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1899 1899

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Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday
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Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MON-
TREAL" Leaves Yarmouth for Halifax,
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Yarmouth, N. S., July 24, 1899.

Star Line Steamers Fredericton and Woodstock.

Victoria and David Weston will leave
every day at 8 o'clock standard, for
Fredericton and Woodstock. Returning
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After June 24th, the steamer Aberdeen
will leave St. John every Saturday at 4:30 p. m.
for Fredericton and Woodstock. Returning
to Fredericton at 7:30 a. m. standard.

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PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 593.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Side Shots at the Show.

One rainy day—and that the last—was all that the weather had to say against the exhibition. The result was an attendance within a few hundreds of 60,000 or an average of 4,000 people a day. This is considered good for St. John but it is not what the friends of the annual fair would like to see.

From this standpoint the show was an undoubted success—the crowds of people were in themselves the most interesting feature. How busy these who had an opportunity to stroll around and watch the different types of men and women enjoy themselves can hardly be told. "I came to see the crowd not the show," was a frequent remark from those who were paying their seasonal and third visit to the grounds. And truly the throng was well worth seeing. One of the talks from New South occurred in by numbers and trains and they crowded the place while in the city; another day it was the North Shore that crowded out on the grounds and made up their minds that they could stand the 24 hours that it took them to travel from and to home and enjoy all the sights. Western New Brunswick, St. Stephen and Fredericton, to say nothing of points between St. John and Amherst—each had their excursion and the capacity of the railroads was taxed to the utmost. When it was possible to come and see the big show for about a quarter of the usual return fare who would not take advantage of the opportunity?

There were many different ways of spending cents and dollars at all parts of the grounds. The fact that a first investment might only be a cent on the automatic weighing machine was an indication of what was to follow. It was curious how many people were anxious about their weight. Parents with their children afforded them a cheap bit of amusement when they placed them on the platform and a copper in the slot. The next stop might give them a free cup of coffee—which depended upon whether the supply was short or not—but then the candy and ginger ale booths that were next encountered relieved both the monotony and the pocket books. To the left one might indulge in literature in the shape of a pretty illustrated book and on the right a stock of glass was might be had—plain or colored—with initials or names or any description engraved upon it—"while you waited." Then the talker with the pen, the artist who could draw a head in two minutes with an electric shock or refund you double the charge—one cent—to say nothing of fortune telling and palmist booths: all these were the introductions to the visitor in the space between the main entrance and the exit which led to the show grounds beyond.

There the voices of the rivals side shows made a lively din. Slater and a number of others had secured space and they had come and umbrellas, jack knives and what not for the people to throw rings at. If the rings went over a cane or a knife the same belonged to the thrower but the margin of chance was very largely in favor of the man who ran the show. To stimulate competition at the dollar dollar bills were hung on the jack knives and the rings were decreased in size. Six throws for five cents was the cry and many a poor chap peddled away his small change on the chance of making a "home."

Strong lusty fellows from the farm found great attraction in watching a spring post which when hit in the right way sent a small weight to the height of 25 or 30 feet and struck a gong. Ten cents for three blows and when the gong sounded three times in succession the striker got a cigar. Oh those cigars! The money that this expense brought to the owner was astonishing. The sound of the gong striking was always drawing a curious crowd and this small assistant was busy when no one else was handling the matter, showing the strong young men how easy it was to send the weight up to the sky.

Opposite these "gig artists" a young man and woman took turns, one doing the mind reading and the other showing "tricks" with cards. Of course the pack was for sale afterward—only five cents—and there were seven or eight cards in the envelope.

This was almost as bad as "Kelly," the

medicine man who was a perfect talking machine—His "New folks" could be heard at all hours of the day and his scheme was always too bare faced to take in anybody. But audacity, and a certain amount of ready wit and persuasive eloquence are all that are necessary to draw the dollars from the pockets of lots of people. Kelly was an artist in these respects. He gave away a belt that cost but a few cents—and then to all holders of the belt he would sell a bottle of medicine for a dollar. The bottle was simply a two ounce vial filled with a dark colored liquid and what it wouldn't do in the way of curing could be told in a very few seconds—according to Kelly. He drew comparisons between some of the life in the human family to the same diseases in brute creation and the way the doctors found their way into the grip when he got his audience worked up was a caution. He made enough money to last him all winter and have a start in the spring.

The merry-go-round was the delight of the children and a great money maker. There is no doubt that it took in as many dollars as amusement hall while the big crowds were present.

This description gives some idea of the outside features of the show—the money makers and the takers. There was on wheel of fortune and no long named here. Even the two headed calf and such questionable attractions were absent this year. In the main building the phonograph could be heard here and there; attractive young ladies sold baking powder and candy and one booth was devoted to some Chinese wares and the kissing bug. This latter was quite an ingenious contrivance and from the gorgeous and supreme court judge to the curious young girl proved a great success. Two ladies insisted when they examined the small envelope and one old gentleman was astonished with the shock he got: that he got hot a dollar for as many young ladies and mailed them on the spot! It would hardly be fair to describe the "bug" as that might spoil the sale—if there are any left.

Messrs. McCluskey had the candy selling privilege and they must have done well. Their advertisement was a splendid one, their booths attractive and their goods put up in a tempting fashion. It is unnecessary to say that they were good.

Two workers in gold were in opposition and many maidens carried away their name in the shape of a brooch.

The gong of a fire alarm would tell the people in one of the galleries that Sam Ritchie's show—the panorama of the St. John fire—was in operation. And Sam's description of that great catastrophe was one of the features of the representation.

Currie's business college always provides good music in connection with its booth. This year two travelling Italian musicians—father and daughter—helped to complete their programme. They were a treat on the mandolin and when not in the booth many a dime, quarter and half dollar did they win from the pockets of the people in the hotel offices. The girl was pretty and persuasive and could give pointers to the champion Salvation Army lass when it came to passing the collection plate.

The daily press has described the exhibits and Progress has no need to touch them but those who were unable to attend the big fair will get a better idea of what was going on by reading something of what was happening "on the side."

GOOD OLD CUSTOMS PASS AWAY.

and the Cigarette and Skit Dance. Figures in Some Exhibitions.

St. John is learning some of the arts of entertainment practiced in larger cities. The good old methods of making guests at home and indulging in the harmless dance or whist or music to make the time pass pleasantly seems to be passing away in certain select circles and more daring efforts are made to satisfy those present.

This is not at all recent but has been progressing gradually until now. Some business are vying with each other in the startling character of their entertainments.

If the account of one of them that has been received by Progress was printed

ed it would no doubt create a sensation but no particularly good purpose would be served by doing so. The ladies who were present—and there were only ladies there—were not forced to remain and if they could not enter into the spirit of the entertainment it was not necessary for them to remain.

In Boston they used to tell a story of dancing Mrs. Jack Gardner to the effect that she entertained her intimate friends with the assistance of the popular dancers of the day and that nothing approaching those private performances was ever seen on the stage. There are no professional representatives of the ballet to be had on call in St. John but it is understood that some young ladies know the moves of the dance and can if they wish entertain their friends and companions. But then there is no time in the way of such an in evening cigarette because the latter injures the health while dancing gives grace to the muscles and gives grace to the form. But sad to say there are more ladies who have the habit of smoking cigarettes than of dancing. And it is said that the demand for these finer grades of cigarettes is on the increase. It has always been considered too bad that young men and boys were indulging in cigarettes, but to learn that the habit is spreading to the gentler sex will astonish and shock many people. It is not general by any means and yet but the same good of fortune that many people had to cigarette cases, seem to have vanished now.

A LADY MANAGER.

A Canadian Woman's Unique Field of Work.

A unique woman visited the city this week; unique, however, only in the matter of profession. She is a theatrical manager and one of America's very few in that particular occupation. Progress sought her out and the pleasant chat which ensued revealed a lady of particular brightness and one upon whose shoulders might easily rest the responsibilities of guiding the fortunes of a dramatic combination.

Mrs. McLeod is a lady perhaps thirty years old, and according to her own tale has been six years in the managerial business. She seldom acts and has no non-dramatic theatre; in fact she intimated as much that her histrionic abilities have never yet set the world ablaze. But she certainly has tact and ability in the more realistic department of the theatre; that interesting part where stage money gives way to real doubts and hero and villain alike, peek into the box office expectantly.

Born in the Queen City of Canada, Toronto, Mrs. McLeod feels proud of her Canadian nationality, although her money-making must have as its centre the great American metropolis. Here she dabbles in the play market, buying a share in the new production or selling her rights to some other popular piece. When the "Bachelor's Honeymoon" was put upon the market she bought a half interest, and it was from her that W. S. Hartigan rented it or his productions here and elsewhere. Then again Mrs. McLeod had a great deal to do and say about who she should, and who shouldn't use the genuine "My Friend From India" also seen here. At present she holds a whole bunch of rights to many of the best pieces produced in the United States to day.

She has three or four of Belasco's best and newest works; her stock company put on Hottel's "Oyand de Bergerac," "The Fatal Card," "The Sporting Duchess," "The Wife," "Hall Conit," "The Christian," Barrie's "Little Minister" and several others of the best book of plays and melodramas available.

At present Mrs. McLeod's company of players are awaiting her orders to assemble in New York and start out for the first time on an eastern Canadian tour, coming as far as St. John and Halifax, perhaps. It was to arrange dates here that she came to this city. Her mind did not seem to be very favorably impressed with St. John as a show town, especially in winter, so unless she can get the dates she wants in October she will not bring her company this far. While Mrs. McLeod's players are a new and talented lot this year, yet her combination last year and in former seasons included Geo. Nash, who used to play "leads" with Ogle Nethercomb, Joe J. Hannon's brilliant son, Ross Ogilvie's husband and others. It will be decided later whether the McLeod Co. will visit St. John or not.

Events of City Life.

The rumor that was given currency to by a Sydney newspaper to the effect that Mr. Willis of the Dufferin intended to abandon hotel business in St. John and buy a hotel in Sydney has caused a good deal of comment and not a little surprise. The prospects of Sydney are strikingly alluring and this must be the reason for Mr. Willis' change of location since there is no doubt that he has made the Dufferin one of the most successful and popular hotels in Canada.

When questioned about his proposed change he was laughingly non-committal but some say that he intends to make the change as soon as he can conveniently do so.

Others however, scout the idea—perhaps for no other reason than their disinclination to see a hotel man who has met with success and given St. John another first class hotel leave the city.

The improvements that have been made in the house since Mr. Willis became proprietor have been so numerous that it is not worth while speaking of them here, but it can safely be said that the Dufferin has almost been built over. Some months ago it was stated that negotiations were on foot for the purchase of the hotel and the ground from the owner, Mr. C. M. Boetwick, but the latter's terms were evidently not satisfactory and the matter was dropped off. If it had been purchased the plans for the enlargement and improvement of the house were such that the Dufferin would not have taken second place with any house of the size in Canada.

Sydney presents great opportunities to the man of enterprise and a good hotel well managed will be one of its necessities. Mr. Willis has been there two or three times this summer and there may be more truth than fiction in the rumor that he has decided to throw in his lot with those who will help to form this great centre of coal and iron and the industries that naturally spring from their association and proximity to a great harbor.

TO MAKE A MATCH FOR VAIL.

Representative Expect to go to Halifax Tonight for That Purpose.

It seems a little late in the season to begin to talk about boat racing and yet four gentlemen expect to go to Halifax this evening with the idea of arranging a match between Harry Vail and some one of the Halifax oarsmen. Their omission is a broad one for, according to the talk of the leader in the movement, they do not care just who the match is made with, Lynch or Brennan. They have confidence that Vail can win from either of them.

The latter is in the city at present from Gagetown and this has no doubt given an impetus to the movement. The impression of that reputed interview printed in the Halifax papers last fall has been obliterated partially and, strange to say, in spite of what was said at that time there are a few men to be found in St. John who are unwilling to back their faith and their interest in this good old sport to the tune of a few dollars. It is only fair to Vail to say that he denied ever having said what he did to the Halifax newspaper man but again it is equally fair to the latter to note that he was sure Vail said just what he printed.

Since last fall Vail has been in the States training college crews and his success with those he had in charge has led to the belief in some quarters that he may be selected as the trainer of a crew of one of the older colleges, perhaps Harvard, but this is not too sure a thing. He has been in Gagetown for some time and says he is in such shape that a fortnight would make him ready to race. He appears to have lots of flesh however and his friends would be willing to give him more time than that.

William Cathers, Ora P. King, H. Erwin and Vail himself will likely start for Halifax this evening to make the match. They are willing to make the stakes \$500 or \$500 but want the race to take place on the Kennebecasis about the middle of October. There is no better course than that on the Kennebecasis but at this season of the year any water is apt to be rough. The course in Halifax is no more exempt from this than that in St. John but the rougher track place there last year and turn about is fair play. Vail was factually enough last year to get a boat in

Halifax that suited him first rate and he is under the impression that he can do so again this year. At any rate it is too late to get one built and if he cannot be properly fitted it is of no use for him to race.

If the match is made he will train at Gagetown up to a few days before the race and put in the balance of the time at Newcombe's, which is handiest to the crews.

ONE PLEASED TO BE HELD.

A Pretty Italian Girl Who Could Catch Her Smiles into Quarters.

The charms of music have been written and talked of for all time but when the combination of music and a pretty face and charming manner is present then there are few who can withstand them. There was proved during the week when a pretty Italian girl appeared in the lobby of the hotel with her father and began to play on their mandolins. They knew how to play and the child of sunny Italy knew how to smile. How the old and young men did cluster around her and how readily did they dive into their pockets when she passed her little silver collection plate after a selection or two.

Quick and ready at repartee the young girl always had an answer on the tip of her tongue for anything said to her. It did not take her long to get to know her best customers and she had names for a few of her elderly admirers, such as "Poppy," "Sweetheart" and so forth. They didn't mind it a bit—rather seemed to like it and willingly contributed a quarter or a half for the occasional chuck under the chin she would playfully give them in passing.

They were only strolling musicians but they made lots of money and wanted as good as the town afforded. Three dollars a day each was not too much for good rooms at a good hotel but they were too late for that. The miniature silver tray that the girl produced from her chastein and presented to her audience rarely had a copper placed in it and if by chance one was placed there it was dropped at once in the bag—the example was too bad for those whose contributions were to follow.

ALD. LANE AND THE SHOW.

What He Thinks About the Grounds and Their Opponents.

Ald. Lane of Halifax is in the city this week taking in the show and as chairman of the amusement committee of the Halifax exhibition getting what pointers he could from the specialists here. He spent a few days very pleasantly but he did not arrive at any satisfactory arrangement with Mr. Sanborn or with the manager of the Japs, which was another feature of the show here. The latter wanted something like \$400 for the Halifax engagement which was considered high, but as the Japs had to return to Three Rivers before going to Halifax the additional railway fares would have been considerable. Mr. Lane was much impressed with the situation of the grounds here and said they had nothing like the natural advantages in Halifax for scenic effects, but he was also of the impression that our space was cramped and that the most was not made of the location. According to his idea—and in this he agrees with many others—if the fences were moved out and the boulevard and part of the ground back of the grand stand included, there would be a chance for a half mile trotting track, without which an exhibition does not appear to be complete in these provinces. They have found it so in Halifax though there they charge an additional admission for the races. How it would be possible to do this on these grounds is not easy to see.

GROCERS' PICNIC RECEIPTS.

The statements given to Progress last week regarding the grocers' picnic receipts and expenses seem to have been slightly astray—probably because they were given off hand. The treasurer says that the amount paid for tickets was \$392.80 instead of \$300 and as this sum represented adults at 25 cents and children at 20 cents there must have been nearly 1,700 carried on the trains on that day. The bands cost \$90, not \$100, and the grounds were secured for \$80. In all \$410 was paid to the railway, \$18 being paid for freight of the provisions.

MEN WHO HAVE LOST.

EFFECT OF A RUN OF BAD LUCK ON THE TEMPER.

The Reader Who was Having his Shoes Shined—Attractions of Beef Stew to Hungry Men, etc., and After Winning a Gambler's Full Meal of Stewed Beans.

I have seen some curious effects of continuous gambling in my time, said the old sport, but nothing to equal the affair I witnessed last Sunday morning. No one but a man who has gambled a good bit and has experienced the same sensations as those which led my friend to such violence as I will describe, will quite understand the frame of mind that he was in, but the old sport will understand it every time, because he's been there himself.

Pete and I—Pete's my friend, and a rare old gambler—came out of a gambling house last Sunday morning and started for a Turkish bath. Pete had been playing all night, first the wheel, then the tiger and finally poker, and he had lost a good bit of money. As we reached the corner of Sixth avenue, Pete spied a well-dressed young man seated in a bootblack's chair getting his shoes shined. Before I knew what he was going to do, he strode forward, pasted that fellow one between the eyes, remarking as he did it:

'You're always getting your shoes shined.'

'Yes, I know, the same thing happened to Sheridan, wasn't it? but that's no reason why it shouldn't happen to a New York sport too.'

I hustled Pete into a cab in a hurry and before that young fellow had quite recovered from his surprise we were well out of the way. I never said a word until we got to the bath, and then I looked Pete well over and says:

'In the name of all that's good, Pete, tell me why you hit that fellow?'

'Why,' says Pete, 'he's always getting his boots shined. I knew I'd have to hit him some time, and I just couldn't wait any longer.'

Pete took a long breath, and seeing that I was still puzzled he went on: 'Five Sundays ago I came out of that place after an all-night play, a loser. I drank a lot and I smoked a lot, and I was tired. I felt dirty and my face was drawn. I was sore on the world. The first man I struck in this cuss getting his shoes shined, all dressed up in his Sunday clothes, a nice big necktie on, his hair parted in the middle, and his moustache waxed. I don't know why, but I hated the cuss the minute I laid eyes on him. It was the same thing the next Sunday and the next, and last Sunday I thought I'd have to hit him. He always looked so nice and clean and I felt like dirtying him a bit. He's been like a ghost to me, and when I came out loser again this morning, I felt like going some other way for fear I'd see him there getting his shoes shined. Well, we did see him, and I knew I'd have to soak him before we got to the corner. I just couldn't help it, and I want to tell you that I feel a hundred per cent. better.'

'Now what do you think of that?' Of course you can't understand it, but if you was a gambler like Pete, you'd see it quick enough. Would you like to hear a story about the effect of a winning streak on beef stew? Yes? Well, you know one of the gamest old gamblers you ever heard of is Denman Thompson, the actor. He's a born gambler and he's at it when his pocket's lined same as when it isn't. Den and a friend, whom we'll call Jack, lost a lot of money in Chicago a few years ago and for two days they were broke. It was hard scratching for a place to sleep and as for eating, well, they didn't manage to get any more than enough to keep alive on. One night they went to Buck B-'s gambling house to see if Den could land a friend who'd stake them. They hadn't had a bite to eat all day and were pretty hungry. Buck keeps a cafe on the ground floor of his place and the first thing that struck Den and Jack when they went in, was the odor of nice fresh beef stew.

'Gosh, ain't that great?' says Den. 'Food for the gods, Jack.'

'Never smelt anything like it before,' says Jack. 'Terrapin and champagne for the fool, Den, but beef stew for you and me.'

'They stood there just sniffin' the aroma of beef stew, making eyes at each other and breaking the silence every few minutes to say something about that beef stew. Pretty soon Den spots a friend and manages to borrow a ten spot.

'Come,' he says, 'we'll make or break on it.'

'But—' says Jack, 'stiffin' at the beef stew.'

'No sence,' says Den, and he and Jack went upstairs. The details aren't interesting, so I'll only say that when Den quit he had \$800 in his pocket. He and Jack came downstairs together and the first thing that struck them was that odor of

beef stew.

'Flew P says Jack, 'what is that smell?' 'Perfectly disgusting,' says Den, 'I should think Buck would be careful about the way he scents up the place.'

'I never smelt anything like it,' says Jack, 'let's leave the place at once,' and these two old hypocrites went out arm in arm and made a bee line for a restaurant where they had a meal that reduced the roll to almost \$700.

'I've got one more if you'd like to hear it. Two friends of mine were broke and pretty hungry. One was an indefatigable gambler, and the other a man who thought of his stomach before anything else in the world. They stood in front of a Sixth avenue beanery looking hungrily at a pot of pork and beans from which a waiter was taking some for a customer. They hadn't a cent between them, but pretty soon a friend of my game friend came along and passed out a two-dollar bill on request.

