

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

A CYCLE RIDER'S SPORT.

HE PLAYS UPON THE AFFECTIONS OF A HALIFAX BLONDE.

And now, satisfied with her Cash Takes her Diamonds—Love Conquers all However, and she Refused to Prosecute Mr. Mosher the Tricky Cyclist.

HALIFAX, July 19.—Harry Mosher, a trick bicycle rider, who performed at the Lyceum theatre in this city, has got himself into difficulties, which no doubt will take him some time to get out of. He was one of a number of performers who came here several weeks ago for a short engagement at the Lyceum. He is quite an expert on the wheel, and he pleased many audiences during his short sojourn. Almost every afternoon Mosher visited Point Pleasant park on his wheel, and gave free performances before quite a gathering. Among the number that usually congregated was one of those sweet smiling "beauties," with bleached blonde hair, and the two soon formed an acquaintance. She became smitten with his charms, and they were frequently seen together.

It could not have been his good looks that caught her fancy, as he was anything but prepossessing, so the only conclusion that can be reached is that it must have been his winning ways. After concluding his engagement at the theatre, he took up his residence with this woman, and the two lived in harmony for several days. He gave her to understand that he was going to permanently reside here, and that he had engaged the exhibition building to give performances in.

He intended to teach her how to master the wheel, and the two would perform together. She accepted all this in good faith, and when his cash ran short she supplied him with the necessary change that he required to keep up his end with the boys. He also promised to marry her, and the ceremony was to have been performed on Tuesday evening, and she was having her trousseau prepared for the event. The very thought of her name, Miss May Bennett—being changed to that of Mrs. Mosher was a most delightful one, and the ardent haired cyclist was again recuperated with more cash. On Monday morning Mosher arose somewhat earlier than usual, and after securing what cash he could find, and a diamond ring, he rode rapidly to North street station on his wheel, purchased a ticket for Yarmouth and jumped on the D. & E. train in company with several other Lyceum performers who were on their way to Boston. The female at once realized that she had been victimized, and reported the loss to the chief of police. A message over the wires travelled much faster than the train could, so when the fleeing cyclist arrived in Yarmouth a couple of police officers were in waiting for him. He protested his innocence, but that did not prevent his being locked up, till an officer arrived from this city to bring him back.

On his return the female was given permission to see him, and finally she agreed not to prosecute him. She was as good as her word however, and when the case was called she failed to appear in court and he was let out. The terms of the agreement were that he was to marry her, if she did not prosecute him. Mosher is a married man and has a wife and family in Boston. He is a Haligonian by birth, and has several relatives in this city. May Bennett is only the female's stage name. Her proper name is Janie Burns and she hails from Maine.

TOOK THE TOWN BY STORM.

Main's Circus on the Streets of Halifax on Sunday Last.

HALIFAX, July 20.—The quiet and peace of this good old city was very much disturbed by the arrival of Main's circus on last Sunday. It struck the town about 10 o'clock a. m. just as the church bells were loudly pealing forth, and from that hour on to midnight everything was turned into a hustle, from the freight yard to the show grounds on the common. It did not take the news long to spread that the circus had arrived, and an hour afterwards hundreds of persons were at the scene watching the operations. Very few thought that the circus people would be allowed to remove their paraphernalia on the Sabbath but as the unexpected often happens such was the case this time.

Those travelling with a circus are not bothered very much by the Sabbath, and the teams of horses were soon hitched up,

and on their way through the streets with the heavy wagons, making more noise than has been heard hereabouts for a long time. On the common, the scene was an extremely busy one, hundreds of men being engaged at work driving stakes and erecting the tents.

Sunday school children forgot where they were sent, and made their way to the common and watched the operation all the afternoon, and in consequence there were many poorly filled classes in the Sunday school. In fact it was a centre of attraction, both for young and old, as the transformation came about so quickly. Many were very indignant at the city authorities allowing the circus to remove their stock on Sunday, and frequent expressions were heard in loud denunciation of them. Several of the clergy spoke about it, and remarked that the like was never known before. No one appeared responsible for the act, and no person could be found who had given them permission to go ahead. The circus people seemed to do pretty much as they pleased, without any interference on the part of the authorities whatsoever. They took complete charge of the common, and the only strange thing about it was that they did not perform on Sunday night.

Only a year ago there was a great uproar over the same thing. The manager of a circus which intended to show here on Monday asked permission to remove to the common on Sunday, but was given a point blank refusal, and strict precautions were taken that he should not do so either. No person ever thought for a moment that Main's show would even attempt such a thing, but in face of all previous refusals the circus people went ahead with their work, and completed it to the latter.

The good living people of this city were simply astonished at the authorities permitting what they styled an outrageous act, to be perpetrated right under their very eyes. The civic finances however were increased considerably by the appearance of the show \$200 having been paid for a license, with \$50 additional for water. This no doubt had an influencing effect, and may have had something to do with letting them down as easy as possible.

CLOSE YOUR BEER SHOP SUNDAY.

Magistrate Ritchie is Resolved to Improve the Tone of St. John's Sabbath.

Picnics are the order of the day and Magistrate Ritchie is having a fairly continuous one with those who are reported for violating the Sabbath day. He delivered judgment in the cigar cases, and imposed the fine. An appeal will be taken, and the question may be decided as to what is and what is not servile labor. More may depend upon the decision than seems apparent at the first glance. If against the cigar men then it will be unlawful to sell or hire anything on the Lord's day. The cigar dealers are fighting the battle for a lot of people who are interested in what will be lawful or unlawful on the Sabbath day.

But there is one pleasing feature of the case that must not be overlooked and that is the good opportunity such cases afford the magistrate to deliver those amusing and wholesome homilies for which he has such a gift. Portions of these five minute lectures appear from time to time in the daily press and the people are no doubt impressed in a becoming way. That case a few days ago, when one woman called another nasty names, or at least the other woman said she did, and took her up in the court just to show what a bad tongue she had, gave his honor a new topic for a lecture and it was a rich one. He ridiculed the idea of people being so sensitive and spoke of the hard names he had been called and how little he minded them, and then he said he had even heard people say "to h—l with the pope" but he did not mind if people chose to use such language!

Now such a morning's deliverance as that must be entertaining and if there was any certainty as to when the magistrate was in the humor he would no doubt have an appreciative audience. Just now he is bent upon improving the moral tone of the Sabbath in St. John. The people who sell ice cream soda or plain soda with any kind of flavoring have got to beware and the 220 people who paid one dollar each for the right to sell ginger beer and ginger ale with a variety in the shape of brew or root beverages are warned that if they pull a cork on the Lord's day they will have the pleasure of contributing \$20 to the funds of the city and the liquor commissioners. The magistrate was very much

in earnest and he spoke in about these terms of what was going on.

"There seems to be some misapprehension about these beer shops. I must confess that I held the opinion with those who were in favor of the bill that the measure was a good one because I felt that there were a good many widows and other poor people whose means of livelihood were limited and a great hardship would be inflicted upon them if anything should be done to interfere with them selling biscuits, milk, beer and such like articles usually found in small grocery stores. The license fee was accordingly made a nominal one—\$1—so that a license was within the reach of even the poorest person in the business. The law, however, does not permit the sale of temperance drinks on Sundays, although a great many good living people in this city, have expressed themselves strongly opposed to the restriction of the sale of soda water in drug stores. Perhaps, no great harm would follow if soda water alone were sold on Sundays, but I am not so sure that something a trifle stronger than water—just a wee bit stronger, is being sold under our very noses on the Sabbath d. y. Now it just appears to me that if the police officers would exert themselves as diligently in hunting up these rum sellers on Sundays as they seem to be determined to prosecute cigar dealers, their efforts would be I am sure quite as heartily appreciated by the community."

Addressing Inspector Jones the magistrate inquired under what conditions was the beer license issued. Mr. Jones stated that he had been directed by the commissioners to inform all persons applying for a beer license, that the license did not permit the sale on Sundays of any of the beverages specified therein, and that if any holder did sell on Sunday he would do so on his own responsibility.

The magistrate remarked that such an intimation was very fair and no dealer now could plead ignorance of the law. Hereafter, any person charged with desertion of the Sabbath by selling beer will be fined \$20—the penalty provided under the statute.

WAS IT TELEPATHY?

It Was Something at Any Rate That the Man Couldn't Explain.

"You've had some pretty good stories lately on telepathy" said a man who is deeply interested in the subject, the other day. "I had a little incident happen me this week that proves conclusively to my mind that there is such a thing as influencing another mind by thought alone. I was up river for a few days, and when I was leaving the hospitable home where I had been entertained the hostess asked me to deliver a note to a relative of hers. The man was out of town for a day or two and so when next I saw him I forgot all about the letter in my pocket. This happened two or three times and always annoyed me very much. Last Wednesday I met the man on Charlotte street, we talked for a short time and just a moment after I left him the letter flashed into my mind. I called myself an unprintable name, because of my stupidity, and quickly turned to see how far off my friend was. Imagine my surprise when I saw him turn back; when he reached me he said "Then you did call me. I wasn't sure but I thought I heard you do so." I hadn't called him, or even mentioned his name, but what do you suppose made him think so, or how did he know I wanted to speak with him? Funny isn't it?"

Chris Nichol's Eyesight.

Chris Nichol came near getting the barbers into some trouble this week. Chris was "on duty" last Sunday looking for violators of the Sabbath and he said he saw a gentleman go into McGinley's barber shop with a dirty face and come out with a clean one. As Chris was standing on the other side of the street from the hotel office his natural eyesight must be as strong as a spy-glass. But he made a mistake just the same for the gentleman in question was shaved the night before and could prove it by a dozen witnesses. When the barbers heard this the case was quickly withdrawn and Chris is in disgrace with the Union.

The Grocer's Popular Picnic.

If Tuesday is fine a large portion of the people of the city will see the grocers safe to Watter's landing. There won't be a dearth of provisions in town but there will be a scarcity of grocers. Their picnic has become the popular outing of the season. They have chartered all the steamboats in sight and good band music will be a feature of the affair.

CAUGHT THEM NAPPING.

THE RESPECTABLE RESIDENTS OF BROAD STREET COMPLAIN

Of the Presence of a New Neighbor and the Police Comply With Their Wishes and Introduce Four Gallies to the Police Station Along With the Proprietors.

PROGRESS was lamenting last week that about all the happenings that offered opportunities for the best stories occurred Friday after this journal had gone to press. And the people had not read that paragraph before there was a practical illustration of that fact. The police were busy that night and the result of their visit to the new abode of Mary Ann O'Brien were two weeping and trembling women and two men, one of whom at least, was so frightened that his usually ruddy face lost its tint. The proprietor Fred Merritt and the proprietress were included in the group but they are used to the police and their ways and the loss of their good names wasn't troubling them a bit.

PROGRESS isn't going to make any apologies for telling this story. It isn't any Sunday school tale and those who don't want to read or hear about the other side of life needn't go farther than this paragraph. The publication of the story from start to finish cannot do any harm and may serve as a warning to those who have been inquisitive regarding the exact location of the new residence of Mary Ann O'Brien.

For this woman has a new residence located on Broad street. She used to live on Duke street but a little difference in opinion between her and a neighbor forced her to change. The neighbor objected to what he saw when the blinds of her residence were not drawn and he persuaded an officer to make an investigation on the evening of the Queens birth day. There were a few \$25 deposits made that night at the police office and the newspapers the next day surprised a lot of people by telling of the raid. People who had been in the habit of dropping in there and meeting their friends did not do so after this and the income of the house decreased to such an extent that the suffering proprietress decided to make a move. Her one idea in selecting a location seemed to be to get away as far as possible from the centre of the city. So away to the foot of Broad street she went and purchased a property that seemed to suit her ideas. It was far enough down to be almost called "the jumping off place." Still if this practical madame had only looked along the street she would have noted two churches and that charming institution for good old ladies that was quite handy to her new place of business. Then again, if she had looked in the directory she would have noted the fact that citizens of excellent standing were included among her near neighbors.

Now these citizens of good renown had no reliance for their new neighbor and they soon found out that some of them, at least, were in an uncomfortable position. Many of the people who used to visit the Duke street place were not sure just where the madame had moved to and some of them were indiscreet enough to inquire of the respectable residents of the street. This was the straw that broke the back of the camel for the police were requested to make a sudden visit to the place.

And so they did last Friday night and according to the report on the book in the station and what appeared in the papers the next morning they found four people from the United States in the house. There were two men and two women. The report did not state whether the Americans were tourists or not. They must have been on a journey anyway since they went to the foot of Broad street. Of course they weren't Americans anymore than they were Hottentots. One was a citizen who has been in the wholesale business. He lives out of town but stays in over night once in a while. This was one of his evenings in town. No doubt he wished he had taken the train out of town when he found himself on the way to the police station. His companion in misfortune—the other fellow—bore his fate with stoicism. He comes to town once in a while but is here to-day and perhaps in Montreal the next morning. He hadn't any trouble raising the \$100 for himself and the woman with him but the resident had. Still he found energetic friends who succeeded even at the unseasonable hour in securing his release by making the necessary deposit.

But all of this had taken time and the women who were in the station were in a quandry where to stop all night. The lodgings in the station were not agreeable and the hour was so late that their usual abodes were closed. But compassionate spirits were at hand and after some difficulty shelter was procured for them.

Needless to say the four "Americans" did not appear the next morning and the \$200 was added to the police court funds with the fines of the people who kept the house.

The prompt action of the residents of Broad street will be approved of by all people who believe in an atmosphere of respectability about them. If, as some officials contend in this and other cities, vice in certain forms cannot be abolished in large centres, let it be under control so far at least as location is concerned. No person keeping a house of assignation has a right to locate a house where good people object. The police acted promptly and with effect.

It seems to be necessary or prudent, however, for the officials to place false names upon the report book when arrests of this sort are made. They contend that they do not do so but put down the names the prisoners give them. That, no doubt, is true, but in many cases the officers are acquainted with the right names of the parties. Perhaps it does more good than harm that this method should be in vogue. The people would not profit by the knowledge that a well known business man had been arrested for intoxication or something else the night before and public report of the fact would injure him seriously, but to a case like PROGRESS has noted above there is another side. People with vivid imaginations when they hear of a raid of that sort speculate as to who were there. Names are suggested and everybody knows a suggestion becomes a rumor and a rumor a slander. So, in this affair, the names of a score of men were mentioned in connection with the arrest of one of the parties on last Friday night while the right man was only known to a few. That does not seem to be fair nor is it so. Still as the police, in the exercise of their duty and discretion did not think it necessary to give right names, PROGRESS does not propose to depart from their precedent.

YACHTSMEN OWN THE RIVER.

And Ritchie Gives Megaphone Solos to Amazed Countrymen.

It would be hard to imagine how a half hundred men could squeeze so much real enjoyment into the time-space of ten days as the members of the Royal Kennebecas Yacht Club are doing, on the annual river cruise now taking place. They are indeed an exceedingly happy lot. Free from the numberless cares of business, social and domestic life they are having an unconventional good time and as PROGRESS saw them on Wednesday they showed every evidence of plenty of jollity and thorough enjoyment.

Of course the larger crafts such as the Canada, Thetis, Thistle, Ariel and Jubilee, led the party on almost every run, but in winds of varying strength some of the smaller ones would exhibit a little bit of their wale to the more pretentious yachts. The Dewey was the comedian boat. This will perhaps have to be explained. In the first place then Dewey is a medium sized woodboat, with the regulation "ten acre" sails and homely prow. Her crew consists of such well-known young men as Joseph Noble, Sydney Kerr, Robt. Ritchie, Louis Boyd, Jean McDiarmid, Thos. Hay and others, who, intent on making fun for the fleet as well as themselves, hit upon the idea of a clown craft. The Dewey is decorated with numerous nameplates of the "Hawker tonic" or "Sweet Caporal Cigarettes" stamp and the members of her crew are attired from morn till eve in the somewhat strange garb of pirates—the costumes worn in the "Pirates of Penzance" burlesque. To carry out the humorous aspect of this odd craft and unique crew, the men aboard conduct themselves in a most hilarious manner when in sight of appreciative spectators. They sing, spring jokes, play at naval manœuvring and go through a pantomimic programme, much to the delight of the others. A giant megaphone aboard enables the Dewey to annihilate distance as far as speaking is concerned and frequently the unanimous applause of the various crews to one of Mate Ritchie's megaphone solos; sung a half mile away, cannot be heard by the singer. If a vote were to be taken as to which is the most popular craft in the cruising squadron it would undoubtedly result in the Dewey's favor.

HEROES FIGHTING FIRE.

THE DANGER A FIREMAN IS ALWAYS IN ON DUTY.

Some instances of how those who fight fire have died in the discharge of their duty—the danger of stone columns, water tanks and air shafts.

Jacob A. Riss, author of 'How the Other Half Lives,' and other studies of tenement house life, contributes to the Century, in the series of 'Heroes of Peace,' an article on 'Heroes who Fight Fire.' Mr. Riss says of the fireman:

His life is too full of real peril for him to expose it recklessly—that is to say, needlessly. From the time when he leaves his quarters in answer to an alarm until he returns, he takes a risk that may at any moment set him face to face with death in its most cruel form. He needs nothing so much as a clear head; and nothing is prized so highly, nothing puts him so surely in the line of promotion; for as he advances in rank and responsibility, the lives of others, as well as his own come to depend on his judgement. The act of conspicuous daring which the world applauds is oftenest to the fireman a matter of simple duty that had to be done in that way because there was no other. Nor is it always, or even usually, the hardest duty, as he sees it. It comes easy to him because he is an athlete trained to do such things, and because once for all it is easier to risk one's life in the open, in the sight of one's fellows, than to face death alone, caught like a rat in a trap. That is the real peril he knows too well, but of that the public hears only when he has fought his last fight, and lost.

How literally our every-day security—of which we think, if we think of it at all, as a mere matter of course—is built upon the supreme sacrifice of these devoted men, we realize at long intervals, when a disaster occurs such as the one in which Chief Brennan and Foreman Rooney lost their lives three years ago. They were crushed to death under the great water-tank in a 24th street factory that was on fire. Its supports had been burned away. An examination that was then made of the water-tanks in the city discovered eight thousand that were either wholly unsupported, except by the roof-beams, or crooked on timbers, and therefore a direct menace, not only to the firm when they were called there, but daily to those living under them.

Seventeen years ago the collapse of a Broadway building during a fire convinced the community that stone pillars were unsafe as supports. The fire was in the basement, and the firemen had turned the hose on. When the water struck the hot granite columns, they cracked and fell, and the building fell with them. There were upon the roof at the time a dozen men of the crew of Truck Company No. 1 chopping holes for smoke vents. The majority clung to the parapet, and hung there till rescued. Two went down into the furnace from which the flames shot up twenty feet when the roof broke. One, fireman Thomas J. Dougherty, was a wearer of the Bennett medal, too. His foreman answers on parade day, when his name is called, that he 'died on the field of duty.' These, at all events, did not die in vain. Stone columns are not now used in supports for buildings in New York.

So one might go quoting the perils of the fireman as so many steps forward for the better protection of the rest of us. It was the burning of the St. George Hotel, and more recently of the Manhattan Bank, in which a dozen men were disabled, that stamped the average fire-proof construction faulty and largely delusive. One might even go further, and say that the fireman's risk increases in the ratio of our progress or convenience. The water-tanks came with the very high buildings, which in themselves offer problems to the fire-fighters that have not yet been solved. The very air-shafts that were hailed as the first advance in tenement-house building added enormously to the fireman's work and risk, as well as to the risk of every one dwelling under their roots by acting as so many huge chimneys that carried the fire to the open windows opening upon them in every story. More than half of all the fires in New York occur in tenement houses. When the Tenement House Commission of 1894 sat in this city, considering means of making them safer and better, it received the most practical help and advice from the firemen especially from Chief Brennan, whose death occurred only a few days after he had testified as a witness. The recommendations upon which he insisted are now part of the general tenement-house law.—N. Y. Dispatch.

Mouse and Diamonds.

The Western New Yorker, of Warsaw, New York, tells a very singular mouse story. Mrs. Corning of that city, being engaged with some household duties, took off two diamond rings and put them into a cup in the china closet. Shortly afterward she opened the closet door, and screamed at the sight of a mouse or rather

at the sight of a ring in the mouse's mouth. The mouse vanished, and then Mrs. Corning looked into the cup. Both rings were gone. A carpenter was summoned in haste, and taking up a part of the floor and making a prolonged search, he found the creature's nest. In it were the two rings. If Mrs. Corning had not happened to open the door at that moment, what detective could ever have guessed what had become of the diamonds? And as it is, who can guess what the mouse wanted of them?

CUBA'S INFANT WARRIORS.

Native Boys of Ten who are fighting the Battles Like Veterans.

'Spanish warfare has made soldiers of babes.' This remark from the lips of Marti referred to the ten years' struggle which ended so disastrously for Cuban freedom. Had Marti lived through the present war his epigrammatic utterance could have been applied even more appropriately to the existing insurrection. For never in the history of warfare, ancient or modern, have children been forced to fight for freedom as have the boys of Cuba. Every insurgent camp is witness to this, and Gomez, Garcia, Lucret, Mendez and the host of other brave leaders have found it simply impossible to restrain the boys of ten, twelve and fourteen who insist on handling rifles and machetes.

Little wonder, however, that these boys are fighting for freedom, for as a rule, they are the last of a name, all that is left of the heroic families that died of starvation or by the bullet of the Spaniard. They know no pity, for they were accorded none. They are men in trials, and the only fear is that when the war is over they will be desperadoes of the next decade.

Grover Flint tells the thrilling story of a boy of eleven who fought by his side like a hero of Balclava. Nor is this the only instance, for these young fellows fight with all the determination and desperation of men. Few of them realize the full import of the strife, for to them it is a war for vengeance, and even if they are not properly recruited and entered among the soldiers, they yet manage to keep in touch with the leaders, and seem to sniff a battle as a dog does its game. When the moment for action comes they are in the middle of the strife, lying low if the rest of the troop is advancing cautiously, and dashing forward at the right moment to kill or be killed. To them life seems to have no value, but to end it as did their fathers and brothers.

As spies they have proved of inestimable value to some of the insurgent chiefs. One of General Maceo's most ardent followers was a young mulatto barely fifteen years old. He was killed in the last charge the great leader made before he met his own death. It was to him that Maceo intrusted some of his most important communications for Gomez, and invariably the boy successfully eluded the Spanish troops. He knew every hill and dale every plantation and shelter in the Western provinces, and there it was that his services were most largely called into requisition.

At Bayamo there were found on the field of carnage at least a dozen of these brave little fellows, each with his machete still firmly gripped, heroes whose lives had hardly begun before the bullet of the Spaniard ended them.

There lies in the cemetery of Havana the bodies of a group of students whose story has been told and retold, but whose zeal in the cause of Cuba Libre has ever been an inspiration to the young patriots. A monument has been erected to their memory, but no stone marks the trenches in which lie hundreds of children who have given their lives that their country might be free.

THE SLEAZY WIDOW'S GRIEF.

It Clustered Around the Rifle After Her Husband Had Been Eaten.

The Samzan will give away anything which he possesses when another member of the family comes along and asks for it. This makes personal property a most fluctuating matter. One thing, however, is never given away under any circumstances, and that is the rifle which each man keeps in good order and in readiness for the outbreak of hostilities. No attempt has been made by the European officials to disarm the natives, but a close watch is kept on the importation of any new munitions of war. When the yacht John Williams of the London Missionary Society returned from a tour of the stations in New Guinea, which are served by Samoan pastors, it brought the sad news that Neemis, a respected native missionary in a remote nook of the Gulf of Papua, has been eaten by his imperfectly converted congregation. The mission vessel arrived too late to save the pastor, but just in time to rescue his wife Masina, who was defending her house with a single rifle against a horde of savages. Masina was brought back to Apia in the John Williams, her grief somewhat tempered by the knowledge that for some time to come she would be a central figure at all district meetings of the mission, where she would be expected to tell her story. In a few days the treaty officials received from King Malietoa an official communication signed with the

royal sign manual and duly sealed with the great seal. In it he recited the cannibalism which had been practiced upon Neemis and the bravery of Masina. In consideration of these sad events and the great grief into which the widow was plunged, he had given her permission to retain the family rifle and her store of ammunition and to bring it ashore with her. The mischief had been done and was beyond repair. All that remained for the official board to do was sharply to remind the king that he had no power to grant landing permits for the contraband munitions of war and to assure him that the Berlin treaty took no cognizance of rifle so profaned that it must be assuaged by rifles.—New York Sun.

Red and Yellow Snow.

An interesting report has been issued by the officials of the Grand Ducal Observatory at Heidelberg concerning recent red and yellow snow falls in Germany. A fall of yellow snow occurred in the Eggenstein on March and red snow fell to the depth of eight centimetres on the same day at Kardi in Kaern'en province, also all over the plateau on which the Konigsstuhl stands; on the Odenwald, too, colored snow fell, the wind driving it into every nook and corner, so that the drits presented a color varying from rosewood to that of brown. An examination showed that the tint exhibited was due to mineral dust, and the latter has not been finally investigated, it reveals the presence of chalk elements—this, too, notwithstanding the fact of there being no chalk in existence for a long distance from the place where the snow fall was deepest. Of course, this phenomenon is well known to naturalists, snow of a really red color having been found occasionally in polar and Alpine regions, some of the chemical experiments revealing the presence of a certain vegetable substance, like the pollen of a plant.—The Pathfinder.

The Nose Lasts Longest.

Bone and cartilage enter so largely into the structure of the nose and determine its characteristics, that it undergoes little perceptible change, as a rule, with the lapse of years. The brow becomes wrinkled, and crow's feet gather round the eyes which themselves gradually grow dim as time rolls on; cheeks lose the bloom which cosmetics cannot replace, and lips their fullness and color. The chin, dimpled in youth, develops angularities or globularities, as the case may be, and the eyebrows become gray with the crop of many years' growth. The nose shows no mark comparable with these familiar facial indications of the approach of old age, and practically enjoys immunity from the ravages which time makes on the other features of the face. Next to the nose, probably the ears, as a rule, show the fewest and least obvious signs of old age.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What others have done you can do.

Most men who make their mark in life came from the smaller town and country. Their chances were limited, but they worked days and studied nights and conquered difficulties. Rich men's children seldom amount to much—they have no chance—they are hampered by the luxuries of home life and surroundings. If you want to amount to something and are willing to work hard for my little book, you can learn shorthand by mail for \$10; practical bookkeeping \$15; Art Penmanship \$10. S. P. SNELL, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cent extra for every additional line.

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WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to lead our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 275 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

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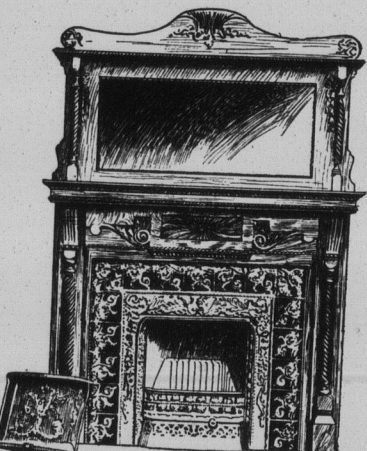
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Jaxon Opera company have been occupying the stage of the Opera house this week and have attracted large audiences the general excellence of their work gaining merited recognition. They opened with *Il Trovatore*. On Tuesday evening *Maritana* was given. This opera was written by W. V. Wallace and is always a favorite whenever sung. On this occasion, it was good. In the title role Miss Draid did some excellent work, but it is easy to see she is tired, and no wonder,—it is no light task to sing principal in the heavy operas. Her rendering of the aria, "Scenes That are Brightest", in the last act, showed her at her best, the music not making any other demand on the voice than sweetness, and she received a hearty and well-earned encore.

Mr. Clarke's "Don Caesar de Bazar" was certainly original so far as acting went, and he sang the airs that fell to him in good style, notably "Let me like a soldier fall" which won him a deserved recall. I do not know why he transferred the song "There is a flower that bloometh" from the third to the second act, as it is supposed to be sung by Don Caesar to the king; but in this case Mr. Clarke sang it to himself. I presume he had reasons.

