with, 'That reminds me,' and proceeded to tell a number of excellent stories, not one of which even remotely referred to the speech of introduction, of which he had not heard a single word.

On another occasion a colleague who wished to discuss some important official business with him at one of the military clubs. He had forgotten about the hardness of hearing and was obliged to raise his voice so high that every one's attention was attracted, and secrets would have leaked out had not the pair promptly retired to a more private apartment.

In all other respects Sir Evelyn Wood rejoices in unimpaired vitality. Always a fine horseman, he hunts still with all bounds that can be reached from London. He is also an enthusiastic cyclist and is often seen spinning along on his wheel.

The gallant General is also a devoted admirer of the beau sexe. Apropos of this a story is told which is worth repeating. One of Sir Evelyn's chief subordinates, after patient waiting, had at last got speech with him and was transacting business, when the door was thrown open wide and the messenger announced: 'Mrs. X. Y. Z.'

The staff officer was obliged, of course to gather up his papers and go, but on reaching the door he spoke sharply to the messenger who had introduced the lady so opportunely.

'Mrs. X. Y. Z. always has the henry! I said the man lately, as though he were speaking of Royalty. Sir Evelyn is not the only army officer who honors the fair sex. One day, when the Duke of Cambridge was Commander in Chief, there was a Board which dealt with promotions, and when the name of the first man was mentioned the Duke protested that he had never even heard of it.

'Why, sir, he is Mrs. Smith's husband. 'What! That charming woman! Promote him by all means!

Next came Jones; but the Duke had heard something of Jones, not in his favor. 'First class officer,' urged Sir Redvers Buller, 'great student; has passed through the Staff College.'

'Ah; to be sure!' cried the Duke. 'I remember I knew there was something against him.'

Last of all came Robinson, a good all round officer, but with one serious defect; he was deaf. 'Daad!' interposed Sir Evelyn Wood. 'Then he does not want promotion.'

A New Broom's Clean Sweep. Colonel E. D. Ward, the new Under Secretary of State of Great Britain, who took up his new duties lately means to look very closely into the system of administration and especially with regard to the work done.

There is a suspicion that many more clerks are kept than are wanted and that they help each other to gossip and waste time. Colonel Ward proposes to visit every room in the street—and the War Office occupies so many houses in Pall Mall that it is practically half one side of the street—and inquire personally into the business of every individual who has a desk in that particular room. It must be understood that although so overgrown the pressure for space is so great within the War Office that four, five even six clerks are located in one room.

Until the other day the head of each room used to receive his friends and visitors inside it; now he has to come out into the corridor and stand there while he talks—a gentle hint, from superior authority, that callers during business hours are not in future to be encouraged.

No doubt Colonel Ward will introduce many salutary reforms in carrying on work, for he has much practical knowledge, backed by considerable force of character. The new Under Secretary served in the Sudan and in Abyssinia, and has been decorated for notable service. He has also had experience in administrative work and is the author of a book on military matters. He is not quite fifty years of age.

General Wallace and the Arms and Ammunition. Not all of General Law Wallace's romances are done on paper. Occasionally

this dear old historical romance takes a hand in an affair of the heart in 'real life,' and manages it as successfully as if it were a creation of his imagination.

Last winter General Law Wallace lived in the 'Blacherno,' his handsome Indianapolis apartment building, which was erected entirely from the proceeds of 'The Hur,' the novel which made his fame.

After dinner General Wallace had just settled himself to the enjoyment of a delicious evening, when a servant announced that a young Armenian desired a short interview. He was at once admitted, for General Wallace makes it a rule to see all foreign callers without exception. Then the young man stated his mission.

His brother, he said, was under the suspicion of the Sultan's Government and had found it advisable to keep out of Turkey's domains. But a desire to see his sweetheart had at length determined him to make the reckless experiment of going back to the Turkish capital. Therefore he had written to his brother in America saying: 'If you do not hear from me inside of twenty days you will know that I have gone to Constantinople; and if you do not receive within forty days a letter mailed from there make up your mind that I have been torn into prison and be prepared to help me out.'