'Thank heavens, we can have some of those beans now,' said the hungry one. 'We can, eh?' said the other. 'Well wait a while and we'll see.'

'My friend made a bee line for a gambling house, followed by the hungry one, who pleaded with him eloquently to get something to eat first. He was inflexible however, and a few minutes later was seated in front of a layout with two dollars worth of checks before him. He won a little and then lost a little, and every two minutes the hungry one would whisper to him to quit and get some beans. He drew fascinating pictures of that smoking bean pot they had been looking at, but the other was game to the core. He finally had about twenty dollars in front of him, and then began to plunge. The hungry one gasped for breath and finally implored him to give him a quarter check to put aside for beans in case they went broke.

'Not a cent,' said the other, 'and if you don't shut up I'll kick you out of the place.'

'The threat was useless, for the other

was too far gone in hunger to fear violence. He kept nagging and nagging at the player and finally got up and tore her costly apron from her. He put the hungry one cropt back and his first remark was about beans. With an exclamation of rage the gambler jumped up, caught in \$300 worth of checks, grabbed his friend by the coat collar, dragged him down two flights of stairs to the street and fairly hurled him through the swinging doors of the beanery.

'Give this blankety-blanked idiot \$800 worth of beans,' he roared, 'and make him eat every one of them.'

'Then he stood over the hungry one and made him eat beans for an hour. He wouldn't let him have anything to drink, not even a water, and the hungry one's pleadings for bread and butter were in vain. He wanted to quit on his third plate of beans, but the other wouldn't let him. He made him eat beans until he could eat no more, and then he gave him \$50 and left him.'

ANOTHER MAN IN.

Is a Bachelor and Sewing Machines Agents to do it is Me, Gine.

'He's the meanest man that I ever had anything to do with,' said the sewing machine agent. 'I received a note from him the other day saying that he desired to view one of our matchless machines with the view of purchasing it if found to be satisfactory. In these piping days of competition it is a novelty for a sewing-machine agent to be invited to call and show goods, so when I had recovered from my surprise I promptly loaded a machine in my cart and started for the address the man had given.

'An old man met me at the door and invited me to bring the machine inside so he could more closely examine it. I did so, setting the machine up in the sitting-room, and calling his attention to its fine points. He was an attentive listener, and I talked with the confidence of a man who considered a sale certain. Finally, having ex-

Let no one be Deceived.

Many of the business colleges are now adopting various methods of teaching the "Business System." None of these methods, however, bear any real resemblance to the "Business System" which is the only one that has been tried for a long time in the United States. It is the only one that has been tried for a long time in the United States. It is the only one that has been tried for a long time in the United States.

CATALOGUE FREE. Currie Business University, 117 Princess St., St. John, N. B. Box 50. Telephone 975.

hunted all my arguments, he said to see a practical test of the capabilities of the machine. I agreed, and asked him to bring me something upon which to work. He left the room returning a few minutes later his arms filled with damaged linen.

'I sat down at the machine and showed how easy rents and tears could be mended, making the garment as good as new and saving in a short time the price of the machine. The man seemed very much interested and kept handing me garment after garment that needed attention. I worked for two solid hours mending the old man's garments and, at last, having nothing else that needed attention he commenced to find fault with the machine. Finally he told me he guessed he wouldn't buy a machine right away.

'I was so mad that I didn't dare trust myself to speak, and I was glad afterward that I didn't, for when I learned the whole truth I realized my total inability to do the subject justice. That miserable old sinner, who happens to be a bachelor, had brought me up there merely to do his mending and had no idea of buying a machine. He has worked the same game on other agents.'

As it Worked. Housekeeping in Hawaii does not admit of aristocratic exclusiveness. People

who put on airs there hardly have a good time. The servants insist upon calling the master and mistress by their first names, and say: 'William Henry, dinner is ready.' 'Isabel Augustus, what time do you want lunch?' 'Jane Maria, I have shaken the rug.' 'Thomas John, here's your umbrella perfectly dry.'

One clever woman having been warned by an old housekeeper of the local custom, determined to outwit the Hawaiian servant. So she bade her husband in no circumstances to call her by her christian name and arranged that neither should she mention his.

But, alas for her clever and original plan, at the very first dinner she gave her guests in the drawing-room were treated to the announcement by a man servant, as he opened the door—

'Dearest love, your dinner is ready.'

From a Small Beginning. Leonidas, exclaimed Mrs. Meekton, suddenly interrupting herself, 'do you remember how this argument started?'

'Yes, Henrietta. You said that I always insisted on arguing a point and I said that you did, and then the conversation gradually developed.



THE FIRST LESSON.

Deceived.

Some curious incidents... University, St. John, N. B.

One clever woman... Dearest love, your dinner is ready.

From a Small Beginning... Leontidas exclaimed Mrs. Meakton.

Music and The Drama

The Saxon concerts at the Opera house on Monday and Tuesday evenings were not quite so well patronized as their excellence merited.

On October 6th the Male Quartette, Messrs. Lindsey, Kelly, Sealey and Ritchie will give a concert in the Opera house in which they will be assisted by Mrs. Charles Taylor, Mrs. Schofield and Miss Brennan.

Albert Salva is to return to the Grand Opera for three performances of Meyer's 'Salambo'.

The revival of Gluck's 'Orpheus' at the Opera Comique, Paris, is to present the opera more elaborately than it was ever given there before.

Camille Saint-Saens has recently declined to undertake a concert tour in Germany, on the ground that the weather even in the tropics was always too cold for him.

Director Loewe has been in Paris to arrange a performance of 'Hansel and Gretel' in German by singers from his Breslau Theatre.

In the forthcoming production of 'Tristan and Isolde' under the direction of Lamoureux, the expenses of every performance will amount to \$4,400.

Jean Bloch's second opera, 'The Balcony', is to be given at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels during the coming season.

The Castle Square opera company has announced that operas from which the repertoire will be selected next year.

The first of the season's musical celebrities returned last week to New York. Mme. Marcella Sembrich was a passenger on the Fuerst Bismarck and Emil Paur arrived on the Trave.

'I'm earning \$75 a week now and it's the first money I've been able to get in five years,' said the husband.

Mrs. Caseneuve testified that she had been married five years and last September her husband left her.

The Philadelphia Record of Tuesday Sept. 19th has the following to say regarding 'The Musketeers' by the James O'Neill Company.

After an absence of eight years, James O'Neill returned to the local stage last evening, making his debut at the Walnut as the elder Dumas' D'Artagnan.

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opera company at Springfield on Oct. 10, in 'La Traviata.'

'I shall probably sing several new roles this winter in New York,' said Mme. Sembrich, and will certainly be heard here next winter as Elsa and Eva; also as Marguerite in 'Faust.'

Whether New York likes my Elsa or not I am sure it will be found different from the style of singing the part that some most popular here now.

'To Emil Paur, who has been abroad this summer, has been entrusted the direction of the Wagner opera house this season.

'I shall not join the opera company until the opening of the Chicago season,' Mr. Paur said, 'as no Wagner works are to be given until that time, and I have a tour to make with my own orchestra.'

'I shall be the only conductor of the Wagner operas at the Metropolitan this year. It is not true D. E. Muck of the Berlin opera house has been engaged for next season or any other.

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Will take place on THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th.

HATS, TOQUES and BONNETS

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

also be remembered that these two D'Artagnans-O'Neill's and Southern's elabored swords together on Broadway last winter.

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in 'The Girl in the Barracks,' a three-act comedy to be produced by Rich. & Harris next month.

The Earl of Yarmouth is to make his debut with the Frohman farces in Curton's 'Wheels Within Wheels' at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

Bradley and Frost, members of the American Dramatists' Club, have written a farce entitled 'Jonah and the Whale,' which will be produced early in October.

Virginia Earle will make her first appearance this season in a new musical comedy by H. B. Smith and Reginald de Koven at the New York Casino January 7th next.

Mrs. Potter is to appear in 'The Master-servant,' adapted by Sir William Young from Ouida's novel.

Specialist who have been employed in New York during the past five weeks declare that the hit of a decade in vanderhille has been scored by the Ching Ling Foo Troupe.

Stanislaus Stange has produced a version of Sienkiewicz's tale of Nero, 'Quo Vadis,' which Fred Whitney is to stage.

'Then, dear Aunt Adelaide, said the child, 'may I be allowed to clean the windows?'

Queen Adelaide was startled, but the little one had her way, setting to work with sleeves carefully rolled up and an apron tied round her waist.

Professor Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory, has discovered a ninth satellite revolving around the planet Saturn.

The eight satellite was discovered at the Harvard Observatory by Professor Bond in 1848.

The new satellite was found with the aid of photography, its image appearing among the stars of four plates exposed in the Bruce photographic telescope at the Harvard station near Arequipa, Peru.

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Stuart Robson's 'Gadfly' seems to have lost its original sting.

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A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL.

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TENDER-SKINNED MEN

Shave with Gillette's SAFETY RAZOR, and before cleaning the face rub on a bit of Gillette's Ointment, the greatest skin cure.

Send for the book 'The Art of Shaving' by Gillette, which contains many valuable hints and is sent free to all who send for the razor.

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We can supply any specialties and novelties in ladies' and gentlemen's hats and millinery.

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For the Higher Education of YOUNG WOMEN

President: Mrs. J. W. ... Vice President: ... Principal: Miss Grace Farmer, M. A., B.S., M.S.

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Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 35 Centre Street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), W. T. H. Fraser, Managing Director, Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Advertisements.—Persons sending advertisements to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter. Otherwise, we will not be responsible for their claims. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING and PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.

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Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 23

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

EXHIBITION SUGGESTIONS.

The exhibition is over and the attendance was so satisfactory that there is every prospect of its financial success. This is a matter for sincere congratulation, because exhibition deficits have an unpleasant sound and are not apt to encourage future fairs. The experience of this year has proved what an immense assistance fine weather is to swell the attendance. If an exhibition is all that could be desired in every department, unsatisfactory weather will make it unsuccessful. "Old Probe" was certainly in a propitious mood this year and a powerful ally of the management.

Now that the show is over there is an opportunity for reflection and suggestion. Of course it would not have done to say a word other than of praise for the show while it was being held—because so many persons were personally interested in having as many people here as possible. Now it may be in order to suggest that one or two departments of the exhibition were not at all up to the mark. This was more especially true of machinery hall and the manufacturers' display. There were some splendid efforts in both departments but the exhibits on the whole were not at all what they should have been and far inferior to those of former years.

Our own merchants are said to be responsible for this since many of them were foremost in the fairs of the past years conspicuous by their absence this year. There must be some reason for this. If it will pay merchants and manufacturers from other parts of the province and from Nova Scotia to make a display, surely greater benefit should accrue to the exhibitor who is on the grounds. There is no doubt that our people did not view the matter in that light. There were some notable exceptions and to these all credit should be given. It is not necessary to mention their names any more than to note those who seem to have deserted an annual effort that is credited with being the most profitable event of the year to the city and the citizens generally. But it would be well, we think, for the directors of the association to inquire why the merchants and manufacturers of St. John did not give the exhibition more exhibits. Our city was not done justice in this respect. How attractive machinery hall might have been made with the novelties in the way of machines that are in operation in many parts of the city. Our most enterprising industries were not represented. Electricity had no part in the show; Canadian industries were not present. We can recall former years when machinery hall was the most interesting feature of a good show and there is no doubt it could be so still if the management decided to place fair implements in their proper place, and to look around for the latest results of invention in the direction of machinery.

In a manufacturer's hall it was a sincere matter for regret that the merchants who made such beautiful exhibits last year should not have considered it worth while to do so this fall. Their spaces were filled, but not so attractively and their absence was noted and commented upon. Nothing but praise was heard of the stock yard, carriage hall and features in amusement hall. They did much to make a visitor forget what was lacking in the main building. One detail of management that the directors might well consider are the attractions of the first and last days of the fair. The incompleteness of the show makes the first day's attendance small and the last day is conspicuous by the absence of many attractions and some of the exhibits. Would it not be better to endeavor to shorten the time of the fair by a couple of days and make a determined effort to have it ready when it opens and complete to the last hour? Great thanks are due to the gentlemen who assumed the duties of directors and gave their time and ability toward making the exhibition as good as possible. They served without reward, and no doubt are apt to think the public ungrateful when some fault finding is done. That is not the case. Their efforts are recognized and appreciated and the fact that criticism is man's rather goes to show that the people are interested and anxious that every exhibition should be a greater success than those preceding it. And now the North Shore comes to the front with a banquet for Mr. Blair. Of course it is to be non-political but it would be interesting to know just why all these banquets are being sprung at this season of the year. St. John's Exhibition is over: Let Halifax have a chance now. Success to their too.

Home to His Friend.

The late Boston train of Thursday brought Johnny Gorman of Boston to St. John to visit his family and his friends. He got a hearty welcome from those he met and no doubt will get many more during the ten days that he expects to be here. Mr. Gorman was well known before he went to Boston and there St. John men rarely fail to find him and they always get a warm welcome. Last year when here he was accompanied by P. F. Kenney who has been in Ireland on a trip all summer. The night before Mr. Gorman left Boston he presided at a banquet in honor of Mr. Kenney's return. There were over a hundred present.

A Useful Catalogue.

The management of the Currie Business College have issued their catalogue for 1899-1900 which will be found very useful to all who contemplate taking a business course. Every department, its method etc., are described in detail and the book is profusely illustrated with views of the interior of the college and places of interest in and around the city. It is the object of the university to give its students a thorough training in a business education and that its efforts have been successful is evidenced by the large number of former pupils now holding responsible positions in Canada and the United States.

Deserved What She Didn't Get.

There was a handsome blood mare at the exhibition—one of those brought there by the owner of the running horses, though not put on the track—and she was entered in the proper class in competition with others. The entry was accepted and the judges awarded the mare first prize—\$20. Then the owner of the one that got second prize made a kick on the ground that the entry was not an outsider and followed it up by the discovery that it was made an hour late. The decision of the judges was declared void in consequence but the stranger did not feel too good over the affair.

Visiting Their Former Home.

Mr and Mrs. A. W. Masters and their two children have been enjoying St. John air and the society of their old friends after a lapse of some seven or eight years which they have spent in Chicago. As PROGRESS readers know Mr. Masters is in the insurance business. His ability as an agent he has made him a manager in the west and few New Brunswickers have done better than he has. There are a number of St. John people in Chicago and Mr. Masters keeps the run of all of them pretty well.

Causes of Fall Opening.

On Thursday-Friday and Saturday of next week Charles K. Cameron & Co., will hold their annual military opening when that firm will show all the latest Paris, London and New York novelties in the way of hats, toques and bonnets. Mr. Cameron's establishment is always thoroughly up to date and the ladies may expect a treat when its annual opening takes place.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

Disproved.

The Poet's Wife: "Why do you say the pen is mightier than the sword?" The Poet: "I'm sure I don't know. That sword swallower on the next floor seems doing pretty well, while we haven't a scrap to eat in the house."

THINGS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Autumn Twilight. The shadow of twilight are falling, And autumn a long shadow brings; It brightens the scene of the fore-ere, And the sweet starting birds to an end. The warm days are losing their brightness, The sunny and sweet twilight is, And we lag on under the dulleth; A long twilight of regret.

The blue smoke ascends from the bonneted, And the green grass is on the hill; The leaves in their robes of departing, Acknowledge complaint will. My angel has gone from the garden, The roses of summer are dead; The chrysalis remains silent and lonely, Now struggles to keep on her best.

A dark wave of woe in the stillness, The swallows are coming away; On the trees of the old orchard leaving To the shade of the end of their day. I call to the summer's receding, "Delivered one kiss me good bye."

And back from the plain on the mountains, She answers in farewell reply. Now in through my quiet creosol, The shades of the cool evening fall; And low whispered partings around me, Sweet voices long silent recall.

They move me to tears in the gloaming, They remind me of long-ago days; And the leaves on the vines at the casement, Are shrouded in amber and red.

Here autumn I walk with you early, To the corn that darkens your brow; As you gather your rich robes about you, My spirit must silently bow. The river flows so cheerily onward, You leave me forsaken to cross, Farewell I return love without you, In the twilight departing your loss.

—Cyrus Gold.

The Reformation of Edgar.

Little Edgar used to run off with the boys to swim. What time his mother sat at home and worried over him. She used to say day after day: "Now, Eddie, dear, don't do that! I'll punish you, and tell your father, too!"

One morning Edgar's father, who sometimes indulged in whimsy, said to the boy: "I thought that you go swimming, as you do not do it now, and swim and make your parents glad?"

Thus daily Edgar's father spoke, in earnest tones, and let that stern straightway ceased to care to go to swim.

—From the Chicago Times Herald.

In a Garden.

This is my garden—mine Green above and gold below, That typographical press, These best trees reared in white.

See who is the blossom's snow Fall to the after-bake, and see On the green grass below— Mine is the paradise.

Lilies, orange, thorn, Near as I erect to tell, Roses that shame the morn Within my garden dwell.

Come, quiet spirits, ye Who love great grass and flowers, Sit by me on the wide with me, Nor judge the idle hours.

Drink peace and quiet here, Taste your hearts' content, To look for a year Dusty and diligent.

Autumn.

O the who is wearing white, And the corn is wearing silk, And the stocks are wearing leaves all so fair, And the berries bush for pickers, And the oaks give autumn's air, And the clouds down in a sailing in the air.

And the arched eye and nose, Is a smile from the hill, And the sun rays won't you twist me into twine? And the leaves that cover the miller Is a grin at the mill, And the pumpkin is a pullin' at the vine.

And once more 'tis Indian summer For the weather's smoky blue, And the little ones are swinging on the gate, Are both making much ado, And the cotton-wool's making o'er the State.

And on her the land laborer, For 'tis no more a commoning time, And the chickens are a-baying very low, And the harvest moon gives quarters To all those without a dime.

And lovers stroll where people breathe blows, And Jack Frost his nest has feathered, Are the squirrels in a race, And the blackbird's tale is heard throughout the land.

And the gate will soon be gathered, And we'll have a good time, And nature's music beats the Boss band.

And the birds are singing, All the notes from the trees, And the leaves are falling on the fair, And the grass is growing tall, While the grasses follow suit, And the clouds down in a sailing in the air.

—Red's Budget.

Red's Book.

It was of standing fish, To a double sea ray, To a ok in a man the fish, Which he looked but yesterday, To a triple sea ray, Would the fish have met his fate, If he had not been a ray.

And don't you know the fish? A quadruple sea ray, For however it may have looked, Before the fish had looked, The bait use I was hooked; So, beware of the fish, Remember the warning, ray, To look hooked fish when you hooked looked fish, It looks like much I can say.

—Description from the second, August 1899, 17 Waterloo.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

FOOD OF THE FUTURE.

Prospect of a Time When Man Will Take Pills Instead of Dining.

The food of the future will be concentrated or compressed, so some men of science believe. Science has already done wonders in demonstrating the large amount of water in all that we eat, and the possibility of getting rid of it so as to have the food in the smallest compass possible. Already the housewife finds many of her problems simplified by utilizing the extracts which are increasing in the market from day to day. When, instead of having to buy a soup-bone and soup-bunch, and to cook it for three or four hours, you have simply to swallow a little capsule or pellet as a plate of soup, the matter of housekeeping will be very much simplified.

But the scientists have done very much more than this. They can at the present moment save us hours of time and endless trouble and expense, by providing a dinner of seven courses that will all go on a dinner plate and can be swallowed in five minutes. The best part of it all is that you will be better nourished than if you had sat at the table for two hours, for all of the waste portions of the food have been extracted, and you swallow only that which you can and will assimilate easily.

When a woman goes shopping she need no longer sit and fume for an hour waiting for the slow waiter to bring her chicken salad and ice cream; but she will simply ask for a glass of water and a little salt, put a lozenge of beet extract in it and have a more nourishing luncheon than ever before, and that without losing a minute of the precious shopping time. When you come down to breakfast there need be no question: How do you like your eggs? but you will find a little pellet at your plate, and washing it down with a swallow of water you will have eaten your eggs. Do you like milk for your breakfast? Have another little cube; it goes down in a moment and you have had your milk. If you prefer chocolate or tea, there are similar compressions of these liquids for the stimulating of the system.