Mr. Carleton, as Don Jose, looked the character to perfection, and his voice was heard to great advantage in the well known air "In Happy Moments," which was certainly finely rendered. He however appeared to be ill at ease, and repeated the words of the last half of the first verse to that of the second.

Mr. Goffs King was quiet, although he sang "Hear me, gentle Maritana," very finely. At the same time it must be confessed he was not a very ardent lover. His duett with Don Caesar was extraordinarily good, and received instant recognition.

The omission of "Alas! Those Chimes," Lazarillo's beautiful song in the second act, and also the duett, "Holy Mother, guide his Footsteps," between Maritana and Lazarillo, was due I presume to Miss Engel's hoarseness, she evidently having a very bad cold, and speaking with difficulty.

The chorus was in very good form, and the orchestra did their best, although the absence of a cornet was painfully apparent, especially in the accompaniment of "Let me like a Soldier Fall," the trumpet part being quite a feature and a great help.

At the matinee this afternoon, The Daughter of the Regiment will be given, and the engagement will close with a production of *Carmen*. A sacred concert will be given on Sunday evening, a piece of news which will be pleasing to those who enjoyed the memorable event of last winter. For tomorrow evening's concert the programme is as follows:

1. Let us sing to the Lord.....Mascagni Entire Company.
2. Cujus Animam (Stabat Mater).....Rossini Mr. Payne Clarke.
3. The Chapel.....Kreutzer Male Chorus.
4. Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod Mme. Diard.
5. Duet "Love Divine".....Mr. John Bartlett and Miss Maude Poole.
6. The Palms.....Faure Mr. Winfred Goff.
7. Angelus, "Angels that Around us Hover".....Wallace The Company.
8. Intermezzo.....Mascagni Orchestra.
9. Pilgrims Chorus.....Wagner Male Chorus.
10. Come unto Him.....Handel Miss Madeleine Lowrie.
11. Give us Strength to do Thy Will.....Donizetti The Company.
12. Forever with the Lord.....Gounod Mr. W. P. Carleton.
13. Holy City.....Adams Mr. Payne Clarke.
14. Inflammatus.....Rossini Mme. Diard and Company.

The Misses Furlong's concert occurred too late in the week for any notice in this

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FROM "THE CAT AND THE CHERUB"

department but no doubt every anticipation regarding it was fully sustained.

Tones and Undertones.

Leoncavallo is composing a jubilee hymn for the festival to be held in Vienna in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Austrian Emperor's reign. Mascagni, in Rome, is preparing for the production of his new Japanese opera, "Iris," at the Costanzi Theatre, where "Cavalleria" was first presented eight years ago. Such Italian operas as "La Boheme," "Andrea Chenier" and "Lucia" have been performed this spring by a visiting company at Alexandria in Egypt.

Joachim's 67th birthday was celebrated lately at the Hovingham Musical Festival in the North Riding of Yorkshire, England. Allied amateurs presented to the violinist a silver loving cup, while the festival musicians performed a "Birthday Greeting," written by the Dean of York, and set to music for orchestra, chorus and contralto soloist by Tertius Noble, organist of York Cathedral.

Sousa's opera, "The Bride Elect," will have precisely the same cast of principals next season as it had last.

Zsile de Lussan, after several years absence from this country, is announced to return with Melba and the Elis Opera company next season.

An attempt is being made by several staunch admirers of the late Anton Seidl to issue a memorial volume to be published in a limited edition, but unless subscriptions for 300 are received the attempt will be abandoned.

The scheme of the Worcester festival in September is thus outlined: Tuesday night Sept. 27, "Elijah"; Wednesday night, Sept. 28, Symphony concert and probably Mr. Loefler and his "Divertimento"; Wednesday night, Sept. 28 "Lily Nymph," "Olot Tryggyasson"; Thursday matinee, Sept. 29, Symphony concert and piano solo, probably Mme. Helen Hopekirk; Thursday night, Sept. 29, Wagner concert; Friday matinee, Sept. 30 Symphony concert; Friday night, Sept. 30, Bach's French suite, "Hora Novissima."

Siloti is coming back to America next year and a new comer will be Blanche Marchesi (Countess de Caccanish) daughter of the Parisian vocal teacher of the same name. The countess will arrive in America in January and make an extended tour.

Arrangements for the Maine musical festival are well under way, and it promises to be a notable and imposing affair. It is to be held in Bangor, Oct. 6, 7 and 8, in Portland, Oct. 10, 11 and

12. The Maine Symphony orchestra will be increased to 70 members. The chorus will number one thousand voices and a military band of 100 players will be one of the novelties. Mr. William R Chapman of New York city will be the director, and among the soloists will be: Mme. Johanna Gadski, Mme Charlotte Maconda, sopranos; Miss Katharine M. Ricker, contralto; Mr. H. Evans Williams, Mr. John M. Fulton, tenors; Mr D. Frangcon Davies, Mr. Gwilym Mills, baritone; Miss Harriet A. Shaw, solo harpist; Mr. Hans Kronfeld, solo cellist.

Mary Andersen-Navarro's younger half-sister, the daughter of Dr. Hamilton Griffin, is with the Navarros in Germany this summer, training her voice for the concert stage. She is just at the age when her sister made her first successes on the stage, and is said to bear a striking resemblance to the former actress.

One of the most important of the announcements is the promised visit of Emile Sauer, the pianist, who has signed a contract with R. E. Johnson to give 40 concerts in this country, 20 of them with orchestra and the balance to be recitals. He will make his first appearance at the New York Metropolitan opera house on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10 assisted by an orchestra of 100 musicians.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Miss Anglin's engagement next week promises to be one of financial and artistic success. The clever and beautiful young actress comes to St. John under the most favorable auspices having achieved some very flattering triumphs since her appearance here last summer. During the engagement Miss Anglin will present *As You Like it*, *Comedy and Tragedy*, *The Mysterious Mr. Bugle* and *Christopher Jr*.

Julia Arthur is still pursued by fire, a blaze in a Jersey city storehouse having recently destroyed some scenery and 16 trunks of costumes belonging to the actress.

Melbourne McDowell husband of Fanny Davenport, will venture forth in a melodrama, as it is not thought that his wife will in any case be able to return to the stage.

Charles Frohman has engaged Edwin Arden to play leading business in "A Brace of Partridges," a farcical comedy imported from England.

The humorous possibilities of the patent baby incubator is the central idea employed by Edgar Sciden in his latest farce, "A Spring Chicken."

Mr. B. F. Keith secured the name of

Robert B. Manvell last week to a contract covering Mr. Keith's circuit of theatres. Mr Manvell will be supported by a company of five people and will present the one act play, "A Lesson in Acting."

Sadie Martinot has been engaged for "La Tortue," the French farcical comedy which inaugurates the second season of Brady and Ziegfeld's successful control of Manhattan theatre, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal open their season in London about the middle of September in the domestic comedy, "The Elder Miss Blossom," by Messrs. Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood.

Sarah Bernhardt has accepted an invitation to visit the Maharajah of Kapurthala in India and will, it is said, participate in a tiger hunt. This recalls the fact that she used to keep a young tiger as a domestic pet.

"Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, an American authoress, has disposed of the English rights of her new play, 'A Maid of Leyden,' which is to be presented here by a young actress of reputation on both sides of the Atlantic," says the London Mail.

Anna Held is in Paris but returns next month. She has lost the suit for 30,000 francs damages brought against her by Marchand of the Folies Bergere, growing out of her failure to return in time to fulfil an engagement, but has taken an appeal. It is likely that Charles H. Hoyt may write a new comedy for Miss Held.

"Actors' salaries are at least ten per cent. lower for the coming season than ever before known," says Alexander Brown, who has been in the dramatic agency business for 25 years continuously.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keene, the widow of the late tragedian, has decided to enter actively into the details of theatrical management. She has leased Robinson's Opera House, in Cincinnati, for the coming season. Mrs. Keene's company will be the third stock organization to bid for favor in Cincinnati, as it is understood the Fike and the Walnut in that city will have permanent stock companies.

Ju'ia Marlowe will have a new play, thanks to Mr. Frohman, who selected it for her, in which she will represent a modern society woman. The part is said to suit her exactly. Miss Marlowe will open the new piece in Philadelphia in December. After she abandoned the London engagement which had been arranged for her, on the advice of her physicians, Miss Marlowe went to France and has been trying to forget all about things theatrical. She was not in good health when she resched London, but friends who have seen her re-

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cently say that she is now in a splendid condition.—London letter in New York Telegraph.

THE END-SEAT MAN

Everybody Enjoyed the Situation Except the End-Seat Man.

The story of his misfortune is told in the Washington Star. He wore white duck trousers and a vacant stare. He got on the electric car at Mount Pleasant about six o'clock in the evening and before the car had gone three blocks he had let two ladies crawl and crush past his pointed knees, because he wouldn't make room for them.

Black laborers were repairing the concrete between the car-tracks up that way. It was the knock-off-work hour for them. One of them, who weighed a good two hundred pounds, had to make a run for the car. He didn't want to soil the end-seat man pretty trousers by crowding by him, and he stood clutching the hold-ons for a minute, waiting for the end-seat man to move.

But the end-seat men never move over. They are fatuous to the finish. This big black man, whose blue dungarees were grimy and sticky with asphaltum and tar, wanted to sit down, and he had a right to sit down. He stepped up to make by the end-seat man, who scrooched up his legs. Just then the car gave a sudden jump forward,—the motorman was increasing the speed,—and the big, hard-working black man came down with a fleshy, two-hundred-weight force in the white duck lap of the end-seat man.

It was very enjoyable, for a fact. Everybody on the car enjoyed it, and showed enjoyment, except the end-seat man himself. When the big black man finally elevated his shape from the white duck lap of the end-seat man, the end-seat man's trousers were a sight. So was his pretty frilled shirt. So was his pretty, vivid face. The whole front of the end-seat man was black.

"Scuse me, boss, but Ah done couldn't a' helped it," said the big black man, smiling amiably; and the other passengers came near taking up a collection for him.

The greatest moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand may decide it, or of the lips, though they cannot speak.—Thackeray.

A "Quadruple" Fake.

It's a popular delusion that plated ware stamped Quadruple has been plated four times.

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Social pastimes this week have been almost wholly confined to attendance at the Opera, and theatre parties have been numerous. Most of the smart set gave up the pleasure of listening to Faust on Thursday's recital. The audience was a very fashionable one, and intensely enthusiastic, every number receiving the warmest encores. The disagreeable state of the weather prevented much of a display in the way of dress, though the house as a whole looked bright and pretty.

The programme was a well arranged one its chief charm being its simplicity. Miss Helen Furlong has been heard here before, on her favorite instrument the viola but never to better advantage than on Thursday evening. Her numbers on that occasion were beautifully executed and calculated to show her ability as an artist, were not too difficult to be understood by the average person. Withal she looked so unassuming, so girlish and simple that she won all hearts even before she drew her bow. Her numbers were played with feeling and expression and elicited merited encores. A handsome bouquet was presented to the pretty young violinist much to her pleasure.

Miss Furlong gave several selections on the banjo, one of them being a medley arranged by herself. She was recalled several times, the audience expressing great delight with her work. Mr. Harry Dunn sang "Star-tide" in a very acceptable manner and was given a very hearty encore. The quartets by Messrs. Lindsay, Kelly, Seely, and Ritchie were well rendered and the audience testified its satisfaction by the most enthusiastic applause. Mr. Kelly and Mr. Seely were both in excellent voice, the former singing "I'll Sing the Songs of Araby" in a delightful manner. Mr. Seely's splendid voice was heard to excellent advantage in "Ho, for the Horned Owl;" both gentlemen responded to the audience's imperative demand for yet another song.

The event of the evening however was the appearance of Miss Kathleen Furlong who was heard for the first time in public since her return from a five months study in New York. Under the circumstances a slight nervousness of manner was quite natural. Her voice was almost flawless in intonation and thoroughly musical in purity, strength and vibrancy. The most flattering comments were heard on every side, and particularly in regard to her enunciation which was simply perfect. In this respect she is far superior to any of our local singers. Of course five months is only a short time in which to accomplish much in the way of voice culture but it may truly be said that in this particular case the result is most pleasing and gratifying to the young lady's numerous admirers in this city. Miss Goddard was, as she always is the artist from start to finish, and her work as an accompanist excellent. Miss Marie Furlong also assisted her sisters during the evening.

Mrs. M. A. Finn and Miss Mabel Finn left the beginning of the week for a trip to Montreal. Mrs. J. D. Chipman received her friends at Mrs. C. F. Harrison's residence on Thursday afternoon of this week. Mrs. Andre Cushing who has been quite ill is reported slightly better. Mrs. H. C. Wetmore was at home to her friends on Thursday and Friday of this week when a large number of friends took occasion to call upon the young bride and extend congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. James Nichols of Hartford are paying a visit to St. John.

Mrs. Mary D. Carleton of Oak Point is spending a little while in St. John. Among the St. John people registered at the High Commissioners office London during the early part of the month were: Hon. A. G. Blair, the Misses Blair, Misses Robertson, St. John, Misses Robertson, Robbsey, Mrs. D. A. Morrison and Miss Edmonds. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Richardson and Miss Richardson are enjoying a trip to Bermuda. Mr. Gilbert Olive has returned to Boston after a visit to friends in the West end. Mrs. Rutherford of this city is in Bridge water visiting Mrs. John Daly. Miss Maggie Chesley is in Nova Scotia a guest of Miss Annie Short. Mr. Walter Clarke has returned from a trip to England.

Mrs. W. H. O. Jones is spending a little while in Digby as the guest of Mrs. E. A. Fenwick. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Peabody of Rumford Falls Me. are paying a brief visit to St. John. Mrs. M. E. Hancock of St. John is visiting her friend Mrs. Wright at the Digby House, Digby. Mr. C. B. Archibald of Truro is among the city's visitors this week. Mr. P. J. Burns of Bathurst was here for a day or two this week. Miss Nellie Turnbull who has been visiting Digby has completed her visit to that town and is now staying with Bear River friends. Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison and Mr. Guy Morrison of Fredericton spent part of this week in the city. News of the death of Mrs. Crane widow of James Batchford Crane reaches St. John, the sad event event having occurred last week in London England. Mrs. Crane's death will be regretted by a large number of friends in this city particularly among the older citizens. Mrs. T. City Crookshank and Mrs. Clifton Tabor are sisters of the deceased lady as was also Mrs. Beek wife of the auditor general, who died about a year ago, and Mrs. James I. Fellows is a daughter of the late Mrs. Crane. Mr. F. R. St. Campan chief accountant of Inland Revenue, Ottawa, has been visiting St. John this week. Mrs. A. D. Braucombe is this week entertaining Mrs. F. W. Campbell and the Misses Campbell of New York. Mrs. Charles S. Taylor and Miss Taylor left recently for a visit to Bangor. Miss Bessie Adams Stewart of Staten Island N. Y. is a guest at Mrs. Seed's 146 Duke street. Mrs. J. E. B. McCready is visiting her parents Dr. and Mrs. Bennett of King Street East. Mr. Robert Lawson arrived home lately after a three years' stay in Africa where he proposes to return in the spring. Mr. W. E. Buck, vocal teacher returned this week from a three months stay in England and has

taken up his residence at the corner of Princess and Sydney streets. Mr. Simeon Jones left this week on his annual fishing trip to the North Shore. Miss MacFarlane returned this week from a visit of several weeks to her sister Mrs. Barbour of Fredericton. Capt. H. A. Calhoun Mrs. Calhoun and Miss Calhoun of Albert mines are in the city. Dr. P. J. Wentworth, Mrs. Wentworth and family of Princeton N. J. are in the city. Miss Louise Hogan is spending a little while in East Cambridge with her aunt, Mrs. John McMackin. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. D. Jarvis of London Ontario are paying a short visit to St. John. A party of Philadelphians who visited St. John this week included Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Washington, and servants and Miss Gibb. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Jones of Moncton are spending a little while in St. John.

Miss Mamie de Forest of Coburg Street has a young friend, Miss Alice Lindver of Jamaica Plain spending a week or two with her. Mrs. Black-Barne and child and the Misses Nicholson arrived this week from England and are staying with Dr. and Mrs. Murray MacLaren. Miss Mabelle Slipp of Boston is visiting friend, in the city. Mrs. G. S. Catlin of Brooklyn, Miss Sisson of Fredericton and Miss Carter of St. Stephen left on Friday for a weeks visit to Deer Island. Miss Edith Skinner is in Parrsboro where she is a guest of Mrs. Claude Eville. Miss B. Rogers is spending a few weeks in this city as the guest of Mrs. David Lynch of Paradise Row. Miss Ella Morrison and her aunt Miss Cummings are spending a few weeks with friends in Truro. The present summer has been a very gay one for Westfield. The first entertainment was a garden party given by Miss Bessie Adams on their beautiful grounds, which event was most enjoyable.

Mrs. Theos. Rankin gave a delightful garden party to about forty of her friends on Thursday of last week. She was assisted by Mrs. Fred Sayre, Miss May Inches and the Miss Fielding of Ottawa, every one had a delightful time, and the grounds looked perfect. The White House the private residence of Mayor Sears at Westfield has been very gay lately. Among the visitors during the past week were Mr. Harry R. Brown of Riverside, Mrs. Frank Merritt Miss Alice L. Butcher of St. John and Mr. Guy Johnson. Mrs. Sears was in the city Friday evening attending a dinner given by Count de Bury. On Saturday evening Mr. Ned Sears gave a candy pull and bicycle ride to about 35 of his friends in honor of his friend Mr. Guy Johnson; they had an enjoyable time for after the ride, the party went to the beach, made candy, and sat around a large camp fire singing etc until quite late. Mr. Sears was assisted by the Misses Mary Inches, Bessie Adams and Mrs. R. Grant.

Miss Lewin who has some time been the guest of Miss B. Schofield of "Sunny Brae" has returned to the city. Miss Jennie and Floeste Fielding of Ottawa daughters of the Hon. W. S. Fielding who were visiting their grand mother Mrs. T. A. Rankin at "Inverlochy" have returned to Kotesay. Miss Edith Stephenson is spending the summer with Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick. Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick left Wednesday July 13 for Europe on a business trip. Mr. Frank Paterson M. D. of St. Martins who has just graduated from McGill has opened an office here for the practice of his profession. Miss Bessie Whitaker of Fredericton is spending the summer with her aunt Mrs. Thos. H. Bullock at "Peka Donn." Mr. Sullock has returned home from a trip to Boston. Mrs. R. T. Ballentine and daughter Miss B. Ballentine returned home this week after a visit of two weeks with relatives and friends. Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Jenkins are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter, which event occurred last week.

Miss Blossom Baird of St. John is the guest of her friend Miss Pauline Bederman at Westfield. Miss Nell of Fredericton is the guest of Miss Hattie Allen this week, she will spend a few days with Miss Bessie Whitaker at Keba Donn. Mr. and Mrs. Will Starr are absent this week, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Grant are occupying their residence during their absence. Mr. Sidney Emerson and Mr. G. Rodgers are camping for a week or so on the beach and are having a delightful time. Messrs. Douglas Seely and Schofield who have been camping near them left for a week to go on the yacht cruise. Miss Hayward is the guest of Mrs. Thos. A. Rankin at "Inverlochy." Miss Sidney Smith who has been visiting Miss Bessie Adams returned home this week. Mrs. Philip Nase is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Paterson at Westfield. A pleasant dance was held in the Victoria hall on Wednesday evening; the chaperones were Mrs. Edward Sears, Mrs. E. P. Inches, Mrs. Harry Robinson, Mrs. Ronald Grant and Mrs. Mont. McDonald. It was mostly a young peoples dance and a number came up from the city; the hall was nicely decorated with flags and etc. Music was furnished by Mrs. Schofield and others, and all had a most delightful evening. The party broke up in the early morning.

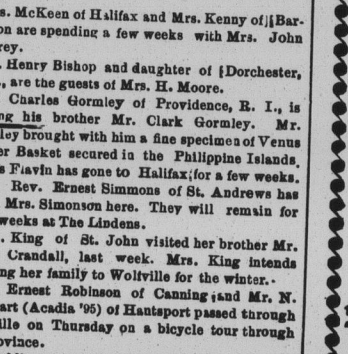
Mrs. Ennis is visiting Mrs. Dan McLaughlin. Mrs. Ned Sears leaves today, Saturday, to join Mrs. J. V. Ellis and party who are going camping for a week on Lake Utopia. Miss Grace Dickey of Amherst who came to visit, her school friend Miss Barker, daughter of Judge Barker was obliged to return home last week, having taken quite ill during the early days of her visit. Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Marvin both of whom were here with friends have returned to their homes in Ellsboro. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Archibald of Sackville are spending their honeymoon in this city. Mrs. A. J. Allen left recently on a western trip which will include all points of interest in Canada and the western states. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Winslow and family of Portland Me., are sojourning in the city for a little while. Mr. Miles Morrel is spending a few days with Beaver Harbor friends. Conductor T. O. Dales of the C. P. R. accompanied by his wife left last week for a visit to Toronto. Miss Bonch who has been in Moncton for the past few weeks returned last Saturday accompanied by Miss Borden who will be her guest for a couple of weeks. Miss Starkey is in Moncton a guest of Mrs. G. A. McWilliams. Mr. H. E. Pitts of Fredericton was in the city for a day or two early in the week. Dr. George F. Matthew is this week entertaining Mr. J. Diller Wilson of Brooklyn, N. Y. for a few days. Rev. Wm. H. Hall and Mrs. Hall of Montreal

were here for a day or two in the early part of the week. Mrs. Potts is the guest of Mrs. S. McKay at the latter's home in Beaver Harbor. Miss Elsie Sprague is spending a little while in St. George as the guest of Miss Edith Baldwin. Mrs. Paterson and Miss Georgie Paterson are making a visit to St. George. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trueman who have been visiting the upper provinces have returned to the city. Monsignor Connolly V. G. has returned from a visit to Woodstock and Houlton. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLean of Bridgewater N. S. are making a brief stay in the city. Mr. and Mrs. S. Johnston and Miss Johnston of St. George are visiting St. John. Mrs. (Judge) Waters and the Misses Constance and Lena Waters are spending a little while in the city and are staying at Miss Steadman's, Charlotte Street. Hon. H. Kinnard and Miss Kinnard of Newark N. J. with a party of friends spent this week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hardwick of Toronto were here for a part of this week. Miss Bessie Everett organist of St. Andrews presbyterian church is in Fredericton visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Z. R. Everett. Mr. Jack McCookan, Mr. Munroe and Mr. J. Borden who are spending their holidays in Oranocoto were in Fredericton over Sunday. Mrs. James Howard is the guest of Mrs. James Orange this week. Archdeacon Brigstocke left Wednesday on his European trip. A fishing party to the south branch of the Oranocoto this week includes Messrs. Robert Thomson, W. W. Allen, Fred Sayre and W. N. MacKay. Mrs. (Capt.) Watson left this week on a short visit to New York. Dr. Henry L. Shaw and Mrs. Shaw are here from New York and will make a stay of a week or two in this city. Miss Bessie Thompson is in Fredericton with her aunt Mrs. Wm. Lemont. Miss May Hiyard has returned to the capital after a very pleasant visit to this city. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead are entertaining Mrs. James Mitchell of St. Stephen at their pretty cottage at Duck Cove. Miss Howe of Boston is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Barbour, Richmond St.

WOLFVILLE. July 20.—Dr. McKenna returned from his trip to Boston, on Wednesday. He has been gazetted a member of the Provincial Dental Board. Mr. McArthur has charge of the Dr.'s office during his absence. Miss Louise Curran of New York and Mrs. Elias Coldwell of Boston are the guests of Mr. E. C. Johnson. The former has been studying under Mme. Ashforth America's foremost musician. Mr. John Campbell of Kenville was here last week visiting the Rev. K. C. Hind, Mrs. Campbell is a member of Acadia's '97 class and also the '98 class at Harvard. Miss Minnie Brown formerly of Wolfville was married last week at Lee, Mass. to the Rev. George Cutten, Mr. Cutten is Baptist clergyman at Montserrat Connecticut. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cutten were members of the '96 class at Acadia. Mr. Cutten was noted last year for his important position on the Yale football team. Miss Rogalis of Acadia Mines is visiting her aunt Mrs. James Woodman. The Misses Chamberlain of Halifax are the guests of Mr. Blair at Elmies cottage. Captain Taylor is home from a trip to the Pacific coast. Mrs. McKeen of Halifax and Mrs. Kenny of Barrington are spending a few weeks with Mrs. John Go trey. Mr. Henry Bishop and daughter of [Dorchester, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. H. Moore. Mr. Charles Gormley of Providence, R. I., is visiting his brother Mr. Clark Gormley. Mr. Gormley brought with him a fine specimen of Venus Flower Basket secured in the Philippine Islands. Miss Favin has gone to Halifax for a few weeks. The Rev. Ernest Simmons of St. Andrews has joined Mrs. Simons here. They will remain for some weeks at The Lindens. Mr. King of St. John visited her brother Mr. Noble Crandall, last week. Mrs. King intends bringing her family to Wolfville for the winter. Mr. Ernest Robinson of Canning and Mr. N. Lockhart (Acadia '95) of Hantsport passed through Wolfville on Thursday on a bicycle tour through the province.

A wedding was celebrated in Chicago on July 18th which might be called an "Acadia" wedding when Miss M. Faye Coldwell and Mr. Herbert Stewart both of Acadia's class of '95 were married by the Rev. Arthur Newcombe (Acadia '99) assisted by the Rev. Judson Kempton (Acadia '90). There were present at the wedding Mr. Haddon MacLean (Acadia '91); Miss Annie and Miss Mildred MacLean (both Acadia '98); the Rev. M. A. MacLean (Acadia '98); Dr. Stewart Read and Dr. Allison Read (both Acadia '91). (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

Real Finnan Haddies direct from the waterside at St. Mary's Bay, N. F.—you get them first hand in the "Thistle Brand." Carefully cleaned, perfectly cured, nicely packed. They have the original delicacy and flavor of the freshly caught fish. They are real Finnan Haddies—every one of them!



The "Thistle" Brand. Best groceries sell them.

Where Welcome Soap is Used there is no bitterness, "Blue Monday" is not known, wash-day is as pleasant as any other day, because Welcome Soap enables the Laundress to do the work easily, quickly and thoroughly. Welcome Soap has eliminated drudgery and therefore is the great sweetener of the lives of home-keeping people. It drives dirt from every hiding-place. Where it is used there can be no Uncleanliness.

Home Dyeing is no longer the bugbear that it used to be, when Powder Dyes in all their uncleanliness and uncertainty about results, were used. Thanks to Maypole Soap which washes and dyes at one operation it is now possible to dye Silk, Satin, Cotton or Wool and get an even, brilliant, fast color, every single time. 7.78 Maypole Soap Dyes All Colors. Grocers and Druggists sell them.

