

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 20, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

JAIL IMPROVEMENTS.

The Municipal Council Take Action Speeches Which Occasion Criticism.

The Municipal Council decided on Tuesday to build an extension to the present county jail. The step taken is one in the right direction and will meet with the universal approval. Before the vote was taken recommending the undertaking, a lengthy debate took place. Those in opposition to the construction of a new building took the ground that nothing should be done until the council provided ways and means for the extension and that the city should wait until proper authority was secured from the legislature for the issue of bonds.

These opinions were conscientiously and honestly expressed, but it is gratifying that they did not prevail. If the improvements are necessary, and all but one in opposition granted that they were, there should be no delay. If the money is not on hand at the present time, it is certain that it will be when required, and the putting off of going on with the work on the grounds of not having the finances just at present on hand, would be but shirking the business and delaying that which should be promptly attended to by the council.

The speeches delivered by some of the councillors on Tuesday contained some interesting remarks. These were not at all in good taste and would have been better omitted. One gentleman who spoke strongly in favor of the motion is reported to have said that though he strongly recommended that the extension to the jail be contracted for, he had no sympathy with certain hysterical demands for better jail accommodation. The latter part is uncalled for, or if the councillor so wished to express himself he should have made himself a little more clear in his statement and told what some of these hysterical demands were. The public so far is perfectly unaware of any such demands having been made. If the advocating of these jail improvements by certain of our citizens and the W. C. T. U. are to be called hysterical demands the more the city has of them the better. It is all very well for a councillor, when he finds that the body of which he is a member, is not awake to certain reforms until those reforms are brought to the council attention, by publicly expressed opinions, to find fault with the advocates, but such fault finding is uncalled for and will hardly meet with any sympathy. The jail would remain as it is now and perhaps for years to come, if somebody had not set the ball rolling and councillors or anybody else in authority may try as much as they like in endeavoring to excuse themselves, and throw insinuation abroad that some people are hysterical, but it won't work, and people cannot so easily have dust thrown in their eyes to blind them of the fact that it were demands call them hysterical or anything else that have brought about the present council's recommendation of building a jail extension.

That the jail at the present time is not what it should be, that it does not reflect credit on the city, the Municipal Council when their attention was called to it had to admit, with the result that most necessary changes will now be brought about. Let the Council then give full credit to those to whom credit is due, and grant the advocates of the reform their just and rightful reward.

Councillor Christie expressed the opinion that the jail was plenty good enough as it is. It was this same councillor who some time ago so vigorously opposed the Library scheme. Some people may be led to believe that Dr. Christie is not a very strong advocate of reforms. He is a Conservative in politics, but he seems to be no less a conservative in other lines. He is fully entitled to his opinions, but happily even Dr. Christie's opinions do not always prevail.

The member for Lansdowne ward ideas might be said to represent that class of people who think that the present jail as it exist is the best for the criminal, but most persons think that a jail where the prisoner is made to work and wash himself will

not be so suitable to the jail bird and much more suitable to public ideas as to treating those who are unfortunate enough to become temporary residents of the place.

However the jail is to be improved and extended and the public at large feel that the council have taken no wrong step, but on the other hand a proceeding that should have been undertaken long before this. Messrs Tilley and Clarke, who have the contract, are good reliable men and will no doubt do their work well.

Enjoying Their Vacation.

A select party consisting of mysterious Billy Smith, the pugilist, Paddy Fenton on the same line of business and another Smith well known about town as an ingenious schemer furnished some amusement to a party of men, women and children on Sydney street a few days ago. A poor half witted creature was passing them with a bicycle tire which had seen its best days and needed mending in the worst way—it indeed mending would have been of any use. The ready offer of the trio to do the job was accepted and then the fun began. A piece of leather was obtained at a store near by and after infinite trouble was bound upon the tire. All the pump was used but in spite of all their assumed efforts the tire remained about as flabby as usual. Then a happy thought struck one of the party and he suggested it to the simple girl who eagerly sought the shop of a tinsmith near at hand to have the leather soldered on the tire.

Why Not Wake Up.

Mr. Carnegie has announced that he has yet very many several millions to give away. What's the matter with St. John? Isn't it time that some of the City Fathers were getting their eyes opened. If good things are going, this city might just as well as not get its share. There is no telling what may be had for the asking. A few thousands would go very well in helping to provide the place with a library suitable to its size. Mr. Carnegie's conditions attached to his gifts are not exorbitant and the citizens will approve of any action of the council at all reasonable that will induce the millionaire to come to our aid. Halifax is on the move and will probably receive Mr. Carnegie's beneficial consideration. Surely St. John is not going to be outdone by Halifax.

In a Man's Memory.

It seems that Mr Solomon has not been the only one upon whom the freedom of the city has been conferred. History tells us that years ago the Earl of Sheffield was similarly honored. The latter had also the distinction of having a street called after him. Perhaps Mr Solomon requested that in his case this be not done. If Solomon street brings no more credit to a man's name than Sheffield street has, Mr Solomon may well wish to not wanting his memory perpetuated in this way. If the Earl of Sheffield could step around now he would find some interesting, if not creditable history written in the police court records regarding the street that bears his name.

His Lordship was a good man but his memory has in this case not been handed down in a goodly manner. Solomon street might have done better but precedent was against it.

Our Happy Lot.

While reports have continued to come in all week of excessive hot weather throughout Canada and the States, people in St. John sit down and smile and congratulate themselves on their happy lot. Some persons don't know how really well off they are.

Preparing the Address.

St. John is making preparation for presenting an address to His Excellency the Governor or General on his coming visit. If this has got to be done, why not get out some old address and patch it up and save trouble. His Excellency won't mind a bit: This address business has got to be gone through as a matter of form. There is blue tape in welcoming a distinguished guest just like in other things.

TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Last Monday's Cyclone—Some Kinds of Politics—Distinguished Visitors Coming.

The electrical storm which passed over the city last Monday was about the nearest approach to a cyclone, as cyclones are known, as ever visited this city. For a time the streets presented a regular running torrent. It was a bad time of day to be out. Some of the damage done was of a peculiar nature. On Wentworth street the stones that paved the gutters were lifted from their beds and washed down to the bottom of the hill. A load of coal which had been deposited on the corner of Pitt and Orange streets disappeared as rapidly as it was dumped there. In its flight it brought up at the corner of Duke and Pitt and crowds gathered after the storm watching the colored population of that district gather up the remains. It was an amusing sight: All the old scuttles and baskets to be found in the neighborhood were brought into play, not to mention other peculiar articles of carriage. The shirt waist was not very much in evidence nor dress suits but the happy negro cared little for appearance when such a bananza was on hand. The picture sometimes presented at a picnic was tame in comparison. Everyone was happy and broader smiles are seldom seen. Verily it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Some party is minus a load of coal by the storm, but many hearts have been made happy. Laundry on Duke street should be cheaper now. Here was a case where some poor people got their harvest on the coal question.

Some Kinds of Politics.

Politics in York County have assumed an interesting stage. In this noble County there is to be a bye-election for the Dominion House, strictly run on purity principles. Probably the purity will be established more in words than actions. Without speaking disparagingly of York it will be unique to see an election run or

attempted to be run without corruption. Dr. McLeod and Mr. Gibson are the candidates. The Frederickton Gleaner, which at the last election strongly supported Dr. McLeod just as strongly opposed the step taken by that gentleman and some of his friends in unseating Mr. Gibson. However if the newspaper reports are to be believed at the convention which nominated Dr. McLeod for this election and which was unanimous the Editor and proprietor of the Gleaner was present. There seems to be a little inconsistency somewhere. It would seem that while the Gleaner is opposed to Dr. McLeod's nomination, the editor and proprietor of that paper favors it and people are now wondering whether the Gleaner or its owner is going to come out on top. Up to the time this article was written the paper appears to be sailing along on neutral waters.

Distinguished Visitors.

On Monday the Governor General and party will arrive in St. John and will receive a warm welcome from the city of the Loyalists. The programme that has been arranged for the visit is a good one. In the morning His Excellency will receive an address at the Court House, after which the party will view the turning out of the fire brigade. In the afternoon the visitors will be driven about the city and visit interesting points. In the evening a reception will be held at the Court House Tuesday morning a trip about the harbor will conclude the programme. It is the first visit of their Excellencies to St. John and they will no doubt carry away with them most favorable recollections of the Liverpool of America. They will see here a lively built City and one that will compare favorably in comparison to its size with any in Canada. A loyal people waits to welcome them and may their visit be an enjoyable one.

At the Bay Shore.

If this afternoon proves fine Bay Shore should prove quite an attractive spot. The 62nd band will give one of their delightful open air concerts at that spot and pleasure seekers will no doubt enjoy themselves. The shore is extremely well patronized this summer, the best of order is maintained and no better place can be found in which to spend a pleasant time.

Mr. Sage's Visit.

Russell Sage the New York millionaire comes to St. John in the interest of the Shore Line railway, a railway of which he is the chief owner. It is to be hoped that Mr. Sage gets onto the fact that the Shore Line railway is not a sure line railway.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—Journey's end in Lover's meeting. What is going on in the religious world.
- PAGE 3.—Talk of the theatre—The doing of many stage favorites—With the musicians.
- PAGE 4.—Editorials on timely subjects—Some very pretty poems—A summary of what has been going on in the world the past week.
- PAGE 5.—Doings in the social world—Society items from many places in this province and Nova Scotia.
- PAGE 6.—Everyone should read the article Marriage Failures, written by a clever author. Choice miscellaneous clippings.
- PAGE 10.—The first instalment of the new serial story entitled "Brother of a Lover."
- PAGE 11.—In the world of fashion many bright hints for this season of the year.
- PAGE 12.—"Topsy and I" a short story. Births marriages and deaths.



Who Looks Like This Man?

Too Zealous "Tiger."
Beale says in his reminiscences
the Light of Other Days, that a
staff, named Tiger, permanently
the dog, in his estimation, as a
apparatus at sea.
at Brighton together, and I
g off a boat at some distance
more. Tiger was watching pro-
with unusual interest, and when I
sprang in after me. I rose from
and the dog seized me very
he neck.
with his fore paws on my should-
t me under water. We had a
angle. The more I fought the
etic he became, although he
ked me savagely.
d at last to reach the boat, and
myself by the gunwale. We
o terms. Tiger, finding that
danger, as he supposed, left
difficulty was at an end.

Saw Nothing in it.
ose matter of fact persons who
idly utilitarian test to every-
king one day at a "puzzle
illustrated paper, the puzzle
d the man" cunningly hidden
in some unsuspected part of
anything worth looking at in
he said.
asked a friend, pointing
sided figure. "That's the man,"
him," he replied, still puzzled.

Barrundia case so far as it
and C are wrong. The cap-
p must surrender the accus-
proof that he is the person
correct. The accused is not
rection of our flag except in
in a foreign port our mere
are subject to local law, not
d the foreign country has a
its laws over its own sub-
on American vessels in its
waters.