Only a housekeeper has any idea of the tremendous mass of material that is not consumed, but is wasted daily in preparing the meals. It is a fact that a man eats seven times his weight in food during a single year. If he were to live on compressed food he would find that he consumed only one and a half times his size, so great is the difference between the food of past and food of the future. Tea is compressed so well that even the aroma is preserved in the little ball that stands for a cup full. You can drink a glass of mineral water by swallowing a little pill, and queerly enough it will quench your thirst better than the original. It is now stated that a man can swallow a cake of mineral water the size of a visiting card and require no more liquid for the whole day. The compression of meat has been accomplished to perfection, so that you can have a slice of roast beef in the shape of a pill or thin wafer of extract.

This food of the future must make many changes in our mode of life and largely contribute to our health and comfort. When there is no more marketing necessary, so more quarreling with the butcher over short weight and poor steak, when Bridget only burns the steak to a crisp any more and their in neither need for the ice man or the garbage man, living will be relieved of many of the terrors which have worried housekeepers. This compressed, prepared food will also be of great value to the workman, who will merely slip a lozenge or two into his pocket instead of carrying a tin full of all kinds of things that are a mess when it is time to eat them. It must be cheaper than the food of the present, for it will be prepared in large quantities and there will be no waste. All parts of the tin, for instance, are equally nourishing, and the neck will be as valuable for this food as the tenderloin. It is impossible to think of all the problems which this food may aid in solving. But of one thing we may be certain, that it will be of infinite value to the explorer and the traveller. Polar expeditions will be greatly simplified, for a man can easily pull on a sled all the food he will want for a year in the compressed form.

A Good Number.

The October number of the Delinquent is called the 25th number, and contains in addition to an exhaustive analysis of the season's most approved modes in every department of fashionable art, with special articles on allied topics and the usual pot-pourri of social and household discussions, a variety of literary features of exceptional quality and interest. A weird, mystical tale of a faithful, lingering lover is The

Ries Man, by Mary H. Stowell-Catherwood, a tragedy story of the region of the Great Lakes. Miss. Louis, contributed to this number a classic, authoritative article on the Singing Voice. The romantically inclined will delight in the every devices and halls prescribed in the Fatal Night of Halloween, by Elizabeth T. Nash. A remarkable poem on the eternity of woman's pain and sorrow is Earth's End, by Edmund Vance Cooke. A pleasant glimpse of college life is revealed in a timely article by Carolyn Halsted on Opening Features. Noteworthy instances of woman's success are presented in Some Women's Occupations, by Edw. M. L. Lums. Summer work and achievements among club women are discussed in Club Women and Club Life, by Helen M. Winslow. A scholarly Nature-study adapted to youthful minds will be found in the eighth of the New Kindergarten Papers, by Sarah Miller Kirby, entitled Home Work and Play for October. A Story of Books is the title of an entertaining series of literary memory tests. Of distinct home interest are the Domestic Subject: The Value of Good Cooking by Eleanor M. Lucas; Mid-Season Desserts, by K. Thorne; B. Johnson; and Table Manners and Etiquette, by Edna S. Witherspoon. The regular departments are characterized by the usual abundance of crisp, practical information. Social Observances, by Mrs. Frank Learned; Ecclesiastical Embroidery, by Emma Haywood, the designs this month relating to the construction of Vestments: The Dress-maker, The Milliner, Crocheting, Knitting, Lace-Making, The newest books, etc., etc.

A Poet's Critique.

The late Francisco Sorey was for forty years a figure of great prominence in French literary life. As a critic of the drama, he was looked upon as one having authority, and praise from him meant success to the struggling playwright. His criticisms were honest, fearless and independent, and it is remembered of him that he refused the honor of belonging to the French Academy, lest he should come under obligation to favor the plays written by other members.

Sorey's good sense was often put to the test. One day a friend came rushing into his room, waving a paper.

"What is the matter?" inquired the critic.

"Here's someone," cried the other, "who has been calling you 'an imbecile' in print. Are you going to challenge him?"

Sorey smiled. "Certainly not," he replied. "I owe him my thanks. The public will soon target the word 'imbecile,' and I will only remember having read my name."

It is Supposed.

In the negro colonies of the British colonial empire the extension of education has had one incidental result which it is to be hoped will not be permanent. The creole youth begin to despise agriculture, and commonly wish to become parsons, lawyers or doctors.

A British judge once overheard a conversation which is an amusing commentary on this tendency.

First old man:—"Yer son's a big boy and must do something for a living. You hab min' to make him a lawyer?"

Second old man:—"No hyer. No, my min' s'nt gib me fo' dat. Me no like de law. I hab a cousin in Barbice Jail to cuttin' the ladder; another one in Massar-un for stealing cow; another one in de court-will gang. No; dere's law enough in de family already."

His Reward.

Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as "Sam" Houston, is more than one amusing tale.

There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position.

Consequently the governor gave him a receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself.

The governor sent for him and said, gravely: "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years?"

"I have," was the reply.

"And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way, to the best of your ability?"

"I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising.

"Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you out."

In remodeling your fall garments don't forget that we dye or clean anything. Old made to look like new. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CLEANING WORKS, 28 to 34 Waterloo Street, Pages 58.

BAKING POWDER PURELY PURE more delicious and wholesome

Rise Man, by Mary H. Stwell Catherwood, a tragic story of the region of the Great Lakes. Miss. Louis, commented to this number a classic, authoritative article on the Singing Voice. The romantically inclined will delight in the every device and taste presented in the Fatal Night of Halloween, by Elizabeth T. Nash. A remarkable poem on the tenacity of woman's pain and sorrow in Earth's O'ld, by Edmund Vance Cooke. A pleasant glimpse of college life is revealed in a timely article by Carolyn Haled on Opening Features. Noteworthy instances of woman's success are presented in Some Women's Occupations, by Estayette McLeay. Summer work and achievements among club women are discussed in Club Women and Club Life, by Helen M. Winslow. A scholarly nature-study adapted to youthful minds will be found in the eighth of the New Kindergarten Papers, by Sarah Miller Kirby, entitled Home Work and Play for October. A Study of Books is the title of an entertaining series of literary memories. Of distinct home interest are the Domestic Subjects: The Value of Good Cooking by Eleanor M. Lucas; Mid-Season Desserts, by Katherine B. Johnson; and Table Manners and Etiquette, by Edna S. Witherspoon. The regular departments are characterized by the usual abundance of crisp, practical information. Social Observations, by Mrs. Frank Leard; Ecclesiastical Embroidery, by Emma Haywood, the designs this month relating to the construction of Vestments; The Dress-maker, The Milliner, Crocheting, Knitting, Lace-Making, The newest books, etc., etc.

The late Francisco Sarcosy was for forty years a figure of great prominence in French literary life. As a critic of the drama, he was looked upon as one having authority, and praise from him meant success to the struggling playwright. His criticisms were honest, fearless and independent, and it is remembered of him that he refused the honor of belonging to the French Academy, lest he should come under obligation to favor the plays written by other members. Sarcosy's good sense was often put to the test. One day a friend came rushing into his room, waving a paper. "What is the matter?" inquired the critic. "Here's someone," cried the other, "who has been calling you 'an imbecile' in print. Are you going to challenge him?" Sarcosy smiled. "Certainly not," he replied. "I owe him my thanks. The public will soon forget the word 'imbecile,' and I will only remember having read my name."

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Second old man:—"No, my son. No, my son. I ain't got no 'er dat. Me no like de law. I has a cousin in Barbadoe I want to be a doctor; and another one in Jamaica for a minister; and another one in de red soil for a farmer. No; dere's law enough in de family already."

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Mrs. Lottie Corbett of Montreal has been paying a few days visit to friends in the city. Mrs. J. G. Spencer left Monday for Boston where she will spend the greater part of the winter. Miss Helen and Mrs. Scott of Boston, spent a day or two lately in Montreal with Mr. H. Harvey. Dr. E. O. Sawyer and Mrs. Sawyer came from Montreal last week for a few days and during their stay were interested visitors at the exhibition. Mrs. R. H. Babbs a bride of this month, was at home to her friends on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon of this week. Mrs. George B. Foster has returned to Ottawa after spending the summer very pleasantly at Appleton. At the marriage of a young lady well known in this city the Toronto Globe says: "The marriage of Miss May Moffat, sister daughter of the late Robert Moffat, M. P. for Restigouche, N. B. to Mr. A. J. Bonner, a son of the late Mr. J. Bonner, who was her mother's residence, 211 Broad street on Tuesday, October 3rd. The wedding will take place on the 10th, the relatives of the bride and bridegroom only being present."

Dr. Henry Taylor is in the city this week on a visit to his father Mr. John K. Taylor. Mrs. A. J. Webb of Quebec is spending a little while with her sister Mrs. J. Verrier McCallan, King street east. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ellis are home from a very pleasant visit to Hamilton, Ontario. Mr. L. T. Joudrey and the Misses Joudrey of Montreal were among Tuesday visitors to the city. Miss Gertrude E. Myers of Montreal is here on a short visit to friends. Mrs. H. S. Tule of Chateaufort spent a day or two here in the early part of the week. Miss C. A. McArthur of New Glasgow was here for a short time this week. Mrs. Charles Lovitt and Miss Lottie Lovitt were guests of Miss Foster, Carleton street, for a few days lately. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Nall of Fredericton spent a day or two in the city this week. Miss Katie Calhoun of Westworth street has been entertaining several ladies from other towns very pleasantly this week; among the house party were Miss Laura Mallett and Miss Sadie Cameron of Gloucester, N. S., Miss Maudie East of Yarmouth, Miss Laura Fullerton of Margville, N. B., and Miss Annie Malanson of Church Point, N. S. Mrs. Herbert Trives of Peticodiac spent part of the week with friends here. Mrs. Charles Lovitt and Miss Lottie Lovitt were guests of Miss Foster, Carleton street, for a few days lately. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Nall of Fredericton spent a day or two in the city this week. Miss Katie Calhoun of Westworth street has been entertaining several ladies from other towns very pleasantly this week; among the house party were Miss Laura Mallett and Miss Sadie Cameron of Gloucester, N. S., Miss Maudie East of Yarmouth, Miss Laura Fullerton of Margville, N. B., and Miss Annie Malanson of Church Point, N. S. Mrs. Herbert Trives of Peticodiac spent part of the week with friends here.

The St. John friends of Miss Edith Hildray, of Fredericton, will rear at her very serious illness. Miss Hildray has had an attack of typhoid fever and has been in a most critical condition all this week. Mr. and Mrs. George E. Taylor of Los Angeles, and Mrs. T. R. Clark returned Wednesday from a visit to Fredericton, and left on Thursday for a short stay in Charlotte county. Miss M. Van Buren of Westville was in the city for a day or two early in the week. Mrs. A. H. Gillmore and Mrs. D. Gillmore of St. George came to the city this week to have a peep at the exhibition and incidentally to do a little garment shopping.

This is the valuable little hint sent dinner parties, which a popular hostess sent this week to her guests and which will be of value to all who entertain in this way. "It may be impossible to please all one's guests, but it will be well to have those things on the menu that will appeal to the greatest number. A hostess who has divided the misanthropes of her guests and is unable to honor them is sure of a success. One of the chief attributes of a hostess is the ability to give a personal or distinctive touch to one's dinner, something by which your dinner may be distinguished from every other and remembered with contentment and pleasure. The method of serving, the character of some special dish, the decorations, any one of a dozen things may bring this about under the management of a clever and ingenuous woman."

Mrs. McLeod of Colorado Springs, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Robinson of Montebello, left for home on Monday, accompanied by Miss Annie Crawford, daughter of Mr. Hugh Crawford. Miss Crawford will be wedded at Colorado Springs to Mr. Charles Graham formerly of Texas. The bride and congregation of St. David's church.

presented Miss Crawford with a number of gifts. Miss Anna Lee and Miss Marie Dean of Fredericton spent Tuesday in the city with friends. Mrs. C. B. Allen of Sydney street has in guests this week Mrs. (Dr.) Wilson, Miss Wilson, Montreal, Mrs. (Dr.) McDonald and daughter of Fredericton, who are being hospitably entertained by their hosts here. Miss Addie Lawler of St. Stephen is visiting friends here for a few days. Miss Tuck is paying a visit to Montreal, in which city she is the guest of Mrs. J. E. Keble Dickson. Mr. John M. Smith was here this week en route to his home in Windsor from a visit to Grand Rapids, Michigan. Rev. E. A. W. Hamilton rector of St. Bartholomew's church, Ottawa, and Miss Hamilton, is visiting friends here. Mrs. R. E. Wardrop is spending two or three weeks as the guest of Mrs. M. M. Barnes. Mrs. S. J. E. Biley and Miss Dean of Yarmouth spent the early part of the week in the city. Mr. D. McLaughlin and Miss McLaughlin of Yarmouth were welcomed to the city this week by their many friends. Miss Alice Haas who returned this week from a pleasant stay in P. E. Island spent a few days with Montreal friends on route to St. John. Misses Jean and Evelyn Smith have gone back to Windsor after having spent some time very pleasantly with friends here. Mrs. B. G. Taylor has returned from Bathurst and is domiciled at the Clifton. Miss Gertrude Sawyer and Miss Edith Ross of St. Stephen, who spent some days in the city visiting the exhibition and other places of interest, returned home on Tuesday. During their stay they were guests of Mrs. E. Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Stebbing of Clyde, Shelburne Co., N. B. were here for a day or two this week. Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Emma Hooper daughter of the late Mr. Dr. Hooper, to Mr. Frederick Taylor, which will take place on October 3rd at the residence of the bride's sister Mrs. H. H. Mott, Gormley street. Trinity church was the scene of a quiet wedding at six o'clock Wednesday morning—an event of much interest to residents of St. Stephen and Calais as well as to many people of this city. At that hour Mr. and Mrs. Annie Maudie East of Yarmouth, N. B., were united in marriage by Rev. James W. Gregory, who was officiating at the altar. The bride and groom were both popular. The bride, who was charmingly dressed in a flowing suit of blue, was unattended and was given away by her father, Rev. J. A. Richardson, the rector of Trinity, who was officiating at the altar. After the ceremony the bride and groom were driven to Mr. Gregory's residence, No. 207 Union street, where a wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left on the morning express for Boston and Pittsfield, Mass. They will return to Calais in a fortnight and will reside on Lincoln street. Mr. W. W. Wade and Miss Hattie Wade of Bear River N. B. were in the city for a day or two this week.

The marriage took place Wednesday morning at the home of the bride, Miss Hannah Z. Gorham, daughter of Mr. James A. Gorham, and Mr. Harry Woods of Westford, N. B., at Armstrong officiating in the ceremony which made this popular couple man and wife. The bride wore a very handsome white tulle gown, and was attended by Miss Bessie Hammond. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served and later Mr. and Mrs. Woods left for a tour of the Maritime provinces, followed by the good wishes of many friends for future happiness and prosperity. Mr. John E. Thompson and Mrs. J. G. Forbes left Wednesday for Fredericton to attend a provincial women's convention in the American capital. Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Vincent of Shediac were in the city this week. Miss Jennie M. Williams of Elliot Row was in the city at the beginning of October for Boston where she will take a course in the Art School. Mrs. C. A. Belys of Adelaide street will accompany her to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Miles and family who have been summering at Bay Shore have returned to their home on Douglas Avenue. Miss Funks of Hamilton N. B. is spending the week with Mrs. T. L. Condon of Grand street. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fags have returned this week from their bridal tour which was spent in visiting the larger American cities. Mr. and Mrs. George D. Grimmer of St. Andrews were in the city for a little while this week. Alexander Gibson M. P., Mrs. Gibson, Mr. John J. Gibson and Miss Gibson of Margville came in to the exhibition the beginning of the week. Miss Violet Palmer who has been visiting friends here for a little while returned last week to Yarmouth. Mr. C. E. Day and Miss Rita Day of Parrboro are visiting relatives in the city for a few weeks. Miss Jennie Torrens of Fredericton was in the city for a short time this week visiting friends. Among the Newcastle people in the city this week were Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Gully. A party of St. Stephen people who were enjoying a little jaunting on the river in Mr. C. W. Young's steam yacht were in the city this week and among them were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Boardman, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. J. M. Marchie, Mrs. Whitney, Capt. Lord, H. E. MacAdam and Herbert Davis. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Carr of Halifax, spent a few days here lately visiting friends. The Bishop of Fredericton and Mrs. Kingston were in town Wednesday and Thursday. Miss Havelock was also here from the capital during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Magee was in Truro last week to spend a little while with friends in that town. Mrs. Fred Prince who came from Truro to attend Miss Madeline Prince's wedding returned home this week. Miss Grace McMillan left recently for Quebec on a visit to friends. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burt returned last week from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence on the main street. Miss Putnam of Montreal N. B. is the guest of Miss Grace F. Irwin, Grand street. Mrs. D. E. Morgan of Harland has been the guest of Mrs. T. M. Belys, Esplanade street for a short time. Mr. Frank Reynolds returned this week from Montreal to resume his studies at McGill College. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sumner and Miss Sumner came down from Moncton this week and remained for a day or two taking in the exhibition. In the presence of our numerous friends and relatives Rev. H. A. Gony presented the ceremony which united for life Miss Beulah Clark and Mr. Beverly Leonard of Johnston, Quebec Co. The bride was handsomely gowned in a fallor made dress of blue cloth trimmed with white, and was unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard left on the five o'clock train for their future home. Mrs. J. G. Balfour of Digby made a brief stay in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Peter MacNutt and Miss Macnutt of Malpeque were here for a day or two this week. Mrs. T. Jones has been in Fredericton visiting her daughter Mrs. G. A. Cowie for the past week or two. Mrs. Cowie gives a tea at the Queen on Tuesday in her mother's home. Miss King has returned from a pleasant visit to Fredericton where she was the guest of Miss Woodbridge. Miss Gertrude Skinner is visiting St. Stephen as guest of Miss Alice Graham. Mr. Gerald Strong left Wednesday to resume his studies at Harvard university. Miss Jessie Wall of St. Stephen is spending a few weeks with Miss Ada Pean. Miss Minnie Smythe has for her guest this week Miss Annie Shingness of the St. Croix. St. Peter's church was the scene of a very pretty wedding at six o'clock Thursday morning. The contracting parties were Miss Francis Agnes Boyce, youngest daughter of Mr. Hugh Boyce, and Mr. Patrick J. Fitzpatrick. Notwithstanding the early hour a large number of the friends of the happy couple were present at the church to witness the nuptials. Rev. Father Borgman, C. S. S. R., officiated. The bride was attended by Miss Jessie Wall and Mr. Thomas MacCarthy supported the groom. The bride, who was given away by her cousin John Crowley, of Millbrook, looked charming in a blue suit with cream trimmings and hat to match. The bridegroom was attired in a navy blue suit trimmed with white and hat to match. After the service at the church the wedding party were driven to the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Mallin, Harrison street, where a repast was served.

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A Woman is Critical

Of the things she buys for her house, no matter how little they cost and especially of a necessity of such constant use as soap. When she finds a good soap she will use it regularly.

Welcome Soap IS GOOD SOAP.

It is always reliable. It is soft on the hands, but rough on the dirt.

Isn't This the Kind of Soap You Want?



Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by

THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico. Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale. Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by

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WHEN YOU WANT a real tonic Ask for "ST. AGUSTINE," (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. Guelph, July 26, 1897. E. G. SOOVIK, Agent Pelee Wine Co. Dear Sir:—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, during every kind of medicine, (except such as I purchased from you) Pelee Wine, which I am delighted to say, has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age, I take the much credit to be sold in its purity and to those who should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from a general debility, with like good results. I am, yours gratefully, JOHN G. CLOWEL.

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN says: "Maypole Soap is most satisfactory, factory and gives the best of results for quick cleaning." The great English Home Dye, washes and DYES any material any colour. For sale everywhere. FREE book on Home Dyeing on application. A. P. PIPET & CO., 6 Place Royale, MONTREAL.



(Continued on next page)

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PUTTNER'S EMULSION. Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE -- It gives them Flesh, Strength and Bloom. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs, Lard in casks and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street. BOURBON, ON HAND. 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE. Bouché Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 'Barrel' No. 1 Bouché Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

SHAMPOO with Tarina—it cleanses the scalp and hair—alays scalp irritations—promotes the growth—and leaves the hair glossy and sweet. "TARINA" "The Ladies Hair Soap." is a preventive against the evil effects of perspiration, and every lady should have a cake. Sold in the lined box, 25c. If not for sale at your druggist, send price and we will mail box postpaid. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. P. O. Box 2810. MONTREAL. MANUFACTURED ALSO OF THE CHELSEA AND BABY'S OWN SOAP.

employ of Murrell & Freeman, the head of the firm, Mr. David F. Murrell, himself a native of Essex county, Mr. Miller proved a valuable man for the firm and worked his way up until he is now the foreman of one of the departments. Mr. and Mrs. Miller have the best wishes of a host of friends here and have every prospect of a successful and happy life.