The Famous Model WOOD COOK STOVE. Our Latest and Best. The result of 50 years experience. Its good working is guaranteed. The Oven has a steel bottom. Thermometer in oven door shows exact heat, no guessing as to whether it is hot enough, while the system of hot air circulation thoroughly ventilates the oven and carries all fumes into the chimney. Top of Stove is made so as to prevent cracking. This Stove baked 212 loaves in 64 hours with 2 1/2 cubic feet of wood. The McClary M'fg. Co. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER. If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

HEAT YOUR HOUSE with hot water. You will find it the most satisfactory method if you get a good heater. The "Robb" Hot Water Heater is adapted to the use of soft coal, as all heating surfaces are exposed directly to the flame and no soot can collect on them. This also ensures highest economy and quickest heating. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Ltd. Amherst, N. S. When You Order..... PELLEE ISLAND WINES BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art.—Fraysson Liqueur. Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine.—Dr. Drouin. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys at the following news stands and centres.
C. S. DUNN, 111 Hollis street
CLIFFORD STREET, 111 Hollis street
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. W. ALLEN, 109 Hollis St.
Queen Bookstore
Rev. Z. L. Fash and family left this last week for Liverpool N. S. on a vacation of four or five weeks.
Miss Estelle Henderson of Philadelphia is visiting her sister Mrs. Clarence T. Burns of Robie street.
Mrs. Ruggles wife of Mayor Ruggles of Bridgetown is visiting relatives here. She sang one evening in St. Paul's church "Nearer my God to Thee" very sweetly.
Mrs. James Stairs is in Victoria for a short visit to Mrs. James Primrose.
Mrs. W. Morris is visiting Lunenburg as the guest of her son Rev. W. S. H. Morris.
H. A. DuSouchet the very celebrated play-actress was in the city for a night lately. He and Mrs. DuSouchet were on their way to Chester, N. S.
President P. Ke, of the C. A. A. C. has been confined to his home for some days by a sprained knee.
Miss Hockins of Amherst, and Miss Anna Hockins of Truro, are guests of Mrs. F. C. Brown at first Lake lately. Mr. Eger as a family went into Camp at first Lake the lakes some years ago. Each year camping has become more and more popular until now quite a large number of Dartmouth people for sake their comfortable homes and spend a month or more under canvas or in rude huts at the lakes during the summer.
Living in this primitive fashion on the shores of the beautiful lakes is most enjoyable and healthful. The fresh air, early rising, bathing, and freedom from the restraints of town life are enjoyed to the full. Like the early settlers, the campers pitch their tents near each other and form villages which derive their names from various sources, usually from something within them.
Thus "Ewin Oaks" is so-called from two oak trees which stand a few feet from the shore of the lake. "Pine-o-log hut" (pronounced "pinolag") is derived from one of the huts of the first camper; and their camps were fitted up expressly with a view to comfort. "The Island," as the name implies, is a settlement on one of the islands in second lake.
Mr. and Mrs. Max Well are home from their wedding tour and Mrs. Well received her guests this week.
Mrs. Hope is spending a little while with friends in Lunenburg.
Miss Campbell is visiting her friend Miss Kinnear of Wolfville.
Miss Malje Taylor of Bridgewater is here on visit to friends.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]
July 23.—Mrs. F. A. Quigley and child are spending a few weeks at the popular summer resort Parraboro.
Mrs. Daniel of Pughwash, was in town for a few days a guest during her stay of Hon. T. R. and Mrs. Black Victoria.
Mr. R. Whidden Chipman, of Somerville Mass. who came on to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law Dr. C. A. Black has returned home after a week's stay. Mrs. Chipman, and son John will remain some weeks longer.
Miss Magie Jones went to Halifax this week to remain a few weeks.
Mrs. Stephen Thorne of St. John is a guest of her parents Capt. and Mrs. Richard Lowerison, Victoria street.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Langille, formerly Miss Gertrude Howard spent Friday night and part of Saturday in town the guests of their relatives Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith Havelock street. They left on Saturday for their home in Parraboro after a pleasant wedding trip in Cape Breton.
The death of Hattie Snowball, wife of B. E. Paterson, editor and proprietor of the Amherst Daily Press, occurred on Thursday the 18th at the home of her parents Upper Sackville after months of failing health aged 34 years. Mrs. Paterson, spent the first four years of her married life in this town and on account of her health was obliged to seek a change and in June of 1897 she went to Kingston N. Y. and later to Brooklyn and thence to Lakewood N. J. with the hope that health might be regained. She returned to Sackville in May to die. Mrs. Paterson was a daughter of Joseph L. Black ex M. P. P. for Westmorland. She leaves her husband, parents, sisters and brothers and hosts of friends to whom she was endeared by her affectionate disposition to mourn her loss.
Mrs. Moore of Halifax was in town last week making arrangements to move here. She has taken the house on Rupert St. lately occupied by T. Sherman Rogers.
Oliver, the eldest son of Hon. A. R. Dickey stands 7th on the list of nearly forty who wrote for the Millary Cadetship, Kingston.
Miss Cogswell of Sackville spent Sunday and Monday in town with her friend Mrs. W. Foster Parker, Croft St.
Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Robb are expected home from England on Saturday, having sailed on the 14th from Liverpool G. B.
Mrs. Hunter of Moncton and daughter are spending a while with their friends at Amherst Point, Fort Lawrence and in town.
Prof. Carey of Harvard, Cambridge Mass. and his wife Mrs. Carey are spending their vacation in town guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Beharrel, Hatchford St.
Mr. Beharrel is erecting a very pretty residence on [Havelock] St. which will be soon ready for occupation.
The citizens are looking forward to hearing a rich musical treat on Wednesday evening the 27th when the Cantata May Day will be given in the Academy of Music, under the talented leadership of Mr. Wodell of Boston. It is now receiving careful preparations, and all our best voices are called into requisition.



KENTVILLE.

The American man, while he works shorter hours, works harder than the workman of any other nation. He works not only with his hands but with his head. He is an intelligent worker and produces more in a given length of time than the worker of any other nation. He not only exhausts himself physically, but mentally; the consequence is that while he is better fed and better clothed, he is not, as a rule, as healthy a man as his brother working-man of European countries. More health and frequently even takes his abusing it. It rests with American wives to protect their husbands in this respect. A will frequently save her husband from a long spell of ill-health and possibly from some fatal illness. When a man feels "out of sorts" it is because his digestion is disordered or his liver is torpid. Golden Medical Discovery will promptly correct their husbands on the part of the liver active. It restores the appetite, makes digestion perfect and tones the nerves. It purifies the blood and all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, weak lungs, lingering cough, spitting of blood and disease of the throat and nasal cavities. Thousands have told the story of its wonderful merits in letters to Dr. Pierce. It may be had at any medicine dealer's.
"Your Golden Medical Discovery" cured me of a severe case of poisoning of the blood," writes Mrs. Selia Rice, of Coast, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. "That was two years ago, and I have not had a boil or sore of any kind since."
It is as easy to be well as ill—and much more comfortable. Constipation is the cause of many forms of illness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic. Dealers in medicines sell them.

An excursion train with the Baptist Sunday School and many friends left this morning to enjoy a day at the picturesque little seaport of Pughwash, taking in the lovely scenery, also a dip in the clear waters of Northumberland Strait.
Word was received on Saturday that J. Kelly Johnston, had died this morning at the Victoria Hospital, Halifax of cancer of the tongue. Mr. Johnston was well known here having married the eldest daughter of the late Canon Towanshand, rector of this parish. Mrs. Johnston died many years ago leaving a son and daughter. Miss Johnston had just returned to Halifax from a visit here.
Mrs. W. H. Robinson entertained several young ladies at an afternoon tea on Tuesday at her lodgings Mrs. A. Chapman's, Laurence Street.
There was a small but pleasant picnic on Tuesday of last week chaperoned by Mrs. D. W. Douglas.
Miss Cooke daughter of G. V. Cooke of Moncton was in town on Saturday.
Miss Mary Dickey returned on Monday from a two weeks' visit in Halifax, Miss Viola Bullock returned home with her and will remain a week or two a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dickey, Grove cottage, Church street.
Miss Jones went to Halifax this week to visit her nephew Mr. Frank P. Bent of the Post office.
Mrs. MacFarlane wife of Senator MacFarlane, Wallace, and her niece Miss Seaman were in town last week the former a guest of Mrs. Mitchell and the latter of Mrs. J. E. Farley.
Miss Grace Dickey, went to St. John last week to visit her school friend a daughter of Judge Barker, and was obliged to return home on Tuesday having taken ill.
S. Swithe's day proved very rainy, but the old adage has certainly exploded for it has not rained every day since.

PARRABORO.
[Progress is for sale at Parraboro Book Store.]
July 19.—St. George's school enjoyed its annual outing on Thursday going to Wolfville by the Evangeline which was taxed to its utmost limit to carry all who wished to go. A delightful day was spent but the weather being somewhat unruly on the return trip quite a large number of the children had their first experience of mal de mer. On account of the tide or for some other reason the boat stopped at the pier instead of coming into the river as was intended which made the arrival home rather late. On the same day the steamer Avon brought a picnic party to the island from Windsor.
The Boston excursionists who tarried here for a part of last week included Prof. Barton and Dr. Greenleaf.
The concert given by Mr. Wodell and Miss Richardson on Thursday evening was not nearly so well attended as it ought to have been. Their singing was quite beyond what we often have the privilege of hearing here.
Dr. D. F. Campbell of Harvard is spending part of his vacation in Parraboro greatly to the pleasure of his many friends here.
Mr. Heath, Mrs. Cains and Mrs. B. Parsons and children are guests of Mr. J. R. Cowans at the island.
Mrs. Langille is receiving three afternoons of this week. She looked charming yesterday in her wedding gown of white silk. She was assisted by Mrs. C. R. Smith, Miss Laura Tucker and little Miss Rose Smith.
Miss Joan Smith, Windsor is paying a visit to her sister Mrs. Claude Eville.
Mr. Geo. Faulkner, Truro has been here for a short time on a business trip.
The Firemen's festival in their new fire hall on Friday evening was well patronized. Strawberries and cream, ices, cake etc. were served in abundance. The Rev. G. W. Gwin and Misses Emma Reick and Hattie Pellet presiding at the tables. A neat sum was realized which goes towards furnishing the hall.
Mrs. Robb, Oxford and Misses Hall and Cove, Springhill are guests of the Misses Hatfield.
Miss Lena Rivers, St. John, is the guest of Mrs. C. E. Day.
Mrs. Charles Hillcoat and James White, Amherst are staying in town.
The Cantata Bath which has been in rehearsal for several months under the direction of Mr. Lewis Rice was given last evening in the school hall which was crowded to the doors and was an unqualified success. Following is the cast of characters, Naomi Mrs. H. McKenna; Ruth, Miss Procure, (Springhill); Ophah, Miss K. McNamee; Jewish Maiden, Miss Maud Corbett; Israelitish Woman, Miss Edna Hatfield; Soary, Mr. Willis

TRURO.
[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.]
July 20.—Miss Helen Young, Lunenburg, is visiting Mrs. B. F. McKenzie.
Miss Lulu Archibald is a guest with some St. John friends who are camping on the Kennebec.
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Halliday entertained a small party at dinner last Thursday night in honor of Dr. and Mrs. McCabe who are here from Ottawa, guests at the Stanley. They comprised: Prof. J. H. McDonald, Miss Carroll, Rev. Dr. Walsh, Rev. Father Kissella and A. O. Homsby.
Mr. C. H. Coleman is spending a few weeks at his home in Appleton, Kings county.
Mrs. Harry T. Harding and family leave tomorrow for Sherbrooke, Quebec county, where they will in future reside. A large circle of friends regret Mr. and Mrs. Harding removal from their midst.
Dr. and Mrs. McCabe gave a dinner at the "Stanley" last night. The party was inclusive of the following guests: Prof. and Mrs. McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Halliday, Miss Carroll, Rev. Dr. Walsh, Father Kissella, Drs. Fitzgerald, and Abernethy, New York. The dinner which was most elaborate was discussed at great length. The table was arranged very artistically, and as usual reflected great credit on the house drawing room.
Prof. Perry, principal of the Carthage N. Y. academy, and Mrs. Perry, and Mrs. Chisholm of Fort Covington, N. Y. are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard at the "Leamont."
Mrs. W. H. Donkin and Miss Donkin are enjoying an outing at the "Seaside" Mulgrave.
Mr. J. Lithgow of the Civil service, Halifax, was in Truro last Thursday, enroute to the Yukon in the interest of the government.

FREDERICTON.
[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.]
July 20.—Friday evening was ladies night at the B. and C. club house, when about 75 were present and enjoyed a delightful evening at that charming spot. Dancing being the chief enjoyment, ices and cake were served during the evening.
Mr. Ernest Fellows, arrived here Monday from London, England and will spend a week with relatives in the city, after which he leaves for a trip around the world.
A cablegram was received here on Friday afternoon, by Mrs. James I. Fellows, who is visiting relatives here, telling of the death of her mother, Mrs. James R. Crane at her home in London. The deceased lady was 78 years of age and leaves only one daughter Mrs. James I. Fellows. Mrs. Crane was the eldest daughter of the late Hon. John B. Partlow, auditor general and sister of Mrs. Ody Crookshank and Mrs. Clifton Taber of this city. Mrs. Crane had lived in London for upwards of twenty years. She was well known here where she had many who will regret to hear of her death.
Miss Chipman of St. Stephen is visiting Mrs. L. C. MacNutt.
Mrs. S. L. Morrison and little daughter went to St. Andrews on Monday to spend a couple of weeks.
Mr. B. L. Black leaves tomorrow on a holiday trip.
Rev. Chas. Hathway and wife of New York are spending a few days here.
Miss Beattie Thompson of St. John is visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Leonard.
The Misses Belle and Helen Everett are enjoying the sea breezes at St. Andrews.
Rev. J. D. Freeman left on Monday on a five weeks holiday trip through Nova Scotia.
Mr. E. F. Randolph and family are enjoying the sea breeze at St. Andrews.
Mrs. B. J. Armstrong is here visiting her sister Mrs. F. P. Robertson at Nashwaakia.
Mrs. and Miss Teasdale are visiting Mrs. Letney at Digby, Rev. J. J. Teasdale left yesterday for his vacation and will join Mrs. and Miss Teasdale at Digby.

ST. JOHN.
Miss May Hayward has returned home from visiting relatives in St. John.
Dr. A. A. Kirkpatrick of Woodstock will spend the next two weeks here and has charge of the dental parlors during the absence of Dr. Barbour, who is absent at the Maritime boys camp at Annapolis N. S.
Mr. Albert J. Gregory and children and Mrs. W. E. Smith and family are enjoying their summer outing at Youghal near Bathurst.
Mr. Arthur Golding, St. John is visiting Mrs. Tho. Knowles.
Miss Hilary and Miss Irving of Eastport Maine are visiting Mrs. J. A. Thompson.
Mr. Emory Carrie of New York is here visiting his relatives and friends.
Mrs. Howie of Boston is here the guest of her daughter Mrs. Albert Tweedale.
Mr. Fred Porter is home from his holidays spent at St. John.
The Misses Rosalie and Royce Sealey are the guests of Mrs. Arthur Porter.
Mr. E. C. Henderson has returned from his visit to relatives at Ansonia.
Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McDonald of Chicago are visiting Mrs. McDonald's parents Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thompson.
Miss Jessie Clowes is visiting her brother Mr. Geo. Clowes at Oromocto.
Mrs. Wm. J. J. Lezlie of Chatham, is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Campbell.
Mrs. Williams of New York, is visiting her sister Mrs. Arthur Thompson.
Capt. A. Wood of Boston, is here the guest of Mr. G. T. Whalby.
Miss Annie Hicks of Summerside, P. E. I., is visiting her aunt Mrs. Fred Smith.
Miss Edith Spurden, has returned from visiting friends at Ansonia.
A little baby daughter has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gibson.
The Misses Coleman are here visiting their brother Mr. F. B. Coleman at the Barker.
Mr. Arthur Partridge, son of Dean Partridge went to St. John last week to accept a position on the Globe staff.
Misses Annie and Nellie Clark of Kingston, Albert are visiting Miss Ella Clark.
Mrs. T. Brown see Miss Nellie McCannell of Sealey's Bay, Ontario, formerly of this city is visiting Mr. Franky McCannell.
Frank Thomas and Wilmet Lemont started for Point du Chene on their wheels yesterday morning. At Point du Chene they will take the steamer for Summerside P. E. I. and from there intend wheeling to Charlottetown.
Mr. Harry Jones and Frank Chalmers of Bangor Maine, are spending a few days with Chancelor and Mrs. Harrison they having come all the way on their wheels.
Miss Bessie Everett organist of St. Andrew's presbyterian church, St. John, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Z. R. Everett.
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lichart, of Hartford C. R. Co., have been spending several days with friends here.
Mrs. Geo. Hodge and children are summering at the Bay Shore.
Dr. Henry with Mrs. Henry and children are rusticating at Kingsclear.
Mr. J. Jack McCrook and Mr. Munroe and Mr. J. Borden, of St. John are spending their vacation at Oromocto P. E. I. were in town over Sunday. Chancelor Coleman and Roy Morrison left today on a ten day bicycling tour; they intend visiting Newcastle, Campbellton and River du Loup, returning by the way of Grand Falls and Woodstock. Mr. S. S. Ellis formerly of this city, but now of Boston, is here on a visit accompanied by Mrs. Ellis who is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, Maryville.
Miss Jeanie McFarlane is visiting the Misses Stoop at St. Andrews.
Mrs. Harry T. Harding, Mrs. Mary Louhan and Miss Fannie McCafferty left on Friday for a month's outing at the Bay Shore.
Mrs. Leonard Howard of St. John is visiting Mrs. James Crangle.

Goode, Truro; First Bearer, R. O. Crowe, Truro; Messenger, Mr. W. H. McHenry; Assistant Bearer, Mr. Harry McDougall, Truro; with a chorus of thirty of the best local voices, Miss Agnes McCabe was the very efficient accompanist. The Cantata is to be repeated this evening. In the meantime the performers will spend the day picnicking at Partridge Island, weather permitting.

July 22.—Kentville has its attractions, some people say, well indeed! Especially so in summer when the town assumes the role of the most charming garden and beauty in the person of the most charming young ladies from all quarters of the universe runs riot in the grooves. The large number of lady visitors who honor us during summer months is always so marked that the question was once asked—"Is this a woman's rights town," the father of the town to whom the question was put replied "of course you ladies have the right to be here" and this intelligence has gone abroad. Hence the man of the summer men Kentville has attractions; but to be attractive is sometimes a baneful thing. There is a species of the summer man who is "O ah most tell you" thing you know. This creature who will tell you to chill us every moment when the weather is fine does his whole business with which about the town is to himself the while one or two phrases of the English language with which he is familiar. I think perhaps nature will come to the rescue of these unfortunate and do away with them. Happily they are not natives.
Mrs. H. H. Wickwire.
Miss G. Pittfield of Moncton is the guest of Miss Lillie Webster.
Miss Kathleen Smith who has been confined to the house for a number of days is now able to be out.
Miss A. Stewart and brother, Mr. A. M. Stewart have been enjoying a few days with friends in Halifax.
Mrs. A. Coleman and daughter Edith were in Wolfville last week the guests of Mrs. Chase.
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Newcombe have been spending a few days in Halifax.
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Starr are summering at "Crested Beach" Bridgewater the guests of Mrs. F. B. Wadsworth.
Mrs. Giffins has been giving a series of delightful parties to the young people.
Mr. Frank B. Eaton formerly of this town a brother of the author Arthur Wentworth Eaton arrived on Tuesday last to spend her vacation with a brother Mr. L. H. Eaton at "The Elms"; the professor now occupies the position of Supt. of education in British Columbia.
Mrs. J. D. Moore, Mrs. L. S. Eaton and Mrs. King accompanied by Mr. Moore visited Digby this week.
Mr. Mr. J. A. DeForest the artist who has made a large number of beautiful oil sketches in and about "Evangeline Land" left for St. John last week.

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Mr. Arthur Partridge, son of Dean Partridge went to St. John last week to accept a position on the Globe staff.
Misses Annie and Nellie Clark of Kingston, Albert are visiting Miss Ella Clark.
Mrs. T. Brown see Miss Nellie McCannell of Sealey's Bay, Ontario, formerly of this city is visiting Mr. Franky McCannell.
Frank Thomas and Wilmet Lemont started for Point du Chene on their wheels yesterday morning. At Point du Chene they will take the steamer for Summerside P. E. I. and from there intend wheeling to Charlottetown.
Mr. Harry Jones and Frank Chalmers of Bangor Maine, are spending a few days with Chancelor and Mrs. Harrison they having come all the way on their wheels.
Miss Bessie Everett organist of St. Andrew's presbyterian church, St. John, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Z. R. Everett.
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lichart, of Hartford C. R. Co., have been spending several days with friends here.
Mrs. Geo. Hodge and children are summering at the Bay Shore.
Dr. Henry with Mrs. Henry and children are rusticating at Kingsclear.
Mr. J. Jack McCrook and Mr. Munroe and Mr. J. Borden, of St. John are spending their vacation at Oromocto P. E. I. were in town over Sunday. Chancelor Coleman and Roy Morrison left today on a ten day bicycling tour; they intend visiting Newcastle, Campbellton and River du Loup, returning by the way of Grand Falls and Woodstock. Mr. S. S. Ellis formerly of this city, but now of Boston, is here on a visit accompanied by Mrs. Ellis who is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, Maryville.
Miss Jeanie McFarlane is visiting the Misses Stoop at St. Andrews.
Mrs. Harry T. Harding, Mrs. Mary Louhan and Miss Fannie McCafferty left on Friday for a month's outing at the Bay Shore.
Mrs. Leonard Howard of St. John is visiting Mrs. James Crangle.

Goode, Truro; First Bearer, R. O. Crowe, Truro; Messenger, Mr. W. H. McHenry; Assistant Bearer, Mr. Harry McDougall, Truro; with a chorus of thirty of the best local voices, Miss Agnes McCabe was the very efficient accompanist. The Cantata is to be repeated this evening. In the meantime the performers will spend the day picnicking at Partridge Island, weather permitting.

July 20.—Friday evening was ladies night at the B. and C. club house, when about 75 were present and enjoyed a delightful evening at that charming spot. Dancing being the chief enjoyment, ices and cake were served during the evening.
Mr. Ernest Fellows, arrived here Monday from London, England and will spend a week with relatives in the city, after which he leaves for a trip around the world.
A cablegram was received here on Friday afternoon, by Mrs. James I. Fellows, who is visiting relatives here, telling of the death of her mother, Mrs. James R. Crane at her home in London. The deceased lady was 78 years of age and leaves only one daughter Mrs. James I. Fellows. Mrs. Crane was the eldest daughter of the late Hon. John B. Partlow, auditor general and sister of Mrs. Ody Crookshank and Mrs. Clifton Taber of this city. Mrs. Crane had lived in London for upwards of twenty years. She was well known here where she had many who will regret to hear of her death.
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Mr. B. L. Black leaves tomorrow on a holiday trip.
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Miss Beattie Thompson of St. John is visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Leonard.
The Misses Belle and Helen Everett are enjoying the sea breezes at St. Andrews.
Rev. J. D. Freeman left on Monday on a five weeks holiday trip through Nova Scotia.
Mr. E. F. Randolph and family are enjoying the sea breeze at St. Andrews.
Mrs. B. J. Armstrong is here visiting her sister Mrs. F. P. Robertson at Nashwaakia.
Mrs. and Miss Teasdale are visiting Mrs. Letney at Digby, Rev. J. J. Teasdale left yesterday for his vacation and will join Mrs. and Miss Teasdale at Digby.

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July 22.—Kentville has its attractions, some people say, well indeed! Especially so in summer when the town assumes the role of the most charming garden and beauty in the person of the most charming young ladies from all quarters of the universe runs riot in the grooves. The large number of lady visitors who honor us during summer months is always so marked that the question was once asked—"Is this a woman's rights town," the father of the town to whom the question was put replied "of course you ladies have the right to be here" and this intelligence has gone abroad. Hence the man of the summer men Kentville has attractions; but to be attractive is sometimes a baneful thing. There is a species of the summer man who is "O ah most tell you" thing you know. This creature who will tell you to chill us every moment when the weather is fine does his whole business with which about the town is to himself the while one or two phrases of the English language with which he is familiar. I think perhaps nature will come to the rescue of these unfortunate and do away with them. Happily they are not natives.
Mrs. H. H. Wickwire.
Miss G. Pittfield of Moncton is the guest of Miss Lillie Webster.
Miss Kathleen Smith who has been confined to the house for a number of days is now able to be out.
Miss A. Stewart and brother, Mr. A. M. Stewart have been enjoying a few days with friends in Halifax.
Mrs. A. Coleman and daughter Edith were in Wolfville last week the guests of Mrs. Chase.
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Newcombe have been spending a few days in Halifax.
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Starr are summering at "Crested Beach" Bridgewater the guests of Mrs. F. B. Wadsworth.
Mrs. Giffins has been giving a series of delightful parties to the young people.
Mr. Frank B. Eaton formerly of this town a brother of the author Arthur Wentworth Eaton arrived on Tuesday last to spend her vacation with a brother Mr. L. H. Eaton at "The Elms"; the professor now occupies the position of Supt. of education in British Columbia.
Mrs. J. D. Moore, Mrs. L. S. Eaton and Mrs. King accompanied by Mr. Moore visited Digby this week.
Mr. Mr. J. A. DeForest the artist who has made a large number of beautiful oil sketches in and about "Evangeline Land" left for St. John last week.

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

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. WARD IF NOT CURED OF Colic, all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Bolts. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.
\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus.
Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897, Dear Sir— I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to cure horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend" with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.
I remain yours respectfully,
E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT,
55 Charlotte Street,
Agents For Canada.
IN STOCK,

- Ladies' Short Back Manila Sailors
- White Chiffon and Straw Hats,
- Black Chiffon and Straw Hats,
- Colored Chiffon and Straw Hats,
- Leghorn Hats,
- Flowers, Feathers and Millinery
- Novelties.

The Parisian

NERVOUS INVALIDS
Find great benefit from using
Puttner's Emulsion
which contains the most effective Nerve Tonics and nutritives, combined in the most palatable form.
Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

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

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,
TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.
The "Leibniz" Method; also "Synthes System," for beginners.
Apply at the residence of
Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

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

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



"WHATEVER"
Baby who
to a bath with
—wants no
no other im
Many im
look like it,
The Alber

ST. STEPHEN
[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by G. Vroom & Co.]
July 21.—The good times and week Mrs. George John Prescott and car loads of new furniture were entertained with Bert McAllister party at the Mrs. Frank P. Mr. and Mrs. C. and gentlemen on their steam yacht John Prescott at Du Monts. E. ings among ladies joyed and no one On Saturday a piazza party at very pleasant and enjoyed by the John Prescott and of their departed every year.
Miss Dora Boudry at the Boudry day.
Mr. and Mrs. P. friends to enjoy a day evening.
The Misses Whittaker at the Ledgality to the many Mr. and Mrs. outing at their property. On the Bay yesterday, fifty guests all in the outing was with and it is the Dexter are perfect to disperse hospital Misses Alice and whit party on the in aid of the Park to the winners of refreshments were twenty five cents to the Park society.
Invitations have to a number of into a drive and picnic mer home on the afternoon for the pleasure Frank A. Grimmon children leave for where they will be staying into busi- Mrs. C. N. Vroom she is quite ill at Mr. and Mrs. F. guests of Miss Ma The Misses McKie Miss Flora Cooke The marriage of Keene of San Fran St. Paul's Episcopal Columbia, on July many in d dferent Greathead is the T. Greathead and made Vancouver is wedding was a quite some, traveller Among friends who were Mr. and Mrs. who recently have On Friday Mrs. board ride to Cham guest, and in spite ing, the afternoon was greatly enjoyed half past ten in the Mr. Will Waterday and will be the Mayor Clarke, at J. E. Gannon, Fr Gilbert W. Gannon M. P. F. want to M Liberal conservativ The council of here in the Knights There were about to dance. The session ing, afternoon and are said to have been

"Baby's Own Soap"



"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP" —wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice.

Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
Montreal.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall T. E. Atchison, and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at O. F. Treat.)

July 21.—The picnic season is with us with its good times and jolly outings. One afternoon last week Mrs. George A. Curran gave a very jolly picnic at Porters Mill Stream and entertained two car loads of guests; and Mrs. Helen Kelly has been entertained with a picnic in the Kelly grove. Mr. Bert McAllister is this week entertaining a house party at the McAllister cottage Du Monts with Mrs. Frank P. Woods as chaperon. On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young took a party of ladies and gentlemen on an excursion to Campobello in their steam yacht "Nautilus," and today Mrs. John Prescott and a party of friends are lunching at Du Monts. Every day there are no innumerable outings among intimate friends, which are greatly enjoyed and no one really knows who plans them.

On Saturday evening the Misses Stevens gave a pizza party at Hawthorne Hall which was a very pleasant and informal affair, but was greatly enjoyed by their guests. Amusing games were introduced for the guests entertainment after which ices and cake were served, and towards the close of the evening there was some charming singing by Mrs. Hazen Grimmer and Miss Florence Sullivan. The party was made chiefly for the pleasure of Mrs. Arthur B. Barlette; other guests were Mrs. George B. Babitt, Miss McLaughlin, Mrs. George J. Clarke, Miss Maudie McKee, Mrs. Jean Sheets, Miss Fannie Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, Miss Victoria Vroom, Miss Mary Abbot, Miss Beatrice Vroom, Capt. and Mrs. McAllister, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Lawson and Mrs. Marks Mills.