RAILROADS.
ADIAN
PACIFIC
R TRAIN SERVICE.
om St. John.
Monday, June 10th, 1901.
(Standard Time)
daily except Sunday.
PARTIES.
Flying Yankee, for Bangor,
and Boston, connecting for
cton, St. Andrew, St. Stephen,
Woodstock and points North-
ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.
an Express, to Wolford.
an express, Wednesdays and
ys only, to Wolford.
an Express to Wolford.
Short Line Express, connect-
Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto,
n, Buffalo and Chicago, and
Imperial Limited" for Win-
Vancouver. Connects for
nton.
first and second class coaches to
r St. John to Lewis (opposite
Meganic.
per for Boston, St. John to
Express, first and second class
passengers for Bangor, Portland
ston. Train stops at Grand
verbank, Ballentine, Westfield
ndley and Wolford. Connects
Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock &
rows after July 1st) Boston
Sleeper of Montreal Express to
this train at McAdam Jc.
on Express.
s only, accommodation, mak-
ors as far as Wolford.
RIVALRY.
from Lingley, on Express.
Express.
Express.
from Wolford.
Express, Wednesday and
only from Wolford.
from Wolford.
Express.
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treal.
A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A., C. P. E.
St. John N. B.

onial Railway
DAY June 10th, 1901, train
ays excepted) as follows:—
LEAVE ST. JOHN
Hampton.....5.30
nd Campbellton.....7.00
n Chene, Halifax an.....11.00
.....11.40
.....12.30
Hampton.....13.45
d Montreal.....15.35
liffa and Sydney.....22.45
n and Point du Chene.....23.00

RRIVE AT ST. JOHN
nd Sydney.....6.00
Hampton.....7.15
.....8.45
and Quebec.....11.50
nd Pictou.....17.00
.....18.35
Hampton.....21.60
n and Point du Chene and Moncton.....24.15

y Eastern Standard time
on.
D. J. FOTLINGER,
Gen. Manager
1901.
ILL, C. T. A.,
N. B.

Journey's End in Lover's Meeting.

'It is nonsense, Rob; you are imagining yourself in love and wanting to get married just when you are getting a start in business and need all the capital you can command. You shouldn't have your mind taken up with love and such things at a time like this. Just wait a few years and you will find that I am right,' and the old man brushed a fly from his grey beard.

'But, grandfather, I am not the only one to be considered; there is Laura, she loves me and I don't care for business or anything if I have to give her up,' the young man said, impetuously.

'Tut, tut, my boy! Love is all right in story books, but in every day life there is not much of it; and Laura will get over it, don't you fear.'

'You were married.'

'Yes, yes; because your grandmother was a home body, and was necessary to my comfort. She wanted a home and I wanted a housekeeper, and we understood each other and never regretted our compact; and we were as happy together as though we had wasted a lot of nonsense and time over love.'

The young man looked surprised.

'There's your train, Bob; think it over and I hope you won't make a young fool of yourself. Good-by; take good care of yourself and write to the old man often,' and there was a business in his voice.

The young man took the old man's hand in a warm clasp.

'You be careful getting in and out of the trains, grandfather; I don't like to see you traveling alone.' Then he jumped into his car, and the old man was left alone on the platform of the dingy little country station.

'A beastly place to have to wait at,' he muttered as he limped into the waiting-room.

'Beg pardon, madam,' he exclaimed, as he bumped against a little old lady who was turning away from the window of the ticket office. 'I hope I didn't hurt you. I am not as nimble as I was fifty years ago; and this foot of mine will turn sometimes.'

'Fifty years makes a difference in people,' the old lady answered in a low, sweet voice, and a smile lit up the wrinkled face under the frame of white hair.

'I can't get along as fast myself as I did at one time.' Then she sat down inside of one of the windows, and, opening an old-fashioned traveling bag, took out her knitting, while the old man went out and walked up and down the platform.

But there was nothing to see there, excepting the green fields of corn on the other side of the tracks and the country town half a mile away.

After a while he came in and sat down beside the old lady, resting his gold-headed cane on the iron rods separating the seats.

'Rather tiresome waiting here,' he said.

'Are you going far?'

'Just to Downchester. I have been for some time with my daughter, but she is having some other visitors and said I had better go and stay with my son a while.' A sigh escaped her and an anxious look came into the faded blue eyes.

'Not a very pleasant prospect?' the old man queried, looking at her intently.

The old lady started.

'Oh, I didn't mean anything!' she exclaimed. 'They are kind to me. I spend part of my time at one place and part at the other. Yes, they are kind to me. Have you a family?'

'A daughter and a son, and a grandson whose parents are dead; he went by the last train. It seems to me there is something about you which seems familiar. I must have met you somewhere before, but I can't think where?' the old man said.

'I am Mrs. Bowman, and you—you—can't be Teddy—Tom Marsden?' she exclaimed suddenly dropping the knitting into her lap; her face flushed and she glanced up in an embarrassed way.

'I must be the person, but they call me colonel now, and you must be Jane, for no one ever called me Teddy except mother and you.' The old man suddenly sprang to his feet and looked down at her.

'Well, well, who would have thought it! Then he limped over and looked out of the opposite window; but presently he came back and set down again.

'This is rather a dreary place to wait so long; not much accommodation at these country stations, he said in a constrained tone.

'It is tiresome and I always dislike the long wait here, so I usually bring some work with me to help pass the time,' she

answered glancing down at her knitting.

The old man was silent for a few minutes as he watched the bright needles go back and forth.

'Do you remember that green silk purse you made for me once?' he asked.

'Haven't you forgotten that?' she laughed.

'No, I haven't, and the first time I used it was the day we went to the picnic at Worm's Wood, and—' he suddenly stopped in a confused way.

The old lady's face grew scarlet.

'You remember things well; that was about—' she paused a moment—'fifty three years or more ago.'

'It is a good thing to have a good memory in some ways, but there are things that are better forgotten. That Worm's Wood picnic and what happened after ward form a chapter in my life, Colonel Marsden.' Her tone had a decisive ring in it, while she met his glance with a defiant look in the blue eyes.

The old man's face flushed and he fingered the top of his walking stick nervously.

'Jane, I don't blame you at all, he began hesitatingly. 'I have often thought I would like to see you and—' and let you know that it was not my fault as much as you think. I never got your letter for over twenty five years—after you sent. Here it is now,' he drew out a large leather pocketbook and took a yellow paper from one of the inner pockets. Do you remember that John Slater who used to be clerk at Black's, the grocer, who was also postmaster? He gave me this once when he met me in Chicago, it had slipped down inside the desk or somewhere and was not found for years, not until long after Black was dead and they were making some alterations to the building.

'We did a lot of business together, but I never recognized him until one day he asked me if I had not come down one summer to see you, and then he told me about the letter and hunted it up for me. That is why I never came again, I thought you would not forgive me.'

'Why, Teddy,' was all the old lady could say, but there was a quiver in her voice.

'He told me,' the old man continued, 'that you had married and gone away and he did not know what had become of you.'

'I didn't get married for ten years. Charles was good to me, but he didn't live long, and I had a pretty hard time of it for a while with my two children, but I gave them a good education. John is a doctor at Downchester and Alice is married well. I am going to John's now. I don't care very much about it; his wife is kind enough, but she likes to keep up a big show you know, sometimes old folk are in the way.' She smiled sadly.

'I know all about it,' he said, laughing. 'I married to have a home, my wife was a good housekeeper. I didn't love her, but I did my duty by her; yes, I did my duty; and I missed her when she died five years ago. I didn't want to break up my home and didn't, for I had Rob with me, but now they want the old man to give it up, and I suppose I will have to. I have plenty to live on, but they say that that they are uneasy about me living alone and want me to stay with them, but I don't want to. I never feel right, even if I make them a long visit; they are kind, but you feel strange and can't have things just as you want them. Things might have been so different if—I had just got that letter.'

'Yes, that's so, but it's no use fretting over things now. I am glad we met as I used to think hard of you. It must be almost time for my train,' the old lady said, taking up her knitting.

'It's thirty minutes yet.'

Then the old man walked over to the window again.

Presently he came back and stood before her.

'Jane,' he began, then gave a little cough, 'your children don't need you, while I have no one, and I get lonely. Why shouldn't we get married yet? We'd be company for each other, and—and—I have cared for you all these years. 'Maybe you won't believe it, but I have. If you knew how I have kept that letter—and I want you as much as I ever did,' he said pleadingly.

'Why, Teddy, we are so old. I am past seventy, and I am rheumatic, and John's wife says I am old and cranky.'

'I am older than you by some years. I

stick; but dear, won't you have me?' The old man's voice trembled and he held out his arms.

Presently the solitary porter opened the door and saw a tall, white-haired old man holding an old lady in his arms—her head rested against his shoulder, while her black bonnet was hanging round her neck by the strings; and he heard, the old man say:

'I wonder what Rob will say? I tried to talk him out of being in love only this morning. He thinks the old man knows nothing about it.'

Sound for the Front.

In military courage the Montenegrin probably stands at the head of European races. The best wish for a baby is, 'May you not die in your bed' and to face death is, to man or boy, only a joyous game. Says W. J. Stillman, in his 'Autobiography':

I have seen a man under a heavy Turkish fire, deliberately leave the trenches and climb the breastwork, only to expose himself from sheer bravado.

While lying at headquarters at Oraubak, awaiting the opening of the campaign, in 1877, I was walking one day with the prince, when a boy of sixteen or eighteen approached us, cap in hand.

'Now,' said the prince, 'I'll show you an interesting thing. This boy is the last of a good family. His father and brothers were all killed in the last battle, and I ordered him to go home and stay with his mother and sisters, that the family might not become extinct.'

The boy drew near and stopped before us, his head down, his cap in hand.

'What do you want?' asked the prince.

'I want to go back to my battalion.'

'But said the prince, 'you are the last of your line, and I cannot allow a good family to be lost. You must go home and take care of your mother.'

The boy began to cry bitterly.

'Will you go home quietly and stay there,' or will you take a flogging, and be allowed to fight?'

The boy thought for a moment. A flogging, he knew well, is the deepest disgrace that can befall a Montenegrin.

'Well,' he broke out, 'since it isn't for stealing, I'll be flogged.'

'No,' said the prince, 'you must go home.' Then the boy broke down utterly.

'But he cried, 'I want to avenge my father and brothers!'

He went away, still crying, and the prince said: 'In spite of all this, he will be in the next battle.'

A Question of Bills.

A traveller in England rested at noon at a wayside inn, and took luncheon. The landlord was a social person, and after presenting his bill sat down and chatted with his guest.

'By the way,' the latter said, after a while, 'what is your name?'

'My name,' replied the landlord is Partridge.'

'Ah,' returned the traveller, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, 'by the length of your bill I should have thought it was Wookcock!'

This story, as it appears in a recent book by a distinguished English diplomat is credited with having amused Bismarck.

A Revival of Episcopacy.

We are very sure it was not in Boston that this incident, narrated by a contributor, happened:

'James,' said the proprietor of a bicycle establishment to his assistant, as he came in and took a seat at his desk one morning 'the outlook for sales this season is decidedly slim. Mark down all our wheels twenty five percent.'

'Yes, sir,' replied James.

'Hold on James!' exclaimed the proprietor a few moments later, as his eye caught sight of a short cable despatch in the morning paper he had picked up.

'Hold all our stock firm at present prices. King Edward has gone to wheeling again.'

This item from a rural exchange—'Nat Johnston's mule was killed by lightning yesterday. The mule was blind in both eyes and couldn't see the flash coming.'

A mother was showing her dear little Joe a picture of the martyrs slain to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was.

'Willie—Pa, what's an 'old flame?'

'Pa—My son, when a man speaks of 'his old flame' he refers to something over which he used to burn his money.'

Sunday Reading.