General Wallace's caller then said that more than forty days had passed and that he had received no word from the reckless young brother, and he added: 'I know that there is not a man in this country so high in the favor of the Sultan as yourself, and so I have come to beg you to do what you can for my brother's "bars on."

'All the world loves a lover,' and General Wallace is not an exception to the rule. He at once took a keen personal interest in the case. By cable, in correspondence with a prominent Turkish official, whose close friendship General Wallace had enjoyed while United States Minister to Turkey, he learned that the young man had been imprisoned on the charge of complicity in a dangerous revolutionary plot against the Government, and that his probable fate was most unenviable. Then General Wallace made epistolary appeals to a group of officials high in the councils of the Sultan, and finally received notice that, as a personal compliment to him, the prisoner would be released on condition that he accept a permanent leave of the country.

Immediately the novelist sent a liberal check, sufficient to pay the passage and other expenses of two persons traveling from Constantinople to Indianapolis, and directed the young Armenian to marry his sweetheart, and start at once with her for America. This he did; and, in a display of human gratitude is compensation for an act of unselfish benevolence, General Wallace was liberally rewarded for his efforts.

QUARRELL WITH BOY KING. Pretty American Girl Upbraids Alphonso of Spain.

King Alphonso of Spain recently aroused the ire of Miss Colford, a pretty American girl, at San Sebastian by repeatedly taking snap shots of her while on the beach. Miss Colford, who is reported to be well known in New York society and who has just arrived here from Paris, was promenading on the beach with her aged French maid, and the youthful monarch was also taking a morning walk, accompanied by Loriga, his military instructor. As usual, Master Alphonso carried a camera along over his shoulder, and every time he passed the pretty American girl he took a snap shot at her.

Miss Colford for a time was unaware of this. When she discovered what the lad was doing she became intensely angry. At this time she had no idea of the identity of her persecutor. She rushed up to Alphonso just as he was preparing to take another picture, seized his camera and threw it upon the ground, exclaiming: 'How dare you!' Colode, Loriga picked up the kodak and placed himself between the king and the excited American girl, saying in English, 'Madame, this is the king of Spain.' It makes no difference who he is,' retorted Miss Colford, angrily. 'This is the seventh time he has photographed me. I call that gross, insulting insistence and I want him to know it.'

'Tell her we thought her remarkably pretty,' put in the king. 'That's our excuse. Beg her pardon and say that after this the pictures shall not be developed.' Miss Colford now began to apologize for her outburst but the royal boy evidently

thought the conversation had lasted long enough, for he tripped his back upon Miss Colford and walked away, leaving her under the embarrassing gaze of the beach promenaders.

Emperor William and the Kaiser. American social leaders are more interested in the Kaiser of Germany than they ever were in any crowned head, outside of the English ruler. Probably it is because the Kaiser is fond of Americans, and shows as keen a desire as his uncle, the King of England, to meet charming Americans and talk to them. In Berlin and Homburg he has met many of the rich social set of America and they are loud in their praise of the Emperor.

He is described as having the most fascinating personality in Europe to day. It is said of him that he has that great quality which made the wife of President Cleveland one of the most notable women who ever presided at the White House. That is, the gift of making a visitor or auditor think that he is the one person in the world whom the great one desires to meet. A woman, who is of high social distinction in America, was presented to the Kaiser at some dinner that was not attended with royal state. She was talking to him when she was offered a famous German salad. It was handed on her right and the Kaiser was on her left, which put her in a predicament.

She did not dare turn her face from the Emperor to help herself to the salad. The situation was too much for her. The Emperor, seeing the condition at a glance, looked at her for an instant and laughed, as he said: 'A Kaiser can wait, but a salad cannot.'

The Love Letters Of Famous Men.