Sunday afternoon the Knights of P. ths, marched in procession led by Ryders Band to the cemetery, and decorated with flowers the graves of their departed brethren as it is their custom once every year.

Miss Dora Rounds entertained a party of young friends at the Rounds cottage at DuMonts on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmore invited a party of friends to enjoy an evening at their home on Sunday evening.

The Misses Whitlock are occupying their summer cottage at the Lodge and as usual dispensing hospitality to the many friends who visit them.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter gave a delightful outing at their pretty summer home "Birch Crag" Oak Bay yesterday from five to ten o'clock. The outing was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Soule of Passaic, New Jersey. There were about fifty guests all nearly the young society element. The outing was the most enjoyable given this season and it is the general comment that Mr. and Mrs. Dexter are perfect host and hostess and know how to dispense hospitality in true royal style.

Misses Alice and Carrie Belle Boardman gave a whist party on Monday afternoon at their residence in aid of the Park society fund. Prizes were awarded to the winners of the game and at its close tea and refreshments were served. As a mission fee of twenty five cents was charged to every member of the Park society.

Invitations have been given by Mrs. W. F. Todd, to a number of intimate lady friends, to join her in a drive and picnic to "Welcome Cottage" her summer home on the shore at Oak Bay tomorrow afternoon for the pleasure and a farewell party to Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer, who with her husband and children leave for Kansas City early next month and where they will in the future reside. Mr. Grimmer entering into business in that city.

Mrs. C. N. Vroom's friends will regret to hear she is quite ill at her home in Victoria Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Amsten of Salem Mass. are guests of Miss Martha Harris.

The Misses McIntyre of New York are guests of Miss Flora Cooke.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Gresthead to Mr. Keene of San Francisco which was solemnized in St. Paul's Episcopal church, Vancouver, British Columbia, on July fourth, is pleasant interest to many in different parts of the province. Miss Gresthead is the eldest daughter of Mr. N. T. Gresthead and at one time resided here, but has made Vancouver her home for several years. The wedding was a quiet one the bride wearing a handsome travelling costume of dark green cloth. Among friends who were present at the ceremony, were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Street late of St. John who recently have gone to Vancouver.

On Friday Mrs. Percy L. Lord gave a buck board ride to Chamcook. There were about twenty guests, and in spite of frequent showers in the morning, the afternoon was bright and sunny the ride was greatly enjoyed. They returned home about half past ten in the evening.

Mr. Will Waterbury went to St. Andrews yesterday and will be the guest of Mr. G. D. Grimmer.

Mayor Clarke, and Messrs W. C. H. Grimmer, J. E. Ganong, Fred Waterston, F. M. Murdoch, Gilbert W. Ganong M. P. and John D. Chipman M. P. went to Moncton on Monday to attend the Liberal conservative meeting in that city.

The council of Physicians and surgeons, met here in the Knights of Pythias hall this week. There were about twenty five physicians in attendance. The sessions were held on Tuesday morning, afternoon and evening; and this morning, and are said to have been most satisfactory to all who

were interested. Last evening a dinner was served at the Windsor Hotel in honor of the visiting medical.

Dr. J. L. Lawson entertained a number of the visiting physicians at luncheon at his residence on Tuesday.

This morning the Misses Stevens gave invitations to a number of their younger friends to enjoy a pizza party at Hawthorne Hall this evening. It is to be a most informal affair similar to the charming party of Saturday evening.

Mrs. John D. Chipman accompanied by her sons Arthur and Jack, went to St. Andrews on Monday and will remain for several weeks occupying "Linden Grange," Lady Tilley's pretty summer home.

Miss Mabel Clarke and Miss Kate Washburne, are spending this week at Denysville.

Miss Noe Clarke who was expected home last week did not come, but instead went to Elliot's Maine, to enjoy a week's outing in that town with her aunt Mrs. Annie Melick.

Mrs. Jean Shute of Fredericton is visiting her sister Mrs. Fannie Moore.

Mr. Basil Magor C. E., of New York City, has spent the past week in Calais.

Mr. Wadsworth Harris the talented young actor of Modjeska's company, is visiting his mother Mrs. B. B. Murray, and has for his guest his friend Mr. F. Flick of New York City. Mr. Harris expects to be in San Francisco early in August to begin to rehearse with the Modjeska theatrical company, preparatory to the early autumn theatrical season.

Misses May Foster and May Jones are visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Harry Palne of Eastport is spending several days in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Ganong and Mr. J. E. Ganong were called to Springfield Mass., to attend the funeral services of Mr. Ganong's brother which took place on Saturday last.

Miss Aveline Bailey and Miss Till of St. John have been guests of Mrs. D. A. Melvin this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Larsen and their young son Harold of Odell Illinois, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Henry.

Mrs. W. L. Blair of Ottawa and her son Dugald have arrived here and will spend a month or more in town.

Mrs. Robert Lindsay of Cincinnati and her young sons Thompson and Milton are visiting relatives in town.

Miss Rose Brittain left today for Woodstock where she will be the guest of her friend Mrs. Miles Foster.

Miss Alice Graham and Miss Berta Smith visited Eastport on Monday.

Mr. John Barker has gone to England for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Philbrick of Skowhegan Maine have been visiting. Mrs. Frank T. Ross and now with Mr. and Mrs. Ross have gone to Lubec Maine to spend a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Soule of Passaic New Jersey are visiting Mrs. Soule's grandfather Mr. George A. Boardman.

Miss Gertrude Malone arrived from Boston last week and will visit for several weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hall are guests of Mrs. Frank Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Brown are again at home after an extended visit in the western states.

Mrs. E. N. Black and her daughter Miss Gwendoline Black of Anacosta, Montana, arrived here last evening and will spend some time with her sister Mrs. Almon I. Tved.

Dr. McKenzie returned from Halifax on Saturday.

Mr. James L. Thompson, Jr. has gone to Jersey city to visit relatives.

Miss Nellie Lutley is the guest of her friend Mrs. Almon I. Tved for this week.

Miss Birdie Todd accompanied her father Mr. W. F. Todd on his trip to Grand Manan leaving for that island yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph S. Horton are now occupying their handsome new house on Swan street, Calais.

Mr. Harry Fethick of the bank of Nova Scotia, has returned from a visit to Halifax.

Mr. Parker Grimmer has returned from a visit to St. John.

Miss Alice Chesley who has been Mrs. W. H. Nichol's guest, has returned to her home in Newton, Mass.

Mrs. J. Francis Hayward of Quincy, Mass. is expected here some time this week and will be the guest of her friend Mrs. John Prescott during her stay.

Mrs. James Mitchell left on Monday for Duck Cove, St. John, to spend a few days with her friend Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Whitehead.

Dr. Frank E. Eaton, of Providence, Rhode Island is here for a short visit.

Miss Edna Webber is in Grand Manan spending a fortnight with Miss Edna Daggett.

MONCTON.

(Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Melanson's, and at Railway News Depot.)

JULY 20.—A wedding in which Moncton people will be deeply interested took place on the 9th of the month at Elm Ridge, Dorval, near Montreal, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Savage, where Miss Galt, sister of Mrs. Savage, was married to Mr. Robert Clark, manager of the Bank of Montreal in this city. Both Mrs. Savage and her sister are well and favorably known in Moncton having resided here for some years, so the fair bride will not come to us as a stranger and will be cordially welcomed by the numerous friends she made during her stay amongst us. Mrs. Clark was a daughter of the late John Galt of Goderich Ontario, and a niece of Sir Thomas Galt and the late Sir Alexander Galt of Toronto. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles Ross, in the presence of the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are expected in town this week, and will reside at the handsome residence on the corner of Church and Queen streets recently purchased by the bank of Montreal for its manager.

Mrs. George McSweeney and children left town last week to spend a short time at Mrs. McSweeney's former home in Summerdale P. E. Island.

Miss Roach of St. John, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Boardman for the past few weeks returned home on Saturday. She was accompanied by Miss Borden who will be her guest for the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Marr left town last week for Hopewell Cape where Mrs. Marr will spend a week or two.

The members of the summer school of science seem to be enjoying themselves immensely; they "drove to 'The Rocks'" last week and also paid a visit to the Albert plaster quarries, and were afterwards kindly entertained at luncheon by Mr. C. J. Osman manager of the company. On Tuesday the school spent a very enjoyable day at Point de Chevre taking advantage of the excursion to spend a day by the seaside. The members have been hospitably entertained by several of our citizens and altogether it is hoped that their visit to our city will be counted amongst the pleasant memories of the summer of 1898.

Mrs. Hugh McLeod of Truro formerly Miss Brown of this city is spending a few days at her former home here. Mrs. McLeod is accompanied by her niece Miss Blanche Murphy.

Mrs. George E. Stoddard of Tisdale who has been visiting her sister Mrs. I. W. Binney of Church street, for the past week returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Mansfield of Boston is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. K. Beanson of Botsford street.

The many friends that Mrs. Lyman of Boston made during her stay in Moncton last winter, are delighted to see her in town again, and hope that her stay in our city may be a long one. Mrs. Lyman is the guest of her sister Mrs. H. A. Peters of St. George street.

Mrs. B. S. Ward returned yesterday from New Glasgow, where she spent Sunday with friends.

Mr. Robert W. Chandler of St. Andrews who had been visiting his brother Dr. E. B. Chandler, of this city returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. H. E. Schaefer and family are spending the "hated term" at Sherbrooke.

Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith entertained a number of her friends at a tennis tea, on Saturday afternoon. It is almost superfluous to add that the guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly as Mrs. Smith is well known to be a most charming hostess.

Miss Minnie Hunter returned last week from Fort Lawrence, where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. Gilbert Cranford of King's county who has been spending a few days in town visiting friends returned home on Monday.

Mrs. George M. Jarvis and Miss Jessie Jarvis are spending a few days in Truro visiting friends.

Mr. A. E. Holmes of the I. C. R. engineering department returned on Monday from a short visit to Truro.

Mr. George Roome of Dartmouth is spending a few weeks in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Spencer of Louis street.

Mrs. E. A. McNab, of Montreal, and son, are spending the summer months in town, visiting Mr. McNab's mother, Mrs. McQuarrie of Highfield street.

Miss Winnie Willis returned on Monday from the picnic, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lyons' at their summer cottage by the sea.

Mrs. Clarence Fairweather formerly of this city, but now of St. John is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Selig of Weldon street.

Amongst the many residents of our city who are spending the hot weather out of town, are Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Irons and family, who are at present sojourning at Grand Manan, Charlotte County.

Mrs. John Hunter, and Miss Mabel Hutter left town on Wednesday to spend a few weeks at Fort Lawrence.

Lady Thompson and the Misses Thompson spent a short time in Moncton on Thursday, en route to Hampton.

Mrs. J. B. Sangster and family, Mrs. Rayworth and children, Miss Jennie Dornier, Mrs. Norfolk and master Jack Norfolk left town on Monday for Cape Tormentine, where they intend remaining for the next month.

Mr. and Mrs. David Grant left town last evening by the maritime express, for a trip to Montreal.

Mrs. Chapman of Amherst is visiting Mrs. A. J. Tingley of Steadman street.

Mrs. Percy N. Crandall left on Friday for Hopewell Cape where she will spend a week or two.

The many friends of Mr. L. B. Bond of the Merchants Bank of Halifax at St. John's Newfoundland are giving him a very hearty welcome back to his former home. Mr. Bond was transferred from Moncton a few months ago and is spending a two weeks vacation with friends in Moncton.

Mrs. Cau chill, and Miss Churchill of Boston are paying a short visit to Moncton, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Higgins of Botsford st.

Miss Whitney of Sussex and Miss Starkey of St. John are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. A. McWilliams of Weldon Street.

Miss Christina White left town last week to spend a few days with her friend Miss Morse of Amherst.

The numerous friends that Mr. F. R. F. Brown, late mechanical superintendent of the I. C. R. left in Moncton being with great pleasure some time ago of his good fortune in having been left a sum of money in the vicinity of fifty thousand dollars by the death of a relative in England. Mr. Brown is at present in England winding up the business of the estate in question.

Mrs. H. B. Fleming and family are spending part of the summer with friends in Wolfville Nova Scotia.

A very pleasant feature of the weekly choir practice at St. John's presbyterian church last Thursday evening, was the presentation to Mr. B. E. Ward of a handsome gold watch as a parting gift, on the eve of her removal to New Glasgow. Mrs. Ward has been a most energetic and valuable member of the choir for some years, and her services will be greatly missed. The presentation was made by Mr. D. I. Welch on behalf of the choir and music committee of the church. Mr. Welch expressed the regret of the choir and congregation at the severance of Mrs. Ward's connection with the church, and her departure from the city, and Mrs. Ward replied in a few words thanking her friends for their kindness, and expressing her surprise and pleasure at the beautiful gift, as well as her regret at leaving the congregation with which she had so long been identified.

Mrs. James Little, principal of the model school at Truro is paying a short visit to Moncton, the guest of Mr. Howard Gross.

On Friday evening an informal meeting of a nature took place in the school room of Central Methodist church, when the members of the Epworth league assembled in order to testify their regret at the departure of one of the members, Mr. W. M. Black, who is about to leave the city. The testimonial took the form of a gold headed cane and a watch guard accompanied by an address, and the presentation was made by Mr. F. H. Kinross the newly elected president on behalf of the league. Mr. Black has not only been an active member of the league for some years, but has twice occupied the post of president, and his departure is deeply regretted by all members of the congregation, who unite in wishing him all happiness and prosperity in his future career.

HILLSBORO.

JULY 20.—Mrs. Sherwood returned from St. John on Saturday.

Mrs. Marrin who has been visiting friends in St. John returned last week.

Mrs. Wm. Burns gave a very delightful party last Thursday. Mrs. Burns is a charming hostess, and the party was a great success. Among those present were: Mrs. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Steeves, Miss Bligh, Miss Romaloe Beatty, Miss Milly Steeves, Miss Abinnet, Miss Tilly Steeves, Miss Gertrude Steeves, Miss Ella Rowe, Miss Jessie Randall, Miss Lizzie Jump, Miss Nellie Steeves, Miss Burns, and Mr. Alden Tompkins, Mr. Fred Steeves, Mr. Franklin Steeves, Mr. T. Wood, Mr. T. J. Allen, Mr. Dodge, Mr. A. Ward, Mr. Lambert Steeves, Mr. Harry Burns, Mr. Geo. Marvin and others.

Service was held in the episcopal church last

RE ACTION NEVER FOLLOWS.

On 23 30 40 50 and 60 cents per pound.

THE MONSOON TEA CO. 7 Wellington St. West, Toronto.



MONSOON
INDO-CEYLON TEA

Sunday morning for the first time for a number of years. Rev. Allen W. Smithers preached an appropriate sermon.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cresswell are the guests of Mrs. Charles J. Osman, "Granlden."

Mrs. King and two little girls of Dorchester, are visiting Mr. John F. Wallace.

Mr. John F. Berton of the Customs, St. John, is the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. T. Steeves.

The engagement is announced of one of Hillsborough's fair daughters and a gentleman residing in another county.

Miss Burns left on Friday for Lawrence, Mass., where she intends entering the hospital to train for a nurse. Miss Burns was a favourite and will be much missed.

Miss Mabel Sherwood is spending a few weeks in Sussex.

Mrs. Charles J. Osman gave an "at home" to the Ladies Village Club, and others last Wednesday, a most enjoyable time was spent and it was voted the success of the season. Max.

Delivered by Le tors by El circuit.

In Geneva, Switzerland, a novel system for delivering letters in high apartment houses is being tried. On the ground floor is arranged a cabinet having as many compartments and boxes as there are floors in the house. When a letter is deposited in any box it makes a contact which rings a bell on the corresponding floor. The bell can only be stopped by the removal of the letter. The same current that rings the bell opens a valve connected with a water tank in the top of the house. Here are located cylinders attached by cords and pulleys to the letter boxes and so arranged that when they are filled with water they will serve to haul the letter box with its contents to the proper floor. When the box arrives the letter is automatically dumped into a stationary receptacle and at the same time the cylinder is discharged of its water. The letter box then descends to the lower floor, the bell stops ringing and it remains in position, waiting for the next visit of the postman.—Detroit Free Press.

The lord lieutenant of Ireland has a yearly salary of \$100,000 and expenses.

THINGS OF VALUE.

After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that.—J. B. Lowell.

Free and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from violent phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Block's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

The constant duty of every man to his fellow is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen for the help of others.—John Ruskin.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food remains in the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's "Vegetable Pills" corrects such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.—Emerson.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. B., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion'. One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose without distressing me in the least. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required."

The know-nothing, the do-nothing and the be-nothing scheme of life can only end in outer darkness and in flammable distress.—Joseph Parker.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the fanciful, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer more or less from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, a dog's sleep cleanses the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.—Douglas Jerrold.

Inflammatory Rheumatism.—Mr. S. Ackerman commercial traveler, Bolton, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three boxes effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pain. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since I, however, kept a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Some one has beautifully and thoughtfully said: "To cure was the voice of the past; to prevent, the divine whisper of today."—Argus.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Three things are known only in the following way—hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.—Aralic.

THOMAS SARRIN, of Wellington, says: "I have removed ten corneas from my first with Holloways Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

In all cases and all times a woman of great genius or beauty has done what she chose.—Ouida.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. Goethe.

Shabby Buildings

Can be wonderfully improved at very moderate expense, by using our Metal Cornices.

SHEET METAL FRONTS.

These fire proof goods which can hardly be distinguished from real brick or stone, can be easily and quickly applied and make a handsome, warm and durable finish.

They're in popular use for new buildings and "fixing up" old ones.

Better decide in their favor and send for our catalogue and full information.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited.
1189 King St. West, Toronto.

THE DUFFERIN.

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

E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

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

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

IF YOU FEEL TIRED
TRY A BOTTLE OF OUR
Celery Nerve Tonic.

It is a powerful alternative and Diabetic.

Purifies the Blood and Cures Liver and Stomach troubles. Revives the energies and spirits. It is a tonic and a Blood Purifier.

Price 75c. per bottle.

Prepared only by
W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
Chemist and Druggist.
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Have you tried any delicious Phosphate and Cream Soda?

Chickens, Turkeys and Sweet Peas.

THOMAS DEAN,
City Market.

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case

Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Menu Cards.
Wedding Invitations.
Programmes, etc.,
Printed in the very latest styles, by the
Progress Job Printing Department.



Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. See SHAKESPEARE AND THE BICYCLE.

A Demonstration That the Dramatist is not of an age, but of all times.

Shakespeare, it would seem, must have known something about the bicycle, for throughout his plays he makes frequent reference to the wheel. It must be that Hamlet's father had visited a bicycle academy where beginners on the wheel were plenty, for his ghost said:

What a falling of there was. This description is paralleled by another in the same play, in which reference is made to an accident, the new woman of the early sixteenth century being evidently the greatest sufferer. The first player says: "Break all the spokes and fellys from her wheel."

Then the Fool in "King Lear" gives advice to coasters, of the merits of which modern riders may judge for themselves. He says:

"Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down hill lest it break thy neck with following it."

There was evidently bicycle thieves in those days, and owners had to guard carefully their precious wheels. In the "Tempest" Alonso says to the King:

We, too, my lord, Will guard your person while you take your rest, And watch your "safety."

In the same play Ariel undoubtedly heard the King and his attendants coming on their wheels when he sang:

Hark! now I hear them: ding-dong bell. There is no doubt that Achilles, in "Troilus and Cressida," travelled on a wheel, for he says to his myrmidons:

Attend me while I wheel. It appears from a remark made by the King in "All's Well That Ends Well" that the law required lamps to be carried at night, and that a violation of it was followed by death. He says:

Let me live after my flame lacks oil. Chains were not noiseless and bells were used in the days of the "Comedy of Errors," as is shown by a conversation between the Dronio of Syracuse and Adriana, which runs thus:

"A chain, a chain; do you not hear it?" "What? the chain?" "No, no, the bell."

The availability of wheels in dangerous service is illustrated in "Coriolanus," when the winged messenger says to Cominius—

Spies of the Voiceless. Hold me in chase, that I had forced to wheel Three or four miles about, else had air, Half an hour since brought my report.

The tire of which Shakespeare wrote was evidently filled with with hair instead of air, and even its color was of importance. In "Much Ado About Nothing" Margaret says: "I like the new tire within exceedingly, if the hair were a thought browner."

Pack's prophetic remark about placing a girdle round the world in forty minutes is fully equalled by that of Laurence in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." He says: "Then may I set the world on wheels." Surely this prophecy has been fulfilled.

THE LADRONE ISLANDS.

The Resources are Considerable, but the Natives are a Lazy Lot.

The Ladrone group comprises about twenty islands, only five or six of which are inhabited the rest being mere dots on the ocean, the tips of volcanoes which have sunk beneath the sea as the crust of the earth at this point subsided. The principal islands of the group are Guahan, Rota, Aguijan, Saypan and Tinian; but the largest, Guahan, which has an area of only 200 square miles, forms nearly one-half the land area of the entire group.

Lying as they do, almost under the equator, they have every variety of tropical product, and under proper conditions their population might become wealthy from agriculture alone, for no finer cotton, coffee sugar or tobacco can be grown in the world than are raised in the Ladrone Islands, but the curse of Spanish rule has

blighted every industry. The people labor no more than are obliged to, and in the tropics no one is really obliged to work, for an abundant supply of food grows without cultivation, and clothing and shelter are almost unnecessary.

The present islanders are mostly descendants of settlers from Mexico or from the Philippine Islands. The people do not differ materially from the natives of the Philippines, and although the islands have done little or nothing for their improvement. The most considerable town on any of the group is Saypan, on the island of the same name, the houses of which are elevated on piles from two to four feet above the ground. There are few Spanish settlers on the islands, and the hold of Spain upon the group has been for the most part nominal.

It is a singular fact, discovered by Anson, that there are evidences on several of the islands of a former civilization. Cyclopean ruins exist, the architecture and dimensions of the stones closely resembling the great ruins found in the islands of the Greek archipelago. These lonely isles must therefore, at one time, have been a seat of civilization. Perhaps it was before they became islands, for the Ladrone Islands are the remains of a mountain chain, which traverses the Pacific from north to south, having branches to the east in other scattered groups which here and there dot the surface of the sea.

To the United States the value of the islands is at present principally military, as furnishing harbors and coaling stations, but under an enlightened government there seems to be no reason to doubt that islands would equal that produced along the coast of South Carolina, the sugar would rival that of Cuba and Porto Rico, and it is said that the tobacco of the Ladrone has a flavor equal to that of Vuelta Abajo Valley. Any development within the limits of climate and soil is possible under a civilized government, and the Ladrone may have before them a future as great as that which lies before Porto Rico.

Ready For Any Old Job.

A distinguished musician was waited upon one day in his study by a rather seedy-looking stranger, who said to him, with what seemed to be a genuine emotion:

"May a humble brother musician claim your sympathy for one moment? I don't ask you to give me anything, but will you lend me a dollar or two? You can command \$10 a lesson, or as much more as you choose to ask, while I think myself fortunate if I can get a pupil now and then at a half-dollar sitting."

"My friend," said the other, touched by this appeal, "perhaps I can help you better than by lending you money. What is your branch of music?"

"I give lessons on the violin."

"Well, we will see what you can do. Here is a violin. I will sit down to the piano and we will play a duet."

He whipped a fine violin from its case, handed it to the stranger, seated himself at the piano and placed a sheet of music before him. The caller rasped the bow across the strings, leaned forward, looked at the composition and shook his head.

"Sharps" he said. "Sharps? I never play in sharps."

The distinguished musician took the violin from him, replaced it in its case and coldly remarked:

"My friend, what you need is a job as night watchman in a soap factory."

"Will you get it for me?" eagerly asked the caller.

Canada Helps the U. S. Out.

The New York Sun says that Canada is benefiting by the Spanish-American war, so far as the mineral wealth of the country is concerned. Every year Canada exports from the eastern townships to the United States between 35,000 and 40,000 tons of copper pyrites. As the ore is sent over in its crude state, it contains a certain amount

The hair

is like a plant. What makes the plant fade and, wither? Usually lack of necessary nourishment. The reason why Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its normal color, stops hair from falling, and makes it grow, is because it supplies the nourishment the hair needs.

"When a girl at school, in Reading, Ohio, I had a severe attack of brain fever. On my recovery, I found myself perfectly bald and, for a long time, I feared I should be permanently so. Friends urged me to use Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair immediately began to grow, and I now have as heavy and fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, however, from blonde to dark brown."—Mrs. J. H. HORSBY, 152 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Confidence

Every business man who expects to make a permanent success of his vocation in life, must have the confidence of the people who trade with him. This is sound natural law that is applicable to every legitimate trade that we know of, and no matter what the disposition of the individual who depends upon the public for his patronage may be, if he has ordinary common sense he must realize that IT PAYS TO BE HONEST with his customers. We have built up a very large business in various kinds of musical instruments throughout the Maritime Provinces during the past twenty-five years, and we owe it, not to the fact that we are more energetic than our competitors nor that we have a monopoly of the best PIANOS and ORGANS made in the world, but simply by doing the very best we could for our clients under all circumstances. This is an absolute fact and one that we can furnish you ample proof of, if you ask us.

The W. H. JOHNSON CO. Ltd., Halifax.

of sulphur, and this mineral, when extracted, is employed in the manufacture of gun powder. Spain has latterly supplied the United States with sulphur, but since hostilities began the Spaniards keep their sulphur to themselves. Thus Canada's mineral trade is rapidly increasing through the United States seeking Canadian sulphur for the manufacture of gunpowder.

RUM AND COCOANUT MILK.

A Combination Which Events at Santiago May Render Popular Soon.

From the fact that it has not been mentioned in despatches from the front, I should judge that our troops on the south coast of Cuba have not yet been introduced to Santiago rum," said a man who has frequently visited Cuba. "It is the cheapest and best drink that I know of in the tropics, and I shall be very much surprised if it does not become popular in New York after the war. Santiago rum costs about a third as much as cheap whiskey and is exceedingly smooth. The best drink that I know of for a warm climate is Santiago rum and fresh cocoanut milk. I never have been able to get fresh cocoanut milk here, and I suppose that New Yorkers who do not go to a cocoanut country can never know the delights of this mixture. The milk when fresh is almost as colorless as water, and when a little rum is added to it the combination beats a gin rickey, even though it may not be cooled by ice. You will find that all the small passenger steamers which sail down through the West Indies are well supplied with Santiago rum, but the demand for it is almost exclusively from men who have become familiar with its merits by living in a tropical climate. Whiskey and brandy, although the latter is a very popular drink all through the tropics, are exceedingly dangerous, and one is very much better off without them. At one South American port where I used to call regularly the favorite drink was vermouth straight. A large proportion of the population was French, and every afternoon the men and women would drive out to the roadside cafes and sip vermouth. It was served in a tall thin glass which was half filled with ice. The ice made it expensive."

Lincoln's Pioneer.

Abraham Lincoln's Western pioneer always on the lookout for danger and ready to magnify it beyond its true proportions, is only one of a large class people who use up, in one way and another, a good deal of vitality which might be profitably applied. Mr. Lincoln's old backwoodsman had very heavy, overhanging eyebrows, and wore big spectacles with brass rims. One day he came rushing into his cabin, and seizing his rifle, aimed it carefully through a crack of the door at a great snake that stood near, and fired.

"What is it?" and fired.

"A wildcat, Sairy, the ornierest wildcat you ever see, an' I missed him!"

He hastily loaded and fired again, and again.

"Now hold on, Joshua," said his good wife.

"Let me look at you. Why, lawd-a-daisy, it's nothin' but a little bug on one o' your eyebrows!"

Strategic.

"Does your wife ever ask you to do shopping for her?"

"Not since last week. Then she asked me to match a piece of ribbon at Hargain and Co's, and I inquired if she had bought it of that pretty little curly-headed girl near the front entrance, and she said I needn't bother, she'd go herself."