Mr. and Mrs. William Peck, of New York, are spending a few days of their wedding trip in Essex, in the guests of Mrs. Frederick Welch, sister of Mr. Peck. They are on their way to Florida, after a very pleasant sojourn in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Conroy who has been confined to the home the past month with illness, is able to be around again. Mr. H. E. White, of Pictouville, who has been visiting friends in this city for a few days, returned home this week. Mr. Chas. Trites of the I. C. B. mechanical department, is among the fever patients but the attack is not severe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert King and their young son have concluded a pleasant visit here and returned to their home in Dorchester, Mass., by boat on Friday.

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YOUR TABLE SILVER can never look well if the plate is worn off it. We guarantee that silver plated knives, forks and spoons bearing this mark W. ROGERS will last with ordinary care, a generation. Is it not while asking your dealer to sell you that kind, "The kind that lasts" SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn. and Montreal, Canada.

Don't Cough and irritate your lungs and also your friends. Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE. RELIEVES INSTANTLY. 25 cts. Everywhere. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Montreal.

Good Paper AND Good Ink are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job. Progress Job Printing Department, St. John, N. B.

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

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

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. GROWN WINE, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS, FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. This sample room in connection, first class Laundry, Cleaners of robes and coats. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitehead, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

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CHRONIC INDIGESTION. Can Only be Permanently Cured When the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels are Set Right. Use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. By far the most important part of digestion takes place in the intestines, and it is in the intestines that the most severe cases of indigestion. The kidneys, liver and bowels must first be set right, and the only combined remedy which acts directly on these organs is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mrs. T. Gorman, St. John, N. B., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for chronic indigestion and they cured me. They are the best medicine I ever used." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are purely vegetable and act pleasantly and naturally on the kidneys, liver and bowels. They positively cure kidney disease, liver complaint and stomach troubles. No pill a dose, 25 cts. a box. At all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

The family of Mr. John Adams had the annual... Mrs. Adams had many warm friends who will...

ST. ANDREWS. Mrs. Robert Kerr and Miss Margaret Kerr have returned from their trip to Ireland...

Mr. Fred Mottram with her daughter, Dorothy, left on Wednesday for her home in New York...

Among the St. Andrews people in St. John recently were Mrs. W. D. Stammers, Mrs. W. D. Stammers, Mrs. W. D. Stammers...

Mr. William Van Horn has been on Minister's Island for several days, superintending the many improvements he is making on his premises...

A Much Maligned Beverage. "Death is the tea-pot." Well, cheap tea-stewed instead of steeped—can it be said that the saying...

No Flies for Him. The Duke of Osuna, who, during his long career as Viceroy of Naples, was distinguished as much for his sound sense...

An English Traveller in northern Russia, telling how he made his way through a forest after a fall of snow simply by keeping that side of the tree to which the snow...

Never Mind the Ancestors But Look After Yourself. There is a strong fibre of common sense and shrewdness in the negro character...

General Nichols of Louisiana told the other day of the return to a plantation of a young fellow who had just completed his college course...

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia. "I was weak and had fainting spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong."

A Good Medicine. "We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Pills for biliousness and found both medicines very effective."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver bile; the non-irritating and safe cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOW A CROSS WAS WON. He was a Real Hero but Bore His Honor Very Humbly. The really brave man's story about his own deeds is always noblest. Not infrequently he is unable to give an account of them which is satisfactory to his hearers.

Not long ago a French chronicler—Montmiral of the Paris Gaulois—encountered in a little village of the south of France a gardener, who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

The English H is the father of countless jokes. We borrow one of the youngest from an ex-convict. A few-words in England greatly astonished a group of women who were constructing "swiggle" mottoes and wreaths for a Christmas celebration.

The Marquis de Gallifet who has the war portfolio in the present French ministry, played a brilliant part in the Franco-Prussian war—his old enemies have always held him in the greatest respect.

"I've been listenin' to yoh, Odolphus for two days, an' it's my opinion dat yoh talk an' yoh talk an' yoh talk, but yoh doan' reach into de stomach ob yoh subject; an' yoh argy an' yoh argy, but yoh doan' see it!"

Many orators with lighter skins and more pretensions than Adolphus could apply these honest hints to their arguments with good effect.

Another wise old 'uncle' lately listened in silence to a discussion on the divers social claims to distinction of several educated men and women of his race. The members of one family boasted of descent from wealthy merchants in the West Indies; others claimed kinship with a well-known negro politician; still others asserted that their ancestors never had been slaves but always were free.

with a rap of his cane. "I doan' know nothin' 'bout yoh ancestry, as yoh call it, but I do know dat when I get to spend weeks in de maple woods a L. in' down de strapp, when Marsa be come in 'spe' ob de row ob bottles, he never say 'Uncle Gargo how high see de tree dat dis come out ob?' or eben, 'Whah is de tree dat dis come out ob?' but just 'Whah kin ob sugar is it?'"

ST. VITUS'S DANCE. The Cause and Symptoms of This Peculiar Disease. This disease, known in medical parlance as chorea, is a nervous affection of children marked by incessant muscular twitching of one part or another, and sometimes of almost the entire body.

Children are especially affected, more than nine-tenths of the sufferers being under fifteen years of age, but adults and even the aged are not entirely exempt.

The disease usually begins rather abruptly, often after a sudden fright or some other nervous shock, or after a physical injury, such as a fall or a blow on the head.

The irregular muscular movements may be at first confined to one part, as an arm or the face, but gradually they become more and more general, until there may be hardly a muscle in the body unaffected.

The eyelids open and shut, sometimes in both eyes, sometimes in only one eye, which partly closes as with a shy wink; the eyes roll up and down and from side to side, or move in wide circles; the lips move in every direction, now puckering as if the child would whistle, now parting, now being stretched into a grin, and again drawn down at the corners, the contraction often being one-sided.

The treatment consists chiefly in hygienic measures. Good food, fresh air and sunshine, bathing and rest for body and mind are the principal things. The child should be taken from school, not only for its own sake but for that of its companions, as imitation is a strong element in the causation of an attack.

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"77" BREAKS UP COLDS Caught while Lingering at the seashore or mountains, without proper wraps, not realising the danger until seized by a chill or shiver; then it's too late, unless you have a bottle of "77" at hand and take a quick dose. It immediately restores the checked circulation; starts the blood coursing through the veins and the danger is passed. Keep a bottle of "77" handy, it just fits the vest pocket.

"77" cures Hay Fever—Summer Grip. For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 50c and \$1.00. H. W. Allen's Sarsaparilla Medicine Co., C. S. Williams & John Co., New York.

THAT SNOWY WHITENESS. To which all housewives aspire, can be secured most surely, most easily, and most economically by the use of "SURPRISE" Soap. It takes all the dirt out of the fabric, and leaves them white as snow—clean, sweet and free from streaks or discolorations. A large cake costs but 5 cents. Remember the name—"SURPRISE".

most exquisite courtesy and consideration and at table placed him at his right hand. Speaking of it afterwards, says the London Chronicle, the emperor said he had felt inclined to repeat what Frederick the Great once said to the British Marshal Durn on meeting him after the Seven Year's War. The emperor was for taking his place at table with the king but Frederick exclaimed: "No, that will not do; come and sit beside me; I have no other wish but to have you on the throne."

Every one knows by heart the "little candle" line and its mate, "Be chimes a good deed in a naughty world." The deed of the deed can never know just how far its candle shines; and the wish to know—it that is one's only motive—will, as Mr. Gladstone once said, "taint his virtuous actions at their very source." But sometimes unselfish service sends back a grateful gleam to its author long after he has forgotten it.

A merchant once told Wendell Phillips that when he stood at his mother's garden gate, a boy mad with his passion for the sea, and she had him farewell, she made him solemnly promise that he would "never drink."

John B. Gough, riding one day in Scotland from Ladybank Junction to Auchtermuchty in a one horse cab, noticed that the driver kept leaning forward in a strange way, holding his handkerchief to the side of his face.

"I have seen you before," said the man. "I was a tipsy blind-singer and used to go round with a half starved wife and a baby in her arms, and sometimes the wife carried a black eye." I heard you speak in Edinburgh and you told me I was a man. I went out determined by God's help, I would be a man. I've got a good home now, and happy wife and children. God bless you! I'd stick my head into any hole under heaven if I could do you any good."

In 1864 several wounded Union and Confederate soldiers lay in a farmhouse in Shenandoah Valley, and a Southern mother came every day to nurse her son. She brought him bread which she had procured with great difficulty for Northern soldiers had burned the home and her property was swept away.

Lying in the arms of a Yankee soldier watched with eager eyes while she fed her boy, and she finally finally triumphed in her enemy's heart. She gave him part of the precious broth, and then tenderly bathed his face and hands.

Years afterwards, the son of a Northern senator came from his Virginia vacation, bringing a new acquaintance. It was the only living son of the lady who had nursed her soldier in the Shenandoah farmhouse. She had made every sacrifice to educate him for a civil engineer, but being poor and without influence, he had never been able to secure a good position.

The senator found the man well qualified and obtained for him a satisfactory position. Enclosed with the necessary papers

he forwarded a letter to the Southern mother saying: "I was the wounded soldier to whom you gave that bowl of broth."

When traveling in the south of Ireland, an Englishman of letters chanced upon a small town which, to his surprise, he found extensively filled with announcements of a concert at which Madame Patti was to appear.

The price of admission to the back of the hall being the extremely moderate one of threepence, he hastened to secure a seat. After a long interval of waiting, the manager stepped forward, remarking: "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that Madame Patti is unable to appear to-night. In order, however, to save you from disappointment, I have arranged that Miss Arabella Jones of our town of Ballyslaghuthery, shall favor you with a song."

In place of a palette, G. F. Watts, the famous English painter, who is now over eighty, uses a white slab, fixed to a modelling bench, to catch the full strength of the light, and he claims to find many advantages in walking to it from his easel for each brushful of color.

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Undue stress is sometimes laid on trifles even in a great newspaper's society news, but English small town gossip to judge by the following example, taken from the Cornhill Magazine, "must be infinitely more amusing to philosophers in general. In its 'News from our Villages,' which a county paper prints, this delightful item appeared: "Last Thursday Mr. Thomas Black, farm laborer, killed a pig weighing—stone. She was indeed a splendid specimen of the 'porcine' species; we are informed that in spite of her great size, she was able to walk in and out of her sty to the last."

The pathos of this lies in those three last words: "the last" is something to touch all feeling hearts!

Unconscious Humorists. The unconscious humor of journalists are often more amusing than the best efforts of the "funny man." A rural paper not long ago contained this statement: "Our friend, B. K. Jones of H Street, is seriously sick. He is being attended twice a day by Doctor Smith in consultation with Doctor White, therefore his recovery is in grave doubt."

Fall Excursion! Boston and Return. \$6.00. THE DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY has issued an excursion return ticket at above rate. S. S. "PRINCE EDWARD" FROM—Sept. 11th to Oct. 11th. Good for one month from date of issue. Full information at 121 Folsom Street, and at every depot, N. Y. & P. R.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

AN ALL AROUND SCAMP.

A FRENCHMAN'S R. HAN AND HOW HE MET HIS DEATH.

His name was Turner and he belonged up the River St. John. His wife Cora and the People He Fleeced—How a Victim got Even With Him.

About twenty-five years ago a tall and slim young man, with the most amazing gift of gab, was quite familiarly known to people having business along the upper St. John river, in New Brunswick. He was a quick-witted fellow, made friends easily and developed a faculty of getting money readily. Notwithstanding his frightful profligacy he was not unpopular, for his manners were easy and liberal, and he had no other notable vices. He later went into business in the town of Wood stock, N. B., and for a time seemed very prosperous. While some people grow suspicious that he was not all he ought to be, he was able to work up what was for a man in his position a fair line of credit, and when one morning it was noted abroad that he had left for parts unknown, there was considerable consternation, and some people found themselves badly hit financially. Turner went to California, where he went into the real estate business, and wrote back to his creditors, telling them that he was making money and would soon be in a position to pay them all, with interest, a promise which was doubtless made to prevent his being exposed in his new field, for his indebtedness was never discharged.

On August 20 last, Turner was shot dead in Frisco Cal. by a man whom he had fleeced. The San Francisco Chronicle tells the story: 'The last kink in the infinitely crooked career of James F. Turner, land shark and half interest swindler, was twisted yesterday forenoon, when J. F. Frenna, one of his victims, shot him in the Crocker building. Frenna was stepping out of the elevator when he met Turner. According to Frenna's story, Turner called him a vile name and put his hand on his hip pocket. At this, Frenna, who has had a permit to carry a revolver since March 1896, says he drew his pistol and fired five shots. All of the shots took effect in Turner's body and he died almost instantly, three of the shots being fatal. He was found on his face, groaning, with a slight hemorrhage from the nose caused by his falling against the marble. No revolver was found on Turner's body.

'For several years Frenna was engaged with Turner in various land speculations, but since 1895 there has been bad blood between the men. Since then Frenna has been Turner's persistent Nemesis, and the suits lathered by Frenna have been the hardest to beat. Through Frenna, Turner had come nearer to the penitentiary than through any other man. Frenna is a barber by occupation, and he has lived in San Francisco 22 years. But he was born in Sicily, and the Sicilians do not readily forgive an injury. He has long, partly-closed eyes, and he has proved himself as implacable as Turner was slippery. He was the possessor of a small fortune when he met Turner.

'Turner came here from Canada about 1885, and undoubtedly he was one of the smoothest swindlers that ever came to San Francisco—an expert in his line. He was not a prepossessing man, having an extremely ugly mouth, with protruding teeth which he endeavored to cover up as well as he could by means of a full beard. But he had beguiling ways. He was a smooth talker, and possessed of personal magnetism. He preserved an attitude of great integrity, and was careful to deal scrupulously with all his victims until he had gained their confidence. Then he took in every one who came his way—bankers, prosperous business people, money-lenders, widows and working people. All was grit that came to his mill, and anyone with a hundred dollars was worthy to be his victim. He matched his wit against the shrewdest people in San Francisco and proved more than a match for them all. Judah Boss and 'Nobby' Clarke, the money-lenders, and Jake Bauer, the collector were among his victims, and these men are not counted stupid. Even Asa Fisk was outwitted. Several banks were let in, other than the old Pacific bank, the Suther bank, the American Trust Company and others.

'Turner lived at 1524 California street, and leaves two daughters, young women just out of their teens. His age was given

48 and his nativity as New Brunswick.

'Dr. Zabala, the autopsy physician at the morgue, performed the autopsy, and found that all five shots took effect, one making a deep hole in the shoulder and lodging in the clothing, two entering the back, one over each kidney, another bullet entering the palm of the right hand and lodging in the wrist, and the fifth entering the chest just to the right of the left breast. Dr. Zabala said that the shooting must have been done at a distance of over three feet, as there were no powder burns.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. His slayer held a regular reception in jail, many people calling to congratulate him upon having rid San Francisco of such a thorough-paced scoundrel.

At one time Turner affected to be very religiously inclined, and in an old pocket-book which he carried were found many scriptural texts. He also had nice, concise definitions of fraud, forgery, perjury and other crimes of that nature in the same book. He evidently was determined to steer as close to crime as the law would allow, and it is difficult to tell to what lengths he might have gone, if Frenna had not brought his career to a sudden end.

VOTING CORRAL:

An Account of an Ostracism in Town on the Rio Grande.

In more than half the Mexican towns along the great, uncertainly shifting stream that marks the southern boundary of the republic are plenty of curious institutions growing out of the customs of border life, and especially out of the habits and prejudices of border Mexican life. It is doubtful if any of these will more forcibly impress the stranger than the voting corral, two of which are certain to be a part of the political machinery of every town on the Texas side of the Rio Grande.

The corral is a large approximately circular enclosure built of boards or posts from ten to twelve feet high, on top of which are stretched barbed wire, making ingress or egress except through the wide doorway at its front a very uncomfortable performance, if not quite impossible. Part of the corral's interior is devoted to a series of long, narrow trenches across which at intervals of a few inches are small mesquite sticks, making a rude approximation to a gridiron. These are the barbecue pits. The rest of the space is filled with tables and rough, wooden benches.

For several days and nights before an election is to be held the corral is lively place. The candidates of each party hold forth at their respective corral, fires are kindled in the barbecue pits; kegs of beer stand in rows on the tables, and there is a continuous feast. At night a band plays, and should the campaign be warm, there will be fireworks.

Before the institution of the corral system it was exceedingly difficult to get the Mexican voter to the polls. In his own country, across the Rio Grande, of which he speaks as 'Ora el agua,' he knew very little of elections or the ways of them, and cared less. The government's election officers saved him the trouble of distracting his mind over governmental problems and issues by both casting and counting his ballot for him weeks before the time proclaimed for holding an election. When he became a citizen of the United States he naturally felt and took as little interest in the affairs of government. To him civic duty was a meaningless combination of foreign words. But the greater is a gregarious animal in his hours of ease, and he loves music and oratory, while fireworks, barbecued meats and a good carouse are things for which his soul longs. As soon as the border politicians discovered this the corral came.

But to see the corral right it must be seen the night before the election. Every Mexican voter for miles around will have come to town, for, in the sparsely populated counties of Southwest Texas all the county votes for the county site. He will have been captured by the heeled of one or other corral, and effectually guarded. At this stage of the game the doors are carefully guarded, and who enters the big board enclosure leaves all hope of getting out behind until he has been voted. At the entrance the band plays for all its worth, while on the inside beer flows in a steady stream; the carcasses smoke over the pits; an occasional rocket rises skyward, and fireworks add additional noise to the babel of voices speaking the bastard border Spanish.

Late in the night, when the enclosure is packed to its full capacity, a supply of fiery mescal is added to the beer, and the door is locked. And when the potent distillation of the maguay had had time to get in its work, stupor comes to the temporary population of the corral, and its votes are tolerably secure.

On election day the Mexicans are taken to the polls in bunches of from five to ten and voted. They go willingly as soon as the stupor induced by the mixture of beer and mescal has worn off, for there is another drink for them as soon as the ballot is cast.

On the way from the corral to the voting place acts of piracy and sometimes to be committed. Opposing party heeled would swoop suddenly down on a party of Mexicans as they were being led to the ballot box, overpower their guards, and for the price of two drinks, secure their votes. But such acts often led to bloodshed, and neither public sentiment nor political ethics on the border sanction them any longer; and once the Mexican is corralled these days his vote is practically assured the party that corralle him.

KIPPLING AS A BOY EDITOR.

The Paper he Conducted While a Pupils at the United Service College.

The recent sale in London of a set of United Service College Chronicles, the paper which Rudyard Kipling edited as a boy, for the remarkable price of \$5 00 is another illustration of the eminence to which the author has risen in a comparatively short period. The little paper in question, about twelve by ten inches in size, was printed on four sheets of medium weight, generally white, but something of a pale yellow tint, and was issued three times a year, at the end of each school term.

Headed by the college arms, a Bible and crown between crossed swords, surrounded by the motto: 'Fear God, Honor the King,' the front page was devoted to editorial matter, the rest of the paper being made up of the accounts of cricket and football matches, school notices and the fusions of those very few who aspire to that goal of fame.

Rudyard Kipling was called to the editorship about the year 1880, and occupied that place until he left the college, the first number under his charge being marked by an almost pathetic appeal for contributions, which were to receive his, the editor's, careful attention—the boys for some unknown reason, having previously seldom offered matter for publication in the college paper. Overruling the boy editor, there was, of course, the censorship of the head master, and on many an occasion Kipling was heard to anathematize 'Bates' for his unsparing, though doubtless judicious, use of the blue pencil over the former's editorial work, Kipling, however, gaining his revenge in the memorable pen-duel in the columns of the Brideford Gazette, files of which paper, of that period, should also be valuable in the eyes of the literary curio collector.