Campbell Morgan Rejected.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan's fare well to England, to take up part of the late D. L. Moody's work in America, was given in an unprecedented gathering in the City Temple, London. Dr. Parker presided. At Mr. Morgan's special request, Miss Fuchs sang, 'I will go where you want me to go, dear Lord,' and the effect was very touching. The Rev. J. Gregory Mantle told how, in 1886, he and two other ministers were appointed to hear a trial sermon by Mr. Campbell Morgan then a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. 'Mr. Morgan says he distinctly remembers my coming into the vestry with a long cedar pencil in my hands, which I was sharpening, and that I greeted him by saying, 'Now I am ready for you!' The sermon was not a success, and he was not accepted for the Wesleyan ministry. But it was all in the ordering of God. For if Mr. Morgan had become a Wesleyan minister he would not have been able to do the widespread work for God in this country and America which he had been enabled to do.' He concluded by dwelling upon Mr. Morgan's sincerity, sympathy, and singleness of purpose. 'We are only going to lend him to America,' Mr. Mantle exclaimed, amid loud applause. 'He is bound to come back again.' When Mr. Morgan, whose mother was with him on the platform, rose to respond, the whole assembly leapt to its feet and cheered and waved, and waved and cheered again.

Stirring News From Japan.

The Rev. J. H. Ballagh writes on May 28 and 31 and June 6 of a widespread and increasing revival in Japan. His first word is 'Eight hundred decisions for Christ in the two weeks' service in Kyobashiku, Tokio. The work in Yokohama has also begun. Much penitence and zeal shown. The blessing is extending to distant places as well.

His next word is 'A revival of three weeks has resulted in one thousand converts or decisions for Christ and the work of no ordinary character in its demands in a multiplicity of ways.'

His latest word is 'The number of converts has been increased another thousand, five hundred in Tokio and five hundred here (Yokohama). We have services in eight churches every night and a four p. m. daily union prayer meeting and two early six a. m. meetings. One of these has been carried on for five years, and is the source, I suspect, of all this tide of blessing.'

One hundred thousand special tracts prepared by the Rev. N. Tamura, of Japanese Bride fame, have been published, and several thousand of another written by Mrs. Tara Ando. A pamphlet called 'The Work of God,' has also appeared giving some of the notable incidents of the three weeks' work in the 'City Bridge Ward' among six or seven churches. It has now extended to the various wards to two especially, Shiba and Butaga, where we have churches. The first prayer meeting had over three hundred daily and on Pentecost eight hundred, five hundred of whom had to stand outside in the yard. A general in the Tycoon's forces years ago was converted at this meeting. His wife has long been a Christian, and Tara Ando now a leading Christian and temperance man, was then an under officer. So God is working and blessed be his holy name.

We have heard lately, says the Presbyterian Witness, that the Mormons are making headway in some parts of Canada. It is less wonderful and less humiliating to learn that they are making progress among the people of the Sandwich Islands (Hawaiians) of whom they have captured over eight thousand. They cunningly adapt themselves to the weakness and the traditional folk-lore and superstitions of the poor Hawaiians. They claim the power to perform miracles, especially of healing. It is a noteworthy fact that the most bitter opponents of Roman Catholic methods continue to be found within the pale of Rome. The recently published remarkable history of the Jesuits in England from 1850 to 1872 by Father Taunton is another striking illustration of the of the anomaly. Writing as a priest, with a strong hatred of Protestantism, he nevertheless brings string after string of grave accusations against that order now so powerful at the Vatican, and he does not hes-

itate to charge them, upon a firm basis of historical facts, with shameful acts, and still more discreditable defenses of their unholy deeds.

The Christian Scientists had their annual communion in the mother church in Boston on a recent Sunday, when Eddy's message an hour and a half long was read to audiences that filled the spacious building four times. The message was a curious mixture of crude literal interpretation of Scripture and bald pantheism. On the followers of the cult made their annual pilgrimage to Concord, N. H., to see Mrs. Eddy. More than three thousand were present, some of them from all parts of the world. No Oriental fakir is a greater master of the art of secretism and mystery than this artful woman. Her appearances are rare and hedged around with the sacredness of divinity. The throng filled the grounds of her residence, and patiently waited to get a glimpse of the prophetess. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon she appeared in an upper balcony where the people were permitted to gaze upon her for the space of five minutes. All she said was: 'Beloved brethren: My joy in meeting you is my present text. When we shall meet again will be my next. I think you will all agree with me that you have heard sufficiently from me in my message. I will only look upon your near faces and then return to my studio.' For this commonplace utterance the crowd came, and then it melted away.

Commandant Herbert Booth, the chief officer of the Salvation Army in Australasia, and his wife have been seriously ill, and are coming to England on a long holiday. A new commanding officer will leave for Australasia—probably the general's youngest daughter, with her husband, now in charge of the work in France and Switzerland.

Carried along on the tide of progress, the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society has at last come to the conclusion, says the 'Christian World,' that it is desirable for it to issue the Revised Version; and even then it is understood that the Revised Version is only to be supplied when especially called for.

Prevent Baldness

And Cleanse the Scalp of Crusts, Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with



Cuticura SOAP

And light dressings with CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions Use Cuticura Soap Assisted by CUTICURA Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleaning the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and dandruff, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for rheumatic weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. No other medicated soap is so compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is so compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA BATH-TUB, to cool and cleanse the blood. A BATH-TUB is often sufficient to cure the most tormenting, disgusting, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: 27-29, Chancery Lane, London. Foreign D. & C. Co., Sole Proprietors.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE

Is sent direct, so the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the inflamed mucous membrane, stops discharges, restores the normal condition, and relieves the patient from all suffering. It is the only medicine that cures Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostate, Uterus, and Vagina. All Dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 20

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

AN EXPENSIVE OBJECT LESSON.

In a few minutes Monday evening thousands of dollars of damage was done the streets of this city by the down pour of rain. The work that took months to complete was partially or wholly destroyed. This is the second time this summer that this has happened, and few will forget the rain of last fall which did a much if not greater damage.

In a city which has so many hills as St. John it seems impossible to provide against such effects while our present system of street construction continues. The people must know it by this time, and the council must know it by the several expert reports that have been before the members.

If any evidence is needed to convince them of the necessity for a change the storm effects of Monday surely provides it. Director Cushing could not have had a better argument to support his plan for the improvement of the streets. The expense of repairing the damage done would go along way toward paying the interest on a large outlay on the streets.

DISAPPOINTED MEN.

When the nurse appears in the doorway and announces, 'It is a girl, sir,' the young father to whom it is a first experience is usually delighted. At that time there is not room in his heart for any emotion except joy, nor has he reason for any other.

But if, as the years pass, successive nurses appear, only to repeat the same announcement, the news in time loses something of its joy compelling character. A little shadow of disappointment creeps over the scene, which not even the sunshine of the nurse's manner can dispel.

Even the humblest father can hardly help wishing that his name may be perpetuated by a son. When the father is a king, solicitors about the succession, the situation becomes interesting, and indeed, a matter of public concern.

Italy is trying to conceal her disappointment over the fact that the child just born to Queen Helena and King Victor Emmanuel III.—their first—is a daughter. The Salic law is a part of the constitution of Italy, and the succession will not be secured to the direct line until the birth of a son.

The king of Serbia has also recently met with a domestic disappointment. But it is the Tsar of Russia who offers the most conspicuous example of thwarted ambition and hope deferred. The future of his own family certainly, and not improbably the future of the empire, depends upon his leaving a son or sons. Yet although he is now the father of four children, he has listened in vain for the hoped for announcement, 'A boy, your majesty!' The most servile of ministers can give no more than sympathy, and even a royal ukase does not affect nurses. The most autocratic of rulers, governing the most absolute of monarchies, has, therefore, lately had to bear his fourth disappointment, like ordinary men, with such show of philosophy as he could command.

The person next in line of succession, in case the Tsar leaves no male descendants, is the Grand Duke Michael. If he is human, he must have sailed a little behind his hand when the latest royal princess was announced.

Mrs. Eddy's... that it is nothing, that to believe... that at best it is but a negation—the absence of virtue, as darkness is the absence

of light—constitutes at once the power and the vice of Christian Science. Who would not be glad to believe that there is no sin in the world? Who would not rejoice to believe that in his own life sin can be vanquished by simply believing that it does not exist? Who would not rejoice to be thus freed from all fear of sin and its consequences, and all conflict with sin and temptation if only the deliverance could be real and permanent. This doctrine is not consistently stated nor logically followed out; but this logical inconsistency adds to its popular power, for when one revolts from the necessary conclusions he is calmly assured that they are not conclusions.

LORD ROSEBERRY has announced in the most emphatic terms that the reported betrothal between himself and the Duchess of Albany is untrue and purely fiction. His Lordship is probably correct. It does not take much to start some stories and the simple fact that ROSEBERRY had a private conference with King EDWARD, gave the gossips a chance to talk. His Lordship is a widower and the Duchess a widow and are quite friendly. This thought seems a sufficient basis to make social chat. It is the way of the world and the number is not small who know or think they know more about a person than that person knows about himself or herself.

MR. HOURASSA of pro Boer fame has been talking to the British press. Mr. HOURASSA is quite original in his remarks and speaks out fearlessly and announces his independence of all political parties. His views will not be taken seriously nor can well informed men believe that the clever French-Canadian has faith in his own prophecies. It keeps the representative to the front and Mr. HOURASSA is not the only man in politics who seeks notoriety.

The resignation of Mrs. EATOUGH as matron of the Home of Incurables, is to be much regretted. The Home, being a new institution in this city had many difficulties to contend with in getting into working order, but Mrs. EATOUGH proved herself equal to the occasion and she may retire feeling that she has done her part well. The history of the institution so far is most encouraging and every day establishes the fact more clearly that it is a blessing in our midst.

Half a century ago a thin stream of Niagara Falls was first led aside to turn a grist-mill. Today a larger stream which diminishes seriously the amount of water which passes over the fall, furnishes almost half a million horse power. FATHER HENNEPIN was doubtless the first white man to see the mighty cataract. What Father Time will yet behold there passes all computation.

The presentation of a Loving Cup to Mr. B. R. ARMSTRONG was a well planned and carried out arrangement. No doubt Mr. ARMSTRONG highly appreciates the handsome gift and is one that he can always look upon with pleasure and pride.

AT DIVINE SERVICE.

England's King is a strict Church Attend.

The easiest way to see the King is to go to church with him. When he is in London he always attends divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace; when at Windsor at St. George's Chapel, and when at Sandringham at St. Mary's. No man in England is more regular and punctual in his attendance upon divine worship than King Edward.

No matter whether he is at home or abroad, he never passes a Sunday without at least morning prayers and makes it a rule not to attend any service but that of the Church of England. Some weeks ago in a letter from Washington, I gave an account of his habits in this respect as Prince of Wales, and since he became sovereign he has shown an unmistakable intention to continue them.

The people of London who usually show great curiosity to see their king, let him alone on Sunday and allow him to worship in peace. It was a remarkable fact that last Sunday morning when there were at least 2000 people in the court yard of St. James' Palace listening to the music of the band at guard mount, not more than 50 or 60 people, and they were members of the household, were seated in the Chapel Royal, which opens upon that court. There is an outer entrance and an inner one from the corridor of the palace so that the king may reach it from his apartments in Marlborough House without going into the open air; but all the worshippers except the royal family and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting for the day are admitted at the public doors in St. James' courtyard.

It is a small and uninteresting church; perhaps there is none more so in all London. There is nothing attractive about it

except its severe simplicity. It is as plain as one of the Baptist chapels in South London. The windows are set in ordinary glass without shades or hangings, and need cleaning badly. The altar is an ordinary table covered with crimson cloth, upon which the cross of St. George and the three plumes of the Prince of Wales are embroidered in gold. The only ornaments are a large collection plate and two brass vases holding bunches of snowballs. There is no crucifix or cross, but over the altar is a fine painting of the Madonna, by Rubens, which, however, is too large for its place.