ADAMS' GINGER BEER.

RECIPE

ADAMS' EXTRACT.....One bottle
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST.....One to one cake
SUGAR.....Two pounds
CREAM OF TARTAR.....One half ounce
LUKEWARM WATER.....Two gallons

Dissolve the Sugar, Cream of Tartar, and Yeast thoroughly in the water, then add the Extract; stir until thoroughly mixed and immediately bottle in strong bottles or jars, corking and tying the corks securely. Place the bottles in a warm place for several hours until the yeast can work sufficiently to make the contents effervescent, then store in a cellar or other cool place.

If these directions are strictly followed and Fleischmann's or fresh home-made Yeast is used, failure to produce a bright, sparkling, foaming and refreshing drink is an impossibility.

RICHMOND.

JULY 20.—Rev. John Gee of Sprinchill, N. S., occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday evening last. Mr. Gee with his two daughters are visiting in town, guests at the Parsonage. Rev. Wm. Lawson has gone to Sprinchill in exchange of pulpits with Rev. Mr. Gee.

Mrs. James Forster of Dorchester is in town guest of Mrs. J. Cochran.

Mr. Harry Brine of Canoe, N. S., is here renewing old acquaintances. Harry, who is in connection with the Cable company, is a son of Dr. J. F. Brine a former resident of this town.

Mr. Geo. V. McIsaac, M. P., went to Moncton on Tuesday.

Mrs. H. Lawrence and Miss Dawton of Winchester, Mass., are in town guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Davis.

Mrs. John Sutton of Moncton is visiting friends in town.

Messrs. E. A. Chapman of Moncton, J. S. McLaren of St. John were in town on Tuesday.

Mr. David Dearborn of Boston is in town, guest of Miss Martha Fowell.

Mrs. W. E. Forbes gave a delightful sailing party to Harbor last Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Mary Comanaghton of Charlottetown is in town for some days having come to visit her mother who is seriously ill.

Mr. W. D. Carter spent last week on the north shore.

Mr. and Mrs. James McKinley and family left on Monday for Doaktown where they will reside.

Mr. John Nichols is lecturing here in the interest of the temperance cause and is the guest of Rev. A. H. Week.

WINDSOR.

JULY 20.—Dr. Bret Black of Truro spent Sunday here.

Miss Dexter spent several days with Mrs. Henry Blanchard at her summer residence in Ellen House.

Mr. and Mrs. Paula left on Monday for a tour through Cape Breton after which they will spend a few weeks in Sydney. They were accompanied by Miss Pauline and Master Bradshaw.

Miss Harding of Los Angeles Cal. who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Young of Falmouth left on Wednesday for Digby where she will spend part of the summer.

Miss Madeline Beach is the guest of Miss Snook, Truro.

Mrs. Baird of Toronto arrived on Wednesday and is entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Scott are being congratulated on the arrival of a young visitor a son.

Miss Alice Lawson went to Bedford on Monday to visit her aunt who is at the Florence hotel.

Miss Jean Smith returned from Parraboro Tuesday.

Mr. Norman Dimock is on a business trip to New York.

In the absence of Archdeacon Jones the service on Sunday was taken by Mr. Cox, a young graduate of Kings who has an excellent voice and gives promise of being one of the foremost among the clergy of his church.

Mr. Macneil, head master of the collegiate school is enjoying a well earned holiday but I fancy is combining business with pleasure and looking after the interests of his school as well.

Miss Nora Blanchard went to Truro on Saturday and spent Sunday with her parents there.

DOCHESTER.

[Progress is for] sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.

JUNE.—Mrs. R. P. Foster gave a dance on Monday evening to a number of her friends, as it is the first dance we have had in Dorchester for some time it was very much enjoyed, Mrs. Foster is a most delightful hostess. Among the guests were, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Teed, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tait, Mrs. McGrath, Mrs. Deane, Miss Forester, Miss Welsh, Miss Clara Welch, Miss Robt. Miss Hamilton, Miss Florence Palmer, Miss Chandler, Miss Hamilton, Dr. Teed, Messrs. Wilcox, G. R. Fayant, A. L. McLeod, C. L. Hamilton, H. S. Murray, Gideon Palmer, J. Forester, W. Forester, M. Forester, Messrs. Mowbray, B. B. Teed, G. B. Chandler.

Sackville. The grounds were very prettily decorated with Chinese lanterns. It was voted a very pleasant dance by all those who attended.

Mrs. C. N. Chandler and Miss Miriam Chandler of Moncton are visiting the Misses Backhouse at "The Cottage."

Mrs. Lewis of Niagara is visiting her daughter Mrs. C. S. Hickman.

Miss Hamilton of Moncton is visiting her mother Mrs. D. L. Hamilton.

PERSONS.

Mrs. D. L. Hamilton.

Closing Out.

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

Here are the Prices as long as the Goods Last!

Solid Gold Frames, Warranted, -	\$2.15
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 10 Years -	.90
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years -	.65
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted, -	.85
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Piece, -	.20
Alloy Frames, Note -	.20
Steel or Nickel Frames, -	.05

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

Boston Optical Co.,
25 King St. St. John, N. B.
Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

Let me enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest patterns. Buy nowhere else unless you have looked about you enough to see what only examining our stock for us to buy from other stocks and know the superiority of ours. 515

DOUGLAS McARTHUR

90 King Street.
SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

The Ancient City of Barcelona, Spain.

The ancient city of Barcelona, Spain, is very admirably situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, from which it is separated by its harbor of some 300 acres, which is larger than the three harbors of Marseilles put together. Round this old town, which dates from the time of the Romans, and which is rich in antiquities of every description, including a very early Gothic cathedral, the undulating plain is covered to right and left with wide-spreading modern suburbs. Though the old town can

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898.

FULL OF SCHEMES.

MEN WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO BENEFIT ROYALTY.

They are Full of Very Impracticable Plans to Save the Royal Family any Extra Labor or Trouble—Where They End Their Days.

In a certain quiet little Devonshire village there lives a mad me-shania, who for over eight years has labored ten hours a day in the construction of a combined land and sea-going railway carriage, his object being to save the Queen the inconvenience of having to change from a railway train to the royal yacht when she goes for one of her pleasure trips. The invention is full of ingenious mechanical dodges, some of which will doubtless be brought to light later on. But, so far, the idea is hopelessly impracticable; though its unfortunate originator continues to slave year after year, under a morbid conviction that if he does not hurry on its completion the Queen will die before it is finished.

Nothing could be sadder than the case of another slave to royalty who lives on the border of Wales. His idea is that the Queen ought to be able to procure in this country, at all times of the year, any fruit or flower for which she may have a particular fancy. To this end he has erected several hot-houses upon his estate, and he supports a small army of skilled gardeners to keep them always stocked with her Majesty's favorite fruit and flowers. The one great sorrow of this loyal person's life is that, so far, his labor, has been all in vain, as the Queen has never made a call upon his supplies.

In a Midland asylum there is a mad glove manufacturer who practically lost his reason over trying to invent a sort of spring glove which would save the Prince of Wales the uncomfortable operation of getting his hands into a new kid pair almost every time he goes out. Though now in strict confinement the glove maker still continues his labors, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that he can be persuaded to take time to eat and sleep. He is still quite confident of inventing a glove that will save the Prince the trouble of putting on new ones.

About five years ago a clever scientist made a wonderful discovery which he determined to use solely



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

for the benefit of the Queen. His discovery was the fact that in the ordinary way every person is naturally allotted to live a certain number of years, and that life could be easily prolonged if it were only possible to sleep a few years at a stretch. How his idea was to be practically worked is not quite clear. But he spent two whole years in a series of the most tedious experiments, and at the end of that time, when he considered his theory workable, he followed her Majesty to the Isle of Wight during one of her visits there, but had the misfortune to be arrested while making an attempt to get into her presence. A week later the scientist's mind completely gave way and he was confined in a lunatic asylum, where he still languishes, in the belief that he has put the Queen to sleep for ten years to prolong her life, and that he is kept a prisoner so as to be on the spot when it is time to awaken her again.

Perhaps no persons in the wide world ever had so many people to work for them for nothing as the Royal family. There is a certain dressmaker in Hampshire who during her life has made no fewer than fifty dresses, gratis, for the Princess of Wales. It is to be explained, however, that the gowns are mostly fashioned from cheap prints at a few pence the yard, and that they never really reach her Royal Highness, for the little needlewoman's friends take them away as they get finished and store them all up.

An inmate of a north-country asylum spent six years in making a marvellous cage-like contrivance which was to be used for the purpose of rescuing the Queen if ever London were besieged by a foreign power. The arrangement was perfectly bullet-proof, and was provided with a pair of huge balloon wings that could be inflated or deflated at will. The steering was slightly defective; but otherwise the machine, had her Majesty ever needed to give it a trial, might have proved all its afflicted maker claimed for it.

Every-Day History.

Winkle: 'I wonder what becomes of all the boys who leave the country and enter the great struggle of life in cities.'

Kinkle: 'They make big fortunes and then lie back in their easy chairs and advise country boys to stick to the farm.'

A GAME ARMY HORSE.

An Anecdote About a Cavalry Horse That Done his Duty Faithfully.

We had in our company a young German named Schultz. His horse was his special pride. Sometimes Schultz went to sleep without rations, but his horse never. No matter how scarce or how hard it was to get forage, the young German's horse always had an evening feed, a thorough rubbing down, a loving pat, and a 'good-night, Frank,' in two languages—broken English and German. Many a time have I seen Schultz skirish for a lunch for his horse when we halted to make coffee instead of preparing his own lunch. While the rest of us stayed in our tents and read or played cards, Schultz would keep Frank's company for hours, sometimes talking German to him and sometimes English. Some of our horses showed lack of care; Frank was always in good order; in camp he glistened like a new plug hat, and seemed as fond of his master as his master of him. When the Atlanta campaign opened, in May, 1864, there was not a prouder soldier or a prettier horse than Schultz and Frank in the 1st.

Our first fight of note in that campaign was at Varnell's station, May 9. Somebody—never mind who—made a mess of it. Our little brigade, the 2d of the 1st cavalry division, consisting of the 2d and 4th Indiana and the 1st Wisconsin commanded by Col. O. H. LaGrange, was thrown against Gen. Joe Wheeler's entire command, and we fought it all day. We started to charge, but were halted in a piece of woods and were ordered to fight on foot. We were already under fire and in considerable confusion, and only a portion of the command heard the order, so it happened that some of us fought as cavalry and some as infantry. Schultz remained mounted and did heroic service. Early in the fight his pet was

shot. As the animal made but little fuss over it and steadied down quickly his rider thought it was only a slight wound and remained in battle all day, having travelled many miles in the performance of important and dangerous tasks, the wonderful animal seeming to enter into the spirit of the work as completely as his master. That night at 9 o'clock the brigade camped.

The moment Frank was unsaddled he lay down. Schultz thought it was because the horse like himself was tired, and after patting him and tending in both languages what a splendid fellow he had been that day, and thanking him for carrying him safely through one of the hottest battles he busied himself with supper getting. In the forage bag was several extra ears of corn. After his own repast of black coffee crackers and uncooked white pork, such a banquet as many a soldier has been more thankful for than he was for the feast of last Thanksgiving, Schultz shelled the corn and took it to Frank. The horse did not welcome him as usual, did not rest his head on the master's shoulder and look, if he did not speak, thanks for such a master. He didn't hear Schultz announce in German that he was coming with a double ration. Frank was dead and stiffening, showing that soon after lying down life had departed.

When Schultz realized that his pet was dead he threw the corn down, dropped by the side of the animal, tenderly laid one hand on his neck and with the other gently rubbed his head, as he had done many times before, and sobbed like a child. In talking about his loss the next day he said: 'My poor Frank couldn't tell me he was badly hurt and ask to go to the hospital, as I would have done had I been shot. He carried me all day as if he thought it was his duty, and that things would go wrong if he didn't, and when the battle was over and I was getting supper he lay down and died.'

'That horse was a better soldier than I am—than any man in the regiment. Not one of us would have fought all day with such a hurt as that. No one would have expected it of us, yet I expected it of Frank, and he did not fail me.' With this outburst the poor fellow broke down again and none of his comrades made light of the young German's sorrow. They knew it was sincere.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

A Pennsylvanian Tells of his Experience in the Chilkoot Avalanche.

Milton Black, who lives near Punxsutawney, Penn., returned home recently from a journey to the gold fields of Alaska. He was caught, with 200 others, in the great snow slide in Chilkoot Pass April 3, in which Mrs. Maxson, of the same town, lost her life, and had a thrilling experience and an almost miraculous escape from death. He was buried under twenty-five feet of snow for eight hours, and was finally dug out alive, but so much the worse for the accident that he found it impossible to proceed on his journey, the long immersion under the snow having so injured his lungs as to produce violent hemorrhages.

It is interesting to hear Mr. Black tell of his experience, and of the wickedness of the average Klondiker. 'As soon as you get on the trail, he says, 'Sunday-school is out. There's no further use for hymn books, and prayer meetings are not in it.'

There were about two hundred people in the party with whom Mr. Black entered the Chilkoot Pass. They had pitched their tents to rest and recuperate when a snow slide came down upon them, covering their tents. After considerable labor they all managed to get out. They concluded to get through the pass as quickly as possible, and for that purpose all took hold of a long rope, with the guide in front. Mrs. Maxson, who had been covered up with snow once, was discouraged and hysterical. She said she would go no further. She would

lie right down there and die rather than attempt to go through the pass. She was urged to take hold of the rope, but would not. Two or three stalwart men offered to carry her, saying that they would have escaped had there been no delay. About a hundred of them were covered beneath twenty-five and thirty feet of snow.

Those who were not caught by the slide went to work at once to dig the others out. It was a slow and arduous task, and out of ninety-one persons thus buried, only seven were taken out alive. One of these was Milton Black.

The slide occurred at 9 o'clock in the morning, and he remained buried until 5 o'clock in the evening. One peculiarity of the situation when covered up with the snow, Mr. Black says, was that he could hear just as well as though he had been in the open air. The groans, prayers, lamentations, and curses of those beneath the avalanche were plainly audible. Some prayed fervently, bade good-bye to their near friends, and gave up. Others cursed their fate, and used their last breath to utter profanity.

'I made up my mind,' says Black, 'that I would die as I had lived, and that it was no use to pray at that stage of the game. It seemed to me that I got a breath about every five minutes. I had little hope of escape, but resolved to live as long as I could. The snow was packed so tightly about me that I could not move a fraction of an inch. I thought every time I got a breath of air that that was my last one, but I never became unconscious, and it seemed to me that I had been there at least a week when a shovel struck my shoulder and I heard a voice saying:

'I have struck a man.'

'Is he dead or alive?' said another voice. 'I don't know,' answered the man with the shovel, and he soon had my head uncovered. When I got a good breath of air I felt that I was all right, and I said: 'There is a woman right in front of me.'

Dig her out. I have air now and can wait. They then proceeded to uncover Mrs. Maxson. But she was dead. You can form some idea of how solidly the snow was packed,' continued Mr. Black, 'when I tell you that when they had me all uncovered but one leg up to the shin I could not get it out until the snow was all shovelled away from it. I would not go through that experience again for all the gold on the Klondike.'

Coaching Her Husband.

Happy is the man who has a wife better instructed than himself. He will be helped out of many a hard place. A typical example is cited by Harper's Bazar:

'Are you a native of this town?' asked a traveller of a resident of a sleepy little Southern hamlet.

'Am I a what?'

'Are you a native of the town?'

'Hey?'

'I asked if you were a native of this place.'

At that moment his wife, tall and sallow and gaunt, appeared at the door of the cabin. And taking her pipe from between her teeth, said: 'Ain't ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when ye wuz born, or wuz ye born before ye begun livin' here? Now answer him.'

The Screw of Archimedes.

Archimedes of Syracuse, when he was in Egypt, invented a machine for pumping bilge water out of the holds of ships. This instrument was also used in the Delta for purposes of irrigation. Diodorus Siculus twice refers to it in his writings. A curious model of such an instrument, probably of the late Ptolemaic period, has been found in Lower Egypt. It consists of a terracotta cylinder with a screw inside it, 10 inches long and 4 1-2 inches in diameter. Near the centre of the outside is a band with crosspieces. These may represent footholds, and suggest that the machine was worked after the manner of the tread mill. Such screws were probably made of wood. No other example of this seems to have come to light.

A TANGLED WEB.

(CONTINUED.) CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Neville staggered back with a cry of amazement and incredulity. It was too dark to see the face of the man with whom he had been struggling, but there could be no mistaking his voice. How on earth had Lavarick become exchanged for the inspector? "Give me your hand, please, Mr. Neville," gasped Trale. "You've pretty nearly done for me this time;" and, assisted by Neville, he struggled to his feet stiffly, and after a moment or two devoted to rubbing his aching sides, struck a light. The two men stared at each other in the feeble glimmer as if they were looking at a ghost. "It is Mr. Neville!" exclaimed Trale, as if he could scarcely yet realize the fact. "How do you come here, and—Oh, Lord where's the candle?" he broke off. He groped about and found what remained of the candle, and lighting it, raised it above his head, looking about him like a man in a dream. Neville leaned against a tree, panting. He himself was not far from "done," and he eyed Trale with palpable disgust. "They're gone—clean gone!" exclaimed Trale. "Gone! Of course they have! What—what on earth were you doing here? And how did you come to mistake me—" Trale interrupted him ruefully. "Come to that, sir, how did you mistake me?" "How could I do otherwise?" said Neville. "You weren't here when the candle went out." "Oh, yes, I was, sir," said Trale. "I've been here for the last quarter of an hour or twenty minutes."

"What?" ejaculated Neville. "Fact, Mr. Neville," said Trale, feeling his throat and chafing his numbed arms. I was coming back home from the station when I caught sight of a stranger making his way down the lane—an elderly man with a beard. There was something about him—I can't tell you what—that I didn't like, and I thought I'd just see where he was going. "Yes, yes," said Neville, quickly and impatiently. "I fancied he might be going to the bank or the lawyer's—but he didn't; and when I saw him turn off to the Burrows it made me more curious than before. I followed him along the other side of the hedge, and managed to keep him in sight without being seen. When we got on to the Burrows, in the open, I had to get down on my hands and knees and hiss crawl after him, for he'd have seen me if he'd have looked round. However, I kept him in sight until he'd entered the clump here, then I skirted round and got in at the back of him and lay hidden among the bracken there," and he pointed to a spot immediately behind where Lavarick had sat. "Well, well?" said Neville, chafing with impatience. "All right, sir," said Trale, soothingly. "There's no hurry. I couldn't walk just yet, leave alone run, and he'll have to have the start he's got. There I was all the time, ever since Sir Jordan came up." Neville winced and frowned. "You heard—" "Everything," said Trale. "It was I who put out the candle." "I see," he said. "I wish to heaven you had known I was here. Together we should have managed to capture him. Now he has got off with the notes." Trale shook his head, and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out a creased and crumpled bundle of paper, and held it up. "I think not, sir. Look here!" "The notes?" exclaimed Neville, and Trale nodded. "Yes, I sprung upon 'em the moment I put the candle out, Mr. Neville. If it had not been for them I should have had my man." "I'd rather have that scoundrel than the money, Trale," he said. "So would I, sir—almost. I've been wanting him badly for a long time past." "You want him?" said Neville. "Yes," replied Trale; "I've wanted Jem Banks as badly as I ever wanted my dinner." "Jem Banks?" repeated Neville, confusedly. "What are you talking about?" "The scoundrel that just made off—the man who was here just now," said Trale, staring in his turn. "He was Jem Banks, the forger, who escaped from Dartmoor and disappeared just outside the Court. You remember, Mr. Neville?" Neville sunk down at the foot of the tree and put his hand to his head. It was still aching from his fearful struggle with Trale. "Jem Banks!" he said. "I remember. Great Heaven! is it possible? Why, I know the man under another name, and wanted him as badly on my own account—ah, more badly than even you can want him!" "You?" exclaimed Trale. "Yes," said Neville, fiercely. "That villain has caused me more trouble and agony than you can imagine. I came across him out in Australia, and—But why do you waste time here? He must not—he shall not—escape!" and he sprung up. Trale put a hand upon his arm. "Halt a moment, sir," he said. "He's not going to escape—not this time. What I want to know is: where is the will they were talking about?" Neville did not seem to hear him. "I saw the man put it in the hole in the

tree with my own eyes," went on Trale, "and I can't make out—" Neville drew the will from his pocket just in the same fashion as Trale had produced the notes. "Here it is," he said, impatiently. "I was up in the tree and within reach of it—" Trale uttered a cry of delight and satisfaction. "That's where you were, then, sir! No wonder, I didn't see you! No wonder, when you dropped down as if from the skies, that I took you for one of the others! And you've got the will! Hurrah! This is going to be the best night's work we've ever done! Take care of that will, please, sir. There's more in this business than you or I understand as yet; but if I'm not very much mistaken—" "Come on!" said Neville impatiently. This man, Jem Banks, as you call him, I must—I will capture him!" "All right, sir; I've got my breath a bit now," said Trale. Then he stopped and caught Neville's arm. "Mr. Neville," he said, under his breath, and in a reluctant and disappointed tone. "Well?" "It's not only him, but Sir Jordan, your—your brother." Neville stopped dead short. He had been so engrossed by his burning desire to seize Lavarick, so much absorbed in the remembrance of the harm the scoundrel had attempted to do Sylvia, that he had clean forgotten Jordan and his part in the mysterious business under the trees. "Jordan!" he muttered; and his head drooped. "Yes, Mr. Neville," said Trale in a low voice; "we mustn't forget him. I shouldn't like to bring him into trouble, because he's your brother, and—ah—the poor fellow almost groaned under his disappointment—I'm afraid we can't collar this internal Jem Banks without showing up Sir Jordan." Neville leaned against a tree and wiped away the perspiration that had started on his forehead. "By Heaven! I—I had forgotten that for the moment," he murmured. "Jordan, my brother, mixed up with that scoundrel Lavarick—hand-in-glove with an escaped convict! What does it mean, Trale?" Trale tapped Neville's breast where the will lay. "That will explain everything, if I'm not mistaken, Mr. Neville," he said, gravely. "That's the key to the whole business, depend upon it." Neville nodded doubtfully. "It's all a mystery to me, Trale," he said. "It won't be long, sir," rejoined Trale. "Let us get up to Stoneleigh as quickly as possible. I'll set some of my smartest men on the trail. Meanwhile, you and I can talk things over and decide what to do." "I will go to Jordan at once," said Neville. "I'll force the truth out of him—" Trale shook his head. "Begging your pardon, sir, but that's just what neither you nor any other man can do. There's no forcing Sir Jordan; he's too clever. No; we shall have to go another way to work than that." Neville, sore at heart at the thought of the relationship between himself and the smooth-faced villain who had sunk so low and was so dead to all sense of honor and honesty as to become the accomplice of such a scoundrel as Lavarick, strode on beside Trale in silence. Half running, they were not long in reaching Stoneleigh, and Trale at once dispatched three of his best men in search of Lavarick, with orders that were not to arrest him, but keep him in sight and report to Trale. Then he led Neville into his private room, and, turning up the gas, said: "Now, Mr. Neville, we must see that will." Neville flung it on the table. "Read it," he said; and he paced up and down the room. Trale opened the paper, and, after examining it, uttered an exclamation. "It's what I thought, Mr. Neville," he said. "It's your father's—Sir Greville's will." Neville stopped short and his face flushed. "Yes, sir, it's his will—and the last, you may depend upon it, and—" He paused and read eagerly for a minute or two in silence, then suddenly slapped his hand upon the table, and cried out, delightedly: "Mr. Neville—Mr. Neville, it's all right!" "All right?" repeated Neville. "What do you mean?" "I mean that the old gentleman has done the proper and just thing," said Trale, excitedly. "Don't you remember, Mr. Neville, what I said the other day? I said that everybody was surprised that Sir Greville had not mentioned you, his favorite son, but had left you without a penny." "I remember," said Neville. "Well sir," hurried on Trale, "we did the old gentleman an injustice. He hadn't forgotten you, and he did what was right. I congratulate you with all my heart, Mr. Neville. This—and he waved the will above his head—"makes you a rich man, sir." Neville started. "Yes," said Trale, breathlessly, and evidently as much delighted as it he himself had come in for a fortune—"yes, a third of the money is left to you." "A third?" said Neville, incredulously, for he knew how large a sum that third must represent. "And—Sir Jordan?" "Oh, he's all right," said Trale, dryly

and grudgingly. "There's a third for him; and—he whistled softly—and the rest, with all the jewels, goes to the daughter of Sir Greville's first sweetheart—the lady that Sir Greville bore such a grudge against, begging your pardon, sir," he broke off, stammering. Neville took the will and read it; but it is doubtful whether, in his confused state, he would have understood it without Trale's explanation. "It's all plain now, Mr. Neville," said Trale, gravely. "We can see now why Sir Jordan was willing to give that pot of money for this will. It just deprives him of two thirds of his wealth." Neville felt to pacing up and down again. The discovery, coming so soon after the exciting scene on the Burrows, and the discovery of Lavarick, bewildered him too much for him to realize its full significance. "It may be, and consider," said Trale, in the possession of that mitigated scoundrel, it probably is a surgery," he said at last. Trale shook his head. "No, Mr. Neville," he said with an air of conviction. "It's right enough. You may bet your life that Sir Jordan wouldn't give that amount of money for the best forgery that was ever penned; besides, it is witnessed by Mrs. Parsons." "You mean to say that my bro—that Sir Jordan knew of this will—has done it for some time, and that he is—" he hesitated. Trale looked down and shook his head. "I am afraid so, sir," he said. "Great Heaven!" exclaimed Neville, resting his head in his hands, his face red with shame. "It is one thing to suspect a relation of being a villain, but quite another, and an infinitely worse thing to have proved him one. What is to be done?" he asked, more to himself than Trale. The inspector was silent for a moment. "You don't want a public scandal, Mr. Neville?" he said in a low voice. Neville shook his head. "No rather than that the old name should be dragged in the mire, I will let him keep the money this will give me. It's good news enough for me that my father loved me and thought kindly of me before he died," and his voice broke. "That's right enough, Mr. Neville," said Trale, "and just what anybody who knows you would expect you to say; but there's some one else to be thought of. There's this young lady who's mentioned. You might let Sir Jordan go on robbing you, but you could not let him go on robbing her." Neville sighed. "I am ashamed to say that I had forgotten her for the moment. I do not know anything about her. She must be found." Trale thought for a minute or two, then he said: "Perhaps you'll trust the matter to me, Mr. Neville—at any rate, for a little while? If it gets too much for me then we can go to the lawyers. If we are driven to that it will be bad for Sir Jordan." Neville assented to the proposal. They read and reread the will, and Trale drew up a statement of the circumstances under which it was discovered, and this, with the will, was locked up in the safe. Then they went out and joined in the search for Lavarick, alias Jem Banks. They spent the remainder of the night in this search in vain. Lavarick had once more slipped them the slip. But, though footsore and exhausted, Neville was not altogether unhappy. Trale's words, "This will makes you a rich man," rang in his ears. Was he really a rich man? If so, then—then he could seek out Sylvia—and—He dared not put into words the wild hope that had sprung up in his heart; but the mere thought thrilled him with a joy and happiness to which his bosom had been a stranger since the dark hour when Sylvia had been torn from him. And then he fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion her name breathed from his parted lips and formed itself into a prayer: "Sylvia! little Sylvia!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Jordan fled from the wood and sped across the plain at a speed which would have astonished his fellow-members of the Cabinet. The demon of fear had taken complete possession of him, and his only desire was to put as great a space as possible between him and the ruffian who he knew thirsted for his blood. He ran without stopping until he had left the Burrows behind him and reached the lane leading to the Court; then he stopped for sheer lack of breath and strength, and only then became conscious of a stinging, burning pain in his left arm. He put his right hand to the aching spot and withdrew it wet with blood. Then he remembered having heard the sound of a revolver, and at the same moment, just as the candle went out, feeling a sharp pang of pain. Banks must have fired at him and wounded him. He listened intently, but could hear no sound of pursuit, and after waiting a moment or two to recover his breath, he sped on to the Court again, and letting himself in by unlocking a side door he stole up to his room. The first thing he did was to examine his wound. It was not a serious one, the bullet having just cut a furrow in the fleshy part of the arm below the elbow; but it was extremely painful, and Jordan cursed and swore as he washed the wound and bandaged it with some handkerchiefs soaked in a lotion. Then he undressed himself with difficulty—he did not dare to call Greene, the valet—and sinking into a chair tried to review the situation. For the first moment or two it seemed to him that he was utterly and irretrievably ruined, and that the best, and indeed the only thing he could do would be to leave the country. And at the thought of such a flight he broke out into another fit of cursing. He, the Right Honorable Sir Jordan