Dearest, Don't for the world destroy this letter; keep it carefully. I am about making arrangements for the publication of our letters. Ever your own, Milton.

My Adored, Be sure to keep all my letters, so as not to destroy the sequence. Arrangements are now pending for publication. 'More news soon. As ever, your own, Robespierre.

Dearest, my own dearest, Remember to keep my letters, as I do yours. I am now holding out for twenty five per cent royalty. I'm being absurd, I'm sure. Your own, ever your own, Aristotle.

My Life, my Love, my Darling, As you see again that you keep all my letters. I am still contending on the royal matter. Franklin, Square and Company think it too much. Unless we can come to an agreement soon, I shall open negotiations with Spenser and Sons. Always, always, my adored one, your own, Mozart.

My Thought, my Mind, my Life, my A. Your suggestion about an asbestos box and crumpher bottle is a good one. The letters must be kept safe. I have just opened up the matter with Spenser. I am to see them again tomorrow. My adored, your loving captor, your happy captive, Wellington.

Dainty Dear, Sweet Fleur-de-lis, My own char: ring Sum-Ser, Be sure to file this away carefully. Yours was so good; I want to keep reading it, so have had a typewritten copy made to carry in my hat, while I have, of course, filed yours. Spensers agree to the twenty five per cent royalty. Other details yet to be arranged. Your loving, little, wistful Cortez.

Love's Best Love, Do be careful, dear! Do not carry my letters about with you to the woods and other places; put them away at once after reading them. We are now discussing whether it shall be one volume 8vo, or two small volumes. I think I favor the two small volumes. What do you say, dear? A soft, sweet kiss in the shadow, my love, from Wagner.

My One, my Only Sweet, Need I tell you, dear, to keep this carefully? Things are starting out fine. The press agent has already started on his work. An advance notice is to appear in the Saturday 'All the news' supplement. After that, there is to be an illustrated article in the Book Borer. They are going to publish selections in the magazine. A first edition of half a million will surely be required. That ought to furnish our fat comfortably. Love, love is fifty seven varieties, Heine.

Private Marriages of Royal Widows.

Writing of the allegedmorganatic marriage of the late Empress Frederick, the Paris correspondent of London 'Truth' says:

'A Berlin paper stated some days ago that the Empress Frederick was at the time of her death the wife of Count Seckendorff, her house marshall. The other journals call on the Government to disprove the monstrous assertion. Why should it be a monstrous assertion?

Prizes Catch many women. What do prizes amount to? Not worth considering. Cannot pay you for poorer work, greater expense and risk to clothes, which you get with an inferior washing powder. Any woman who uses PEARLINE has a prize, and will save enough to buy more and better knick-knacks. Pearlina Saves 682

The Count was an old and faithful friend of the Empress. He accompanied her in her artistic tours. Frederick esteemed him highly. It is now some years since her youngest daughter married. Why should she not marry a gentleman so distinguished as the Count? The truth is that the private marriages of royal and imperial widows are not the exception, but the rule, and have been so for centuries. Some august widows were satisfied to look much lower for their second husbands than the Empress Frederick is said to have done.

In France and Italy marriage with a person of inferior rank was thought a sign of greater weakness than a friendship. The worship of a first husband or wife do not necessarily exclude affection for a second. I had a relative who presented colored glass windows that cost £1,000 apiece to churches in memory of his first wife when he was walking about London with his second wife. There was no widow more devoted to the memory of her first husband than the late Duchesse d'Orleans. Nevertheless, she was believed to have married her secretary. 'A conscience marriage' is easy in Catholic countries save in France.

Nobody except the priest who officiates need know about it. 'A conscience marriage' might be celebrated very quietly in England by publication of banns with a slight change of names, changing say, Gueph to Wolf, or Bonaparte to Good-bye. The same is also the regular office, where things might pass with a user privacy. Scotland is the country of all others where private marriages can be entered into. No solemnization is required, and the solemnization is on a mere exchange of vows in a table.