There are sittings for about 300 people—long pews running on either side of a single aisle to the wall. The first pew within kneeling distance of the altar rail is occupied by the king and his family, who prefer to sit with the congregation than to use a gallery of handsomely carved oak, which projects from the palace wall and was intended to insure their privacy.

At 9.30 o'clock while the king, queen and Princess Victoria partook of the communion administered by the R. v. Mr. S. Sephard subdean of St. James, the outside doors of the chapel were closed and locked.

A little group of people gathered there to await their opening. They were plainly dressed, serious persons, who did not look distinguished, but may have such, because appearances are very deceitful. Most of them came on foot although several of them drove up in carriages that bore coronets upon the panels of the doors. On the minute of 10 o'clock an old verger in a black gown, bearing a long staff, opened the doors to admit all who desired to enter. Then he closed and locked them. As soon as the little congregation was seated the verger opened a side door that leads into the palace and a little choir of twelve boys and men entered, singing the processional hymn.

The choir boys were dressed in a livery of red and gold. Two men wore the usual surplises. Each had a band of crepe around his left arm. The minister followed them, with his assistant, one taking the pulpit and the other the reading desk.

Immediately behind them came King Edward VII dressed in a black frock suit and carrying a silk hat in his unglorified hands. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, both of whom are taller than the king, followed quietly after him and he stood aside to allow them to pass into the pew. The queen wore a gown of black, a small black bonnet and a crepe collar, as simple a costume as you could imagine. That of the princess was similar, except that she wore a black silk hat instead of a bonnet.

Both are beautiful women, and the queen although past 50 years of age, looks young as her daughter. Her figure is girlish, and graceful, her abundant blonde hair is without a sign of gray her complexion is fresh and pure as a child's, and she stands and walks with the firm erectness of an athlete.

The Princess Victoria is a little taller than her mother, but not so plump. Her face is purely English, according to the artists' ideals, although her father is of German ancestry, and her mother is a Dane. One would find it difficult to decide which is the handsomer, but no one can look upon the Queen of England without being convinced that she is a woman of intellect, refinement and amiable character.

The royal party was attended by a lady in waiting, also in plain black, and three gentlemen in ordinary mourning dress, who occupied the second pew back from the king, leaving one pew vacant between them. The first was a man of enormous stature, a large head and a striking face, with a heavy stock of hair and a long gray beard. The second was Captain Tolford, an aid-de-camp of the king, a young man with large nose and slight mustache. The third was Sir Frances Knollys, the king's private secretary, a gentle man of medium height, alba, with a gray moustache.

The king uttered the responses to it in a firm, distinct voice, and the queen and princess also followed the service carefully. They bowed their heads when the dean read the prayers: 'Edward, our sovereign lord, and Alexandra, our sovereign lady,' and one might imagine that their responses were more frequent than usual after the special prayer to God to protect and preserve the life of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York while exposed to the dangers of travel on their journey around the world.

Both the king and queen sang the hymn—at least their lips formed the words, although their voices were inaudible because of the choir. One of the hymns was especially appropriate, the second stanza reading:

Who are the monarch, his court and his throne? What are the peace and the joy that they own? All that the blessed ones, who in it share, All that they feel could as fully declare.

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

At the close of the service, after the clergymen and the choir had left the chapel the king stood at the entrance of his pew and faced the congregation while his wife and daughter passed out before him. He brushed the dust off his silk hat with his handkerchief as he followed them through the private door.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TO DAY

The Old Fashioned Boy. Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy— A boy with a freckled face, With forehead white 'neath tangled hair And limbs devoid of grace. Whose feet too in, while his elbows flare; Whose knees are patched all ways; Who turns as red as a lobster when You give him a word of praise. A boy who's born with an appetite, Who seeks the pantry shelf To eat his 'pieces' with a rousing smack— Who isn't gone on himself. A Robinson Crusoe reading boy, Whose pockets bulge with trash; Who knows the use of rod and gun, And wares the brook from splash. It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair, With his hat on his tumbled head; That his hands and feet are everywhere For youth must have room to spread. But he doesn't dab his father old man, Nor deny his mother's call; Nor ridicule what his elders say, Or think he knows it all; He roams and wholesome natural boy Of a good old fashioned cary; Good bless him if he's still on earth For he'll make a man some day.

The Matron. Why should you grieve that you're growing old? Do you find the genial heart grow cold? Do you find in your wrinkled face The marks that time's soft fingers trace? Do you find your hair does it bring dismay? To see in your head a thread of gray? Beware the thought; it 'twere always spring As are could never a harvest bring; Can the scarcely opened blossoming shoot Compare with the bloom of the ripened fruit? The passing of years needs no defence, For they leave in full their recompense— For, as by age is mellowed the wine, In loving service are spirits made fine; And charms matured, you'll find, in truth, More strong to bind than the charms of youth. In her girlish sphere a maiden sweet May indeed in all ways seem complete; But, even when taken at her best, This simple truth must be confessed— That in time of trouble, pain, or woe, The joy of our hearts, to whom we go, The wings of angels as the sovereign there Is the gracious dame with the silver hair.

Just Like the West.

One John Ervine, as he gives his name, sprang a surprise on the public a few days ago. It made people begin to think that St. John had gone back to some of its old time days or that the city had drifted somewhere out to the wild and woolly west. According to John's story he was a much abused man. Lead from one of the principal streets by an unknown character into a side alley, he was knocked down and beaten and cut and everything else that is horrible and blood-curdling and robbed of fifteen dollars. A terrible state of facts and right in the heart of St. John. But happily investigation does not bear out John's little tale. His remark that he was employee of Mr. Jas. F. Robertson was news to the latter gentleman. His statement of being the possessor of fifteen dollars is denied by those who know John best and so, the more the man's story is investigated the more the foundation drops out of it. John's worse enemy seems to be a name sake of his, sometimes called John Barleycorn.

No Fault Found.

No fault can be found with the Bay of Fundy on account of the Armenia wreck. Such disasters are apt to happen off of any coast. The bay and harbor have been exceptionally free of misfortunes and the same cannot be said of other harbors. As the small boy said the other day, the bay is all right, it has buoys and that's more than the Czar of all the Russias has.

Drunken Women.

The police court at the present time appears to have its full share of women prisoners. There is hardly a day goes by that some female does not adorn the police records. The number of women that it is found necessary to arrest on the ground of drunkenness is a deplorable thing and their number seems to be on the increase. How these persons come to be the purchasers of so much liquor should receive some attention. There is much room for some societies to get in mission, ary work. The sight of a drunken man is bad enough but when it comes to a woman, it is most pitiful.

Early Closing.

It is pleasing to note that the early closing movement undertaken by the grocers is meeting with success. The move is a most praiseworthy one and may well be followed by others. People will soon be become educated to the fact that they will

have to buy their groceries earlier in the day and no hardship will be felt while to the grocer clerk the early closing means much during these beautiful summer evenings.

Wants a Divorce.

Report says that well known Dan Taylor is talking considerably again about seeking a divorce. Dan is said to be very much displeased with his marital relations, claiming that his better half seeks too much of the society of her gentlemen friends. It all reports are to be believed there will be a warm time in certain well known social circles before long.

Our Baseballists.

With O'Neill, Howe, Curran, Embree, and Carter all of this Province, playing with the Halifax Standards, it looked very much as if the Alerts had been pitted against some New Brunswick team yesterday. It is gratifying to see that Halifax knows where to find good ball players when that city needs them. New Brunswick baseballists are becoming pretty well scattered and they are all giving a good account of themselves.

Becoming Popular.

The cruise of the R. K. Y. club to Fredericton this year was the largest yet held by the club some twenty-five yachts taking part. The sail was a delight to one though the weather proved somewhat of a warm nature. These trips seem to be growing more popular every year.

Advice to Mothers.

If your little boy or girl comes home with a sore throat, the first thing to do is to rub the throat and chest with Nerville's Nerve-line. Don't be afraid to use Nerve-line freely—a whole bottle will wouldn't burn or blister the tenderest skin. Rub in until all taken up by the pores, and just before the child goes to sleep give him a glass of hot water into which 30 of Nerville's has previously been stirred. This is a sure, pleasant and speedy cure. Large bottles 25 cents.

A Fortunate Delay.

In 'Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast Mr. Horace A. Vachell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet:

My cousin and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of Paradise valley. One day, during a long ride on horseback, we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few—an exceptional experience.

That night my cousin woke up and saw; by the light of the moon, a big rattler crawling across my chest. He lay for a moment fascinated, horror struck, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile. Then he quietly reached for his six shooter. But he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded. And then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow stripe of my blanket that gently rose and fell as I breathed.

Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook.

From corns? No necessity for that. Patman's Painless Corn Extractor removes all corns, large or small, in about twenty four hours. This reliable information, your druggist will substantiate it if you ask him. Be sure and get Patman's, it causes no pain.

A CENT is a little thing compared with a BED SPREAD, but we wash the bed spread for the cent, iron and fold it, too in air. 50 pieces for 50 cts., plain. We do the following six sort of linen. Bed spread, sheets, table cloths, pillow slips, napkins and towels. 60 mixed or all of one sort. A reliable pliable finish on shirt collars and cuffs. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. It is especially used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other. All Mixtures, Pills and Imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 51 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, 85 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 6-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. E.P. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

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

BAKING POWDER

and wholesome
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Advice to Mothers.
Little boy or girl comes home
throat, the first thing to do is
throat and chest with Polson's
Don't be afraid to use Ner-
—a whole bottle full wouldn't
ter the tenderest skin. Rub in
en up by the pores, and just
child goes to sleep give him a
water into which 30 of Ner-
tionally been stirred. This is a
ant and speedy cure. Large
nts.

A Fortunate Delay.
nd Sport on the Pacific Coast
A. Vachell relates one of his
pes from a friend's bullet:
and I had been camping and
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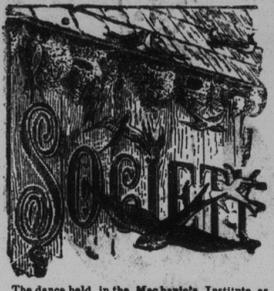
My cousin woke up and saw;
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quietly reached for his six
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moved nearer, noiselessly yet
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And then he saw that it was
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e of a blanket that gently
as I breathed.

bed—well, it might have been
or he confessed that his hand
No necessity for that. Pat-
as Corn Extractor removes
ge or small, in about twenty
his reliable information, your
substantiate it if you ask him.
get Patna's, it causes no

a little thing compared with
AD, but we wash the bed
cent, iron and fold it, too
ieces for 50 cts., plain. We
ring six sort of linen. Bed
s, table cloths, pillow slips,
towels. 50 mixed or all of
table pliable finish on shirt
uffs. Ungar's Laundry, Dye-
et Cleaning Works. Tele-

's Cotton Root Compound
ccessfully used monthly by over
adies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask
ruggist for Lee's Cotton Root Com-
other, as all mixtures, pills and
dangerous. Price, No. 1, 50 per-
degrees stronger, 50 per box. No
on receipt of price and two cents
Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.
d sold and recommended by all
ruggists in Canada.

—No. 2 are sold in St. John
table Druggists.



The dance held in the Mechanic's Institute as-
sembly rooms last evening has been the subject
of much discussion and keen anticipation on the part
of the younger element of society for whose entertain-
ment it had been arranged by Messrs Len D
Shaw, J. Royden Thomson and Louis Barker.