Lynne, a Cabinet Minister—the coming Premier—obliged to run away and hide himself! The thought was maddening. Then present! he began to take a more hopeful view of the situation, and the fact that he had set the bank-notes rather encouraged him than otherwise. Of course Banks had got the notes. He must, Jordan decided, have sprung upon and seized them the moment after he had fired, and having got so big a haul would be satisfied and not likely to trouble Jordan, at any rate for some time. So large a sum as the scoundrel had secured would keep him quiet for years. As to the will—the ruffian had either lost or destroyed it. That was evident, and he, Jordan, need not feel any anxiety on that score. His spirits began to rise. After all, the business had not turned out so badly as it had seemed to have done at first sight. The will had disappeared; Jem Banks had, with the possession of the notes, every reason for absconding himself any year, and Jordan might go on his sweet way in comparative peace. One conviction, however, stood out clearly in his mind, and that was his marriage with Audrey must take place at once. There must be no delay—he must become master of the Grange and Audrey's wealth as soon as possible. With that at his back he thought he could even venture to defy the sharks whenever and wherever he turned up. Notwithstanding that he had arrived at this more cheerful and hopeful frame of mind, he did not venture to go to bed, in case the ruffian should follow him to the Court, and so he sat up in the chair listening for any sound that might announce Jem Banks' arrival. But the night passed silently, and at eight o'clock Jordan, whose acute brain had been hard at work scheming a mode of defence against any contingencies, got up, disarranged the bed to give it the appearance of having been slept in, then took his revolver and deliberately fired it out of the window. In a few minutes he heard hurried footsteps in the corridor, and a knock sounded at the door. "Come in," said Jordan in a slightly agitated voice, and Greene the valet, entered with a pale face and alarmed manner. "I—I beg your pardon, Sir Jordan," he said, with suppressed excitement; "but we heard a pistol fired just now, and—" Jordan was standing at the dressing-table winding the bandage round his arm. "It is all right. Don't be alarmed," he said, turning with quite a pleasant smile, though he seemed to wince as if in pain. "It was I who fired." "You, Sir Jordan?" said the valet, advancing with astonishment and staring at his master's arm. "Yes," said Jordan. "I was turning out a drawer in search of some medicine and took up the revolver very carelessly. I am afraid, for it went off, and the bullet struck me in the arm. I am rightly punished for keeping a loaded firearm. It is a most reprehensible practice, which I have always condemned. Let this be a warning to you, Greene." "Oh, dear!" said the alarmed valet. "I'll send for the doctor at once, Sir Jordan." Jordan stopped him. "No, no," he said. "It is a mere flesh wound and does not require surgical assistance. Besides—Well," and he smiled, "when we have committed a folly we do not desire that it should be made more public than can be helped. You can tell the household the simple fact, but please ask them to be good enough not to gossip about it. I do not wish to see it running through all the London papers." "Yes, sir," said Greene, to whom this statement and explanation seemed quite natural and reasonable. "Let me bandage it. Dear, dear! the arm's quite colored already, Sir Jordan." Jordan nodded blandly, thinking how quick a practiced surgeon would have seen that the wound had been caused hours ago. "Yes; but you see for yourself that it is nothing serious. Dip the bandage in the lotion, please, and—that is right, thank you—and you may get me a cup of tea. I think I will rest a little this morning. Bring me the letters, please, and remember that I do not wish this—accident talked about." "Yes, Sir Jordan. We were all in a tremendous fright, and Frome thought it was burglars, for he declared he'd heard some one unlock a door after we'd all gone to bed last night." It was the outer door by which Jordan had entered stealthily on his return from the Burrows. "Frome was not mistaken," he said. "I went down to the library for a paper quite late in the night. You had better tell him so." The man went down to the hall, where the servants were crowding together and talking in hurried and excited whispers, and gave his master's account of the accident. "And a rare good plucky one he is," he concluded. "I took it as coolly as if he'd been in half a dozen battles. I wouldn't have given him credit for so much nerve, that I wouldn't. It only shows how mistaken you can be in reckoning up a person, don't it?" Frome nodded, but looked rather perplexed and dissatisfied. "It wasn't the library door I heard last night," he said; "for as I passed it the last thing I noticed that it was open." "Or you fancied you did, Mr. Frome," said the valet, with dignity. He was quite impressed by his master's courage and pluck. "Perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't," retorted Frome, with much staleness, as he stalked off to the servants' hall followed by the rest of the domestics. When Greene took up the tea and the letters, Sir Jordan was in bed a perfectly serene, as if nothing had happened, and thanked the man with bland civility. "Oh, one moment," he said, as Greene

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

Sunday Reading.

The Curse That Falloeth Not. As thy curse of comfort waisting? Rise and share it with another...

For the heart grows rich in giving; And its wealth is living grain; Seeds which mildew in the garden...

Numb and weary on the mountains, Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow? Chafe that frozen form beside thee...

Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill; Nothing but a ceaseless fountain Can its ceaseless longing still...

Value of a Smile.

To the observing man or woman daily travel on the street cars of our city provides a study in human nature not to be lightly thought of.

Woman, if you would be beautiful, stop and consider whether your thoughts are tending in that direction, for more potent are they in affecting the lines of your face...

It is the thought behind every act or breath which vitalizes and finally shapes the lineaments of our faces. Attempting to conceal one's thoughts by an acquired outward expression that is not genuine is in vain.

When his age was eighty years, John Quincy Adams was met on the streets of Boston by an old friend, who, taking his trembling hand, said: Good morning!

If one made a practice of cultivating cheerful thoughts as constant companions, individual features would grow toward perfection as surely as the flowers whose faces turn toward the sun.

Much of the above may not seem to apply to youth, yet it is at this tender age that the supple flesh is moulded for good or for bad.

It is not the listless face, suggestive of idle dreaming all day long, that is admired but that face which speaks a noble generous soul, not disturbed by petty annoyances of next door neighbors, nor discontented with its daily lot and portion.

Hence every smile given, as someone has said, is like money put out at usury but rarely returns at poor interest.

What Makes a Home.

Lady Aberdeen, in an address before the National Council of the Women of Canada at Toronto, said: 'What is that indefinable something that makes a home, that reveals itself in the books and pictures, in the arrangement of the rooms, in the preparation for a guest, in the tones of the children, in the expression of husband and wife? We cannot describe it, but we recognize it at once when it is present, and no house can be truly a home without some measure of it.'

An Expensive Badge.

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow-passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone 'how much he got' for wearing it.

'That I cannot exactly say,' replied the

If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer.

You may choose between milk, water, coffee or tea. But there is no second choice for Scott's Emulsion.

It is Scott's Emulsion or nothing.

When you need the best cod-liver oil, the best hypophosphites, and the best glycerine, all combined in the best possible manner, you have only one choice.

It brings prompt results in all cases of wasting, or loss in weight.

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other, 'but it costs me about £20,000 a year.'

The wearer of the badge was Fred'k Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's business.

He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money-making and his activity soon made him known as a most successful temperance evangelist.

Time for a Change.

If you say to me: 'I have not enjoyed my religion much lately, when I may suggest to you that you had not much religion to enjoy. Turn a new leaf; make a new start, with the honest question: Lord what wilt thou have me to do?' and then do it.

His smile will give you sunshine, and put a new song into your mouth. Put more conscience into your religion. Weakness means wickedness. Don't worry over 'hard times' or outside troubles; if you have peace of conscience you can stand rough weather cheerfully.

He who knows not any means of making a living is most apt to fall victim to temptation. It is well said that 'The devil's best workshop is an idle brain.'

The Religion.

In the twentieth century men will see in Christianity less of the so-called Christian religion and more, vastly more, of the religion of Christ.

Helping the Working Girls.

Miss Plunkett, an English woman, knowing of the difficulties with which working girls have to contend in Johannesburg, owing to lack of residential accommodation, recently set out from England for that town with the avowed intention of going direct for the millionaires and getting from them funds wherewith to remedy this defect.

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

What we are Coming to.

A recent writer has had a vision of the city of the future, 'Cyclopolis' by name. The city was full of wheels—bicycles,

general dining-room, a registry office, an employment bureau and a nurses' register are also attached.

The Refused Wife.

A woman cannot be married long enough to render delicacy of behavior and an exquisite retirement inappropriate or unnecessary. The wife who laughed at the idea of being polite to her own husband had lost the very track of home happiness.

The Man who Works.

What can we do for the man who works? What can he do for himself? It is only when he is doing the best for himself that other people can effectively help him. Even the gods can not help him who will not help himself.

The Truth of Christ.

The open tomb, the risen Savior, was to be for all time the evidence of the truth which Christ, the Lord, preaches to men. Although men had raised others from death to life, by the power of God, no man had raised himself from death to life.

Follow Christ.

We are to follow Christ in the road of renunciation and self-sacrifice. This is the secret of the life of Jesus Christ. This is the secret of any man's life which is in the highest sense successful.

Illness.

If you have a son the best way to insure his future well doing is to have him learn some regular business or occupation. He who knows not any means of making a living is most apt to fall victim to temptation.

The Religion.

In the twentieth century men will see in Christianity less of the so-called Christian religion and more, vastly more, of the religion of Christ.

tricycles, motorcycles, petroleum cars, automobiles, and there is no telling what else. But one day the inhabitants had a sensation. All the newspapers issued special bulletins. A man had been seen walking—yes, walking on his own legs.

The Cyclopolisians could hardly believe their eyes, but so it was; and the wonderful stranger, who are assured amassed a large fortune by giving lessons in walking, which soon became the fashionable sport.

Among the famous Indian traders of the past was George Galphin, whose trading-station at Silver Bluff, South Carolina, was frequented by Indians from far and near.

Chief Mogoloch from beyond the Savannah River spent the night at Mr. Galphin's. In the morning the Indian said, 'Me dream last night.'

'Ah!' said Galphin, 'what did my red brother dream?'

'Me dream you give me fine big rifle'—in Galphin's possession at that time. The trader instantly passed the rifle to the chief saying, 'If you dreamed it, you must have it.'

Next morning Galphin said to the chief, 'I dreamed last night.'

'What you dream?' asked Mogoloch. 'I dreamed you gave me the Chickasaw stallion—which the chief was then riding.'

'If you dream, you must have it,' said the chief, and the horse was straightway transferred to the trader.

The next morning the Indian remarked, 'I dream last night.'

'What did my red brother dream?' was the inquiry. 'I dream,' answered Mogoloch, 'you gave me red coat [you wear, and] much calico.'

'If you dreamed it [you must have it,']

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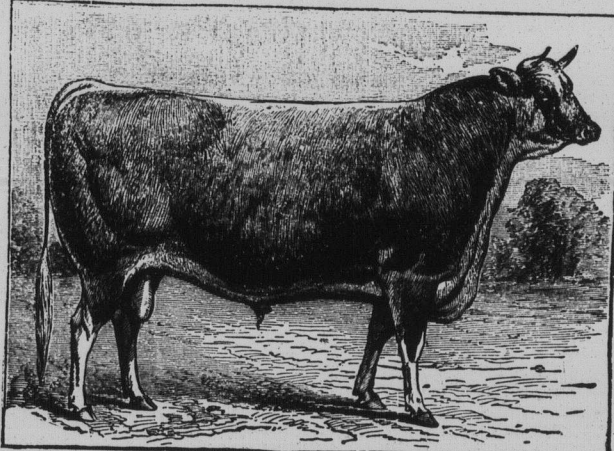
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Slashing at shadows

—those misguided women who won't use Pearline because "it must hurt the clothes." If Pearline hurt either hands or clothes, don't you suppose that the women who use it would be saying so? The very ease of its washing keeps many from using Pearline. They've been brought up to believe that easy washing is dangerous. So it is, often. That is a risk you run with new and untried things. But Pearline, the first and original washing-compound, is as well-known as soap, and known and proved to be equally harmless.

Millions NOW USE Pearline



Backache

THE BANE OF MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE.

A Berlin Lady Tells How to Get Rid of It.

Doan's Kidney Pills The Remedy.

Mrs. Eliza Reitz, 33 Wellington St., Berlin, Ont., says: 'For ten years I have been afflicted with kidney and back trouble, suffering greatly from dizziness, nervousness, weak eyesight, loss of sleep, and appetite, and an almost constant tired, weak feeling. In February last I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and received so much benefit from them that I continued their use until I had taken three boxes in all, and was completely cured. They removed every vestige of pain, dizziness and nervousness, and enabled me to get restful sleep; so that from being a sick woman I am now strong and well again.'

Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Backache, Gravel, Sediment in the Urine, and all Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.50. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Notches on The Stick

"Patriotic and Personal Poems," by Martain Butler, is a curiously interesting production, not at all devoid of humane, as well as poetic, significance. It is the work not only of the author's brain, but also,—literally speaking,—of his hand, since he has only one; for it was put in type by himself at "The Journal Office" in this year of wonderful accomplishment, 1898. There is an unconscious pathos in the frankness of the preface: "The work of setting up and printing it, (my second volume of poems,) however, cannot be considered a subject of legitimate criticism, considering the fact that I did it all myself with my one hand, with the exception of a few evenings' help from some of my boy friends." And again: From my many friends in my own city (Fredericton) and Province and the United States, who so generously patronized my first volume, Maple Leaves, in 1889, I would humbly ask a like measure of support and kind and sympathetic consideration, not so much for any merits the poems possess, (although judging from the opinions of those who have seen the advance sheets, whose position in the literary world qualifies them to speak with authority, they are not without some little degree of merit,) but to help by its sale to provide food, fuel, raiment and shelter for myself and family, which the meagre revenue derived from the Journal and my inability for hard labor, consequent upon my crippled condition, render extremely difficult."

The reader will perceive how the case stands, and that the poet is wise in his estimate of his work; which is nevertheless, with all its faults worthy the public regard. There may be some of us who write for the gratification of our taste, or our desire for utterance, and—for the rhyming fraternity are under the dominion of a singular class of motives—having indulged ourselves so, if nothing comes of it in the way of profit or applause we are at least not serious injured. Our vanity, that deserved nipping, has suffered alone. But here is one to whom it has become a case of life or death. Praise is sweet; but this is not all, for his literary stock has become a main part of his independence. Here is a spirited man, of refined tastes, in an unequal situation, to whom life has never been anything but struggle and tragedy, save as he has endeavored to lighten it with a laugh and a song. No wonder if the song seems sometimes strident, and the humor sometimes forced, when the wolf is at the door. These pages move us, for they tell a story of privation, of helplessness, nearly hopeless battle for the right to live. How full the world is of such, who never utter their burden! Burns, Thomas Hood, Gerald Massey, Elizabeth Browning have given their woes to music and poetry. Mr. Butler is a man of opinions, political, social religious, etc., and he publishes his opinions. So there is also pathos, thus in his deprecation, that his opinions be not visited upon his head, in the rejection of his muse on that account. Royalty, nobility, wealth, and the like, are not terms to provoke us in the same degree they appear to disturb our brother; but we will by no means think to cast him off on that account, believing as we do in the honesty of his purpose, and the warmth of his heart. As he writes in his "L'Envoi," at the close of the Patriotic Poems;

"What'er offends was written not in hate;
What'er of praise was honest and sincere;
And so I feel that I can trust the fate
On this, my little volume, to your ear
And heart, dear reader, foster well and think
The various shades of mood and circumstance
That influence a writer. When we drink
From Freedom's fount we labor to enhance
The cause of Freedom—loosen and unbind
The shackles of oppression from the limbs
And brains of others—free the heart and mind
From all unworthy prejudice, and feed
Hearts to receive it, open, many kind."

The space that remains to us we purpose to occupy with some extracts from this home-made volume of the rustic muse. "The Coming Flag" has some good stanzas:

"The breeze awaits thee and the light of morn
Looks for thy coming in the azure sky,
What time the fluttering plumes, newly born,
Shall greet the patriot eye.
And hands out-stretched from forest, field and forge
From town and cottage hearth,
Await impatient for the sacred charge
To rise and flout thee forth.
Winds of the North, that toss the waving pine
On rocky hillside wild in sportive play,
Watch for the coming of the folds divine,
And shall they wait for aye?"

In the course of the poem he points to some of the upholders of "the rights of Man," the leaders of popular liberty in Canada:

"The North wind sighs along thy wooded shores
And rugged steep, oh murmuring Richliean,

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

And strews with maple leaves and forest-flowers
The grave of Papineau.
"St. Eustace and St. Denis still attest
Canadian prowess on the field of strife,
Wherein our Country's bravest ones and best
Stak'd honor, fortune, life."

We like the following essay, simple, stanzas, entitled, 'The Coming of the Fall.'

A haze is on the landscape,
The nights have colder grown;
The wind is howling round the house
With low and sullen moan—
In short a sense of weariness
Is stealing over all,
And everything seems to portend
The coming of the Fall.
The maple's crimson banners
Are fluttering in the sun,
And downward in the eddying gusts
Are dropping one by one;
We hear the birds from every tree
Their songs of farewell call,—
The year's departing minstrelsy,
The coming of the Fall.

Soon winter's snowy mantle
Will cover up the ground;
No trace of grass or flower or bird
Will anywhere be found;
The river, bound in bands of ice,
Under a snowy pall,
Will all succeed with rapid steps
The coming of the Fall.

My hair is streaked with silver,
My steps have slower grown,
I do not run about and shout
In such a merry tone,
As once I did, in childhood's days,—
My leaves begin to fall,
And in my heart I sadly feel
The coming of the Fall.

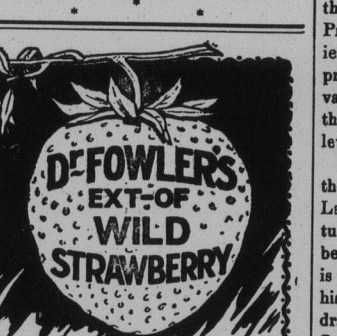
Characteristic pieces are "Jean Ricardo," "Athalstane," "My Little Klondike Nugget" and "The Canadian Democrat" (the name of the hand-cart used by the author on his peddling trips through the country,) from which we quote a few stanzas:

"It comes no, with the roll of drums
Or bugle's shrill alarm,
But with a message of good-will
Unto Canadian farms:
And every gate is opened wide
And every door unbars
When'er its banner heaves in sight
Beneath the evening stars.
Chorus: Over hill and valley,
Over moor and flat,
You can hear the rumble
Of the Democrat.

The children know it when they see
Me toiling up the hill,
And run with merry shouts of glee
To help with ready will;
The good wife puts the kettle on,
And spreads the bounteous fare,
And hastily springs forth to set
The ever welcome chair.
The supper o'er, we gather all,
Around the cheerful hearth,
And crown the happy festival
With songs of joy and mirth;
Till nine approaches and we lay
Aside our converse sweet,
And gaily scamper on our ways
To bed with flying feet.

So passes life, in storm and calm,
In country and in town,
As day by day, upon my way,
I wander up and down;
And love is there to light the way
And courage to proceed,
And kindly hospitality
To help in time of need.

Had we space we should like to quote from the lines "To Benjamin F. Leggett," "Cuba Libre," "The Spirit of the Nation," "In Thine Own Time," "Trailing Arbutus," "To The Narraganset," and "Finale: To C. H. Collins," but the above must suffice. The book may be obtained from the author at Fredericton, for 40cts.



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

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

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BEWARE SUBSTITUTES. THEY'RE DANGEROUS.

Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett has placed in our hands a copy of Prof. John Russell Hayes' poem "The West House." We transcribe several stanzas, descriptive of the childhood of the painter, Benjamin West:

But best and brightest of the memories olden
That fill the mellow age with quiet joy—
O best and brightest are the memories golden
That cluster round one Heaven-gifted boy!
Tho' that far mother-clime
Calm his maturity,
Yet all his childhood's prime
Belongs old time, to thee!
He loved the silence of those woodland alleys,
He loved the colors of this peaceful sky,
He loved those sleeping hills and grassy valleys;
Their tranquil beauty pleased his artist eye
For many a summer hour
Delighted would he pore
On each dear native flower
Beside his father's door.

With happy heart he gazed upon the splendor
Of regal autumn in the crimson woods;
With happy heart he saw the beauty tender
Of budding life in vernal solitude.
His artist's soul was thrilled
With visions of delight,
His waking fancy filled
With dreams and longings bright.

And when at last he stood at manhood's portal,
And passed forever from these meadows dear,
Perchance his visions of a fame immortal
Were not unmingled with regret sincere.
Wherever he might roam
In lands beyond the sea,
Still would his childhood home
Not unremembered be.

And now among the mighty he is lying
Where Wrens cathedral dreams 'mid London's
roar;
Companioned with a company unending,
His is a name to live forevermore!
Hard by Lud's ancient gate,
Where England's life-tide sweeps,
Entombed with England's great
The Quaker painter sleeps.
And there, old House, that slumbering serenely,
We cherish as the painter's boyhood home;
With tender care you college young and queenly
Doth shadow thee with her protecting dome.
In academic shades
The artist's fame shall last;
Here Glory never fades,
Nor reverence for the Past.

So, ancient House, rare memories are gleaming,
Sweet recollections of the vanished hours,
While through the silent summer thou art dreaming.
Enfolded by the trees and meadow-flowers,
Bright visions of old days
Still cheer thy lonely heart,
Seen thro' the hallowed haze,
Where thou dost muse apart.

The New Brunswick Magazine vindicates its title in its initial number, and establishes its claim upon the public attention, and the patronage of all interested in local and provincial history. Following the "Introduction," by the editor, W. K. Reynolds, in which is set forth the scope and purpose of the magazine, we have an article on the earliest English settlement at St. John, entitled "At Portland Point," by Rev. W. O. Raymond, rector of St. Mary's Church, St. John, who has attained honorable distinction as an annalist and writer of historical monographs. "Where stood Fort La Tour," is the title of the next paper, by Prof. William F. Ganong, of Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Prof. Ganong locates it on the eastern side of St. John harbor. James Hannay, whose graceful style and interesting narrative always commands attention, gives account of "The Brothers D'Amours," who were "the first two French settlers on the St. John River." This simple chronicle has the tinge of romance and might furnish material to the hand of a Roberts or a Thomson. Mr. Montague Chamberlain, a native of New Brunswick, now of the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University, has here written on "The Origin of the Malisets;" and Mr. Jonas Howe, of St. John, on "American Colonial Tracts," a serial publication by George P. Humphrey, Rochester, N. Y. An interesting article by the editor is entitled, "A Story of Two Soldiers," which in the hands of a Dumas might furnish basis for a military romance. "In The Editor's Chair" includes "With the Contributors—Writers and Workers—Provincial Bibliography—Notes and Queries." Thus we have sixty-four pages of precious material, that will grow more valuable still with the lapse of time. If the work can be maintained at the present level it should have a generous support.

The Japanese will now be able to regale themselves with the popular books of James Lane Allen, since two of them,—"A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath"—have been translated into their language. "It is thought," says the Home Journal, "that his feeling for nature and delicate character-drawing will make a strong appeal to the Japanese readers."

Mrs. Alice Meynell, the poet and suffragist, gives little credit to the common conception of the masculine as distinguished from the feminine mind. At least she does not conceive that it is to be determined by the demarcation line of sex. "It is not so much a question of men and women," she declares, "as of individuals. Many women are woefully lacking in observation, and decidedly dull in perception; while, on the other hand, many men fail miserably in reasoning power, and many women excel in it."

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It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly white.
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We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, *Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe*, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to *PROGRESS* for \$2.50.

This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces.

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F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, takes a moderate view of the value of athletics to the student, and believes they may easily be overdone. "It is vastly better," in his opinion, "for the brain to rest too little than to practice athletics too much. Hard rowing, excessive walking, and running exhaust the brain as much as the body. I speak with knowledge, for I have done more physical work than most men in my time, and I do not believe it ever done me any good." Evening he thinks the golden time for reading; but the night should be given to sleep.

The Congregationalist prints a tender and delicate lyric from the pen of Charles G. D. Roberts:

An Evening Communion.
The large first stars come out
Above the open hill,
And in the west the light
Is lingering still.
The wide and tranquil air
Of evening washes cool
An open hill and vale,
And shining pool.
The calm of endless time
Is in the spacious hour,
Whose mystery now unfolds
To perfect flower.
The silence and my heart
Expect a voice I know—
A voice we have not heard
Since long ago.
Since long ago thy face,
Thy smile, I may not see,
Thou comrade whom the veil
Divides from me.
But when earth's hidden word
I almost understand,
I dream that on my lips
I feel thy hand.
Thy presence is the light
Upon the open hill,
Thou walkest with me here,
True comrade still.
My pain and my unrest
Thou tak'st into thy care,
The world becomes a dream,
And life a prayer.

How much of success may be in the happiness of a title will yet be made evident by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's new collection of stories, soon to be published by the Macmillan company, N. Y., bearing the highly attractive caption,—"Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic Ocean."

The novelist Cable, is now a literary lion in Britain, feasted and toasted there. A new edition of his "Grandisimes" will soon be published, to which Barrie has contributed a preface, recounting some of his own experiences in New Orleans.

Over one hundred dollars were recently paid in London for a copy of the first edition of Shelley's "Queen Mab," which was included in the Phillips collection.

Promoter—You needn't be a bit afraid; the company is perfectly safe.
The Lamb.—Oh, I've no doubt about the company being safe enough. I was thinking about the safety of my money.

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IN THE WORLD

Woman and Her Work

Some of the occupations by which women manage to earn a comfortable living nowadays, are so extraordinary that one is moved to wonder what first suggested them to the women in question! For example, a young lady in New York who is blessed with a good voice and is a graduate of the Cincinnati Musical College, earns a good living by simply singing into the reverberating hollow tubes of a phonograph. I am not sure whether the fact is generally known or not, but very few feminine voices have proved successful in speaking into either the phonograph, or the graphophone. The average woman lacks strength or carrying power in her voice, and the one who is lucky enough to possess both of these is sure to have their value discounted by an indistinctness of enunciation which renders her practically useless from a business point of view. But Miss Mann, is the rare exception and besides a powerful and resonant voice, she possesses a clear and distinct enunciation which makes it carry much further than it would otherwise do. It may sound like a delightfully easy way of earning a living, just to stand before the phonograph for a certain number of hours each morning, and sing into the "receiver" but after all there are drawbacks to it which are very real. The vocalist who stands night after night before an appreciative audience, cheered by frequent expressions of approval in the shape of applause, who sees the effect her efforts have upon her hearers, and who is upheld by the excitement, the lights the flowers, and above all the orchestral accompaniment, is certainly a being to be envied by those who earn their bread in more difficult ways. But when it comes to taking one's place in front of a funnel shaped mouthpiece instead of an audience, and in the unromantic glare of daylight at that—and then putting the very best of oneself into the songs sung; it is a very different matter. Every singer knows the depressing effect of singing without an accompaniment and to do this continually is no light task. But long practice has enabled Miss Mann to place herself in imagination directly before her audience. As she happily expresses it she fancies each morning when she begins her task that she has the world at her feet, and that thought enables her to do her very best.

Perhaps she is nearer the truth than she imagines, since the world is really her audience. Her "record songs" can be readily heard at a distance of from twenty to forty feet from the photograph.