RHEUMATIC PAINS, CAUSED BY AN IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

It is noted they will grow worse and serious results will follow unless cured. From the Telegraph Quebec.

Rheumatism is one of the most common and at the same time one of the most painful affections from which humanity suffers. It affects the joints and muscles, and is characterized, even in its simplest form, by a dull constant pain. While it remains in the joints and muscles, it is sufficiently painful and distressing, but as it is liable to attack the vital organs, such as the heart, the disease becomes a source of danger, and in many instances it has proved fatal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess qualities for the cure of this disease which are unequalled by any other medicine.

Mr. O. J. Lamond, a well known resident of Stadacona, Quebec, bears testimony to the wonderful curative powers of these pills. To a reporter of the Telegraph, he gave the following story:—'Until some three years ago I always enjoyed the best of health, but about that time I was attacked with what proved from the outset to be a severe case of rheumatism, from which I suffered great torture. I tried a number of the supposed cures for this disease, but none of them benefited me. I seemed to be constantly growing worse, so I called in a physician, but as his treatment did not give me relief, I sought the assistance of two other doctors, but they also failed to help me. My appetite left me; my strength gradually ebbed away and my legs were drawn out of shape, and I was never free from pain. I was in despair of ever being well again, when one day a relative brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to take them. He seemed to have such great confidence in the pills that I determined to follow his advice. To day I am happy that I did so, for with the use of less than a dozen boxes of these pills the pain from which I suffered so much is all gone, and I feel stronger and healthier than I did before. This I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge similar sufferers to give them a trial.

Experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be without an equal as a blood builder and nerve restorer. It is the power of acting directly on the blood and nerves that enables these pills to cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, and all the ordinary diseases of the blood and nerves. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

- BORN. Amherst, Sept 26, to the wife of Tremblay, a son. Amherst, Sept 22, to the wife of John Riley, a son. Digby, Sept 19, to the wife of Edgar Warner a son. Weston, Sept 24, to the wife of E. S. Barant, a son. Rochester, to the wife of Edmund Glegg, a daughter. Milton, Sept 22, to the wife of Capt. Lead, a daughter. Plympton, Sept 24, to the wife of Capt. Warner, a son. Glenwood, Sept 19, to the wife of Bowman Ricker, a son. St. John, Sept 25, to the wife of J. N. Harvey, a daughter. Amherst, Sept 25, to the wife of Frank Cove a daughter. Bridgewater, Sept 19, to the wife of Prot Shaw a daughter. Dartmouth, Sept 27, to the wife of Charles Harvey, a daughter. Halifax, Sept 28, to the wife of Robert Downie, a daughter. St. John, Sept 20, to the wife of Edward Henry, a daughter. Halifax, Sept 24 to the wife of W. S. Withers a daughter. Fredericton, Sept 28, to the wife of Percy Powis, a daughter. P. E. I., Sept 16, to the wife of Joseph Burdett, a son. Middle River, Sept 19, to the wife of Anley M. Lean, a son. Clark's Harbor, Sept 4, to the wife of M. Henderson, a daughter.

- MARRIED. Digby, Sept 15, Wm Devos and Olinda Dubbar. Jolicote, Sept 25, Joshua Beck to Nellie Oulden. Weyville, Sept 23, Edgar B. D. to Alice Lyman. Tracy, Sept 28, Joseph Wynn, to Mary McKenzie Sydney, Sept 21, J. M. MacFarland to Lela H. Reid. Amherst, Sept 25, A. Red Fox, to E. H. Finch. Annapolis, Sept 21, Eva Daniels to Stanley Graham. St. John, Sept 28, Frank's Cousin to Ethel Stapleton. Amherst, Sept 25, Lucy Carter to Medley A. Hinson. Avonport, Sept 25, Mildred G. and to John Johnson. Annapolis, Sept 24, Edward White to Minnie Johnson. Halifax, Sept 28, Frederick Irwin to Maud Nickerson. Tracy, Sept 23, Johnston Reynard to Maitha Ferguson. Yarmouth, Sept 16, Joseph Gaynor to Jessie Hoskins. Weyville, Sept 25, Walter Johnson to Irene Patterson. Amherst, Sept 25, James Morrison to Fannie Smith. Bible Hill, Tracy, Sept 21, James Foster to Eva Smith. Windsor, Sept 25, George Mitchell to Evelyn Smith. Millard, Nova Scotia, Sept 26, Frederick Curry to Mabel Barrill. Halifax, Sept 25, Reginald Spurr to Daisy McCord. Brackley, Sept 25, James McFarlane to Mary Pearson.