As a farces goes to press at an early hour on
Friday it was found impossible to give particulars
as to the costumes of the ladies etc. but an inspection
of the ball rooms and supper room in the early
evening showed many pretty decorations and
everything in readiness for the enjoyment of the
evening.

Harrison's orchestra furnished music for a long
order of dances, which we may venture to say were
heartily enjoyed.

The young people were under the chaperonage
of Mr. George West Jones, Mrs. George F. Smith
and Mrs. John H. Thompson.

Prospect Point, the name given to the pretty spot
near the suspension bridge, from which one can ob-
tain an excellent view of the reversible falls, has
been visited by many tourist parties this week.

The great improvements made recently by the
tourist association are much in evidence and
visitors are loud in their appreciation of this spot
where a pleasant rest can be had and the wonder-
ful falls viewed with perfect safety.

On Saturday last Miss Mary Inches entertained
about thirty young friends at her home, Westfield
Beach. The guests included many friends from the
city as well as those residing at that pretty resort.

Boating and other recreations were indulged in and
a bonfire supper served on the lawn. In the
evening an immense bon-fire was lighted on the
beach around which the young people gathered and
several hours passed pleasantly with song and
story.

A strawberry festival was given to the old peo-
ple of the Mater Misericordiae home last week by
a number of young ladies belonging to the
cathedral parish. The feast was enjoyed to the
utmost extent by the old folks and the generosity
of the ladies much appreciated. During the day a
very choice musical programme was carried out.

Miss Lavelle the leading soprano of the cathedral
choir, whose spirit of charity induces her to lend
her services in such cases, conducted the programme.
She was assisted by the sisters of St. Vincent's
convent.

Dr. and Mrs. Holden have been enjoying a short
vacation on the Miramichi.

Miss Vera Young and Miss Edith McVay of St.
Stephen are here paying a visit to Miss McVay's
sister, Mrs. Arthur Smalley.

Miss Annie Donohoe who has been practicing
professional nursing at Boston is spending a few
weeks with friends.

Mr and Mrs John H. Thompson accompanied by
their usual quota of interesting young people leave
on Monday next for the Oromocto River where
they will enjoy camp life for a period of ten days.
The party numbers about twenty and are all
looking forward to a most enjoyable time.

On Wednesday afternoon a number of ladies and
gentlemen enjoyed a backboard drive to R-a Head
where a stop was made at the residence of Dr
Addy. A few hours were pleasantly spent in
strolling around the grounds and the party returned
to the city in the cool of the evening.

The open air concerts which are being furnished
through the efforts of energetic young men, are
much enjoyed and fully appreciated by the citizens
in general.

A band concert at Bay Shore is a rather new idea
and there surely could be nothing more delightful
than an afternoon spent at this delightful spot en-
joying the fresh breeze and listening to sweet mu-
sic.

The usual number of golf enthusiasts gathered at
the links on Thursday afternoon. The day was
delightfully cool and the game much enjoyed.
Tea was served by Mrs. Frank Stetson and Mrs.
George McAvity.

A recent dispatch from London announced the
marriage of Mr. Ernest H. Turnbull of this city son
of the late W. H. Turnbull to Miss Mary Elliott
Page an American actress well known on the stage
of England and Australia. Miss Page is the daugh-
ter of the late Col. John Augustus Page of New

The ceremony was performed in St. Paul's church,
Knights' Bridge and was followed by a reception
at the residence of the bride's mother.

To many of Mr. Turnbull's friends the announce-
ment came as a genuine surprise as few were aware
of his matrimonial intentions.

The Neptune Rowing Club intend holding their
annual moonlight excursion on July 20th. The
trip will be on the river as usual and with good
music and other entertainment that has been ar-
ranged will no doubt prove most successful.

The chaperons for the occasion are: Mrs. F. E.
Hamilton, Mrs. A. B. Holly, Mrs. G. West Jones,
Mrs. R. K. Jones, Mrs. George McAvity, Mrs.
Alfred Porter, Mrs. J. Morris Robinson, Mrs. G. F.
Smith, Mrs. John H. Thompson, Mrs. W. E. Vroom.

Mrs. Lindsay and Miss Wallace of Stratford, Ont.
are guests of Mrs. Thomas Mortimer. Mrs. Mort-
imer and son are occupying Rev. W. Raymond's
cottage at Robt. say.

The death of Mrs. Mary A. Hayes which oc-
curred at an early hour on last Saturday morning,
occasioned universal regret. Although her illness
was only of a few months' duration still it was of
such a nature that for several weeks her death had
been almost daily expected.

The deceased who had taught for several years in
St. Malachi's school was a deep student and dis-
played remarkable ability in her chosen work.
Sincere sympathy is felt for her mother, brother,
and sisters in their sad bereavement.

The floral tributes were many and beautiful in-
cluding a handsome wreath from the members of
St. Malachi's school staff and a profusion of cut
flowers from sympathizing friends.

Mrs. MacLaren of Charlotte street accompanied
by her daughter Miss MacLaren will leave the
latter part of the week for St. Andrews where they
will spend several weeks.

Miss Winnie Wright who has been studying at
Newton hospitable is home for a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris Robinson have returned
from their trip to the Pacific coast.



The Hand that Rocks the Cradle Rules the World.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

At any season of the year it cures cramp,
colic, rheumatism, diarrhoea, cholera morbus,
dysentery, bruises, burns, stings, chafing. In
fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, cat-
arrh, chilblains, bronchitis, is grippa,
rheumatism, muscle, and pain relief. In-
flammation in any part of the body. In
two size bottles, 50c. and 1.00.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. R. Tweedie of Hampton is visiting her daugh-
ter, Miss Hattie Tweedie.

Dr. Purdy returned from Amherst last evening.
Mrs. Purdy and little son will remain for a month.

Miss Snowden who has been visiting in Hav-
1-ck left there Monday, accompanied by Minnie
Price for an extended trip. They will visit Toron-
to, Guelph and other Ontario cities and afterwards
take in the Pan American exposition.

Miss Jennie Knight has returned to the city from
a visit to Vernon river, P. E. I.

July 18.—Miss Beatrice M. Dibblee made her
debut as an oratorist before an audience in her
native town last Monday evening in the Opera
House, and she received a thorough success, afford-
ing much pleasure to an appreciative and well filled
house. Miss Dibblee has made good use of her
opportunities while in Boston and has before this
received flattering notice from New England papers.

She was assisted in the entertainment by Mrs.
Tappan Adney, formerly Miss Minnie B. Sharp and
Miss Walker, who afforded a real treat to lovers of
music.

A very successful garden party was held by the
women of Christ Church last Thursday afternoon on
the grounds of Mr. J. J. Bedell and the sum of \$100
was raised which will be devoted towards the pur-
chase of an organ for the parish church.

Mrs. Fred S. Eason and wife, of Manchester, N. H.
and two little sons, Harold and Woodbury, are vis-
iting her mother, Mrs. John Kerr of Woodstock.

Mrs. Fred Buckley who has been visiting here
has returned to her home at Brockton, Mass.

Miss Maud Milbury, of Philadelphia, is home on
a visit to her parents, Mr and Mrs G. Milbury, Bath

ST. ANDREWS.
July 17.—Mr and Mrs Daniel Gillmor and sever-
al members of their family drove over to St. An-
drews from "Ben Loe" their summer home on
Monday.

Justice Street Mrs. Street and Miss Evelyn
Street of Toronto are summering here.

The Latest Figure

D. & A. Straight Front

MILITARY FORM.

This Corset is the latest Parisian Model. STRAIGHT FRONT. En-
dorsed by leading Modistes as the
most perfect corset of the century.
If not for sale at your dealer's,
send to us.

D. & A., No. 345
Dominion Corset Mfg. Co.
Quebec Montreal Toronto

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc.

At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE,
158 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697.

H. L. & J. T. McGowan

We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery.

Caramel Snowflakes

Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Home Needlework Magazine

Should be on every Lady's Work Table.

Excels in Embroidery.

Subscription can commence with any number. Mailed to any address in Canada or the United States for only 35 cents a year. Sample copy and premium list mailed to any address for the asking. Your money back if you don't like them. Thousands of ladies have accepted this offer.

FROM BEGINNER TO EXPERT. "Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine,"—the inimitable manual which all others vainly try to imitate—will teach you, at the modest rate of 35 cents a year, besides furnishing free of charge Flower and other Needlework designs in beautiful colors, which cost thousands and thousands of dollars.

Artists and experts of eminence in Embroidery, Crochet, Knitting, Drawn Work and Lace Making, engaged at princely salaries, will help you to establish

AN EMDROIDERY GRADUATE CLASS

through CORTICELLI HOME NEEDLEWORK MAGAZINE for the brightening and beautifying of your home, the elevation of spirits always accompanying high-class needlework, and to place a pleasant pin-money provider in your lady's hands.

Corticelli Silk Co., Limited,

P. O. Box 340, ST. JOHN'S, P. Q.

When You Want a Real Tonic

ST. AGUSTINE

ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL,—
"Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic.

JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL

700 and Commission Merchants 62 Union Street

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL,

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Buc-touche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buc-touche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Underlaid saw logs, such as Betting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Pulp and Paper Co., Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY,

Fry's Pure Cocoa

Cocoa is healthful, nourishing, and does not over stimulate like tea or coffee.

Fry's concentrated cocoa is absolutely pure cocoa hence the most economical to use. It has taken over 200 medals and awards for its superiority over all others.

FOR ADVERTISING... QUARTER NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programs for sale in Halifax by the cowboys and at the following news stands and book stores...

July 17.—Mrs Kelly accompanied by her brother, left this week to pay a visit to friends at Bedford.

Mrs G P Nelson and Miss Blanche Nelson of Truro are spending a few weeks with friends here.

Mrs E McPherson has returned from a pleasant trip to Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Miss Louise Tupper is visiting New Glasgow friends.

Mr and Mrs Richard Mosher and Mrs John Callan of Everett, Mass., are the guests of Mr and Mrs G. H. Dredson here.

Mr and Mrs George F Smith and little son, Halifax, are spending a week in Windsor the guests of Mrs Smith's sister, Mrs W W Shaw.

Mrs James Rose and Miss Jessie Rose, Halifax, are visiting friends for several weeks in Windsor and Hantsport.

The Misses Wilson, Halifax, are the guests of Mr and Mrs Geo Wilson, King street, Windsor.

Miss Pitts (who arrived from England on Sunday last after an absence of seven years) will spend the summer at Bedford.

H W Barnes and family will spend several weeks in Bedford.

Miss Jessie McLeod is visiting friends in Hantsport.

Mrs Nellie De Wolfe has gone to Boston to pay a visit to her friends.

Miss Sutherland is spending some time with friends at the Hub.

Mr and Mrs Clarence Bostiller have returned from their wedding trip and are residing on West street.

WOLFVILLE.

July 17.—Miss Annie Mitchell is paying a visit to friends at P. E. Island.

Miss Florence Watson has been visiting friends at Bridgewater.

Miss Mamie Davidson of Boston, spent a few days in town with her son, Mrs Arthur Davidson, while enroute to her former home in Wallace, where she will spend the summer.

Miss Cruikshank of St John is visiting Mr and Mrs Handford, at the Dock.

The ladies of the Tennis Club entertained a large number of guests at a tennis tea on Tuesday afternoon at last week on the grounds of D W Douglas, Ingletown, Victoria street, where they have a beautiful court.

Miss Tucker of Par.boro is visiting here.

Miss Alice MacKinnon is spending the holiday season in Clementsport, Annapolis County. She was joined by her cousin, Miss Pean, of Halifax.

Mrs Morris, after several weeks' visit in town with her daughter, Mrs MacKinnon, left on Tuesday for her home in the city.