While previous to Kipling's editorship the college paper was regarded with little interest by the boys, being mainly composed by the masters, subsequently it was eagerly looked for, 'gigs,' clever sayings and verses being duly appreciated. The issue at no time having exceeded three or four hundred, each copy being only entitled to one copy, some numbers must be exceedingly rare, those of from 1878 to 1882 being these mainly in which Kipling's contributions are likely to be found.

As the majority of Kipling's school fellows eventually found their ways to foreign lands—to India, where the lives of many, in his own words, have become the seed of empire; to the British colonies, and the Far West of America—some of these now valuable little papers may be discovered in most unexpected places, there being probably not a few lurking on the Pacific coast, a number of Kipling's former companions having settled there as ranchers.

How Insects Make Soil.

Mr. Darwin once wrote a book, which many readers pronounced as interesting as a novel, on earthworms and the wonderful way in which they plow up, turn over and invigorate the soil. In a recent address Dr. L. G. Howard, of Washington, showed that many species of insects are also important agents in soil making. They are found beneath the ground, he says, in incredible numbers, and they penetrate to a surprising depth. The minute insects of the family, the cicadas, which are wingless—have been found swarming literally by the millions at a depth of six to eight feet in a stiff clay subsoil.

EVER TRY MALAJUANA?

A POTENT MEXICAN DRUG WITH A TWO-FOLD ACTION.

Indescribable Pleasure and Dreadful Torture Felt by a Mexican Who Was Induced to Try it—Description of a Double Personality—In a Mexican P. I. on.

It was during the fiestas. The party had done the bull fights in the afternoon and was dining at the International club, in Ciudad Porfirio Diaz. When the heavy native cigars and little Mexican cigarettes wrapped in corn shucks were brought in with the coffee the talk turned to narcotics and in more or less interesting narrative, ran all the way from perique tobacco to cocaine. Nearly everybody spoke on the subject at more or less length, except Slayden, who listened attentively, but said nothing. That is his way when he is sure of a story. Finally, when the subject was about talked out, he said: 'Did any of you ever hear of malajuana? but without waiting for an answer he continued, 'Well, I was a malajuana fiend once. It's the biggest drug devil of them all. The stuff comes from the dried leaves and bark of native hemp that grows wild all over southern Mexico. Its victims usually smoke it mixed with tobacco in a cigarette.

'Soon after our road began to boom Durango and I got mixed up in a law suit involving the title to some Durango lots. Just before the case was to be tried I was arrested on some pretext or another and locked up in jail, incommunicado. The second day of my enforced isolation exhausted my supply of cigarettes, and smoking being about my only resource, I was glad to avail myself of the small, unpretentious package of cigarettes that came along with my daily supply of food and water. I noticed something peculiar about the first one that I lighted. The taste and odor were both new to me, but my recollections upon these qualities were of the briefest duration.

'Most of you know how it feels to turn into a big, downy comfortable bed when you are dog tired, and drift off with a clear conscience into deep untroubled restful sleep. Well before I finished half that cigarette that's the way I felt, with the sensation multiplied about ten times, I felt as though I was being gently lifted from the floor of my cell, on which I was reclining when I began to smoke, and waited in the air. I felt as if something soft and delightfully soothing touched me all over, the sound of distant music was in my ears; charming vistas peopled with exquisitely graceful forms opened to my eyes; and in midst of the comfort and restfulness and beauty of it all I went beautifully to sleep.

'It must have been the afternoon of the following day when I waked, for there, in its usual place, was my daily allowance of food, a full jug of water and—another package of cigarettes. I was refreshed and hungry, and I ate all the food that had been brought me. It was the first time I had been able to relish the coarse fare. Of course I lit a cigarette as soon as I finished my meal. I experienced only the usual mildly narcotic effect of tobacco, the only thing about my smoke that was at all out of the ordinary being a pungent, aromatic fragrance totally unlike anything I had ever before experienced which I found most pleasing. It was not until I finished my third cigarette that there was a repetition of anything like my previous experience. Upon the appearance of its first symptom I stopped smoking. I was convinced that the cigarettes were drugged, and I determined thereupon to smoke no more of them.

'Some hours afterward I began to be oppressed with nausea and other distressing sensations. Later my head seemed ready to split; every bone and muscle in my body ached; my flesh felt dead, as if it was dropping off my bones; my throat was parched. I knew that another cigarette would bring me relief, but I felt certain it would be purchased at the price of greater suffering later on. For hours I lay on the hard prison floor and tried to bear my choice collection of tortures, but with the passing of each minute the pangs multiplied. At length I could bear them no longer. In sheer desperation I lit a cigarette, resolved to smoke until my suffering should become bearable.

'With almost the first inhalation I was conscious of a dual personality. All my senses impressions were double. Gradually, one of these personalities seemed to be lifted out of my body, which continued to

suffer agonies, and to be poised above it. It was awful. In yet greater desperation, I inhaled the potent smoke rapidly and violently. Soon the pain ceased. My body ached, while the part of me that was conscious floated out of the prison. It was alike independent of matter, time and distance. It sought or seemed to seek throughout the universe for beauty and grandeur, and found them. It revisited the scenes of my childhood, of my youth, of my early manhood. I lived over, to the minutest detail, every pleasurable sensation I had ever known. And then I came back to my body and drifted into a land of dreams filled with new fancies and sensations too strange and beautiful for any words that I know to describe.

'The color of the drug was my master. Two or three times afterwards I made weak and ineffectual struggles against it, but each time it seemed to lie in wait for me with a new seductiveness. My confinement lasted but ten days. I was released without trial or explanation. Upon regaining my liberty, my first care was to secure a supply of the drugged cigarettes. I had carefully saved several packages, enough to last a week, perhaps, but you can scarcely imagine my dismay when I could find nothing like them, though I searched every cigar store in the town. I did not then know the name of the drug to which I had become a slave.

'The third day of my release I was lounging about the front of my hotel, partially under the influence, when the strange conduct of a man across the street caught my wandering attention. His back was against a long, doorless and windowless adobe wall, such as common in Mexican towns, and his whole attitude conveyed the idea that he was trying to sink himself into it bodily. Soon he was surrounded by quite a crowd of men, women and children, all of whom were very careful, however, to keep their distance. I walked over and joined the crowd. A nearer approach showed me that with one hand he was fighting off some horrible demon, which he described most graphically, while with the other he was caressing a little child, applying to her from time to time the endearing epithets in which the Spanish language is so rich. Both the demon and the child were creatures of his own imagination. Half his face, the side toward the imaginary monster, was horribly distorted with fear. The other half was smiling and full of tenderness. The effect was indescribably weird and awful.

'The evidence of dual consciousness impressed me at once, and, under its inspiration, I crowded my way closer to the man and held out one of my cigarettes. He snatched it from my hand as a famished beast would food. Trembling with eagerness, he lighted it, and laughed and sang as he inhaled its smoke, finally sinking into a deathlike stupor. Before leaving the place I asked one of the bystanders what ailed the man. The reply was, 'To be sure the Senator should know, it is malajuana.'

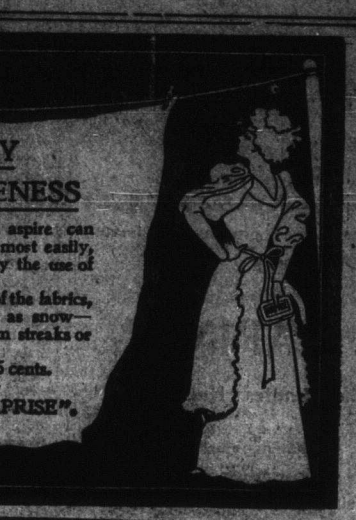
'The condition of my brother unfortunately roused me to a sense of my own danger as nothing less than such a horrible example could have done. I hurried to the City of Mexico and placed myself in the care of the best physician I could find. How I was cured and what I suffered before I was a man again is a long story. Some years afterward I found out that the malajuana cigarettes were supplied me by order of my friend of the land suit with deliberate intent to deprive me of my reason. That in what would have followed in a very short time, had I continued to take the drug, or had I left off smoking it too suddenly as he probably intended me to do. In any event, my one experience with malajuana has left me with no desire for its repetition.'

Earthquake Echoes.

Mr. John Milne gives his name to certain vibrations, which his delicate instruments have revealed, running through the crust of the earth after the occurrence of distant earthquakes. The apparatus symmetry of these pulsations, resembling the rhythm of musical sounds, leads him to suggest that an earthquake may be a blow or blows, which come to an end with musical vibrations inside the world. The blows probable come from the slipping, or falling, of rock within the earth. Mr. Milne, at his observatory on the Isle of Wight, photographs vibrations of his seismographic pendulums, induced by earthquakes many thousands of miles away, and in a recent letter he speaks of a magnificent set of waves which arrived from Mexico on the night of January 24th.

Large Trees Versus Small Ones.

Experiments made in the engineering department at Cornell University have shown that, other things being equal, a bicycle runs more easily with a large tire than with a small one. A two-inch tire, for instance, was decidedly easier to run than a tire of an inch and a half diameter.



...the fabrics, as snow in streaks or...

...To some persons a poor singer may be better than no singer at all, but the least musical person cannot fail to perceive the irony of the situation described below.

Once when traveling in the north of Ireland, an Englishman of letters chanced upon a small town which, to his surprise, he found extensively filled with announcements of a concert at which Madame Patti was to appear.

The price of admission to the back of the hall being the extremely moderate one of threepence, he hastened to secure a seat. After a long interval of waiting, the manager stepped forward, remarking:

'Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that Madame Patti is unable to appear to-night. In order, however, to save you from disappointment, I have arranged that Miss Arabella Jones of our town of Ballyslacknathery, shall favor you with a song.'

A Walk to The Lakeside.

In place of a palette, G. F. Watts, the famous English painter, who is, now over eighty, uses a white slab, fixed to a modeling bench, to catch the full strength of the light, and he claims to find many advantages in walking to it from his easel for each brushful of color.

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It was his custom when in government positions to have his inkstand placed upon a table several yards away from the desk at which he worked, so that he had to walk several paces for each dip of ink.

He attributed his maintenance of sturdy health and jaunty manner, to this simple practice, as also his habit of performing all work standing.

Unconscious Humors.

Undue stress is sometimes laid on trifles even in a great newspaper's society news, but English small town gossip to judge by the following example, taken from the Cornhill Magazine, 'must be infinitely more amusing to philosophers in general.

In its 'News from our Village,' which a county paper prints, this delightful item appeared:

'Last Thursday Mr. Thomas Blask, farm laborer, killed a pig weighting stove. She was indeed a splendid specimen of the porcine species; we are informed that in spite of her great size, she was able to walk in and out of her sty to the last.'

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FROM

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THE PROMISED KISS.

'House full? Why, how much company have you, Louise?' Mrs. Louise Anstie, our pretty little hostess, who was on her knees before my trunk, engaged in admiring my embroideries while she chatted, turned immediately to my sister.

'My dear Julia, we are actually crammed,' said she. 'There hasn't been much a summer rush for The Maples since I can remember. First came the Athertons and Wilsons; then Hattie Lortrup and her sister; then Harry Vernon, Charlie Wayne, Fred Lawton, and his pretty little cousin, and consequently her ardent admirer, Mr. Maynard. I thought we were certainly full, and James was just saying, last night, that we couldn't possibly accommodate another one, when a carriage drove up, and out sprang Roy Cheston.'

'Roy Cheston!' said I, my face flushing. 'Roy Cheston!' exclaimed my elder sister, Gertrude. 'Oh, I'm delighted!'

'He's the best catch in London, Louise,' said Julia. 'Well, of course, he has come to spend the summer, and James was just as glad to see him as if there wasn't a soul in the house; and we had whole suits of rooms; but I was at my wit's end for a place to put him in. At last I remembered what a good little soul you are, Mattie, and so ventured to let him have the chamber I had reserved for you. You won't think it imposition, will you dear?'

'No, indeed; I shall get along very well with Julia,' said I. 'It's very good of you. He's just from the continent,' continued Louise, 'and has brought home a French valet, who is almost as handsome as his master, and who is turning the head of every maid in the house. So delightful as it is to hear them talk French—master and man!'

'I haven't seen him for nearly five years,' said Gertrude, 'but used to be desperately in love with him. Such handsome eyes as he had!'

'He is worth half-a-million, which is much more to the purpose,' said Julia, whose twenty-six summers had brought her to appreciate the practical part of life. 'Mattie, you homely little brown thing, what are you dreaming about?'

I got up from the floor where I had been sitting for the last fifteen minutes, with my hair about my shoulders, and went to the mirror. I did not want them to see what a bright color there was upon my cheeks.

My sisters were dressed in a few moments more, and went downstairs with Louise. When the sound of their voices had died away I dropped the comb, and, throwing myself upon the carpet by a chair, fell to dreaming.

Five years before—it did not seem so long—I had seen Roy Cheston, and for the only time in my life.

It was on the night of a party given at my father's house, in honor of my sister Gertrude's eighteenth birthday.

Little more than a year before, I had lost my dear mother, and the idea of a crowd of gay people thronging the room where she had rested in her coffin on that last, sad day, filled my childish heart with grief and indignation.

But no on minded me. I knelt there by the window of my little room, which was in a wing of the house, and overlooking the piazza of the main building—my face wet with tears, and the most wretched feeling I had ever felt lingering around me.

Suddenly a light from the drawing room streamed out broadly upon the darkness, as someone drew the window drapery aside, and, as an instant after, two persons stepped out upon the piazza.

It was my sister Gertrude and a gentleman. I could hear their words plainly as they passed to and fro.

They talked carelessly and gaily about a great many things, some of which I could not understand, and some I could.

At last I was startled by the words of my sister's companion. 'What is that?' he said.

'What? What do you mean, Mr. Cheston?'

'I thought I caught a glimpse of a child's face at the window,' replied the gentleman. 'And, if I am not mistaken, it was wet with tears.'

I drew back quickly, with a quickly beating heart, but I heard my sister say—'Oh, it's Mattie, my little sister. I give up! The child is averse to our giving

this party to-night—declares that it is sacrilege and that we are all heartless and forgetful of my mother. Of course, the idea is very absurd, you must know, but no one could make her believe it, and she has shut herself in her room and cried all day.'

Gertrude has told the truth. These were just the facts of the case. If her words had called forth a smile from her companion, I should have hated him forever; but peeping carefully from behind the curtain, I saw his face as he passed by the lighted windows, and it was as grave and gentle as I could have wished.

He made Gertrude no reply. A few moments after, they stepped through the window into the drawing-room.

Leaning back into my old place, I dropped my head into my arms and fell to thinking, but not of my troubles. Suddenly I was startled by hearing my name called.

After a moment's bewildered hesitation, I leaned forward and looked out. Mr. Cheston was standing alone upon the piazza.

'Won't you come down a moment?' he said, smiling at my frightened face. 'I want to talk with you.'

Springing up, I left my room, and tripping lightly downstairs, stepped through the hall window upon the piazza, and stood before him.

He took my hand, and looked kindly in to my face. 'What have you been crying for?' he said, gently.

'You know,' I replied, laconically. He smiled. 'So I do, little Mattie, and I called you down because I wished to tell you that I don't think you foolish at all, as the others do, and that I'm very sorry for you.'

I allowed him to kiss me, which was a liberty I should indignantly have resented under any other circumstances.

In a few months I am going abroad, and shall be gone several years,' he said, after a pause, during which he looked keenly, but kindly, into my downcast face. 'When I come back, you will be a young lady, Mattie.'

'I know it,' said I, 'and I'm very sorry for it.' 'For what reason?'

'Because I don't like young ladies.' 'Why not?'

'They are so foolish. They talk about dresses, and gentlemen, and parties all the time, and are always the crassest people in the world to me.'

The idea that Mr. Cheston was laughing at me, flashed into my mind as I finished speaking, but glancing up quickly into his face, I saw that it was unusually grave.

'Your opinion of your own sex is not a very flattering one, however truthful it may be,' he said. 'Do you believe all young ladies are like these whom you see every day?'

'I don't know.' 'Do you think it necessary that they should be?'

'No; for I don't think my mother was ever such a young lady.' 'Don't you think that you could grow up to be a sensible, useful woman, if you were to try?'

'Yes.' 'Will you try?'

'I will.' 'And I hope you may succeed, my dear Mattie, both for your sake and my own. Now I must leave you. Will you kiss me good-bye?'

I astonished myself very much by the act, when I pressed my lips to his, as he bent down.

Something in my face attracted his attention a moment after, and he laughed. 'You're a queer little thing,' he said. 'What would you tell me if I were to ask you if you liked me?'

'The truth, of course.' 'Then I'll spare your blushes, you remarkable morsel of womanhood. Mattie?'

'Will you kiss me when I come back?'

'Yes.' 'You will be a young lady then, remember.'

'But I shall be myself just the same.' 'So you will. I shall hold you to your promise. Remember it. Now, good-bye. He turned away as someone came upon the piazza, and I flew back to my room.

And this was the scene I was thinking over as I sat upon the floor of my room at the beautiful country-seat of the Ansties—a girl of seventeen, dark, plain, shy, and sensitive.

'Mattie, what for Mercy's sake are you doing that you are not dressed yet? It's nearly tea-time,' said my sister Julia, dashing into the room for something, and stopping short as her eyes fell upon me. 'Have you been asleep?'

'No,' said I, 'indeed, getting up and going to the mirror. 'Oh, you queer child! Now hurry. You'll find me in the drawing-room, if you ever get ready to come down,' and out she swept.

I shall warn Mr. Cheston that you have serious designs on him.' 'I don't see the necessity of warning a person against a danger of which he is already aware,' snapped a young lady with very black eyes, who stood behind the coach on which we sat.

Gertrude turned round with a crimson face. 'What is the subject of discussion? Won't you admit me to your confidence, ladies?' said a familiar voice, so near my ear that I started in affright.

The black-eyed young lady slipped aside to give Mr. Cheston a place near us. Several persons were presented to him, I among others.

He gave me no particular attention, and took a chair beside Gertrude. 'Didn't you inquire what we were talking about, Mr. Cheston?' said the black-eyed young lady.

'I believe I had the audacity,' he replied, smiling. 'But the smile was very different from the one I remembered to have seen upon his face.'

'We were speaking of kisses,' said Gertrude, quickly, with a saucy smile; 'and Hattie here declared that she didn't believe you cared for them.'

I started. I had never before heard my sister utter a deliberate falsehood. 'I am very sorry that Miss Hattie thinks me so indifferent to the most perfect luxury in life,' he replied, glancing up at her.

'Victory, Hattie! Mr. Cheston does believe in kisses!' cried Gertrude, with a smile, whose brightness dazzled the eyes so that but two of us saw the hidden malice.

I think Miss Hattie was about to make an attempt to struggle out of the position into which my sister had thrust her; but Louise Anstie, who had snatched up a moment before, exclaimed—

'Oh, Mr. Cheston! don't you remember that you once attended a forfeit party, and wore the most disgusting face I ever saw in my life all the evening?'

'But, Mrs. Anstie, that was because I considered forfeits a sacrifice of the sacred, and utterly ruining its peculiar value by so doing. I regret, however, that my face betrayed my feelings. I assure you that the rudeness was not intentional.'

'Mr. Cheston is apparently unconscious that several ladies are looking at him very admiringly,' said a low voice near me. I turned round.

It was Mr. Maynard, who was in a fever of jealousy because Rose Lawton's bright eyes were fixed upon the gentleman in question.

'Take care, Mr. Cheston,' cried Gertrude. 'I'm afraid you don't know what you are bringing upon yourself. Having declared yourself so much in favour of the "most perfect luxury in life," we young ladies may have you quite as our mercy. According to your assertion, I doubt if you could resist the reward of a kiss from a pretty girl who might be suing for a favour. Could you?'

'Yes.' 'How so?'

'Because a kiss given in that way would be of little value.' 'I consider that a very unkind speech, coming as it does from the lips of a man who is well aware that kisses are a lady's favourite bribe,' replied Gertrude, flushed, but laughing. 'It is a most ungalant speech. Mr. Cheston, you must stand trial for punishment.'

'I will make it short by choosing Miss Lawton for my judge,' he replied, glancing up into the smiling eyes of the little beauty.

'Your chastisement shall be to confess whom you kissed last,' he replied, gaily. 'That is not fair,' he said.

'Why?'

'Because the lady is present, and the punishment would fall upon her rather than upon me.'