- DIED. Kennebec, Sept 25, Mary Craig, 45. Edmund, Sept 25, John Sheer, 18. Summerside, Sept 25, Mrs. Hea, 22. Halifax, Sept 26, George Porter, 29. Westport, Sept 14, M. J. Hoop, 48. Dorchester, Sept 22, John McDonald. Burington, Sept 27, Maillid Salter, 83. Chatham, Sept 27, Eliza Fyener, 78. Charlotte, Sept 23, Leona McWilliams, 66. Westford, Sept 29, Elizabeth Parker, 63. Kensington, Sept 26, Margie Mahon, 18. Fox River, Sept 24, Robt. Meriman, 2. Perette, Sept 20, Nellie May Spurr, 9 days. Brooklyn, Sept 29, Be Juvail Holden, 80. Charlottetown, Sept 26, Richard Jewell, 63. Deerfield, Sept 18, Leona McWilliams, 66. Annapolis Royal, Sept 24, Charlotte Rice, 69. Springdale, Sept 1, Lydia Porter, 7 months. Hamilton, Sept 12, Sydney Hulsmar, 7 months. Yarmouth, Sept 14, Florence Fletcher, 2 months. Kennebecville, Aug 25, Mrs. Jacob N. Whitehouse, 72. Annapolis Royal, Sept 24, Charles Reynolds months.

RAILROADS. Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-- TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Suburban Express for Exmouth, 8:00. Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 10:00. Suburban express for Robbsey, 11:00. Express for Point du Chenier, Halifax and Exmouth, 11:30. Express for Sussex, 12:30. Suburban Express to Moncton, 12:30. Express for Quebec and Montreal, 12:30. Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, 12:30. Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chenier, 12:30. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Sydney, 6:00. Suburban Express for Hampton, 7:15. Express from Exmouth, 8:45. Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11:15. Suburban express from Robbsey, 12:30. Express from Halifax and Exmouth, 12:30. Express from Halifax and Exmouth, 12:30. Suburban Express from Hampton, 12:30. Accommodation from Point du Chenier and Moncton, 12:30. Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Shore and Central Railway, four hours notice.

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B. June 6, 1901. GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A., Ticket St. John, N.B.

VOL. XIII. The Maritime Pro... On Thursday, October... arrive in the City of St. John... Highnesses the Duke and... Cornwall and York, the... Queen of the British Empire... the first time in over forty... City will have the honor... future ruler of the country... time in its history of receiving... distinguished personages. This City and Province... past has looked forward to... citizens of St. John and the... the Province have for... industriously and faithfully... ations to make the coming... worthy of New Brunswick... characteristic of its people's... The difficulties in planning... vast undertaking have been... great, but they have been... programme that has been... meet with the approval of... will be a short one but every... opportunity to see the Royal... join in extending a hearty... welcome. The train is due to arrive... colonial Station at 2.35 P.M. Here His Honor the Lieut.-G... accompanied by the members... ment will receive their High... which carriages will be taken... hibition building. The drive... will be along Mill and Dock... King along the north side of... to Sidney, down Sidney to Q... thence the north side of the... Charlotte, down Charlotte... through Broad to Sydney and... ney to the exhibition. At the Exhibition His V... Mayor will receive the royal... programme as arranged to... out in this building will immo...