WOLFVILLE.

July 16.—Mr and Mrs Todd of Calais, Me., are visiting Mr and Mrs I B Oakes.

Mr Arthur Hommeson of the Union bank, is spending his vacation in Cape Breton with his brother, Morley of Truro.

Mr J W Farris son of Hon Mr Farris of New Brunswick, is spending a few weeks in Wolfville and vicinity.

Principal and Mrs Ford have gone to Truro for a few weeks.

Professor and Mrs Cecil Jones have gone to Chipman, N. B., for a long vacation.

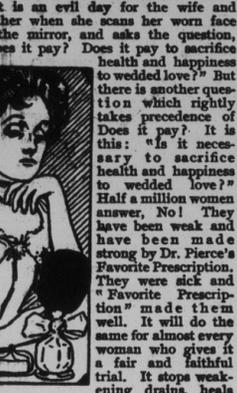
Miss Etta Yall, teacher in the Wolfville high school has gone to Londonderry for the summer.

Mr and Mrs August Sherwood of New York are here on a visit to Mr Sherwood.

Miss Tilly and Miss Elsie of Yarmouth have been spending a few weeks at Mrs McKenna's.

Herbert H Currie has joined the staff of the Pan-American Exposition and other points.

Retrospect.



It is an evil day for the wife and mother when she scans her worn face in the mirror, and asks the question, "Does it pay? Does it pay to sacrifice health and happiness to wedded love?"

Dr Wm Beckwith and Miss Hutter of Bridgewater are guests of Mrs McCormick, Queen street.

Miss Clara Keop and two children from Rockland, Maine, are visiting at Acadia Valley.

Mrs L M Burton has returned from Halifax where she was the guest of her son, Mr Charles Burton.

Miss Parker, one of the teachers in the Digby Academy is spending her vacation at her home in Berwick.

Mr Otto Tobin of New Centre is the guest of her parents, Concessor and Mrs J K Tobin, Montague Road.

Mrs Kate Marshall of Lynn, Mass who has been visiting relatives at Digby and vicinity returned home Wednesday.

Mrs McLellan wife of the genial and popular D A August at Yarmouth was in town this week visiting Mrs McFadden.

Mrs S W Holt and son Justin and Mrs C B Gordon and son Robert of Everett, Mass are guests of Mr and Mrs Benjamin Gordon, Birch St.

Miss Janet Cowan was a passenger to Boston Wednesday afternoon. She will spend a few weeks in the New England States.

Mrs John Bingham of Barton who is a trained nurse, is at Sheriff Smith's. Mrs Smith who has been quite ill is improving in health.

Rev and Mrs J A Smith are visiting Mrs Smith's mother at Brighton. Mr Smith was formerly pastor of the Digby Methodist church. He is at present stationed at Westworth, Cumberland county.

Perhaps! Don't you run the risk, though, but always buy the well tested and sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe and painless. Putnam's removes corns painlessly in twenty four hours.

Up in the Attic. Kicking about somewhere—in the attic, or "spare room," or the back closet, there's a faded old dress or a shirt waist or a party wrap.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

ARIOL & STEEL'S Ladies' PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. The Book of the Century. A collection of the world's greatest poetry.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

ARIOL & STEEL'S Ladies' PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM SEVENTH PAGE.)
Last week, Miss Cockland of St John has been visiting friends in town.
Mr and Mrs O Reginald Gillmore who are visiting Mr and Mrs Joe B Mills were serenaded by the band last week.

Mrs F C Whitman has returned from a visit to Halifax.
Mr and Mrs C R Gillmore arrived yesterday and will go to Boston Saturday.
Mr and Mrs J B Mills spent Sunday in Digby, guests of Mr Hartney and the Misses Davies.
Frank A Britain returned to Boston on Monday after spending his holidays at his home here.

OBITUARIES

The strawberry festival held last week by the ladies of the King's Own in the Curling Rink was a most successful affair. The Citizens Band was in attendance and advanced the proceedings with choice music.
Miss Wathling of South Manchester, Conn., Tuesday morning.
Mrs Frank R Murdoch, of Boston, is visiting Mrs Chas Gunn, King St.
Miss Annie Buckler of Boston, is visiting the Misses McDonald, Queen St.
Dr Richard, who was wedded in Ottawa recently, has returned to Chatham with his bride.
Misses Alma and Lottie Staples, now of Lowell, Mass, are here visiting Miss Maggie Staples.
Mr and Mrs T W Butler of Newcastle, returned from their wedding trip on Tuesday.
Mr Rubie Waddleton of Woodstock, is spending a vacation among Miramichi friends. He went to Escuminac Friday.
Mr Chas F Steves of Chicago, arrived in Chatham this morning, and is visiting his sister, Mrs Merreux, whom he has not seen for 16 years.

Young Clock-Makers.

Atlanta, Georgia, boasts of some ingenious and ambitious boys, since two lads of that place, the older but fourteen and the younger eleven, have designed and constructed a clock that is a wonder of painstaking work.

It contains over three hundred pieces of wood, all of them cut from boards with a small foot power scroll saw, and afterward sandpapered and put together with screws and mastic.

The clock represents a cathedral, from the dome of which a bell peals forth the hours of the day. Inside the building the columns and statuary of a cathedral are reproduced in wood.

The clock is fifty one inches high and twenty inches wide at the base, and the contrast in colors is decidedly pretty, the wood used being maple, white holly and walnut.

The figures on the dial were cut from walnut with a pocket knife, and look attractive on the white holly.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of the tools used, the boys have succeeded in producing a timepiece of which they may justly be proud. It represents their leisure time after school hours, for their work was not neglected during its construction.

Why Catarhzone Cures Catarrh.

Because it is carried by the air you breathe to diseased parts, because it destroys the germ life that maintains the diseased condition, because it powerfully stimulates the mucous membrane to its normal action, because through its oxidizing power it burns up rapidly the old tissue and stimulates the formation of new healthy tissue.
Catarhzone is an absolute specific for Catarrh of every form, and never fails to cure.
Catarhzone is the only remedy sold with a guarantee. At all dealers, 25c. and \$1.00.

The Professional Man.

The beauty of being a professional man lies in the ability to charge what you please. No law governs the price of a job. The dentist may charge \$7 for filling a tooth or \$700. The other day one of the ablest in New York rendered a bill of \$21.50 for filling one small cavity. The victim protested, maintaining that there was an error in the account. After two days the dentist replied as follows: "Yes, You are quite right. The bill is wrong, and I want to thank you for calling my attention to the error. It should be \$210.50, and if you will permit me I should like to correct it now."

Of course, that was the joke. Not even a lawyer would have the nerve to lit a bill for \$210.50 to \$20.50. (Come to think it over he would, he would.) But our dentist squared himself by making this proposition: "The bill was made up from memory, and it is possible I charged you for two teeth instead of one. The fault may be mine, therefore I will tell you what I will do. I will match you—beat two or three—whether you stand it or I." So they matched and the dentist won.

PAIN KILLER IS JUST THE REMEDY needed in every household. For cuts burns and bruises, strains and sprains dampen a cloth with it, apply to the wound and the pain leaves. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

After they had the negro fairly lynched they discovered it was a case of mistaken identity.
Horrible!
Yes; it turned out that the dog he picked was not a white man's dog after all.

News of the Passing Week.

News of the Week.

The Earl of Roslyn who sued for Drummer's wages in London recovered a verdict.

John Taylor an I. C. R. water boy was drowned at Moncton on Sunday last.

The Thermometer reached 95 in the shade at Moncton last Sunday.

Six persons lost their lives while bathing at a Jewish picnic at Savannah the first of the week.

The freedom of the city of St. John was conferred on Mr. Solomon last Saturday.

Many thousands of men engaged in the steel works at Pittsburg went on a strike this week.

British gained great victories in Africa this week capturing two generals and a large number of Boers.

Memorial Service for the late Dr. Bennett was held in St. John's Presbyterian church last Sunday.

D. O. L. Warlock, one of St. John's oldest citizens died the latter part of last week.

Among the deaths lately reported is that of Errazuris, president of Chili.

The steamer Erik sailed from Sydney last Sunday in search of Lt. Peary and party.

One of the heaviest thunder storms in years passed over St. John, Monday, considerable damage was done but none serious.

Carnegie has given \$50,000 towards the founding of a Library at St. John's Nfld.

The illness of Premier Farguherson of P. E. I. is reported from the Pacific coast.

Alex. Gibson jr., has been nominated by the York liberals as their candidate for the coming bye election.

The St. John School trustees have decided to call the new school on the west side, La Tour school.

Lord Roseberry has denied emphatically his engagement to the Duchess of Albany.

Sydney Locke the murderer of his three children in Nova Scotia, has been committed for trial.

The population of Ottawa has been announced at 57,778, an increase of nearly 14,000 in ten years.

B. R. Armstrong who lost his foot in South Africa was presented with a Loving Cup by members of the St. John Bar on Monday.

Cardinal Gibbons was dined at London Tuesday evening by the Brazilian Legation.

D. D. Dick, a Scottish millionaire, has been found drowned near Winnipeg.

Major Davis, a wealthy citizen of Syracuse, N. Y., has declared himself a British subject and taken the oath of allegiance.

Russell Sage was among the visitors to St. John this week.

St. John's Municipal Council has passed the motion to improve and extend the County Jail.

The N. B. Medical Society met in annual session at Moncton on Tuesday.

Canada will have at least eight men in the second stage of the King's prize at Bisley.

The Duke of Connaught was installed on Wednesday, Grand Master of the Free Masons of England, the position formerly held by King Edward.

The Royal Kennebecensis Yacht Club reached Fredericton the middle of the week.

On Wednesday off Partridge Island the steamer Pawnee ran down and sank the schooner Roland. The crew was saved but the cargo of coal was a total loss.

E. H. Turnbull, son of the late W. W. Turnbull St. John was married in London this week to Miss Page a well-known actress.

The Presbyterian church of Dalhousie, N. B. was destroyed by lightning the first of the week.

The worst forest fires for years are raging along the southern side of the Miramichi, N. B., eastward in Nelson and Glenly parishes.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who has been in poor health with malaria, has fully recovered and is about her house as usual.

San Francisco's labor council passed by a nearly unanimous vote a resolution advocating in strong terms the rejection of Andrew Carnegie's offer to the city of \$75,000 for a public library.

New York city had a death rate of

Scrofula

What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition. This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by paleness, nervousness and general debility. The disease afflicted Mrs. K. T. Snyder, Union St., Troy, Ohio, when she was eighteen years old, manifesting itself by a bump in her neck, which caused great pain, was lancee, and became a running sore. It afflicted the daughter of Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind., when 13 years old, and developed so rapidly that when she was 18 she had eleven running sores on her neck and about her ears. These sufferers were not benefited by professional treatment, but, as they voluntarily say, were completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This peculiar medicine positively corrects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

40,92 last week, almost double the usual summer rate. This large increase was due to the excessive heat that prevailed in the early part of the week. There were 2,767 deaths from all causes, against 1,524 for the corresponding week in 1900.

The first meeting of the trustees of the Carnegie educational fund was held in Edinburgh Monday. Lord Elgin, who presided, read a letter from Mr Carnegie announcing that he had signed the deed placing \$10,000,000 at the disposal of the trustees.

Sec. Root has directed the War department, Washington, to accept the resignation of Capt Putnam Bradley Strong to take effect immediately. The acceptance of the resignation precluded any action by the military authorities against Capt. Strong.