'They burst into a merry laugh. 'Well, then, you can tell whom you intend to kiss next,' said Rose. 'That will not do either. I should never be able to put my intentions into effect. Do you keep an account of your kisses as you do of your expenses. Cheston?'

called out Mr. Maynard. 'Yes,' replied Mr. Cheston, quietly. 'Now I have it!' cried Rose Lawton. 'You shall tell us how many ladies you have kissed during the last five years.'

'I will do so, on condition that my word shall not be doubted,' he answered, gravely. 'We will believe you, certainly. Now listen, good folk.'

'Not one,' said Mr. Cheston, quietly.

'Whew! perhaps you think Mr. Cheston ought to be responsible for the breakfast?'

'He is as much called on as I am. And the best he can do under the circumstances is to quietly receive the consequent evil.'

An hour afterwards we were all in the drawing room. Suddenly my attention was attracted by the exclamations of a group who stood at one of the windows.

Among them were Gertrude, Louise Anstie, and Mr. Cheston. I listened, and heard Gertrude say—

'And Mattie thinks you ought to be responsible for the breakfast, as well as Louise, whose coadjutor she is.'

Everybody looked astonished. 'Oh, Mr. Cheston, you amaze us!' cried Rose. 'Roy is probably faithful to some fair lady who favored him some time before,' said Mr. Anstie, who had been listening quietly for a few moments.

'Exactly,' said that gentleman, rising with a bow, and turning away to someone who called him impatiently.

Such significant glances and exclamations of wonder as were circulated through the group after his departure!

'And what are you thinking of little mouse?' said Mrs. Wilson, bending towards me. 'Your cheeks are as red as roses.'

She would have been overwhelmed with astonishment if I had told her. Three weeks passed, and Mr. Cheston and I were on no more intimate terms than we had been on that first evening.

We rarely met, except at the table or in the drawing-room of an evening, and he seldom addressed me when we did meet.

By degrees I overcame my shyness and sensitiveness regarding him. He had forgotten the romantic incident of my childhood which had always such a charm for me, I thought, and wondered at myself for ever supposing that he had remembered it beyond the moment.

It made me a little sad to know that all my pleasant thoughts concerning it were castles in the air, and it was slightly humiliating, taken in connection with his polite indifference to me, to know that those thoughts were so many. But I said to myself—

'Mattie, it has been a good lesson for you, you foolish little dreamer! Mr. Cheston was a great lion among the party at The Maples.'

The ladies all liked him, the gentlemen were jealous, while they strove to imitate him.

Gertrude declared privately that she was seriously in love with him. Everybody talked of him, everybody admired him, either secretly or openly.

One evening as I was passing Mrs. Anstie's chamber, she called me. 'Mattie, said she, as I entered, 'my cook has left me. She has gone off with Mr. Cheston's valet.'

'Gone! Where?'

'Why, eloped, you little simpleton!' exclaimed Gertrude, who was sitting on the foot of the bed laughing immoderately. 'Oh, dear I never heard of anything so ridiculous in my life!'

'That is all she will say to me, and James gone, and I halt crazy for advice,' said Louise, half laughing and half crying. 'Mattie, what shall I do? How am I to get breakfast for all those people? I don't know the first thing about cooking, any more than chamber-maid or Dolly. Oh, to think that the ungrateful girl should serve me so!'

And my pretty friend threw herself upon a lounge and burst into a passion of desperate tears.

'Don't give way, Louise,' said I, trying to soothe her. 'I promise you that I'll cook the breakfast and help you to find another servant before dinner.'

'You cook!' exclaimed Gertrude. Louise looked at me in doubt and astonishment.

'I'll do the best I can,' said I, beginning to realize the responsibility I had taken upon myself, but determined to brave it out. 'I will get up early, so as to have time for all necessary delays and experiments. But you must promise to keep the servants out of the kitchen, Louise. I do not feel capable of undergoing the ordeal of their criticisms.'

'I don't envy you your position, Mattie,' sneered Gertrude. 'Fanny Mr. Cheston making wry faces over the results of your cooking in the morning!'

'It would best serve Mr. Cheston to be as uncomplimentary as anyone in the house, said I, indignantly. 'If it hadn't been for his man, Louise would not have lost her cook.'

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Louise, looking up, caught my eye, and beckoned to me.

'I want to say to you that I consider your view of the matter a very sensible one, Miss Mattie,' said Mr. Cheston, smiling. 'And that I feel myself called upon to help you get breakfast in the morning.'

'I should be very glad of your assistance Mr. Cheston,' I replied, quietly. Everybody laughed, and declared the matter a good joke, and I thought of it could do the rest.

sprinkle with flour while I went to the pantry, and as I was gone some ten minutes, and he in his zeal to obey me, and be of all possible use, continued his employment till the pan was half full of flour, and the dredging-box nearly empty.

Then we let the fire go out in the midst of our operations, and burnt our fingers taking hold of things which we had no idea were hot.

The beefsteak caught fire and flamed almost to the ceiling, nearly frightening us out of our wits, and the coffee boiled over upon the stove.

But by eight o'clock we came out bravely, and served up breakfast in fine style. I was a bit nervous when the meal commenced, lest some blunder should be discovered, but nothing of the kind occurred, and the affair went off in grand order.

Before dinner, Louise was provided with a professed cook.

After that, Mr. Cheston and I became the best possible friends.

He said we had formed ourselves into an exclusive mutual admiration society. Gravelly courteous as he was to others, and as he had been to me, he now always met me with a familiar demeanour, and friendly pleasantry.

Gradually the summer wore away. Several of our party returned to the city, and one clear September morning Mr. Cheston informed Mr. Anstie that he should be obliged to return to London the next morning.

That evening, when the drawing-room was deserted of the few that remained of the gay company, and I could hear their voices far down the moonlit road, I strolled into the dark, silent room, and sank upon a window-seat.

Instantly someone started up in the dusky light, and, coming forward, sat down beside me.

It was Mr. Cheston. 'Mattie,' said he, 'I intend going away before six o'clock in the morning, and shall probably not see you again.'

'I did not reply. 'Have you a right to ask for a good-bye kiss?'

'You have the right which the promise of a child gives you, I suppose,' I replied, a little annoyed by his light manner.

'A child in years you were, Mattie, but more of a woman at heart than thousands twice your age. Do you know that you made a conquest of me, little one, when you kissed me upon the piazza in the darkness.'

'I conquest?'

'I carried that kiss away with me. I loved the remembrance of it as I did my life. I would not have parted with it for millions, for it was a sweet hope on which hung all my light of the future. The lips of no other woman have pressed mine since. I said to myself that, until I kissed another your kiss remained. Do you understand?'

'My eyes were full of tears, but I tried to smile. 'You were a sweet child, Mattie, and have grown into a sweet woman—such a woman as I have been waiting to find that I might marry. Now I ask you for that promised kiss, and, if you give it to me, I shall take it for granted that you give me yourself with it.'

He was sure of what I had never acknowledged to myself—my love for him. I felt it in the confident clasp of his arm, and, content that he should read the heart of which he was so certainly the master, I acted my simple self and kissed him.

Black Will be a Fashionable Autumn Color.

Diamond Dye Blacks are the Richest, Fastest and Best.

Black dresses, capes and jackets will be most worn this autumn; this will be a blessing to the woman who wishes to look well and who cannot afford to buy much new clothing. Any woman can, by using the Diamond Dye Fast Blacks, color her old clothes a black that will not fade or wash out.

There are three special Diamond Dye Fast Blacks—for wool, for cotton and mixed goods, and for silk and feathers, and if the proper dye is used, any woman can get better results than the majority of experienced professional dyers can produce.

Unlike some of the cheap imitations of Diamond Dyes, these dyes come in almost every conceivable color, so that the woman who wishes any special color can get it in the Diamond Dyes. Practical tests prove that the Fast Diamond Dyes are the only dye stuffs that make colors which will not wash out nor sunlight fade.

Original in Her Way. The domestic employed in the household of the Fergusons must have been, after her own peculiar fashion, a treasure.

'George,' said Mrs. Ferguson, who having finished her breakfast, was glancing over the 'miscellany' column of the morning paper. 'I see there are now sixty five ways of making coffee.'

'Does the paper say so?' asked Mr. Ferguson. 'Yes.'

'Well,' said Mr. Ferguson, tasting the cup of coffee by his plate once more, and pushing it away from him, 'without knowing what the sixty-five ways are, or anything about them, I am willing to go on record as saying that Bridget's method of making coffee is the sixty-sixth.'

CANCER And Tumors cured, at home, no pain, no loss of time, please write for particulars to Dr. J. C. McLaughlin, 272 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Relieves Every Form of Inflammation. Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician. No remedy has the confidence of the public to a greater extent. Our book on INFLAMMATION free. Price 25 and 50c. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

Parsons' Pills. Best Liver Pill made. Positively cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver and Bowel complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Relieve women from all ailments arising from impure blood. Price 25c. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

MADE ON HONOR. SIMPLE STRONG. SINGER SEWING MACHINES. SILENT SPEEDY. 16 Millions Made and Sold. Always Improving. Never better than now. See the Latest Model. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. Factory at Montreal. Offices all over the Dominion.

Sunday Reading

The House by the Side of the Road. He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road...

GOD'S CARE OF HIS CREATURES

What Jesus had to say about God's care of his creatures may be summed up under three general heads. That care he declared to be personal, particular and paternal.

Black Will be a Fashionable Autumn Color.

Diamond Dye Blacks are the Richest, Fastest and Best.

Black dresses, capes and jackets will be worn this autumn; this is the color of the woman who wishes to look well and who cannot afford to buy much clothing.

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you need a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

cessantly repaired. It speaks the builder God, exercising unremitting superintendence. Evolution utterly fails in this department.

A Window in Heaven.

How real and how near heaven may be to us if we only live in nearness of spirit to it! In one of the smaller towns near Boston an invalid girl lay for many months in a little room that had two large windows one facing towards the southwest and the other toward the southeast.

The Two Lives.

Beautiful is old age—beautiful is the slow drooping, mellow autumn of a rich and glorious summer. In the old man Nature has fulfilled her work; she leads him with the fruits of a well spent life; and, surrounded by his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave which he is followed with blessings.

What Makes a Man?

The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed—and then the victory.

VOICES IN THE SHAFT.

Some Passages in Diplomacy and Comments by the Tenants on the Absent.

'I should never have known anything about the spread of information up and down the elevator shaft,' said the top flat woman.

'If my housekeeper had not gone away on a vacation and I had been trying to convince my small but picturesque family that scrambled eggs and fried potatoes contain all the hydro-carbons and proteins and all the rest of the really important features of a square meal.

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, featuring an illustration of a strawberry and text describing its benefits for cramps and colic.

she was dying, nor did she herself. She had been gazing through her sky window for some happy minutes, when suddenly her face became transfixed, she lifted her wasted arms and whispered, 'My Savior!'

Hear was the secret of bring heaven near to earth—making it real, dwelling in the thought of it and the spirit of it. Heaven seems like a strange country, and death like a strange voyage.

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Advertisement for Pearline washing powder, featuring an illustration of a woman and child and the text 'Take it back'.

under discussion is always the 'woman' of the first floor lady. 'And they say she drinks like a fish, too.'

A FARMER'S VICTORY.

Rheumatism Had Fastened its Fangs Upon Him for Years and Caused Him Endless Misery—Tells How He Found a Cure. From the Acaidian, Wolfville, N. S.

Through a Plum Pudding.

They sat beside each other in the restaurant—not because they knew each other, but because fate set them there.

HEART SIGNALS.

Quick as a Flash They Appear, but Just as Quickly will They Vanish Under the Healing Spell of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Making Their Mouths Water.

The method employed by Dutch fishermen to ensure 'astounding catches' is thus described by the Golden Penny.

Sure the first pint that goes to my mouth it goes to my head, that it does. Then I want more, of course, as who wouldn't? Then they give me buttermilk or any old thing and I never know the differ; it's all one to me.

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Advertisement for cancer medicine, featuring the word 'CANCER' in large letters and text describing the treatment.

A PORTRAIT OF SATAN.

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF WHICH NO COPY WAS TAKEN.

It Was Printed on the Body of a Mysterious Old Man in the Rocky Mountain by the Flash That Killed Him According to the Story of the Outfit.

'As a contribution to the scientific knowledge of the unseen world, this story has no authoritative value,' said the man from the West, 'but it may nevertheless be true I cannot give it as direct testimony, and it cannot be backed with affidavits. When I heard it I was at least compelled to look as if I believed it, for it was told to me by a cross grained Rocky Mountain guide who was known to be a dead shot and was reputed to have a private graveyard. He told the story with a quiet dignity that was not customary with him when spinning yarns for the benefit of tenderfoots, and it made such an impression on my mind that I do not think I have forgotten a single detail.

'Five years ago I secured a job as mining expert for a company that was developing claims in various parts of the Rocky Mountains and made many excursions into the wildest parts of the region. On one of these trips I made up my mind to get a photograph of a golden eagle in its native haunts and I succeeded, and my success made me talkative. While returning down the mountainside I talked to my guide and perhaps boasted a little about 'feats I had performed with the camera. He listened with polite interest, but offered no comment until the last night of our trip. We were smoking our pipes beside the fire. After the conversation had dwindled down to occasional remarks my guide suddenly started me by asking:

'Do you believe in the devil?'

'Sometimes,' I replied.

'Well, I believe in him all the time, and if I had that camera of yours once and knew how to use it, I could have clicked off a picture of the old boy for you.'

'Did you see him?'

'No, but I saw his picture once.'

'O, there have been lots of pictures of him but none of them was a photograph. They were made by artists who imagined what he looked like.'

'I know, but this wasn't made by any artist, and if it wasn't a photograph I'd like to know what it was. But it wasn't a photograph that I could get a spare copy of.'

'I waited for him to tell his story and shall give it here chiefly in his own words, though I shall not attempt to produce his dialect or his slow tones. It was entirely picturesque, for he was a thorough mountaineer and uneducated to an interesting degree. The fact that he was entirely without education makes it less probable that he fabricated the story he told.

'In the early sixties,' he said, 'I was doing some prospecting on my own account and did a lot of wandering over the mountains in these parts. One day I had worked my way up a particularly wild gorge I came out on a little table land where I thought I would camp for the night. I gathered a lot of wood and built a fire before it got dark, and was starting in to broil some venison when I heard something stirring behind me. I grabbed my gun and turned round and there, standing looking at me, was one of the darndest looking men I ever clapped eyes on. He looked as tall as a telegraph pole and as lean as a snake. He had no hat and only a little fringe of hair, but his whiskers were long and came down to appoint on his chest. It was the eyes of him that caught me, though, for they were like the eyes of a mountain lion.

'Good evening, neighbor,' says I to him.

'He didn't say a word for a minute, but just stood looking at me. Then he raised his hand and pointed down the way I came.

'Go,' says he.

'What for?' says I.

'Go, go, or it will be worse for you. No man ever comes here,' he says.

'Well, there's one come now and he is going to stay until he's ready to go,' I say.

'The fellow let a laugh out of him that fairly raised my hair, but not seeing any gun about him I didn't budge. Then he turned and walked off. He had given me a little turn, but I hadn't time to think of that for a storm began to rumble along the mountain side. In a few minutes it was pitch dark and the swiftest lightning I ever saw began to flash and sputter from the clouds. I shifted my pack to the side of a solid looking rock that would be some



Room, the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 50c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

protection to me, and did some cursing at that old duffer. I knew he must have a cabin of some sort nearby, and if I could have found it that night, I would have slept dry, even if we had to fight for it. Well, the rain just pelted and poured all night, and I was wet and savage when I got up in the morning. After I got some breakfast I waited around till the weather cleared a bit and began to examine the rocks. I found some that struck me as being the right thing, and forgot all about my old crank until I was building my fire for supper again. He came back just as he did the night before.

'Go,' he said, 'haven't you had your warning?'

'I had a warning,' said I, 'but if I could have found your roof I would have bunked with you last night. Where do you sleep anyway?'

'Go, lest a worse think befall you. This mountain is mine and the storms are mine,' he said.

'Well, I must say you keep a good brand of both mountain and storm,' I said.

'Does there happen to be any gold in your mountain?'

'He didn't answer me, but walked away as he did on the night before. And just the same as on the night before a storm began to gather. But it came from another direction and my rock was no use for shelter. I picked up my pack and was starting to hunt for another place by the lightning flashes when I happened to look up to the top of a cliff ahead of me, and here was the wild man standing against the sky waving his arms. I stood as if I was rooted there, for I have heard lots of queer stories, and a fellow never knows what's true or what isn't. What struck me as queer was that every time he waved his arms the lightning blazed and the thunder rolled nearer. Of course, I only saw him when the lightning flashed, but the flashes always came and went while his arms were going up and down. The rain just spilt down, but it seemed as if I couldn't move, and the thunder deafened me. At last the flashes came so fast that the whole mountain side was lit all the time, and there was that man waving his arms up and down like mad. Just as I thought the end of the world was coming, there was an awful blaze that covered him with blue flame, and in a second the whole place was dark. Before it got dark I thought I saw him fall; but what happened next was so strange that I was too scared to think of that. The clouds rolled away and the stars came out. There wasn't another thunderclap or lightning flash, and if it wasn't that I was soaked to skin and the ground was covered with puddles, I couldn't have been sure that there had been a storm at all.

'Of course I couldn't light a fire and I couldn't sleep, so I just sat there and shivered until morning. When the light came at last I looked up to where I saw the man standing, and saw what seemed to be one of his arms hanging over the side of the cliff. When the sun came out I saw that it was a man's arm, and as I got over my scare in the day, light I started to climb up to where he was. He was sprawled out on the rock stone dead. I looked around and for the first time saw the cabin where he lived. As the door was open I looked in and saw nothing except a rough cot on the floor, a table made from a slab and a shell with three or four leather bound books. But I didn't stay long to look at things for it didn't seem right to leave him lying out there dead on the rock, whatever sort of a man he might be. I climbed down and got my pick and shovel and dug a grave in a corner where there were some earth, and then started to fix him up to be buried. Say, have you ever seen a man that was killed by lightning?'

'This was the first question he had asked of me since he had begun to tell the story, and I felt somewhat relieved at having a chance to bear my own voice again for the darkness and his monotonous tones affected me. 'No,' I replied, 'I never have.'

'Well, I suppose you have heard of people killed that way having pictures of a house or tree or something that was near by on them?'

'I admitted that I had.

'Well, when I turned that fellow over I saw on his breast, burnt right in his yellow skin, a picture of the devil that had

been photographed on him by the flash of lightning that had killed him. If I had that camera of yours I might have taken a picture of it.

'The ghastly possibilities of such a photograph were beyond anything I had ever dreamed of, and I shuddered involuntarily. But my guide was watching me with a suspicious air that suggested that any incredulity on my part would be regarded as the deadliest insult. I thought it wise to show some immediate interest, and asked:

'What did he look like?'

'Not like anything I ever saw. He looked to be swooping down from the sky just as you see a vulture come down.'

'I know,' I replied. 'I have a picture of a vulture that I got by putting a dead horse at the bottom of a cliff a thousand feet high and then waiting till a vulture fell from the sky near enough for me to get a snap at him. It is the best picture in my collection.'

'It wouldn't be if you had that picture.'

'Indeed it wouldn't; but can't you tell me more exactly what it looked like?'

'I don't want to. It gives me the shivers whenever I think of it, and I'd have nightmares for a week after thinking of it now. I don't see why I was such a fool as to tell you about it.'

'He went surlily to his blankets and not another word could I get from him on the subject that night. In the morning I ventured to ask him what had become of the books in the cabin. He turned on me savagely.

'Why won't you let me forget it?' and his hollow face became pale. A landslide caused by the storm buried the cabin and almost buried me, and I was mighty well satisfied to get away from there. I dreamed that he was swooping down on me last night just as he was in the picture. Don't talk to me about it.'

'Of course there are many explanations that suggest themselves a tattoo mark that had been scorched by the lightning flash, for instance; but I am thoroughly convinced from the actions of the narrator that he saw a picture and one calculated to freeze him with terror. Of course it seems incredible, and yet more incredible things are believed on every side. For myself I do not venture an opinion. I simply tell the story as it was told to me.'

HUNTING PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

There are places in Illinois where keen sport may be had.