Another woman whose vocation in life is far out of the beaten track though it has been chosen more from philanthropy than as a means of livelihood, is Miss Zini Buxton of Cincinnati. This good woman is a deaconess of the Church of England and belongs to the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Home, of that city. Her field of work is the Grand Central station, and the duties to which she was assigned last February merely as an experiment, consist in look-

ing out for innocent and ignorant strangers who arrive by the trains and are frequently from the country, and prevent them from being victimized by city sharpers, to pilot country girls who come to the city in search of work to respectable lodging houses, of which she keeps a list, and to care for the old, the feeble, and those who are taken ill while travelling. Not only does this friend of the friendless do all this, but she also finds time to help overburdened mothers distracted between their baggage and their babies by buying their tickets, checking their luggage, and helping them to care for the children.

Of course Miss Buxton has many strange experiences to relate, and probably sees more of human nature in one day, than the average woman would do in a whole year. Many a time she has been called upon to share her own room with some foolish girl who has willfully but aimlessly drifted to the great city to seek her fortune, perhaps leaving a good home in the country in order to "see something of the world" as she calls it, or some equally misguided wife who has yielded to the first impulse after a quarrel, and run away from her husband. Many a home has this self-sacrificing woman saved from shipwreck, and many a reconciliation has she effected. Each morning she goes to the station provided with a stated sum to be used as her judgement dictates, but more often than not the demands upon this fund are so great that she is obliged to supply the needs of her charges out of her own purse. Whatever of good she can do, she simply does it without hesitation, and the fact that she lodged forty people took care of almost as many who were ill and found work for a large number of young girls and women last month alone shows what a success the "experiment" has turned out.

It would be well if some of us women who have plenty of time on our hands and are looking for a vocation, would undertake some such practical christian work as this. Surely it is quite as important as any other mission work, and no one can complain of the field being overcrowded.

The very latest triumph of the corset maker's skill is the pneumatic corset and it bids fair to be a blessing to the timid sisters who really like to learn to swim but are afraid to venture into the water without some protection and yet shrink from the clumsy and conspicuous life preserver of cork, or the equally cumbersome rubber ring that looks like a mammoth teething ring. This corset sounds as if it might be intended for cycling, but it is especially designed for the use of women who are learning to swim, and while it is cut on the same general lines as all others, it is made double so that the air space between the two thickness themselves may be blown and not only give an appearance of graceful plumpness to the most attenuated figure, but also buoy it up and so enable the most frightened beginner to feel perfect confidence in herself when in the water. It is just the lack of confidence, and the nervous panic which seizes most of us the moment we get into water above our waists which makes every woman so slow in learning to swim; and for that reason the pneumatic corset will be a boon to the timid. The very knowledge that she cannot sink will leave the beginner's mind sufficiently clear to think of the proper motions for hands and feet, and once these are remembered, and put into practice the rest is easy. The mere delight of feeling independent enough to move through the water almost as well as on land brings confidence, and once the swimmer grows accustomed to them the motions become almost mechanical, and the corset may be discarded. It is a wonderful invention and should make the fortune of its inventor.

There seems to be no end to the variety in making muslin dresses this season; and yet the modiste has little besides tucks, ruffs and insertions to choose from, with baby ribbon and velvet ribbon by way of a change. Still she manages to effect wonders with the materials at her command, and the result is surprising. One new fancy in skirt trimming consists of a series of broad tucks, sloping towards the front to give a pannier effect to a thin muslin gown. Wide bias folds are sometimes substituted for the tucks as they lend themselves so much more easily to the curves and angles required in trimming. One model in ecru batiste is made in this style, and has a bodice entirely of ecru guipure, finished in the back with the long coat tail which is one of fashions most recent caprices.

Speaking of bias folds reminds me that folds promise to be a decided feature of dress trimming this season, as some of the latest models display them. One example is in white crepe de chine trimmed to the knee wide folds of the same material put on

in waved lines all around. The bodice is trimmed in similar style, with bands of Venetian lace between the folds. Sometimes a contrasting color is employed for this mode of trimming, white taffata being used with striking effect over figured foulards. The folds may be put on to lap a little over each other, or separated by their own width with a row of lace insertion between. Still another pretty fancy is to head each one with tiny ruche of chiffon or satin ribbon, leaving a narrow space between the folds. A cluster of folds arranged to form a pointed apron on the skirt, is a pretty and simple way of accomplishing the fashionable Spanish flounce effect.



Sold by Leading Dry Goods Houses Everywhere.

Always in Style

exquisite in texture, delicate, yet firm and durable—absolutely fadeless—this best describes Priestleys' Black Grenadines, both plain and figured. Ideal for summer or evening wear—original in the designs they and mohair.

Priestleys' Black Grenadines

Used over a silk foundation in shot effects, the combination is matchless.

It is Extreme Folly

To use medicine to cure effects instead of using Paine's Celery Compound to get rid of the cause. Paine's Celery Compound will make you well and strong. All the while you are using it the nerves gain in power and strength, the digestive organs are fully toned, and last health is rapidly returning.

It is extreme folly to neglect the insignificant ills, aches, pains and tired feelings that some people look upon as merely trifles. You should remember that the hot summer weather aggravates the little ills of life, and these little ills frequently develop serious disturbances and deadly diseases. Paine's Celery Compound should be used at once to brace up the diseased nerves, purify the blood and purify the system. Weak children, frail and weary women, and tired and broken-down men find a new existence in Paine's Celery Compound, nature's true life-giver.

ABOUT LADY JOURNALISTS.

Their Position Ten Years Ago—Sex Not a Hindrance Now.

"Yes, I notice a great change in the attitude of both the press and the public towards lady journalists and their work," says a writer in the London Mail. "Take my own experience of ten years on various London papers. When first I came to the metropolis I decidedly found my sex a hindrance. My line was the adventurous and the realistic, but when I offered copy of that sort editors shook their heads paternally, and 'did not like to think of a lady running such risks,' etc. Now they take the most daring suggestions as a matter of course.

"An instance comes to my memory. My childhood had been passed in the country, and I was passionately fond of animals. Soon after arriving in the metropolis I came across a lion-tamer, who was performing at Olympia. I persuaded him to let me enter the lions' den—of course, behind the scenes. When I wrote an account of it, editors rejected my MS. on the score that it was incredible. Yet recently, when I offered the same, I was told it was commonplace, it was tame; women signalled themselves in more striking ways than that nowadays, and so on. So a veracious incident falls to the ground.

"Another example occurs to my mind, even more illustrative of what I mean. While yet a novice I conceived a bright, idea, and offered it to a well-known editor. 'This is a coincidence,' he said; 'this very day I received the same proposal from a

ASK your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

man. As it entails perils I shall give it to him.' Six months ago precisely the same thing happened. Telepathy of ideas again collided and I was second in the suggestion of a daring novelty. There was just this difference—it was given to me to carry out because I was a woman!

Having got the press to comprehend the extent and breadth of a woman's capabilities, the next step was to imbue the public with the same belief. Here, again, one met with difficulties. I was sent over to report a meeting on some changes in military accoutrements; in fact, regimental trousers were under discussion. I was met at the door by a flat refusal of admission, though I represented an irreproachable journal, which would not have sent a lady if a lady had been out of place.

"For the moment I was nonplussed; then a bright idea occurred to me. If I might not be at the reporters table, I could at least be under it, without offending propriety, and I bribed the officials accordingly. Our paper had the best account of the proceedings, and my editor did not blame me for the undignified position forced upon me. To-day women take their place as a matter of course by the side of the male reporters.

"Policemen, too, I used to find an obstacle in the execution of my journalistic duties. On the occasion of an omnibus strike, there was a rumour of a riot, so I accompanied a female correspondent of an evening paper to the scene, hoping to glean something for my own journal. We had hardly got well into the melee when we were bodily seized by a policeman, hustled into a hansom, and ordered 'home,' as that was no place for 'unprotected females.' Shall I own that we both shed tears at such a humiliating exit?

"Then, when I first took up interviewing, I had much to contend with. The stronger sex had to be educated up to the ordeal. A foreign pianist answered my request for an interview as follows: "DEAR MADAM—I shall have great pleasure in seeing you, and a friend, on Tuesday next, at 3 p. m.

"Being thus warned as to what was expected of me, I took a duenna, and found he had protected himself with a chaperon also. Conversation under such auspices was undeniably halting.

"A celebrated artist, from whom one did not expect such rigidity, arranged an interview in the presence of his charwoman, whom he introduced as a housekeeper. She acted up to her position by eyeing me in a most disapproving manner the whole time. She evidently thought I had designs on the spoons!

"Last season, a leading male singer, also a foreigner, gave his interview in an elaborate dressing-gown, and had coffee and liquors on the sideboard. There was a photograph, duly signed, for presentation at parting, and tickets for his farewell concert lying ready addressed on the mantelpiece. Verily they have been educated, up to some purpose.

"Church dignitaries did not take kindly in my early days of apprenticeship to seeing women 'usurp' the work of men. A venerable ecclesiastic, to whom I applied for some information, thus solemnly addressed me: 'Young woman, go home and learn your place!' But I am bound to add that, after some persuasion, he gave the information I wanted.

"But I did not always get off so easily. Having once entered a foreign place of worship with a view to 'copy,' I was stopped by a member of the congregation and asked my business. Not being able to speak his language, I showed him my pen-

cil and note book. This decided him that I was a spy, thereupon I was marched to a vestry and locked in. Eventually two severe-looking personages arrived, who wished to search me in case I had dynamite concealed about my person. Upon my vigorously protesting they contented themselves with offering me a paper to sign.

"I signed it promptly, though it was not till long after that I understood its contents. They were to the effect that I took a solemn oath I had entered the building for no other object than to worship (which I hadn't); that I would make no use of what I saw or heard (which I did); and that neither then, nor at any future time, would I be a party to blowing it up by dynamite or otherwise. After signing, I was conducted to a seat, and sat through the whole service peaceably. I doubt if such a thing could happen nowadays; we are received everywhere most courteously.

"But while owning that lady journalism is pretty plain sailing at the present day, I must add it is robbed of some of its charms of danger and romance, and pleasure of the unexpected."

The Moon's Influence.

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's", and no other.

Nasal Flute Playing.

Among the customs of the aboriginal Australians a recent party of English explorers discovered that nasal flute playing was one. A pair of young natives with fillets about their hair were selected to furnish music for a feast. The English were surprised to see them hold their simple, forest-made flutes to their noses. With their mouths closed; they inhaled through one nostril and exhaled through the other.

52 BOILS

"Three years ago I was troubled with boils, and tried several remedies recommended by friends, but they were of no avail. I had FIFTY-TWO BOILS in all, and found nothing to give me relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle I took made a complete cure and proved so very satisfactory that I have recommended B.B.B. to many of my friends who have used it with good results." A. J. MUSTARD, Hyder, Man.

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

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

BUY **Coleman's Salt** THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

Can't Sleep.



The weary vigils of the night, anxious hours that drag like days. How often they come, and how unwelcome they are. A system robbed by sleeplessness of natural rest cannot be vigorous and strong. The nerves are at fault and must be built up. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are the remedy that cured

MISS EMMA TEMPLE.

HERE IS WHAT SHE SAYS:

At last, after eight months of physical weakness and nervous prostration, caused by over exertion and want of rest—during which time I suffered greatly on account of the shattered condition of my nerves, and for which I was unable to find any relief. I have found a medicine (Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills) that in three months made my nerves strong, removed all nervous troubles, built up my physical system and made me strong and well. They removed despondency, and in consequence of taking your valuable Pills I look forward to the future hopefully. I have to thank your great cure for nervousness and bodily weakness for my present good health and strength.

Yours truly,
Signed, EMMA TEMPLE, Hastings, Ont.
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto, Book of Information free.

FASHIONABLE PERFUMES.

The Dangers Attending a too Frequent use of Them.

A correspondent forwards the following surprising discoveries regarding the fashionable perfumes of "My Lady's Boudoir," recently made by the American hypnotist, Dr. Simon, in that city, says the London Tit-Bits:

Dr. Simon has demonstrated that the essence of flowers imprisoned in the manufactured perfumes of fashion may cause a painful and even fatal contraction of the heart.

He has shown that certain perfumes used daily in the boudoir may cause a rush of blood to the head and a cranial agony that indicates nothing more or less than a coming congestion of the brain.

And, further, that some of them are capable of producing a languor dangerous to a weak person. That the old love-philiter ideas, modified, may bring estranged lovers back to each other's arms, has also been demonstrated by Dr. Simon in his laboratory, the scene of many a wonder working experiment.

The famous hypnotist experimented recently upon a male member of New York's "400." He first fastened around the young man's forehead a band of soft leather with a small reflector attached in front. A small incandescent bulb was passed through an opening in the reflector so that the light was cast upon his eyes. Dr. Simon's recent invention, the hypnotic machine, a revolving set of mirrors flashed before him like swift, living circles of silver with a heart of glowing garnet.

The hypnotist's voice broke in upon and muffled with the soft hum of the hypnotic machine. He seemed to have pitched it in the same key.

"Now you are getting drowsy," drowsy, drowsy, and his voice sounded like the lazy hum of a bee sinking into slumber.

"Now you are going to sleep," droned the doctor. "You are asleep," droned deeper! deeper! The young man's eyes closed. His head fell upon his breast. Go to sleep, deeper, deeper, deeper," commanded Dr. Simon.

"Now you will see him go into the deepest hypnotic state known. I have coined a name for the state, hypno-letho cataleptic I call it."

The hum of the hypnotic machine ceased. The doctor's voice changed from a monotone to one of sharp command.

"Go to sleep further, further, further," he said, sternly. "Deeper, deeper, as deep as you can."

The subject fell to the floor. His limbs grew as rigid, his face as set as though he were dead. The doctor passed his hands over the man's muscles. They were rigid. He put his hands under the man's shoulders and lifted him to his feet. He was corpse-like in his rigidity.

"Now sit down and sleep," said the physician, and the man dropped into a chair, rested his head against the cushion, and breathed loudly.

"Now I wish to show you what danger lurks in perfumes," said the physician. "A test is more satisfactory with hypnotic subjects, because their sensibilities are much more keen. They are usually twice as keen as when in the normal state."

Then the doctor poured a few drops of patchouli on a piece of cotton, which was passed beneath his (the subject's) nose twice quickly, and then pressed against the nostrils. The man's face flushed hotly. An expression of disgust settled upon his features. He moved about restlessly, raised his hand to his head, and groaned.

"My head feels as though it would burst. Oh, Heaven! It is breaking into pieces."

The doctor tossed the cotton out of the window. "There! It is over," he said, with a wave of his hand, and the young man's natural pallor returned.

"He was on the verge of congestion of the brain," he said gravely. "A too free use of patchouli would kill him."

A fresh bit of cotton was saturated with white rose. The subject smiled as he caught its fragrance. He drew two or three deep breaths. At first he had the air of one who had heard a soothing word or felt the tender touch of a mother. The complainant look on his face deepened. He grew paler. He breathed stertorously at first, then faintly. His paler face began to take on a livid tint. His features relaxed. His lips parted. His head sank upon his breast. He looked like one in a swoon.

"Enough!" said the doctor, and the drooping head was raised again.

"Has not this demonstrated the terrible enervating effects of white rose?" he said. "It is soothing in the first stage, but becomes a strong devitalizer later on. It might cause death if used continuously and in large quantities. And now for the fairest of all flowers."

The man's face was transformed by the fragrance of the violet. There was something exalted in his expression. He had reached the highest flight of which his

SERIOUS DEFECTS



are to be found in the common laundry soaps on the market. Get

ECLIPSE SOAP

and you will have a perfect article.

Send us 25 'Eclipse' wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of 'Eclipse.'

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

nature was capable. He broke the silence himself this time.

"I feel as though I'd like to live here all the time," he said.

"Of whom are you thinking?" asked the doctor.

The man's smile deepened. "Of the one I love best in the world," he said. "My little girl, my baby daughter."

The physician allowed five minutes to pass between the experiments. "I want the effect of one perfume to pass away before I try the next," he said. "The effect of a mixture would be of little use to science."

Musk, the most aggressive of all the perfumes, was the next. The subject sniffed it. His face took on a look of agony. His mouth was drawn as though he were in mortal pain. His hands both sought his heart and a cry, like the scream of a wounded animal, escaped him.

The doctor was startled. "You are better now. It is over, all over," he said, sharply, his voice raised in his excitement. He tossed the musk scented cotton far into the back-yard. The agonized expression gradually passed away, but the extraordinary pallor of the subject's face remained, and his hands trembled.

"Musk is one of the most powerful stimulants," said the doctor. "It is so strong that I have known it seemingly to restore the dying. I know physicians who believe that it has saved life. It acts upon the nerves of the heart, causing a sharp, sudden contraction. But the very shock that may restore life may also take it. It might easily put an end to this man's life, strong as he is."

The compound of perfumes, stephanotis, made the subject smile. Again he voiced his impressions: "I feel as though I were in the woods in the early morning. Were you ever there?"

"A pleasant languor, but a dangerous one," said the doctor. "Look at his lips. The red of the subject's mouth has given way to purple."

The fragrance of heliotrope made the subject weep. "How do you feel?" asked the doctor. "As though some one had died," he sobbed. "It is the most depressing of the perfumes and most injurious when a patient is in a state of lowered vitality," observed the doctor.

Edelweiss, the delicate odour that floats from sheltered nooks of the Alps to delight the weary mountain traveller, greeted the subject's senses next. His face assumed the half-foolish, self-conscious, and thoroughly happy face of the lover. He held out his arms, to an imaginary dear one. He pressed kisses upon her shadowy face.

The doctor laughed. "The peasants call the edelweiss the love flower," he said.

"I deduce from these experiments that perfumes are injurious. If I had my way I would banish them from the home. According to their nature, they induce an excess of stimulation or of languor."

"Musk is the most dangerous by reason of its fiendishly stimulating powers. Edelweiss and stephanotis induce languor. White rose and violet are too sedative. Patchouli is almost as powerful a stimulus as musk. Heliotrope is intensely depressing."

It is Safe to Follow

The example of the millions of women who have made the Diamond Dyes their chosen and only dyes for domestic dyeing. The faith of all is so firmly established in the powers and excellence of the Diamond Dyes that they would not use any other make, even if the common dyes were given free of cost.

Valuable and useful goods should not be experimented on with poor and untried package dyes. Ruin and loss of goods and money will meet the users of adulterated dyes.

Follow the safe example of earth's millions and use the Diamond Dyes, and success, happiness and pleasure will be your reward.

Proving Her Identity. A distinguished prima-donna recently called for her letters at a post-office in New York.

"Have you any evidence of identity?" said the clerk.

"No. Unfortunately I have left my cards at home. But it's all right; I am Marianne Brandt, the prima-donna."

"I'm afraid we must have some other

evidence," returned the clerk. "Any lady could say that."

"Yes, but any lady could not prove it. Just listen."

The applicant lifted up her voice and sang a cadenza with such brilliant effect that every door in the office opened and half a hundred heads popped out. The clerk waited until she had finished. Then he simply said:

"Thank you very much. Here are your letters."

Don't wait till your cough is bad enough to keep you in bed. Take Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine, as soon as you feel a cold coming—it cures.

Willis—Parker's salary was doubled a short time ago, so I hear.

Wallace—Yes, it was; but it got him in lots of trouble.

Willis—How's that?

Wallace—His wife found it out.—Town Topics.

'It is sad,' murmured the Musing Theorizer, 'to think that every man has

'Yes,' admitted the intensely Practical Worker, 'and it is a sad fact that half the time he can't get it.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN

Suffering from palpitation of the heart, dizzy or faint spells, watery blood, etc., can be readily cured.

A Manitoba Lady Tells About Her Case.

There is no need whatever for so many women to be the subject of faint spells, heart and nerve weakness, anaemia, or any of those health destroying ailments peculiar to her sex. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills regulate the heart beat and make it strong and full, tone the nerves, enrich the blood, and relieve the pain and weakness from which so many women suffer.

Mrs. Alexander Better, of Pigeon Bluff, Man., writes an account of her case as follows:

"I have great pleasure in giving my experience of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. For about

ten years I was troubled with throbbing and fluttering of the heart. I tried five doctors and several remedies but none of them did me much good. Lately I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and bought two boxes. Before I started using them I could not do my house work and gave myself up to die, as I thought I would never be cured. Now I feel really splendid since taking the pills, do my work, enjoy my meals and feel as if there was something in life worth living for."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, sold by all druggists at 60c. a box or 8 boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia. Every Pill Perfect. Price 25c.

NONE BETTER.

Liver Wrong?

Whether the result of over eating, overwork, exposure to sun; whether costiveness, headache, indigestion, or boils, eruptions, etc.

Dr. HARVEY'S Anti-Bilious & Purgative PILLS

will do their work quickly, cheaply, and well. They cleanse, invigorate, and restore the system.

For sale all over—25c. per box of 33. Full box sent as sample on receipt of 25c.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL. (9)

FLASHES OF FUN.

Poet: "Poets, sir, are born, not made." Publisher: "That's right; lay the blame on your poor father and mother."

"What do you consider the hardest problem of a man's existence?" "Getting his own consent to crawl out of bed in the morning."

Young Solicitor: "Make yourself easy, my dear sir; the successful management of your case shall be the task of my life."

Mrs. B: "I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say." Mr. B: "I do, my dear, as little as possible."

"Unless you soon fall off, sir," said the lady in her pony-cart, who had made several unsuccessful attempts to pass a persevering beginner on a bicycle occupying the whole road, "I'm afraid I shall miss my train."

Querius: "Who is the happier, a man who has £100,000 or one who has seven daughters?"

Rabbi: "The latter."

Querius: "Why?"

Rabbi: "The man with £100,000 wants more, the other doesn't."

"A great many years ago, when I was a little girl," began Miss Candidie.

"You mean a number of months ago, don't you?" said Solly.

It was no wonder she said Mr. Solly was exceedingly nice when somebody else called him stupid.

"How well the baby talks!" remarked the visitor.

"Doesn't he?" returned the proud father.

"What is he saying?" asked the visitor.

"Um—well," replied the proud father, hesitatingly, "I think you had better ask his mother about that."

"I wish you would tell me," said the kind old judge to the lady burglar, "how you came to adopt such a disreputable profession. How did you begin?"

"Your honor," replied the miserable woman, "my first step was to go through my husband's pockets while he slept. After that the decent was easy."

An Irishman had one day to appear before a county magistrate for carrying a gun without a license. After being duly sworn, Pat was asked by the magistrate how long he had had the gun.

Pat O'Riarty: "Shure, yer honor, [that same gun has been in our family, the bold O'Riarty's, ever since it was a pistol."

"So that young man wants to marry you?" said Mabel's father.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Do you know how much his salary is?"

"No. But it's an awful strange coincidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Herbert asked me the very same question about you."

"Your father's a funny fellow, dahlings. You remember when I was nearly killed in a twap smash-up—he said, 'Drunken men and fools have the best luck.'"

"Oh, he didn't mean anything, Bertie. I asked him afterwards whether he thought you were tipsy—and he said he was sure you were not. Wasn't it kind of him, dear?"

Here is a good story which comes from Australia. The day after the performance of a play in a certain large city, the manager of the theatre wrote the following note to the leading actor:

"My Dear Sir,—Your performance last night was so bad that several deadheads have written demanding that their names be removed from the free list."

Mrs. Prentice: "How do you always manage to have such delicious beef?"

Mrs. Bywell: "I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him."

Mrs. Prentice: "You mean that you give him all your trade?"

Mrs. Bywell: "No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."

Several men were talking about how they happened to marry.

"I married my wife," said one after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I ever met."

"How was that?" chorused the others.

"She was the only woman I ever met who would have me," and there was a burst of applause.

Rosie (visiting Greenwich Observatory, and having a peep through the monster telescope): "Oh, Laura, how charming! What a wonderful sight! Do look!"

Laura: "Really, who would have thought it—"

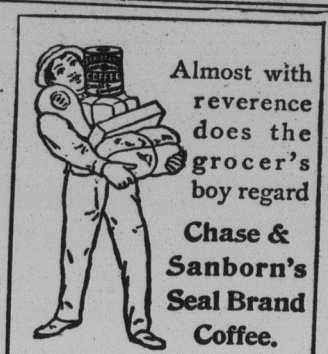
Astronomer: "Now, then, I will remove the cover, and place the instrument in position, if you will allow me."

A young fellow was caught cheating at cards, and the players pitched him out of the first-floor window. Being picked up by a friend, he blustered a good deal, and said, "What do you advise me to do under the circumstances?"

"Not play cards again except on the ground floor," replied the candid friend.

Miss Sentimental: "Charles, did you ever allow your mind to pierce the secrets of the universe, to reason that this dull, cold earth is but the sepulchre of ages past, that man in all his glory is but the soil we tread, which every breeze wafts in an ever-shifting maze, to be found and lost in an infinity of particles—the dust of centuries, reunited and dissolved as long as time shall endure?"

Charles: "No-o I dunno as I did. You see, I've had to earn my livin'."



Almost with reverence does the grocer's boy regard Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.

Often has he been admonished to bring only Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand, he now realizes that it stands in a class by itself.

The best people to whose houses he is sent demand this brand.

No matter what he may forget, no matter what he may bring wrong, he never makes a mistake in bringing another kind of coffee when Seal Brand is ordered.

All grocers sell it, in pound and two-pound tins cans.

Advertisement for D & A Corsets, featuring illustrations of women in corsets and descriptive text about the product's quality and fit.

Advertisement for CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT, describing its uses for various skin conditions and its popularity.

Advertisement for TEABERRY For THE TEETH, highlighting its effectiveness and popularity as a dental hygiene product.

Advertisement for THE SUN newspaper, emphasizing its national importance and the inclusion of both daily and Sunday editions.

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

"You've lost, Sir Jordan, of course; what we found on the man?"

Jordan was in a terrible fix. Had Banks passed the notes to a confederate who had been caught?

"I—er—" he began, then he shook his head—"I have lost nothing that I am aware of, Trale," he said, rather huskily.

Trale regarded him in silence for a moment.

"Perhaps you'll give it more thought, Sir Jordan," he said in a low voice.

Jordan raised his lids and shot a keen glance at the grave face.

"I don't understand you, Trale," he said. "Why do you not tell me what this property is?"

"I'd rather it came from you, Sir Jordan," said Trale. "You see, it's a question for you if you'll prosecute or not.

Sometimes gentlemen would rather get their property back and let the thief go scot-free. It isn't for me."

He stopped, and then went on with extreme gravity:

"Sir Jordan, I'd advise you, if I may venture to do so without a liberty, to keep this matter quiet. I'm sure Mr. Neville—"

he stopped and watched the effect of the name.

"Neville?" said Jordan, "my—brother Neville? What were you going to say about him? What has he to do with it?"

"I was only thinking what he would like done with the matter," said Trale, lowering his voice.

"I suppose you haven't heard of him, Sir Jordan?"

Jordan knit his brows. That Trale had some object in wandering off in this peculiar way, in hinting and insinuating he suspected.

"No," he said, "I have—er—had him searched for."

"Yes, sir. Perhaps if you were to put in an advertisement in the paper, saying that something to his advantage had turned up—"

it's true he might think Sir Neville had left him a fortune—"

he paused and eyed Sir Jordan attentively.

Jordan's hand, under the bed-clothes, closed spasmodically.

"As Sir Neville left him nothing, I should be sorry to deceive him by raising false hopes," he said, curtly.

"And now about this thief and property?" and he raised his eyes and gazed defiantly at Trale.

Trale breathed hard for a moment. He had given Sir Jordan the chance he, Trale, had decided to give him, and Sir Jordan had declined to avail himself of it; now it was to be war to the knife.

His manner changed to respectful officialism.

"The man we caught has been robbing the Court fowling, Sir Jordan, and was found with some of the prize birds in his possession," he said, almost briskly.

"He is the son of one of the gardeners; and I didn't know whether you would be inclined to let him off for his father's sake."

Jordan eyed Trale keenly.

"Thank you, I quite appreciate your feeling in the matter; but you must remember that as a magistrate, Trale, I have a duty to perform to society. This fellow must be made an example of. Yes, certainly, I shall prosecute, and his father will be discharged from my service."

"Very good," said Trale, with straightened lips. "There's nothing more, Sir Jordan?" and he looked at him steadily.

"Thank you—no," said Jordan. "Be good enough to ring that bell for my man."

Good-morning, Trale. I am much obliged to you for coming and laying the case before me so promptly, and I am sorry that my sense of duty will not allow me to overlook this theft."