The government midsummer crop report was issued at Halifax, N. S. Monday night and is very encouraging. The report shows good crops in every county in the province. There is an abundant hay crop it being 20 per cent above the average. It is impossible to give reliable information about apple crop but there will be a shortage in some varieties.

Wood's Phosphorine

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.50, six \$8. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Woods Phosphorine is sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

Toilet Soaps.

SPECIAL VALUES.
JAPANESE FLOATING SOAP, for the bath, 5c. Cake.
BUTTERMILK and OLIVE OIL SOAP, 10c. Box.
WOODBINE SOAP, 15c. Box.
CLEAVER'S CHOICE TOILET SOAPS 10c. Cake, three for 25c.
CONTY'S PURE WHITE CASTLE SOAPS, and a full line of FINEST FRENCH, ENGLISH and AMERICAN TOILET SOAPS just received.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC PERSONALLY CONDUCTED Excursions

Pan-American EXPOSITION AND NIAGARA FALLS, JULY 22nd, AUGUST 2nd, SEPTEMBER 17th AND OCTOBER 15th. Four days at the EXPOSITION CITY and NIAGARA FALLS and one day each at MONTREAL, TORONTO and OTTAWA. Tickets are good for fifteen days, and passengers can extend their trip to that time if desired. Courier with Party will save you all worry and will show you everything that is to be seen. TRIP HAS BEEN MADE FOR \$65.00 from St. John or Moncton, covering each and every expense incidental to the journey. Send for certified itemized estimate and itinerary. A. J. HEATE, D. F. A., C. F. B., St. John, N. B.

Mayor Van Wyck of New York has received from Andrew Carnegie a signed agreement covering the millionaire's gift of \$250,000 to New York for public libraries.

Three horse thieves were hanged by a mob near Judith on the Missouri river Saturday. The three Northern express robbers are still at large.

Chief of Police Powell of Ottawa has been suspended pending enquiry into charges against him.

Telegrams from all parts of France show that the national fete day, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, was celebrated everywhere throughout the country with much enthusiasm and without disorders. There were reviews at all military and naval stations, followed by illuminations, fireworks and balls in the evening.

Frank McBride, a professional aeronaut of Meriden, Conn., had a narrow escape from death in an unmanageable balloon Sunday afternoon. He was giving an exhibition at Ulmer Park, Bensonhurst, New York. When the ropes were cut, the balloon rose about 40 feet with McBride sitting on the trapez. The balloon sped on hitting telegraph poles, roadside buildings, trees and other obstructions until it reached Bath Beach when it came full tilt against a large brick house. This stopped the balloon and McBride, unconscious and bleeding was taken from the ropes in which he had been entangled. He was badly cut and had several ribs broken.

A part of the drouth stricken southwest has been relieved by rain. Much good has already resulted to crops and as there are prospects of more rain. It is believed many thousands of dollars will be saved farmers on crops and stocks. In the part of central and western Missouri, western Kansas and the territories still untouched by rain, conditions remain unchanged, the temperature ranging from 98 to 106.

'Don't you sometimes feel like going to a theatre or ball game?' 'Never,' answered Mr. Meekton. 'But don't you sometimes long for excitement?' 'Of course. That's only natural. When I do I go with Henrietta to a department store or else stay home and watch her clean house.'

'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, isn't there, Pop?' queried Willie. 'Yes my boy,' answered the old man. 'Is that the reason so many people use straws?' 'Ma,' he said, suddenly, 'Oh ma, just look at that little lion right behind there! He won't get any.'

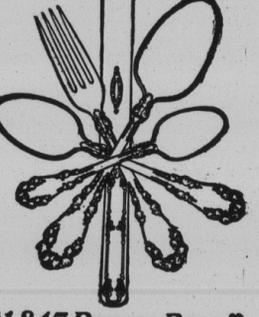
E. W. Grover. This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.



A Contented WOMAN

Isn't contented simply because she uses SURPRISE Soap; but the use of this soap contributes largely to her contentment. In proportion to its cost, it's the largest factor in household happiness. It is pure, lasting and effective; it removes the dirt quickly and thoroughly without boiling or hard rubbing. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



"1847 Rogers Bros."

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., always combine the desirable features of silver plate—artistic designs, carefully finished with highest grade of plate. Remember "1847"—the mark of the genuine Rogers. If the metal has been worn, heretofore, the majority of the household utensils with the silver and no one can have exalted. The advantages but the silver, an excellent material, the mark yielded a permit a property that which wages are laborers to she is leg- ter and cl- as to qual- Whatver legal rig- fluence sh- If she dies of a dollar- elated to de- prive her joint ear- ures to her- ing that if- would be l- The man- before him- making a l- a large deg- woman in t- has no such- her services- sense of du- to her hus- from the w- although p- labor, is no- her earnings- I place happiness in- cial depende- lieve that th- be removed- come were p- postal, just a- of it. There- an argumen- ing takes the- pect and the- life so com- shipped at a- dition of the- They sm-

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1901.

MARRIAGE FAILURES.

While I have breath to express an opinion on this subject I shall declare that the first and foremost reason why many marriages are a failure is because of the subject position of the wife. When we speak of the subjection of woman we mean always of married woman. It was not to free the unmarried woman from legal bondage that the long, hard fight was made in this country, for the laws did not discriminate against the spinster with special injustice, whatever social custom might have done. Practically all of the changes in the statutes relating to women in the last half century have been made to protect the wife from the husband. Most of the inequities which still remain affect only married women. The one who remains single has little to fear.

There is not a business partnership of any kind that could survive under conditions which placed one member of the firm under the absolute domination and control of the other. By what logic then, can we expect it in a partnership where the conditions are far more intimate, exacting and delicate than are possible in any other.

But, it may be urged, there is a vast difference between marriage and other contracts. In this the woman yields her freedom and independence to one who is a sworn protector, whose interests are identical with her own, and who is deeply concerned in seeing that she receives exact justice.

If this be the case, why is it that men themselves, for the last fifty years, have been repealing the old laws regarding the wife and replacing them with new enactments which would enable her to protect herself against her protector? But, notwithstanding all that has been done, the majority of wives are still in subjection to the husbands while they continue to live with them in the holy bonds of matrimony, and so long as this is the case we never can have, as a rule, the happiest and most exalted form of marriage.

The wives of today have innumerable advantages over those of past generations, but the most important of all is still denied viz, an equal right to the joint earnings of the marriage partnership. The law has yielded so far, in most of the places, as to permit a wife to retain possession of the property she brought into the firm, and that which becomes hers by will or gift. If she goes outside of the home to work, her wages are her own, but if she confine her labors to the demands of her household she is legally entitled only to board, shelter and clothes, and the husband decides as to quality.

Whatever she gets in addition is not by legal right, but simply through the influence she can bring to bear upon him. If she dies first she cannot dispose by will of a dollar's worth of all they have accumulated together, but at his death he can deprive her of at least two thirds of their joint earnings. The law, however, secures to her a certain amount, presupposing that if this were not done the husband would be likely to deprive her of all.

The man who is penniless has the world before him with all of its opportunities for making a living. Modern innovations in a large degree have placed the unmarried woman in the same position, but the wife has no such freedom. By statute she owes her services to her husband and her own sense of duty compels her to devote them to her household, therefore she is excluded from the wage earning occupations, and although performing her regular day's labor, is not entitled to handle a dollar of her earnings.

I place above all other causes for unhappiness in marriage the absolute financial dependence of the wife and I firmly believe that three fourths of the friction would be removed if a fair share of the family income were placed at her unrestricted disposal, just as now the husband controls all of it. There is not space here to go into an argument on this proposition. Nothing takes the independence, the self respect and the contentment out of a man's life so completely as pauperism, and stripped of all subterfuge, this is the condition of the vast majority of wives. They smart under the injustice; they

rebel at the cajolery, deceit and sometimes intimidation on which they must practice to get what ought to be theirs by right; while they are often irritated beyond endurance to see the husband using money in ways which they wholly disapprove. If I were a husband I never would admit that my marriage was a failure until I had tried the profit sharing plan with my wife.

The wonder is not that so many marriages are a failure, but that so many are a success. Members of the same family, parents and children, brothers and sisters, who have had years to study one another's idiosyncrasies and are bound together by the strong tie of blood-relationship, often find it extremely difficult to dwell in harmony under the same roof. How much more difficult then must it be for those who know but little of each other's inheritance of peculiarities; who are married far too often, on a brief and imperfect acquaintance; who are suddenly thrown into the most intimate relationship, without the power of getting away from it; and who occupy a position not of independence but of authority on one side and often unwilling dependence on the other—how infinitely more difficult must it be for them to bring their lives into harmonious adjustment!

The marvel lies in the fact that so many succeed in doing this, for the immense majority of marriages are fairly satisfactory to the contracting parties. It is only those that prove to be mistakes which challenge attention. The one whose troubles are carried into the courts attracts so much notice that the nine hundred and ninety-nine which are being passed in comparative peace and happiness are entirely lost sight of, and people cry out, 'Why are so many marriages a failure?'

The census of 1896 showed about 121,000 divorced persons in the United States, out of a population of over 62,500,000. A small fraction of 1 per cent, is hardly appreciable in so vast a number, and certainly does not justify the slightest alarm or the conclusions that marriage, as an institution, is discredited. Recent census doubtless will somewhat increase this percentage, but even should this be the case there is no need of a panic.

There was never in the history of the world such a period of transition as the one through which we are now passing, and it is natural that the institution of marriage should be included in the general shaking up. This means simply that it must be more carefully studied with a view to placing it on a broader and firmer basis.

While modern conditions of life allow men and women innumerable opportunities of meeting, these are of the most superficial character and do not permit the long and thorough acquaintance which always should precede marriage. The latter brings many disillusiones even to those who believed they had the most absolute knowledge of one another, and they often repent at leisure to as great a degree as those who married in haste. Society in the so-called middle and upper classes permits the unmarried to meet only under artificial conditions, at balls, receptions, dinners, teas—devoted to small talk with the accompaniments of music, flowers, gala attire and crowds of people—all attractive and delightful in a way, but affording no chance for a study of character, temperament, tastes and ideas. Yet on such acquaintance as this the young folks marry and set about to face the great problems of real life. That, under such circumstances, more than 99 per cent of marriages prove so enduring at least that the parties make no effort to have them annulled is to the credit of human nature and a splendid testimony to the sacrament itself.

It is claimed that the marriages which result from coeducation in our colleges are almost universally happy. A very wide observation leads me to believe that this is the classroom and on the campus have given that mutual knowledge which should be the foundation and have developed that similarity of tastes and pursuits which is essential to a congenial union. This rule holds good where men and women in the same profession marry, as physicians,

lawyers, ministers, writers, teachers. I have known scarcely an instance where such a marriage turned out unhappily and this must be because of the congeniality of disposition which leads both into the same line of work and prompts them to continue it.

Society is apt to condemn marriage between an employer and his bookkeeper or stenographer, and yet their daily companionship has given each other an insight of the habits and disposition of each other and shown their ability to work together harmoniously. When such marriages are founded on mutual respect and a fiction the chances ought to be in favor of their proving satisfactory, if we accept the promise that a thorough acquaintance is a requisite for a successful union.

A prominent reason why many marriages are failures is found in the imperfect development of men and women. While neither would expect to succeed in any kind of business without a special training they rush blindly and recklessly into this most complex and exacting of all life's relations, and are amazed when bankruptcy stares them in the face.