Perhaps no game law is so respected in Illinois as the one protecting prairie chickens. Its provisions are framed to pay strict heed to the habits of the birds, and its rigid enforcement during the past few years has caused them to thrive. There is nothing that is more enjoyed by a true Illinois sportsman than chicken shooting, and as it requires a fine gun, and either a pair of pointers or setters (the sport is generally confined to the better grade of hunters. Years ago when the broad prairies of this part of the State were free from cultivation, when there were no divisional or sectional lines, and when barbed wire fences were unknown, the present season of this year would find the prairies literally alive with ruffed grouse, and any one who possessed the least knowledge of shooting found no difficulty in bagging plenty of the game.

With the advance of civilization and the cultivation of the lands this attractive feathered game was preyed upon to such an extent that to find a brace of ruffed grouse at present is considered a rarity. But the hunting of grouse in the early days and gunning for prairie chicken at the present time have little semblance. The two birds are closely allied and by many are even now considered the same, yet there is a difference. The chicken is considerably larger than it near relative, and is much more domesticated in its habits. It thrives well in fields that are in cultivation the greater part of the year, while the ruffed grouse puts its habits further from cultivation.

Sun-up on the morning of Sept. 1 found every prospective field covered and every available dog snitting the air for a scent. The heavy rains of the fore part of the summer made the stubble ground rank with vegetation affording most excellent shelter for the birds. In the early morn-

ing the dogs work well. The slight dew that falls during the night moistens the weeds and grasses, making the trail, when once found, easily followed. The men keep a distance of twenty or thirty yards behind the leading dogs and the retriever, which is always taken when obtainable, is near the men. The dogs move cautiously. Stop, point, there is a flutter, a rapid whirl of wings, the birds get well in the air and a rapid cross fire is poured into the bunch, the range being about forty yards. The retriever springs forward and does his share of the work, and the first raise of a flock generally yields from five to eight birds for two gunners.

The scattered birds fly almost beyond range of the eye, but the dogs are up at it again. But not for long. The broiling sun is now mounting high in the sky, and every particle of moisture has disappeared from the grass. To attempt to find the scent again is useless, for the dogs' nostrils clog and they choke from the dust from the stubble. The gunners attempt to "walk up" the birds, and by sheer luck stumble on another bunch. Their rapid rise and quick flight catches the men a little off the guard, but several more fat young birds are begged from this bunch. The scattered birds of the first flock are now found and the sportsmen single out their bird. Even the retriever is tired and hot now, and 10 o'clock sees the day's sport ended with fourteen birds as the result, an excellent day's work.

The experience of one party is that of another. Little hunting is done at any other time than early in the morning. The open season in Illinois begins on Sept 1, and lasts only thirty days and the law requires that no other weapon than a shotgun shall be used for killing the game. Though the season is not half over, so diligently have the birds been hunted that they have become wild and scattered, and the gunner is indeed fortunate who gets nearer than forty yards a bunch.

The broad prairies of Illinois have ever been the habitat of the prairie chicken and the rich meadows and tall stubble afford the birds excellent breeding and hiding places. The heavy timber along the water-courses gives ample protection during the severe weather. The habits of the birds are closely allied to those of the quail and the partridge. They nest upon the ground during the months of May and June and the young birds are about full grown by the beginning of the open season. One pair of birds have been known to nest three times in one season and the young birds remain in the care of their parents until the following nesting season. They roost upon the ground nestled closely together and oftentimes become very bold, even entering the farmers' barnyards. The male is distinguishable from the female by the markings upon the tail feathers and the spurs upon the legs.

A Fearful Temperance Lesson.

At Argentine, Kansas, near Kansas City, the big Indian elephant, 'Rajah,' has been wintering with a circus. Rajah had shown at times a very dangerous disposition, but his keeper, Frank Fisher by name, had no trouble, under ordinary circumstances, in managing him.

But all animals, and especially those of dangerous disposition, liked to be approached and dealt with in the manner which is habitual with them. Fisher had been accustomed to put the elephant through certain performances. One day lately Fisher came in intoxicated. He attempted to make the elephant perform. Quite evidently the beast saw that his keeper was not conducting himself in his usual manner, and refused to do what he man ordered.

Then Fisher seized Rajah's trunk and attempted to put him through the movement. Rajah, in anger, wrapped the trunk around the man's arm and crushed it. Then, throwing him violently to the ground, the elephant sought to transfix him with his tusks. Unable to reach him with these, Rajah knelt on him with all his ponderous weight.

Before assistance could be brought, Fisher's life had been crushed out. He had paid a fearful penalty for his intemperance.

Feeding Ragamuffins.

The Rev. C. L. Dodgson, better known by readers of 'Alice in Wonderland' as Lewis Carroll, was a lovable man, who delighted to do good in a quiet way. In his 'Life and Letters' the following story is told by one of his child friends:

My sister and I were spending a day of delightful sightseeing in town with him. We were both children, and were much interested when he took us into an American shop where the cakes for sale were cooked by a very rapid process before your eyes, and hand to you straight from the cook's hands. As the preparation of them could easily be seen from outside the window, a small crowd of ragamuffins naturally assembled there, and I well remember Mr. Dodgson's piling up seven of the cakes on one arm, taking them out and doing them round to the seven hungry little youngsters. The simple kindness of the act impressed its charm on his child-friends inside the

shop as much as on his little stranger friends outside.'

WEATHER LORE.

Superstitions and Sayings as to the Meaning of Various Signs.

Thunder on Sunday is considered by the weather wise the sign of the death of a great man; on Monday, the death of a woman; on Tuesday, it in early summer, it foretells an abundance of grain; on Wednesday, warfare is threatened; on Thursday, an abundance of sheep and corn, the farmer may reckon upon; on Friday, some great man will be murdered; on Saturday, a general pestilence and great mortality.

Friday's weather shows what may be expected on the following Sunday—that is, if it rains on Friday noon, then it will rain on Sunday, but if Friday be clear, then Sunday will be fine as well.

The twelve days immediately following Christmas denote the weather for the coming twelve months, one day for a month. The day of the month the first snowstorm appears indicates the number of snowstorms the winter will bring. For example, the first snowstorm comes on November 29—look out for twenty-nine storms.

There is an old saying—which originated perhaps for the benefit of school children—that there is only one Saturday in the year without sun during some portion of the day.

A gale, moderating at sunset, will increase before midnight, but if it moderates after midnight the weather will improve. No weather is ill. It the wind is still.

If the full moon shall rise red expect wind.

The sharper the blast the sooner tis past.

A light yellow sky at sunset presages wind.

When you see Northern lights you may expect cold weather.

Hazy weather is thought to prognosticate frost in winter; snow in spring; fair weather in summer and rain in autumn.

Storms that clear in the night will be followed by a rainstorm.

Three foggy mornings will surely be followed by a rainstorm.

If the ice on the tree melts and runs off rain will come next; while if the wind cracks off the ice snow follows.

When the leaves of trees show their under side there will be rain.

When the perfume of flowers or the color of fruit is unusually noticed rain may be expected.

When the sky is full of stars expect rain.

If the cat washes herself calmly and smoothly the weather will be fair. If she washes against the grain take your mackintosh. If she lies with her back to the fire there will be a squall.

Cats with their tails up and hair apparently electrified indicate approaching wind.

If pigs are restless there will be windy weather.

The direction in which a loon flies in the morning will be the direction of the wind the next day.

Maggies flying three or four together and uttering harsh cries predict windy weather.

Flocks of crows signify a cold summer. When the owl nests look out for a storm.

When the swallow flies low rain will come soon; when they fly high expect fine weather.

If the rooster crows at night he will 'get up with a wet head.'

Six weeks from the time the first katydid is heard there will be frost.

A New Form of Kite.

Scientific kite-flying has made great progress in recent years. The Companion has frequently noted the achievements at the Blue Hill Observatory in Milton, Massachusetts. Mr. G. A. Prismath, of Philadelphia, has borrowed an idea from the balloon fly, or 'telette,' used on ships to show the direction of the wind, and has constructed a kite consisting of three cones, one within the other. The mouth of each cone consists of a bamboo circle, to which the silk bag is fastened. The circles in the experimental kite are 12, 18, and 24 inches in diameter, and the cones are 24, 36 and 48 inches in length each, with a two-inch outlet at the end. A little protruberance at the bottom of the outer bamboo hoop shows where a small lump of lead ballast is attached. The weight of the entire construction is seven ounces. The kite at a height of 1000 feet registered a pull of 16 pounds. It seems to be an easy form of kite for boys and amateurs to construct.

No Smoke and no Flash.

The new French rapid fire gun, invented by Colonel Humbert, is said to make no flash when fired with smokeless powder. The location of such a gun, concealed in grass or shrubbery, would be completely undetectable to an enemy.

Wid was Found

In the discovery of so wonderful a remedy as Novurine—nerve pain cure. No remedy in the market affords such prompt relief for toothache, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Its action in cramps, colic, &c., is simply marvellous.

APOLI & STEEL'S LADIES PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superindiar Bitter Apple, Fil Cochis, Penneyroyal, &c. Order of all Chemists or send free for \$1.00 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martine, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

A WISE WOMAN. Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. Valuable information on this subject will be found in my book which will be pleased to send entirely free to any lady, sending me her name and address. It's a PLAIN COMMON SENSE BOOK. Written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems. I am sure you'll be delighted with it. WRITE TO-DAY. Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal.

Frills of Fashion.

One Woman's Chat.

A new note in tea gowns is the long, loose coat of brocade or cashmere or soft Liberty fabric, over an underdress of plaited silk or mousseline. The effect is charming, as picturesque as a Watteau frock, but more graceful, with its long, sweeping, clinging draperies.

One beautiful tea gown of this description has an underdress of silvery white chiffon, the front of the bodice draped, the skirt having three ruffles placed at regular intervals from knee to foot. Over this is a loose garment of blue silk with a design of pale rosebuds scattered over its azure surface. The fronts do not meet, and are bordered with lace caught at intervals by rosettes of rose pink chiffon.

The elbow sleeves are finished with frills of lace, and square revers of pleated silk and lace give a sort of collar and epaulet effect.

A case such as could only occur in Japan has been exciting some curiosity in Tokyo. A daily paper, quite up to date in its methods, organized a novel competition. Coupons were printed, and subscribers were asked to vote for the election of the best geisha in Tokyo.

One gentleman bought 6000 copies of the paper containing these coupons; and used the whole number on behalf of a geisha with whose charms he was smitten. Another geisha, however, obtained the coveted honor, and the disappointed lover thereupon brought action against the journal, alleging that the editor had 'cooked' the result.

The claim was for 10 yen (£1) the cost of the 6000 papers bought. Popular papers are cheap in Japan.

Pale green promises to have a vogue this winter as an accessory color. Impossible as it may seem, many women are a-weary of purple and lilac and the once ubiquitous turquoise blue has grown a trifle common since 98 ct. shirt waists and cheap turquoise jewelry of the once beloved tint have come to be the leading features of bargain sales. Pale green and bright blue are decidedly smart and no color looks better with the beaver browns to be seen this year than a fresh, delicate shade of green.

Moerland dress is the suggestive name bestowed upon the pretty individualized costume which will be used in early autumnal visiting in the White Mountains or Adirondacks. They are very smart, quite appropriate to rough walking, and yet distinct from plain tailored travelling dresses.

It is no secret that some of our fellow townswomen can bring down a deer in the Adirondacks, or that some glory in their fishing or shooting prowess. Whether or not they would do so were it not for the charming little frocks provided especially for the purpose by the tailors no one can truly say.

Scotch tweeds, Irish homespun, heather and chevrot are the prescribed materials. Just now it is the fancy to trim such a frock with leather.

The flocks of color woven in the material usually suggests what shade to use in the waistcoat or collarband, unless such happens to be the tinge of tomato red, which occurs in brown mixtures, probably for our sins.

The new Cuban woman is vastly different from the old. She is beginning to dress well, and she takes her ideas from New York fashions.

There is one case on the Prado which seems to have become a meeting place. It is called Helades de Paris, which means Paris fashions. Here the young women gather together for fashions, and the place is suggestive of a Tremont street confectionery shop on Madison day.

As to the silk and flannel blouses there is little real novelty in their shape, and the enterprise of their wearers seems all centered in the four-in-hand necktie with floating handkerchief ends. There was never a moment's doubt as to the popularity of these strange violet, damson red, Robin grey and leonist green neckhandkerchiefs, with something pretty, but more often curiously bizarre figures embroidered on their esablike ends. A rich red tie of heavy faille francaise will show a pair of crossed fool's baubles in rainbow colors on one end and a knight's helmet with plumes on the other. A ship under full sail, and banquet of parti-colored flowers decorate another pair of ends, and with further varieties of quaintly eccentric patterns the autumn girl is proud and happy, and is busy moreover making a collection for wear throughout the winter.

WOMEN AND GLOVES.

The Fair ones Insist Upon Having Them Seven-Fifteen to Six Small.

An old draper, writing in Draper's Record (London) says that between the growing inclination on the part of the customer to bring back damaged gloves for exchange, and the evident intention of wholesale houses to keep returns within as narrow limits as heretofore, the unfortunate retailer seems likely to have a bad time of it. What with extended stock and closer cutting of prices, the department has undergone within recent years a decided change for the worse, and now frequently fails to return a fair profit, while it would generally not be able to bear the loss that more exchanges would bring upon it. Yet it must be admitted that a customer has a right to expect a good and wearable glove when she has paid an adequate price for it and it would be absolute folly to run the risk of losing her future patronage by sending her away dissatisfied and in a huff, rather than replace a pair of which one has ripped without showing marks of rough treatment. What can be done? It has been interesting to follow the methods adopted during recent years by our American cousins for dealing with these difficulties. They have in some cases given away glove-stretchers with every pair above a specified price, and may, probably, in other instances have added packets of chalk as well. They have been ready to mend gloves, and have advocated the instalment of a glove mender in the house by giving one of the young ladies a complete outfit and plenty of encouragement, but apparently without contemplating an increase of her salary. They have tried to promote home-mending by keeping for sale in the department glove-darners in the shape of small sticks with oval balls of different sizes—one for the thumb and the other for the fingers—at either end, and by providing at popular prices dainty haberdashery cases containing special needles, silk and buttons for glove repairs. But the people are not likely to do for themselves what they can get done for them, and so a policy of fitting on gloves before purchase was taken up, and is still fully, but not enthusiastically followed. The plan would work well enough if sweet reasonableness in all customers could be depended upon.

With all deference, it has always seemed to me that this matter is not taken at the right end. It is like commencing a subject in the middle to assume that women generally know how to treat properly a pair of new gloves. By all means let us exchange readily a pair of gloves that, either in the skin or sewing is faulty, but let us try to secure indulgent, and wheeling adaptation of a tender untried skin to the peculiarities of the hand that has to be put within it somehow. It is perhaps, too much to hope that women will ever be brought to wear gloves big enough for them. They will probably always insist upon getting their gloves one or two sizes smaller than they ought to be, in spite of the fact that easy-fitting gloves will wear twice as long and really look infinitely better than when, as a famous academician once said, the fingers are made to look like so many sausages. It would be safe to declare that not one woman in a hundred buys gloves large enough for her, and probably not another out of the remainder will be wise enough and careful enough to give the gloves a fair start in wear. We can fall back on a consular report for the calculation that a raw skin must pass 219 different manipulations before it becomes a glove and the 220 is often a strain like unto the first stages of a hearty meal in a box confectioner. Gloves stretchers and gratuitous powder afford little help, unless they are followed by muscular moderation, and the best way of preventing split gloves is to teach glove wearers what should or should not be done with new gloves. The best way of imparting this instruction would be by prettily printed and (preferably) illustrated leaflets, which might be given away with all purchases, and reprinted, as occasion offered in catalogues or other trade literature.

This suggestion is not put forward as a discovery, nor can it be considered a novelty, for some few years ago an 'inset' in the trade list of a leading Exeter firm

NEW STYLES IN FURNITURE.

Red the Great Color and Jacobean Ideas U-Ed.

Red running through the gamut of its rich dyes from Morris scarlet to the deepest mulberry, is the favorite color in house decoration this season. The steadily increasing popularity of mahogany in simple colonial forms has brought this color into fashion, and after long dalliance with French styles and a momentary fancy for dellt blues, a lavish use of gilding and white paint, the whole inclination of interior ornamentation is toward the older, darker and severer English modes. Nothing is more fashionable, for instance, than a library, a hall, or even an entire first floor, wholly decorated and furnished after the best Jacobean models left in England, Ireland and Scotland, and one of the charms of a King James room is that it can be done at as lavish or moderate cost as you please, and it is like nothing seen before in American homes.

In one New York house, only recently completed, there is a small Jacobean library that would be a faultless model for one desiring a similar room to copy. The walls hung in murrey colored leather and the woodwork is carved cedar; the floor is stained black, then waxed, highly polished, and on it laid red rugs. All the furniture and this motif in decoration come from an ancient manor house on the border between England and Scotland. Carved fumed oak, so called from being blacked by age and the smoke from slow peat fires, forms the presses that hold the books, and the wooden portion of the quaint, uncomfortable, long legged, low-backed, conversation chairs, the window stools and the settees. Murrey colored leather upholsters these, and in corners against the walls there are carved locked chests for holding valued manuscripts and family papers, and one long tapestry curtain hangs at each deeply recessed window.

The effect of the Jacobean room is in spite of its absence of mirrors, gilt and loose bric-a-brac, is wonderfully rich, stately and cosy, and in these houses where no such liberal expenditure could be indulged the decorators have pursued the King James style with wonderful cheapness and success. They copy the quaint furniture in carved black American walnut, or use an oak to which art has given the worn, dusky tone of great age. Burlap is laid on the walls and painted murrey red, and walnut is used for woodwork or door facings, etc., painted black. Where in any room this early sixteenth century idea of decoration is followed, the bric-a-brac is carefully hoarded up in open fronted cupboards, or shallow presses with half glass doors, and the very newest idea in dining rooms is a great plate sideboard.

When a dinner party is given nowadays, it is in order for the hostess to put on view all her beautiful plate, gold and silver, not so much for actual table use as for display and the ornamentation of her dining room. Now, the ordinary long, low Georgian, or colonial sideboard of mahogany is not well suited for this, so that some women who own splendid silver services, and whose husbands have won with their yachts and received from corporations beautiful gifts of plate, require special sideboards on which to exhibit their glittering hoards. For this purpose in black carved oak Jacobean plate boys, with shelves rising nearly to the ceiling, are being especially built and so placed in handsome dining rooms that the light from a many-branched candelabra can fall effectively on tiers of silver. One of the first plate boys introduced here was of richly carved fumed oak, a genuine King James or Charles piece, and its top shell nearly touched the dining room ceiling. Other plate boys are built of any simple wood and then entirely covered in ruby red velvet, against which the plate shows as effectively and certainly

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. House hold Linens. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Robinson & Cleaver BELFAST, IRELAND

at much less expense, than on the lolly oak shelves.

Sang de boue, or bull's blood red, is the approved tint, in which the drawing rooms are being done over, and the decorators say that it is the most becoming background possible for women of all colorings, and especially when in evening dress. It appears that in drawing-room decoration, as in the feminine wardrobe, fabrics go in and out of fashion about every five years, and now, after the brocades and damasks of the French influence velvet has come to its own again. It is used as a wall hanging, for portieres and curtains, not draped but hanging straight, arras fashion. Modern silk velvet is not approved; Venetian, Utrecht and Flanders velvet are the kinds employed for hangings and upholstery, and just now, no matter if your hall is colonial, your library Jacobean, and your dining room of another period, your drawing room must not be in any particular out-and-dried fashion. One of the most important features is its chairs, that can be chosen from every period in history if you choose, provided they are all graceful and ornamental.

In the newly-done-over reception salons there is sure to be a carved cedar gourd chair, inlaid with very pink pearl and bits of coral, and softened in its curved seat by a plump pillow covered with Venetian velvet and having heavy gold tassels at its four corners. On either side the drawing-room fireplace are also inevitably a pair of lofty backed court chairs. These have gilded frames, perfectly straight, solid wood backs, down the centre of which a strip of red velvet is fastened, velvet seats, and are occupied usually by the hostess and her most honored feminine guest. A deep Dutch easy chair is another one of the new-comers in the American drawing room, and a feature now noticeable is the increasing number of footstools. Women are just beginning to learn again not only that against a crimson velvet cushion their slender, delicately slippered feet show to better advantage, but that there is no better means of resting tired feet than by the use of a footstool and also there is no wiser precaution, when weary or under the weather, for escaping colds and neuralgia than by propping the feet upon a cushion.