"Good-morning, Sir Jordan," said Trale and he went down stairs.

"Well," he muttered, "for Mr. Neville's and the old man's sake, I've given you a chance, Sir Jordan. You'll wish you'd taken it before long. You're a cool hand, top!" and he shook his head with an air of admiration—"but you don't best Mr. Neville if I can help it."

Jordan lay back, his brows knit, his lips working, as he went over every word that had passed. Was there any hidden meaning in the fellow's rigmorale, or had he, Sir Jordan, been unreasonably suspicious?

Andrey did not wait for Sylvia that night, but went off with Lord Marlow, who had come into the box at the beginning of the opera and had sat through it with intense enjoyment.

She could not bear even Sylvia's tender sympathy to-night; she wanted to be alone that she might cry her heart out, as she vowed she would do in the box.

She lay awake all the night, and when she came down in the morning Lady Marlow was distressed by the pallor and weariness of the beautiful face.

"Oh! I am quite well," said Andrey, to their affectionate and anxious inquiries, "only a little tired, I think," and she forced a smile.

But when she took up the letters beside her plate the smile died away for there was Jordan's letter, pressing her to marry him at once.

Her heart sunk within her as she read it, and a scared, hunted look came into her eyes.

What should she do? Should she throw herself on her knees beside that loving guardian of hers who sat opposite her, eating his toast and reading his paper, and tell him that she could not marry Sir Jordan, and beg him, implore him to break off the engagement for her?

The viscount would be her friend, would save her all trouble, would take Jordan Lynne over to France and fight him, if he desired such obsolete satisfaction.

But how could she do so? What fault had she to find with Jordan, who she believed, loved her devotedly? It was all very well to say that she did not and never could love him; she ought to have made that discovery before she promised to be his wife. It was too late now.

If Lord Lorrmore had come back a few weeks earlier—but he hadn't and now he had gone, perhaps, as Sylvia had said laughingly, to the other end of the world. It was too late to do anything now but submit to her fate.

Sylvia drove round to see her in the morning, but Andrey, almost fearing that she might come, and dreading her as a sorely wounded man dreads the touch of even the gentlest and most loving hand, had ordered the carriage and gone out.

She did not reply to Jordan's letter, though she knew that she ought to do so, but told herself that he would be back presently; and, even as she did so, shuddered at the thought. All the time the carriage, with its bewinged coachman and powdered footman, was rolling round the park her mind dwelt persistently upon Lord Lorrmore.

She heard his passionate voice, saw his handsome, distracted face dancing before her eyes, and, in short, she was as unhappy as a girl deserves to be who allows herself to be persuaded into promising to marry a man she does not love.

It is to be hoped that no one will pity her, for all she looked so lovely, so bewitchingly lovable, as she leaned back in the berouche with her eyes sadly fixed on vacancy.

Lord Marlow came into lunch that day for a wonder; but he was not rewarded by the presence of his ward.

"Where's Andrey?" he asked at once.

"In her own room, lying down," said Lady Marlow. "She has a bad headache."

And though she spoke with apparent ease, as if nothing were the matter, the viscount detected a note of anxiety in her voice.

"She looked very pale and done up this morning," he said, when the servant had left the room. The viscount, on the rare occasions of his lunching at home, liked to enjoy that meal "in the bosom of his family," and as much as possible without the presence of servants, said he didn't mind helping himself to potatoes.

"Where's Jordan?" he added.

"Down at Lynne still," repeated Lady Marlow. "Although he did not tell me so many words, I can guess what he has gone down for; I know he intends making a fairy palace of the place."

"Hem!" said the viscount. "By the way, I met Lorrmore to-day."

Lady Marlow gave a little start, and raised her eyebrows.

"Oh! Lorrmore," she said.

"Yes; met him at the club; he had called for his letters. Can't say that travel's improved him, he looked awfully seedy and played out."

"Why didn't you bring him home to lunch?" she asked her ladyship.

"Well, I did ask him, but he refused, and none too politely, either; in fact, he seemed as if he wanted to avoid me and was barely civil, which did not surprise me."

"Poor Lorrmore!" said Lady Marlow, softly. "Oh, of course he has heard of—of Andrey's engagement—"

"That was it, I suppose," grunted the viscount. "Poor devil! Really, the more I see of your sex, my dear, the more you puzzle me. How a girl like Andrey could prefer Jordan Lynne to a man like Lorrmore beats me—it really beats me!"

"But—but there was some story about his engagement to some one; they said to Signora Stella."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the viscount, promptly. "If that were so, and he was happy, why should he look as if he had just been sentenced to death, and try and cut me this morning?"

Lady Marlow shook her head.

"I—suppose he is still—" she faltered; she was really fond of Lord Lorrmore.

"Of course he is," said the viscount. "A man like Lorrmore falls in love once in his life, and once only; and you may depend upon it, this news of Andrey's engagement has knocked him over. What a nuisance you women are! Why can't you let us men alone, or, at any rate, pick the men who really love you, and the best men while you are about it?"

"My dear, Jordan loves Andrey devotedly," said Lady Marlow, quite meekly.

"Oh, oh, bless Jordan!" exclaimed the viscount. "No, if the person opposite to him had been a man instead of a lady, would have been a stronger expression."

"I don't do," she said, reproachfully. "He is a most excellent part, and—and devoted to Andrey, and she wouldn't have Lorrmore, and—and"

"In short, the business is done," interrupted the viscount, who was rendered rather sore by Lorrmore's coolness, and was also very anxious about Andrey. The thing's done, and there's an end of it."

"Yes," said her ladyship. "And I really think the sooner they are married, the better."

Notwithstanding Jordan's excellent qualities, the honest old viscount did not like him overmuch.

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fa! The reason why I can not tell."

That was it exactly.

That night there was a grand reception at Lady Dulcimer's, and Andrey was there under the wing of Lady Marlow; and everybody declared that the beauty had never looked more lovely or been more bewitching; and not one of those who thronged round her noticed the furtive glances she now and again cast toward the entrance, or guessed that she was dreading every moment to see Jordan's tall figure making its way toward her.

But Jordan was too much engaged at Lynne, as we know to attend Lady Dulcimer's brilliant and successful "At Home."

Sylvia had a card for this assemblage, but she did not go, although it was one of her "off nights." She had told the truth when she had said that she did not care for the fashionable world; though Andrey had been equally truthful when he had asserted that Sylvia would become as popular and sought after in the salons of the great as she was in the dramatic world.

But Sylvia, though she liked pretty dresses and dancing and the society of refined and cultivated people—and what young girl doesn't?—was, as she told Mercy, "out of tune with the rest of the music."

"While I was at that great ball the other night, Mercy," every now and then the past came back to me, and I could scarcely talk to the persons who came and made themselves agreeable to the famous opera-singer, there was such an aching in my heart; and whenever a particularly tall and handsome man came smiling up and asked me to dance, I—thought of Jack, and—well, I think that some of them must have thought that I was a very singular individual, or that I was deaf; for I couldn't answer them for a moment or two. Why could I not forget, Mercy, dear? If one could only forget!"

"Men can—sometimes; women never!" responded Mercy, who was lying on the couch with Sylvia seated beside her as she had sat so often beside Sylvia. "But still I am sorry that you did not go tonight; it is dull for you all alone with a sick woman."

"Not when that woman is my dearest friend," said Sylvia, stroking Mercy's hand; it had grown very thin lately.

"Dearest than Miss Hope?" said Mercy, softly.

Sylvia nodded.

"You are both dear to me," she replied; "but I shall never forget that it was you who were first, and that it was you who were with me and tried to comfort me when I lost all that makes life worth living."

"You have a good memory indeed, Sylvia," said Mercy, not cynically, but sweetly and gratefully.

"Yes," said Sylvia, "and lately, since we came to London, I think the past has come back so vividly. I find myself going over the things that happened over there—at Lorn Hope, you know—and at times I dream."

She stopped.

"All, dear?"

"I dream that—that Jack is still alive, but that he is in some place where I can not reach him, I see his dear, dear face—the tears were blinding her at this point—and hear him, calling to me. 'Sylvia! Sylvia!' just as he did when they—they killed him, and I grope with my hands as if to feel my way to him, and then I wake and know that it is only a dream, and that I shall never see Jack again till we meet in heaven, where there is no more parting. There! This isn't the way to amuse a sick person, is it?" she said, forcing a laugh and dashing the tears from her eyes. "I wish Andrey had

come round to-day. There you are again! There seems to be nothing but trouble and confusion in this world, don't there, Mercy? Poor Lord Lorrmore! I wonder where he is, and why it was that Andrey couldn't return his love? I think that, next to Jack, he is the noblest and grandest man on earth. But I am boring you with my chatter, dear—"

She broke off, for Mercy had suddenly put up her hand to her brow as if in pain.

"No, no," she said; "but I think I will try and get a little sleep."

Sylvia smoothed the pillow tenderly and left her.

Mercy had been ailing for some weeks now; in fact, since the night Sir Jordan Lynne had proposed to Andrey Hope in the box at the opera. She refused—absolutely refused—to see a doctor, and repeatedly declared that she was getting better, and should be quite strong in a day or two; but Sylvia fancied that, instead of proving, her friend was growing weaker; and it Sylvia had not been with her every day she would have seen the change still more plainly.

But Mercy never complained, and though she seemed disinclined to leave the house she still declared that she was getting better.

Three days passed, and neither Lord Lorrmore nor Andrey made their appearance, and Sylvia was growing anxious and restless, for she loved them both as dearly as if they were her brother and sister, when on the evening of the fourth she heard Andrey's voice in the little hall, and ran to meet her.

"Did you think I was dead, or what?" said Andrey, as the two girls embraced, and Sylvia, with her arm still round her, led her into the sitting-room.

"I didn't know," said Sylvia, and she scanned her face anxiously.

There was a hectic flush on Andrey's cheeks and a wistful, restless look in the dark eyes which she averted from Sylvia's loving scrutiny; but she smiled and even laughed.

"I—have been busy," she said, evasively. "How is Mercy?"

"Rather better," said Sylvia. "She seems stronger to-day and more cheerful. If she had not been I should have insisted on sending for the doctor; but she is really better."

"I am glad of that," said Andrey, "for my sake as well as for hers and yours. Sylvia, you do not sing after to-night for a week?"

"No," said Sylvia, wondering what was coming, "not for five nights. Isn't it splendid to have so long a holiday?"

"Yes," said Andrey, adding quickly, almost peremptorily. "And I want you to spend it with me; not here in London, but in the country."

"In the country? How delightful! Where are you going?"

"To my house, the Grange, at Lynne," replied Andrey.

"To your house?"

"Yes," went on Andrey, speaking hurriedly. "I—I—say at home that I want a change, a little rest, you know. I'm tired of going out night after night, and so—so I said I would go down to the Grange. They—Lord and Lady Marlow—wanted me to go to the seaside, but I hate the seaside. It is quiet I want, if I want anything; and a spell of quiet can't do you any harm, Signora Stella. We must go to-morrow," she went on. "Lord Marlow has telegraphed to the servants to have things ready for us, and he will come down with us, to start us, if not to stay. Say you will come, Sylvia. I want to show you the old house in which I was born and which I love so dearly. We can wander about the lanes and—and there will be nobody to pique us."

"Sir Jordan, will he not be there?" said Sylvia.

Andrey's face flushed. In her pocket was the telegram announcing Jordan's return to London on the morrow. She had shown it to no one—not even to Lady Marlow, or perhaps her ladyship would not have given her consent to this sudden rush to the Grange.

"Sir—Sir Jordan will not be there," she said, looking away. "He will have to be in town, and busy. But don't let us talk of him or any one else but ourselves. We won't mention him or anything connected with—London while we are away."

"We will. Let us swear it!" responded Sylvia, gayly, and lifting Andrey's hand heavenward in the approved theatrical fashion. "Oh, but I forgot Mercy! I don't know whether she would come, and I could not leave her, Andrey."

Mercy entered at that moment, and bowing to Miss Hope, was about to retreat when Andrey stopped her.

"Don't you think Sylvia would be all the better for a breath of pure country air, Mercy?" she said.

Mercy looked from one to the other.

"Yes," she said.

"And I am sure you would," Andrey said, gently. "So that settles it. We three are going to my house in the country, Mercy."

"And to-morrow!" cried Sylvia. Mercy's eyes drooped.

"You must let me stay at home and take care of the house, please," she said in a low voice.

"Nonsense!" said Sylvia. "Don't be contrary, Mercy, dear. It is you who want the change as badly as any of us. Think of four days in the country, and what a long time it is since we have seen it! Now, Mercy—"

Mercy shook her head.

"It is very kind of Miss Hope," she faltered; "but I would rather—"

"You would rather I stayed cooped up

in this wretched London—in this lovely weather, too," said Sylvia; "for I will not go without you."

"And I will not go without Sylvia," put in Andrey, resolutely.

Mercy stood, a troubled expression on her pale face, which was usually so impassive.

"Must I go?" she said in so low a voice that they could scarcely hear her.

"Yes, you must," said Sylvia. "I know exactly how you feel."

Mercy started slightly, and her eyes sought Sylvia's face for a moment with a half-frightened glance.

"You feel as if you would rather do anything than move from your own room, and that just proves how badly you want a change. There! We are two to one, and, as you know, one of the two is the most willful and obstinate of beings, so that you are bound to give in."

Mercy did not smile, but looked straight before her.

"I must go," she said, as if the words cost her an effort.

Sylvia clapped her hand and sprung up and kissed her.

"Hurrah! Go and get ready, you martyr! Once you have begun to pack you will feel more resigned to your cruel fate."

Mercy did not respond to this loving banter, but silently left the room. But when she reached her own she did not commence to pack immediately. Instead, she threw herself on her knees beside the bed and hid her face in her hands. Then after awhile she rose, and with a white face and tightly set lips began to make preparations for the journey.

Her face wore this constrained look of resolute repression when the party started next morning. It was a lovely day, and Sylvia felt unusually light-hearted and gay and delighted the viscount, who had at first been rather inclined to grumble at having to leave his beloved rubber at whist at his favorite club.

"Upon my word," he said, "I feel like a school-mistress taking her favorite pupils out for a holiday. Signora, have you brought your skipping-rope and hoop?"

When they had left hot and stifling London some miles behind them, Andrey seemed to throw off the lassitude and weariness which had oppressed her, and the three talked and laughed happily, while Mercy, with her eyes closed, if she were not actually asleep, sat silent in her corner.

The Grange carriage was waiting for them at the station, and Andrey grew still brighter as she pointed out the familiar places to Sylvia, who leaned forward at the window, eager to be interested in everything and every spot connected with Andrey.

Presently they came in sight of one of the Court lodges, and Sylvia nat rally asked:

"What place is that, Andrey?"

She did not notice the sudden clouding of her friend's face as she replied.

"Lynne Court. We shall soon be home now, Sylvia," she added, quickly, as if to avoid any further questions respecting the place they were passing; and as the carriage entered the avenue and the Grange came in sight, she said: "And here we are!"

An ejaculation of delight and admiration broke from Sylvia.

"How lovely! Oh, dear!"—and she laughed with mock awe—"I had no idea until now that you were such a great lady! I wonder how it must feel to be the mistress of all this!" and she laughed.

Andrey laughed, too; but the laugh died away into a sigh.

The carriage drew up at the door, at which a row of servants stood waiting with a real welcome for their mistress; and Andrey, catching something of Sylvia's eagerness, took her hand, and said:

"Come, let me show you your rooms. Yes, that's the hall; but I will show you everything—"

"But not until after dinner," said the viscount, who had enjoyed his journey down immensely. "No keeping the dinner waiting, young ladies, or I'll take you back to school. Oh! by the way, I didn't wire to Jordan, Andrey; but I suppose you did, and that he will come over from the Court to dinner, eh?"

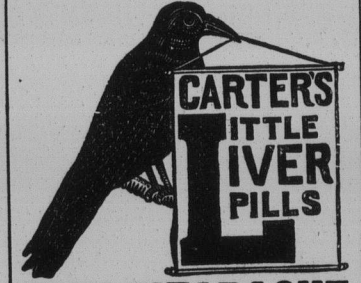
"He is in London," said Andrey, her manner growing cold instantly.

"Eh? How's that?" demanded the viscount.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Who said it was never too late to mend?"

"Perhaps it was somebody who was in a hurry to begin."



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In Black and White.

In saying that I am not a man of imagination, I don't wish it to be thought that I do it in the spirit of self-deprecation.

I was first educated for a mechanical draughtsman; then, as I displayed some pictorial ability, an uncle put me to school for black and white in the neighborhood of Oxford Street, and I finally occupied myself with the weekly illustrated newspapers, sometimes supplying pictures of home life, sometimes being sent abroad, when wars or weddings, coronations or conflicts, had to be illustrated.

In the early days of our present expedition in Egypt, I was dispatched by the editor of a popular journal to furnish illustrations of the picturesque country and people associated with the war.

Whether other artists had better introductions than I had, or whether there was generally a professional distrust of 'newspaper fellows,' I do not pretend to know, but of one thing I am certain, namely, that I was kept very much in the rear during the first week or two of our advance.

Then luckily I came across an old school-fellow, Robert Tatham, who was an officer in one of the native regiments. We greeted each other very heartily, and were mutually delighted at being able to talk about old times.

When one does not know that a rifle bullet or a splinter of a shell sent from a Krupp—obligingly supplied by some foreign sympathiser with the Dervishes—may not any moment put to end to all memories, perhaps the recollections of the past are rendered more attractive by the uncertainty pertaining to the future.

'Look here, Rob,' I said. 'Why shouldn't I share your tent? You know that I am not the man to reveal anything that ought not to be made public. Of course, I should submit all my sketches to you before I posted them to London.'

'You'll find it rather rough,' answered Tatham, 'but if you can be content with a blanket on the ground, and can supply your own blanket, I will provide you with the tent and give you the choice of the natural mattress.'

'Ah, there are a good many thousands of people in this latitude who would look like that if they were undressed in a similar manner,' said Rob. 'If you think your sketch would lead to your imaginary rascal's detention, I expect you will find yourself self-deceived.'

I made no answer, as I fancied he considered my statement as derogating from the care that ought to have been observed in the control of the camp. But I had a painful triumph four days after. The servant of Major Sutton, on entering that officer's tent, found him stabbed in the breast and lying insensible upon the ground.

'I wish I had mentioned your story to the Major,' said Rob. 'It might have put him on his guard.'

'Unless he had treated it as you did,' I said savagely.

'As an outcome of imagination,' replied Tatham. 'I daresay he would probably have been right. Your fancy and this dreadful fact may only be coincidences, after all.'

Then he left the tent, and I sat down on a camp stool a little way down the road to the river and made some sketches for my paper.

But my mind went back to my morning's vision and to last night's outrage. Then I thought it would serve for a good picture for home people; and drawing upon my own imagination, I made a sketch of my swarthy hero in his shirt struggling with Major Sutton and dealing him that blow in the breast which was at that moment imperiling his life.

'Our man is down with cholera,' said Tatham, the next time we met. 'I shall have a new servant this afternoon.'

The officers used to have native soldiers as servants, the men having lighter regimental work, in consequence of the personal labour thus required of them.

That evening, as I was submitting to Tatham the pictures I was going to post home, his new man entered the tent.

The fellow received some orders from Rob, who at the moment saw the English surgeon leaving Sutton's tent, and hurried across the way to ask about the patient.

The Egyptian gave a glance after Tatham, but it did not at all impress me with being anything more than the natural expression of interest which was felt throughout the camp. However, it attracted my attention to the man's face, and then I saw the resemblance of the apparition of the previous week.

My sketches were in my hand. I turned them over hastily until I came to my portrait of the man that Tatham pretended was the creature of my imagination.

As I disclosed that picture the Egyptian passed behind me, and I have no doubt looked over my shoulder, for as I turned to compare him with my sketch I saw that he was trembling. There was question of the identity of this man with the person I had seen four days before.

The next moment I drew from my portfolio the imaginary picture of Major Sutton's assassination. With a yell like that of a wild beast the man flew at me, and endeavored to wrest the drawings from my grasp.

As he had no idea that I had seen him, he evidently thought that my knowledge had been obtained supernaturally. The Major was soon removed to the hospital, and eventually was invalided home.

'Well, Willie,' Rob said grudgingly, 'whether you drew upon your imagination or not, it was a very fortunate sketch. Tatham never owned himself mistaken, but he was wrong for once, and I knew what I was talking about.'

Endured by Those who Suffer From Sciatica—A Victim Tells How to Obtain Relief.

Probably no trouble that afflicts mankind causes more intense agony than sciatica. Frequently the victim is utterly helpless, the least movement causing the most agonizing pains.

I employed three doctors but all to no purpose: I had to give up work entirely, and almost despaired of life. This continued for two years—years filled with misery. At this time I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using six boxes both the sciatica and the weakness in the back, which had troubled me so long, were gone.

I was again a well man and feeling fifteen years younger than before I began the pills. Nearly two years have passed since I discontinued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in that time no symptom of the trouble has shown itself. Under God I thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me.

Mr. Hayes voluntarily testifies to the truth of the above statement before Edward Whosead, Esq., J. P. and his statements are further vouched for by Rev. J. N. Barnes, of Stanley, N. B.

Well Done. The women of Brooklyn, New York, have organized a Health Protective Association, and a reporter of the New York Tribune sees reason to believe that their work is not in vain.

Where you goin'? called out his companion, in evident alarm. 'Goin' to spin,' was the laconic response, and when he returned, every woman in the car beamed approval.

They won't break. WEAR SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Trider, July 5 to the wife of John Trider, a son. Truro, July 10 to the wife of Mr. G. Vail, a son.

Oxford, June 27, Eliza, wife of Thomas McCormack 74. Truro, July 8, Roderick, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Charlotstown, P. E. I., July 10, Wimburn Archibald 24.

Picton, July 9, Lexie, daughter of Duncan S. Cameron 24. North Mainland, July 4, Cecil wife of Gilmore McDougall.

Kentville, June 30, Lellah B. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lovett. West River Station, June 30, Ellen, wife of Donald Campbell 19.

Halifax, July 13, George, son of Mr. and Mrs. Woodhead 1. Charlton, July 5, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry.

MARRIED.

Crapaud, P. E. I., Augustus Holland to Annie Huest's daughter. Thaco, N. Y., July 12, to the wife of President Schurman, a daughter.

Oxford, July 7, by Elder Nowlan, Oliver Hard to Mrs. Marie Knison. Amherst, July 9, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Alex. Kent to Mary Graman.

Milltown, July 7, by Rev. S. H. Rice, F. J. Nixon, to Olivia Turner. Millford, July 12, Rev. H. Adams, H. B. McCollough to Mabel Pagely.

Amherst, July 4, by Rev. Jas. Batty, James Law to Eliza Samson. Middleton, July 5, by Rev. E. Locke, M. Charlton to Aleph Saunders.

Windsor, July 7, by Rev. H. Dickie, Richard McHollan to E. Beuch. Springhill, June 7, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Alex. Rose to Eliza Moore.

Kentville, July 11, by Rev. S. Ackman, Wesley Fari to Eliza Young. Milltown, June 10, by Rev. T. McDonald, J. L. Polley to Alice Stephens.

Middleton, July 2, by Rev. E. Locke, William Hayes to Mrs. Hayes. Fredericton, July 2, by Rev. L. Tingley, Webb Out-house to Edie Soloway.

Seattle, Wash., by Rev. C. J. Austin, Blanche Somers to James Gray. St. Stephen, July 2, by Rev. J. Goucher, J. F. Giddens to Edna Noble.

Truro, July 6, by Rev. F. H. Adams, James Murdoch to Amelia MacBain. Sunbury Co. July 7, by Rev. J. Teasdale, Hedley Parrabro, July 6, by Rev. James Sharp, Clarence Langille to Mary Howard.

Amherst, July 5, by Rev. V. E. Harris, Duncan Holland to Laura Downey. Welsford, June 30, by Rev. A. D. McCurdy, Wm. Fawcett to Jessie McCully.

Milltown, June 29, by Rev. T. McDonald, Robt. Oxford, July 7, by Elder P. D. Nowlan, James H. Dickie to Mary B. Thompson.

River John, July 13, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Chas. Hamilton to Bessie Boyman. River John, June 25, by Rev. L. Gordon, John M. Elder to Christina Suberland.

Clam Harbor, July 6, by Rev. Jas. Rosborough, Edward Myers to Bertha Helena. Yarmouth, July 6, by Rev. G. E. Sturgis, Jeremiah Nickerson to Annie Messenger.

Hyde Park, Mass., June 29, by Rev. S. Babcock, Elmer Williams to Clara Denison. West Linton, July 6, by Rev. L. Daniel, R. Sidney Coates to Florence Alexander.

Bocabee, July 7, by Rev. Donald Fraser, Cyrus Acheson to Martha K. Herbinson. Sunbury Co. July 7, by Rev. J. Teasdale, James Chisley Hunter to Helena Burpee.



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Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 14th. Leave Hampton for Indiantown, Monday at 6:30 a. m., Tuesday at 8:30 p. m., Wednesday at 2:00 p. m., Thursday at 3:30 p. m., Saturday at 8:30 a. m.

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

DAILY SERVICE. Lvo. St. John at 7:15 a. m., ar. Digby 10:15 a. m., Lvo. Digby at 1:45 p. m., ar. St. John, 4:30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvo. Halifax 6:30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12:28 p. m., Lvo. Digby 12:40 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3:15 p. m., Lvo. Halifax 8:45 a. m., ar. Digby 1:35 p. m., Lvo. Digby 4:55 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 8:45 a. m., Lvo. Yarmouth 9:30 a. m., ar. Halifax 11:45 a. m., Lvo. Digby 11:55 a. m., ar. Halifax 3:45 p. m., Lvo. Yarmouth 8:30 a. m., ar. Digby 10:25 a. m., Lvo. Digby 10:30 a. m., ar. Halifax 6:35 p. m., Lvo. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p. m., Lvo. Digby 8:30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Hampton 6:30 Express for Campbellton, Fergusville, Picton and Halifax 7:00 Express for Halifax 11:40 Express for Sussex 11:45 Express for Hampton 11:50 Express for Quebec, Montreal, 11:55 Express for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney 12:20.

Express from Hampton 7:15 Express from Sussex 8:30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Moncton 11:00 Express from Halifax 11:00 Express from Hampton 11:50 Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted 1:25 Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton 11:25 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

DIED.

Halifax, July 12, John Dowd. Sydney, July 9, Ida R. LeCrae. Halifax, July 15, Eva Ward, 1.

Milton, July 8, Harry Ritchie, 29. Basting, July 1, Austin F. Smith 21. Halifax, July 16, Mary Martin 40.

Halifax, July 16, Rosie Brunnell, 16. Halifax, July 13, Capt. J. A. Arts 78. Halifax, July 14, George Hawkins, 5.

Caledonia, July 8, Joseph Harlow, 65. Upper Stewiacke, Barrie Hamilton 85. St. John, July 18, Allan R. Watters 51.

Mill Bank, July 4, David McHardy 77. Brockton, July 16, Samuel D. Forbes 63. Yarmouth, July 7, John Cunningham, 39.

Lower Onslow, July 4, George Higgin. Millard, July 10, Mr. William Logan 46. North Sydney July 12, James McKay 18.

Elmfield, June 28, Ducaea R. McKay 85. Picton, June 10, John A. McMillivray 30. Caledonia, July 8, Patrick McNeenoh, 84.

Millard, July 1, Mrs. E. Leitch Hunter 79. Lower Truro, July 7, Mr. Isaac Duncan 73. Falmouth, July 8, Miss Margaret Young 77.

West Bay C. B., July 10, Christy McRae 76. Woodstock, June 23, Mrs. Samuel Sheppard 63. Wellington, N. S., July 3, Jane McCormick 77.

Tyverton, N. S., June 9, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Blackford. Upper Stewiacke, July 10, Alexander Morris 76. Pleasant River, June 27, Mrs. Anne G. Brown 47.

New Haven, Conn., June 8, Mrs. Florence F. Lewis. Upper Stewiacke, Abigail W. wife of William Cox.