The upholsterers are making foot rests of many shapes and materials, stuffing them with feathers, or a fire hair, and covering them with bits of handsome tapestry, bullion embroidered velvet or self-mole skin, doeskin and leather, and hanging tassels at their corners, until they have become essential ornaments in any well-decorated living room.

Gold seekers on the Yukon have been made familiar with many old makashits for the ordinary conveniences of civilized life. A Klondike miner who recently returned from that inhospitable region gave a humorous account of one of these devices.

TO THE DEAR.—A rich lady, sister of her husband and niece the End by Dr. Robinson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Ninth Avenue, New York.

shop as much as on his little stranger friends outside. WEATHER LORE. Superstitious and plays at its Meaning of Various Signs. Thunder on Sunday is considered by the weather wise the sign of the death of a great man; on Monday, the death of a woman; on Tuesday, it in early summer, it foretells an abundance of grain; on Wednesday, warfare is threatened; on Thursday, an abundance of sheep and corn, the farmer may reckon upon; on Friday, some great man will be murdered; on Saturday, a general pestilence and great mortality. Friday's weather shows what may be expected on the following Sunday—that is, if it rains on Friday noon, then it will rain on Sunday, but if Friday be clear, then Sunday will be fine as well. The twelve days immediately following Christmas denote the weather for the coming twelve months, one day for a month. The day of the month the first snowstorm appears indicates the number of snowstorms the winter will bring. For example, the first snowstorm comes on November 29—look out for twenty-nine storms. There is an old saying—which originated perhaps for the benefit of school children—that there is only one Saturday in the year without sun during some portion of the day. A gale, moderating at sunset, will increase before midnight, but if it moderates after midnight the weather will improve. No weather is ill, If the wind is still. If the full moon shall rise red expect wind. The sharper the blast the sooner tis past. A light yellow sky at sunset presages wind. When you see Northern lights you may expect cold weather. Hazy weather is thought to prognosticate frost in winter; snow in spring; fair weather in summer and rain in autumn. Storms that clear in the night will be followed by a rainstorm. Three foggy mornings will surely be followed by a rainstorm. If the ice on the tree melts and runs off rain will come next; while if the wind creeps off the ice snow follows. When the leaves of trees show their under side there will be rain. When the perfume of flowers or the odor of fruit is unusually noticed rain may be expected. When the sky is full of stars expect rain. If the cat washes herself calmly and smoothly the weather will be fair. If she washes against the grain take your mackintosh. If she lies with her back to the fire there will be a squall. Cats with their tails up and hair apparently electrified indicate approaching wind. If pigs are restless there will be windy weather. The direction in which a loon flies in the morning will be the direction of the wind the next day. Magpies flying three or four together and uttering harsh cries predict windy weather. Flocks of crows signify a cold winter. When the owl nests look out for a storm. When the swallow flies low rain will come soon; when they fly high expect fine weather. If the rooster crows at night he will "get up with a wet head." Six weeks from the time the first katydid is heard there will be frost. A New Form of Kite. Scientific kite-flying has made great progress in recent years. The Companion has frequently noted the achievements at the Blue Hill Observatory in Milton, Massachusetts. Mr. G. A. Frisvath, of Philadelphia, has borrowed an idea from the balloon fly, or 'telltale,' used on ships to show the direction of the wind, and has constructed a kite consisting of three cones, one within the other. The mouth of each cone consists of a bamboo circle, to which the silk bag is fastened. The circles in the experimental kite are 12, 18, and 24 inches in diameter, and the cones are 24, 36 and 42 inches in length each, with a two-inch outlet at the end. A little protuberance at the bottom of the outer bamboo hoop shows where a small lump of lead ballast is attached. The weight of the entire construction is seven ounces. The kite at a height of 1000 feet registered a pull of 16 pounds. It seems to be an easy form of kite for boys and amateurs to construct. No Smoke and no Flash. The new French rapid fire gun, invented by Colonel Humbert, is said to make no flash when fired with smokeless powder. The location of such a gun, concealed in grass or shrubbery, would be completely undiscernable to an enemy. Sold was Found. In the discovery of so wonderful a remedy as Nerviline—nerve pain cure. No remedy in the market affords such prompt relief for toothache, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Its action is cramps, colic, &c., is simply marvellous.

THE CASCADE SNAKES. TREE A MAN WHO WAS SOAKING OUT HIS SYSTEM.

Filled the Butt of the Tree With Venom Until It Swelled as a Split-Nature Rescued Him From a Perilous Situation—The Recollection Drives him to Drink.

A rather rapid young man who gave his name as Antoine Jondray, and who said he was a descendant of a Frenchman who was present when gold was discovered at Sutters mill, and who many years ago settled somewhere along the Yamima river was making himself very numerous and conspicuous about the north end of town yesterday.

Late in the afternoon he struck a 'blend which seemed to suit him, and was in high good humor, and favored a circle of friends with a most remarkable snake story, as an anecdote of his stay in the Cascades.

The spring he visited is on Beaver creek and he lodged with a settler near by. This settler said there were no rattlesnakes in Beaver creek but there was plenty of them a few miles away in a rocky gorge on Elk creek, a branch of Beaver creek.

As soon as he got fairly into the canyon the steep slope which formed the bank of the creek was covered with loose stones, mingled with huge boulders and he had gone only a short distance when he found a number of large, vicious-looking rattlers, sunning themselves on the rocks.

The sight of this host of snakes moving down on him convinced him that his only chance for escape lay in flight, and he started at the top of his speed for a large boulder a few rods distant. He could see snakes coming from all directions, and glancing over his shoulder, saw that the main army was rapidly overhauling him, and that unless he could at once bound reach a piece of safety on the boulder he was a goner.

Things were beginning to look interesting for the prisoner in the tree. He began to feel nervous and scared, and a sort of horrible, musky aroma which rose from the enraged reptiles made him deathly sick.

fects of the venom which had been injected into it from the fangs of the rattlers, and the swelling kept increasing rapidly till it extended to the branches. Soon the trunk burst open, with a report like that of a rifle, and then the limbs began to split, and he saw that in a short time his refuge would be nothing but a mass of kindling wood.

The snakes still swarmed around and appeared to be more enraged than at the start, and Mr. Jondray had about made up his mind that he would have to spend the night on the rock, and perhaps the brief remainder of his existence, when a thunder-storm came up.

After the storm had raged for an hour or so, and night was approaching, a chilly breeze came down from the summit of the mountains and the rain changed to hail. The hailstones were as large as goose eggs and Mr. Jondray gave himself up for lost.

A quick change came on the boy's face, but it was not the look of the old gentleman had anticipated.

The old gentleman, with a pained look on his face, rose from the bench and started from home. He was reflecting sadly on how things have changed since he was a boy.

It was the little cousin's turn to watch the baby. He was a small boy, with bare feet and bright black eyes.

The game of tag had been exciting and he had left it with evident reluctance. But the elder sister, who was captain of the guard, had commanded and he had obeyed. He was watching the other children now with eagerness in his eyes.

The old gentleman, who had nothing to do but sit on the bench in the sun, saw that the small boy was a martyr to duty and all his philanthropic feeling was roused. He remembered his own boyhood and thought how grateful he would have been

to the man who had been injected into it from the fangs of the rattlers, and the swelling kept increasing rapidly till it extended to the branches.

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from sick rheum."

"When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure. "After 25 years of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

When he was busy about some unwelcome task, some older person had volunteered to take his place. He determined to watch the baby himself and he anticipated with pleasure the look of gratitude which would light up the boy's face when he told him to go and play tag with his friends.

The boy came, standing with one great toe boring a hole in the gravel.

"Run along and play with the other children," said the old gentleman. "I will take care of the baby while you are gone."

"Say," said the small boy, "you must think I don't read the newspapers. You must think I never seen about Charley Ross, Baby Clarke and that Lappin kid. Say, you can't work me just because your whiskers are white. I'm watchin' this baby, and you don't get no chance to kidnap her neither."

MAN'S PHYSICAL DEFECTS. Uneven Shoulders, Arms, Legs and Hips are Numerous.

A man can be measured to the best advantage, tailors say, away from a glass. Standing before a mirror he is almost certain to throw out his chest, if he does not habitually carry it so, and take an attitude that he would like to have, rather than the one he commonly holds; whereas the tailor wants him as the portrait painter wants his subject, in his natural pose and manner. With the man in that attitude, the tailor can bring his art to bear—if that is required—in the overcoming of any physical defect, and produce clothes that will give the best attainable effect upon the figure, as they will be actually worn.

The physical defect most common in man is unevenness of the shoulders. One shoulder is bigger than the other, and this is a defect often encountered, though the difference in the height may not be so great as to be noticeable, except by one accustomed to take note of such things. This is a defect that is easily overcome by the tailor, when it exists in a comparatively moderate degree. It is done sometimes simply by cutting the coat to fit on each shoulder, the perfect fitting coat carrying with it the idea and the appearance of symmetry. Sometimes, and this is commonly done in cases of more pronounced difference, symmetry is attained by the familiar method of building up or padding the lower shoulder extends down on that side of the body, so that sometimes it is necessary below the arm to cut that side of the coat shorter. Next to unevenness of the shoulders, round shoulders are perhaps the commonest defect.

A very common thing is unevenness of the hips. A difference of half an inch here would not be at all remarkable; it is some times much more. If a man finds one leg of his trousers—the leg as he knows, being alike in length—touching the ground, while the other clears it, he may reasonably consider that there is a difference somewhere in his legs. It may be that one leg is longer than the other, but it is more probable that one hip is higher than the other, or one leg fuller, so that it takes

up the trousers more and thus gradually gradually raises the bottom more. It would be a common thing if men were seen with their waistcoat off to find suspenders set at uneven heights. The variation in the suspenders might be required, to be sure, by a difference in the shoulders, and not in the legs.

It is common to find men's arms of different lengths. The difference may be so slight as to require no special attention in the making of their clothes, but it is frequently necessary to make the coat sleeves of different lengths.

The fact appears to be that there are not many perfect men, that is, men of perfect harmony of development and perfect symmetry of proportions, in which respect man is like all things in nature, like horses for instance, and trees; but in the greater number of men these defects are within such limits that they might be described as variations rather than as substantial defects.

IBOLLENE CHASTISED.

An Incident Which Illustrates the Arrogance of Austrian Officers.

It is to be hoped that an incident which has just occurred at Komorn, in Hungary, may at length lead to the adoption by the authorities of some adequate measure for the protection of civilians from dangerous manifestations of that overweening arrogance which is but too frequent a characteristic of young officers in this country as well as in Germany, says a Vienna correspondent of the London Times. As the latest victim is a man of title and the son of a Hungarian State official of high rank, Baron Fiath, the Obergesayer or lord lieutenant of the Stuhlweissenburg Comitatus, it is not improbable that, at least in this particular instance, the result of the inquiry instituted by the military authorities may be somewhat more satisfactory than it has been in previous cases, when only members of the middle and lower classes were concerned.

While on his way to Vienna with his father, Baron Nicholas Fiath, a young man of 20, took advantage of the few minutes' stay made by the train at Komorn to go into the restaurant to buy cigarettes. There an officer, one or two who sat at a table with a number of women, said to him: 'Remove your hat, or I will knock it off your head.' Baron Fiath replied that he was in a public place, in which it was not customary to uncover. The officer then carried out his threat and the Baron retorted by administering a vigorous cuff on the ear, which made his assailant stagger.

Thereupon the second officer drew his sword and attacked Baron Fiath. The latter, more fortunate than other civilians in similar circumstances, succeeded in defending himself with a chair, and made his way back to the railway carriage. He afterward returned to the restaurant, accompanied by his father, when cards were exchanged as a preliminary to two duels, which were fought yesterday evening with sabres. It is a source of legitimate satisfaction to know that Baron Fiath escaped unharmed, while one of his aggressors was rather severely wounded. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of these encounters is that, as in the present instance, an officer should consider it consistent with his honor as a soldier to draw his sword upon an unarmed citizen.

SMILELESS WOMEN.

Nervousness, Indigestion and General Debility Have Driven Away the Sunshine, but South American Nervine Brings Back the Heart Gladness.

Mrs. D. A. Grey, of Waterford, says: "For a number of years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and general debility, and many times was unable to attend to my household duties. I was treated by all the doctors in the town and got no permanent relief. I read of a cure by South American Nervine which seemed to exactly fit my case. I procured one bottle and got great relief, and six bottles cured me absolutely. It certainly has not an equal." Sold by E. C. Brown.

With Tragic Emphasis.

Some people can hold a conversation in pantomime, and some cannot. Of the latter class is an army nurse, recently returned from Cuba, who, says the Washington Post, vows that she will never again go to a country whose language she does not understand.

It was before hostilities had come to a definite end that she was startled one day by the unexpected visit of her Cuban laundress. The woman was intensely excited. Anxiety sat on her brow, and sorrow dwelt in her eyes. She gesticulated and she talked.

The nurse knew not a word of what she said, but the pantomime filled her with terror. The Cuban's hands seemed to speak of an attack on the hospital—of wounded men butchered and nurses cut to ribbons. The nurse was frantic. She must know the worst.

In the hospital was an officer very ill with typhoid fever. She knew he understood Spanish. Only in a matter of life and death would she disturb him, but this was obviously a matter of life or death.

She led the Cuban woman to his bedside, and there the story was repeated. The officer listened intently. The nurse held her breath. The Cuban ceased. The sick man turned his head on the pillows.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'What is silent influence?' 'Cutting down a man's salary instead of asking him to resign.'

'She says her husband talks when he's asleep.'

'I think that must be a mistake. He talks when she's asleep.'

'Was your daughter popular at the summer resorts, Mrs. Whopper?'

'Popular? She had to make a card catalogue of her marriage proposals.'

'Sergeant Skinner is a student of Dante.'

'What makes you think so?'

'He tacked a card over the door of the last optimist the police raided that bore this line: 'Abandon dope all ye that enter here.''

'Martha, I think we will save money by buying an ice-chest.'

'Why, Jonas?'

'I notice that every time you cool a watermelon in Smith's ice-chest you give them half.'

Watts—It seems funny to read of applicants for military service in China being examined in stone slinging.

Potts—Well, they get into the civil service here often on account of proficiency in mud slinging.

'A man who officiates as judge should be perfectly fair minded, shouldn't he?'

'Of course.'

'Well, we've got to quit letting in so much evidence for the defence. The first thing I know I'll find myself getting prejudiced in the prisoner's favor.'

'I said the gruff old merchant to the young man who wanted to go away for a week, 'have worked here for 22 years without a vacation.'

'Yes, I know it. That's why I want to get away. But for the horrible example you present I might be willing to work on and on without a—'

Let it suffice to say that he got his vacation.

ONLY NATURAL CURE

For all Disorders of the Digestive Functions is Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

Most Medical men know that the pineapple contains a quantity of vegetable pepsin. This product is invaluable, because it exerts a wonderful power in the digestion of all kinds of food. Science has now consolidated this grand essence into tablets, and thus, within reach of everyone, is a veritable panacea for all stomach ills.

Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets are the most important advance for the prevention and cure of sickness in the last thousand years. A good digestion is the basis of health, and all may have it by the faithful use of these marvellous tablets. Box of 60 Tablets 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Truth Above All Things.

The person who goes against his own interest by the rigidity of his devotion to truth sometimes finds that he has served his interest in that very way. An English paper tells this story:

A boy once applied at a store for work. We don't like lazy boys here,' said the manager. 'Are you fond of work?'

'No, sir,' responded the boy, looking the other straight in the face.

'Oh, you're not, are you? Well, we want a boy that is.'

'There ain't any,' said the boy, decidedly.

'Oh, yes, there are. We have had over half a dozen of that kind here this morning to take the place we have.'

'How do you know they are?' asked the boy.

'They told me so.'

'So could I, but I'm not a liar.'

And the lad said it with such an air of convincing energy that he was engaged at once.

An Extreme Case.

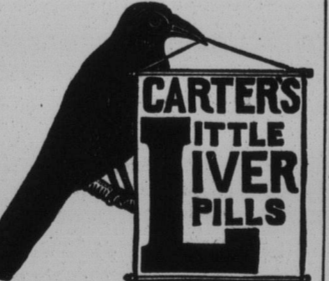
'I think my uncle Jerry,' said Aunt Mehitabel, 'was the contraryest man I ever see. I remember of his pickin' up a hot p'tater once when he was eatin' dinner, an there wasn't no company, at the house, neither. An' what do you s'pose he done with it?'

'Threw it at somebody?' conjectured one of the listeners.

'No. He held it in his hand till it blistered him.'

'What did he do that for?'

'Cause anybody else would 'a' dropped it.'



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

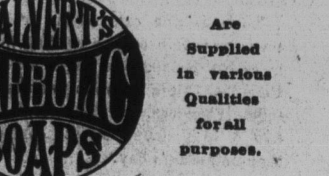
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manufacturers.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'What is silent influence?' 'Cutting down man's salary instead of asking him to resign.'

The New Doctor.

It was settled in solemn council among the matrons of Eastwood that Dr. John Mortlake ought to marry. No Doctor could get on without a wife.

necessity of answering the mute interrogation by the sound of an approaching wheel. The vehicle was a country gig belonging to a well-to-do farmer of Eastwood, who pulled up in surprise at perceiving the pair standing in the pouring rain.

'Yes; I was told he was,' was the answer 'See; he is behind you now!' The young girl turned, and beheld the Doctor, who had unexpectedly emerged from the trees.

Seal Brand Coffee

Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.

Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

NIY NATURAL CURE

For all Disorders of the Digestive Functions is Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

Most Medical men know that the pineapple contains a quantity of vegetable pepsin. This product is invaluable, because it exerts a wonderful power in the digestion of all kinds of food.

Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets are most important advance for the prevention and cure of sickness in the last twenty years.

Thus the new Doctor became a constant guest. No event occurred but his aid or advice was needed, certainly giving ground for Eastwood gossip, until a circumstance happened which seemed to bring matter to a climax.

One July afternoon, while a thunder-storm, which for days had been threatening was raging with considerable violence over Eastwood, John Mortlake, returning at speed from a distant patient, through the heavy rain, beheld Laura Hepworth standing for shelter beneath an oak that extended its magnificent branches like a canopy over the road.

She had remembered her peril; she had recognized his affection, and came to his strong heart for protection. With a strange alarm on his face, the doctor rose.

Mr. Hepworth had used harder words yet; then, exclaiming, 'By Heaven, John Mortlake, I'll ruin you for this!' had flung out of the room.

But the street-door had banged, and, with a groan, the Doctor seemed to cover his face with his hands, and sob like a woman, fearing detection, had quietly stolen away.

'It is he who will win her—who will call her his,' he groaned, 'and it is right. But to me it is death.'

Words of passion were on his lips when Laura, moving quickly to him, placed her hand on his arm.

'Hush! papa,' she whispered, 'I know Mr. Mortlake's reason, and forgive him all! See!'

'We were married at noon, and after dodging the customary rice and old shoes, left for the station. We had barely time to catch our train, and I rushed up to the ticket window at once. Then, once more we had to run the gauntlet of friends, who thought it smart to throw rice down one's collar and have it sift down into one's shoes.'

The Good Work is Quickly and Surely Begun.

Paine's Celery Compound is Always Victorious Over the Most Stubborn Diseases.

Some medicines require weeks of use before sufferers can realize any promising results, and the great majority of patients are worthless, and in many cases positively dangerous to use.

'This indeed was no ordinary event. Fatti had been booked for the first time was travelling with me. 'That was the last straw, and I snapped out for him to mind his own business.'

(and for one night only) in Marseilles ten days before the arrival of the Kearsarge, and all the seats to the utmost limit of the opera house had been sold.

'Mrs. Morse, the vice-consul, and myself went to see the Mayor, a personal friend, to try and procure a seat for Dewey in the Mayor's box.

A curious illustration of the advance of the cutter's art is shown nowadays in the making of clothes for hunchback men.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache.

Packard's Special Leather Dressings. NEVER PUT A DRESSING ON THE MARKET UNTIL WE HAVE TESTED IT AND FOUND IT TO BE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER.

A TERRIBLE TIME! A Port Hope Lady Undergoes a trying experience, from which she is at last freed by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Laxative Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia.