It is not possible to take up in detail the numerous causes which lead to this result, the infirmities of temper, the lack of self-control and forbearance, the business incapacity of the husband, the domestic inaptitude of the wife, the total want of an equilibrium which will enable them to meet their inevitable difficulties with calmness and fortitude. The vices of youth prove too strong for the man to lay aside, and carried into married life, produce the usual wreck. The frivolous, superficial attractions which rendered the girl so charming prove inadequate to retain the husband's love, and she has nothing more enduring to offer. The foundations of a perfect marriage cannot be laid upon a deficient manhood and womanhood.

This brings us back to our original proposition that the ideal marriage must be founded on that mutual respect which is possible only between equals, and out of this will grow the only love which is unchangeable. John Stuart Mill is often quoted as having said: 'No ordinary man is willing to find at his own fireside an equal in the person he calls wife.' This may have been true when it was written, but a new generation of women have come into existence since that time and they have revolutionized the old ideals. Even the 'ordinary' man expects far more of 'the person he calls wife' now than in days past, while the most progressive men are demanding, if not their equals, certainly a more advanced womanhood than the world ever before has seen.

Although the women of the United States stand more nearly on an equality with the men than do those of any other nation, yet a larger proportion of men here marry than in any other country. Such statistics prove that, while increased opportunities in life may make some women so exacting in the choice of a husband as to prevent marriage altogether, they do not deter a constantly increasing number of men from marrying.

Men themselves are continually raising the standard for wives, and women are striving to reach it, but no sooner has this been done than they themselves fix a nobler standard for husbands. Thus each assists the other to rise, and both attain a higher level; while the nearer that of the woman approaches that of the man the greater becomes his respect for her.

In the realm of education she has gained a hundred-fold in his regard since he has learned that her mental powers are not inferior to his own. This is equally true in the business world, since she has demonstrated her capacity in many and varied departments. The logical conclusion, therefore, cannot be evaded that there must be a corresponding increase of respect when she takes her rightful place in the affairs of government.

This evolution is developing not only women but men, and it is producing a greater mutual regard than ever has existed in the history of the race. Eventually this attitude must extend to the relations between husbands and wives, with the inevitable result that, in the fulness of time, there will be no necessity to inquire why so many marriages are failures.

Mrs. Wiggles—Mrs. Rachet played whist with us this afternoon. Mr. Wiggles—Is that so? What score did she make? Mrs. Wiggles—Three hundred and eighty words a minute.

Woman's Kingdom Is Home.

Agusta Robson in the Ladies' Magazine says that the home duties of a wife and mother are many and very exacting, but it she be appreciated and faithfully loved, hers is the most enviable lot among women. Success is never easy, but one of the conditions of it here is that you put your best thought and talent on your homes. Charitable societies, women's clubs and even church work, are of secondary consideration. Each is beautiful, needful and right if one is so situated that she has the time and energy to give to it without either overtaking her physical or mental resources. But she who builds and maintains a restful, helpful, happy, Christian home, is doing the world's bravest work. Here is your kingdom. Strive to reign here in harmony and to do the things 'which make for peace.' It is the friction of life which wears us out more than its hard work.

Your habits of dress were formed long before you became a wife, and very few have strength of character enough to change them, but the successful home maker is she who makes herself and her home so attractive that no club can compete with it. Far more powerful in its influence than any attractions of dress is a brave and cheerful spirit. Life is hard at best and the sooner that we realize that we have a load to carry, and determine to carry it cheerfully and bravely, the sooner are we started on the way which brings most satisfaction, most happiness, most peace.

From a Man's Standpoint.

A wife rarely keeps a husband poor that would have been rich any other way. Women live for admiration, but men die without it.

When a woman is in love, she thinks there's no other man in the world; when a man's in love, he thinks the same thing. The bachelor has one great advantage over the married man; he can still get married.

A woman may have less logic than a man, but what little she does have is generally more so. Never trust a woman with a secret. The curiosity of her husband is sure to get it out of her.

Just when a man's surest that a woman never hits anything she aims at, along comes some blushing young thing and marries him!

You'll appreciate your own home after you see some others. Neither husband nor wife should accuse the other of their sex's propensity to talk. Both are fond of it.

The Daily Attire.

That a husband of long standing cares a great deal about the daily attire of his wife, found an illustration that is both striking and funny, in a lawsuit some years ago. The aggrieved husband writing to the father of his wife, says: 'You would bless yourself if you were to see the figure Henriett makes of herself in the morning, generally until two and three o'clock. It consists of an old plaid dressing gown, extremely dirty and with several holes burnt in it. In this disgusting costume, she came to breakfast one morning when my brother Robert was with me. She does not often wear the gowns you had the kindness to give her, her favorite gown being an old red dress not remarkably clean, which is my aversion.' This with other annoyances, combined to make him feel it impossible to live with her.

Proofs for Two.

'I was standing in the lobby of the Auditorium in Chicago,' remarked ex-Congressman P. J. Somers over in the Plankinton lobby yesterday, 'talking with Senator William E. Mason, when a trampish-looking fellow came rushing in and addressing him, said:

'Billy, lend me \$10; I have a chance to make \$5 in fifteen minutes.'

'Billy went down in his trousers and fished up a two-dollar and a one-dollar note and passed them over to the man.'

'I want \$10 to make the deal remarked the man, as he stretched forth his hand for additional financial aid.'

'You said you could make \$5 didn't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, you've made \$5 and I'm \$7 ahead See?'

'The man saw the point and regretfully withdrew.'

Mrs. Newlywed—You told me we would have to give up luxuries and only allow ourselves necessities.

Mr. Newlywed—That's right.

Mrs. Newlywed—But you came home in a hack last night; that was a luxury.

Mr. Newlywed—Er—er—that was a necessity, my love.

Tommy—Paw, what relashun is my gran'maw t' you?

Father—She's my mother-in-law, young man; now don't remind me of her again while she is here.

She—I don't believe you're telling me the truth.

He—You are most annoying sometimes. I suppose you think you can read me like a book.

She—O, no! Like a paragraph, I should say.

'I thought you said your husband could swim.'

'He can, but that pretty grass widow from Kentucky seems to prefer to lie around the beach.'

The young lady with the green threaded coat and Devonsaire hat was interested in looking over books in McClurg's. Where is 'The Gentleman from Indiana?' she asked of the raw clerk—he of the anburn flowing hair parted from the middle. Why I used to live in Indiana, madame, said he, with a conscious blush even redder than his hair.

Harry—Oh Nellie, darling, I'm so unhappy, I feel I shall never get your father's consent to our marriage.

Nellie—Oh, Harry, dear, I think we shall—I have an idea! We shall get Mamma to object and it's sure to come right?

We understand that the beans were published within a week.

Minister.—'Bridget, these potatoes taste mouldy.'

Bridget—'Yis, sorr, Oi dare say, sorr—they set next to your barrel o'ermons in the suller.'

'Ain't you most afraid to have John go to war? You know these far shootin' guns will hit a man a mile and a half away every time.'

'There ain't no bullet that'll catch John if he gets a mile an' a half start.'

Why Tommy was misled: Tommy—You wore a red suit and horns at the masked ball last night, didn't you?

Mr. Hoanly—Why no, I went as a cavalier.

Tommy—I guess pop was mistaken then. He said he saw you and you looked like the devil.

'Why, he asked, 'why is the Fourth of July like W. J. Bryan's new lecture?'

Naturally we all gave it up.

'Because,' he said, edging toward the door, 'it is a case of spending a lot of money for some useless noise.'

'Charley dear,' said young Mrs. Torkins, 'I haven't a word to say against your playing golf any more.'

'I'm glad of that.'

'No, I think it is a very useful game. The man who was working here this morn'ing said that your new golf sticks were perfectly lovely to beat carpets with.'

'If I thought any girl would accept me,' casually remarked the bashful Mr. Dolyers 'I'd propose tomorrow.'

'Why not this evening?' asked Miss Fosdick, coyly.

The affair will take place in about a month.

'Did you hear of that duel between those two students?'

'No. Pistols or swords?'

'Neither; they prescribed for each other.

'You're safe! the umpire shouted. Then sadly muttered he.

While bleachers roared their wild dissent:

'Who'll say as much for me?'

'Was your club paper troublesome, Dorothy?'

'Oh, horrible! I ransacked 11 books and ate three pounds of chocolate caramels while I was getting it up.'

'Ah,' sighed the fond mother, 'two souls with but a single thought!'

'Yes,' echoed paternitas, 'and less than \$1. I don't know how they're going to make it, Mary, unless—er—perhaps that single thought they've got is that papa's going to put up for two.'

'Briggs must be getting queer in his top story.'

'What's the proof?'

'He had his bare head out of his office window at noon yesterday, and when I asked him what he was doing he said he couldn't afford a regular hair cut and was trying a sponge.'

'I never could see why they always called a boat 'she.''

'Evidently you have never tried to steer one.'

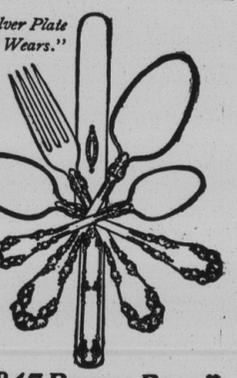
We can accomplish nothing in this world said the old man who was given to moralizing, until the crooked is made straight.

Well, replied the other who was also of convivial habit, of course you would except the corker.

Mother—Harry Tucker is the worst boy in school, Tommy, and I want you to keep as far from him as possible.

Tommy—I do Ma. He is always the head of our class.

Advertisement for SURPRISE SOAP, featuring an illustration of a woman and a bathtub. Text includes 'A Contented WOMAN' and 'It is pure, lasting and effective; it removes the dirt quickly and thoroughly without boiling or hard rubbing.'



Advertisement for Rogers Bros. cutlery, listing 'Forks, Knives, etc.' and describing the quality and design of the products.

Advertisement for NOBLE LTD. clothing, featuring 'STER, ENGLAND' and 'Mantlemen in the World'. It lists various items like 'Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat' and 'House Bodice with tulle trimmed Black fashionable Skirt'.

Advertisement for JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS, showing an illustration of a girl in a dress and listing sizes and prices.

Advertisement for E, LTD. clothing, featuring 'STER, ENGLAND' and listing various items and prices.

BROTHER, OR LOVER.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Well, I must say I think you are ridiculously proud. You know dad wished us to go and live with Uncle John, if he would take us in. You had better change your mind before it is too late, Donna.

Donna Maxwell raised a pair of determined looking hazel eyes to meet her sister's blue ones as she replied— "Do stop talking about it, Edith. My mind has been made up since that terrible day, two years ago, when the dear old dad was told he had not many months to live. I have born the monotony of this sort of live out of love to him; but I always meant to be free when he was no longer here to make existence possible in this dull hole."

But Edith Maxwell was as indolent and easy-going as the father who had been content to pass some of the last years of his life in idleness, though well aware that his pension—be he had served his country as captain of an infantry regiment—would die with him, and that his two girls would be left to fight the world with one hundred pounds each, which was all their mother had had to bequeath to them.

Donna took after that mother in appearance and character. Of medium height and slender figure, she looked taller than she was, by reason of the somewhat defiant way in which she carried her pretty head.

Her hair was short, and as curl hair can be. There was a twiny glint in it, and there was in her eyes when they were not distinctly hazel.

The rest of her face had nothing remarkable in it in the way of beauty or character; in fact, she was an average type of a tolerably pretty English girl, possessing more spirit than was good for her perhaps, linked, as it was, with lack of judgment and a knowledge of the world gleaned from books.

But such, as she was, she took her fate and her fortune in her hands, and entrained for London one fine morning, leaving her sister standing on the little country platform, somewhat disconsolately waiting for a train going the other way, which would take her to the sheltering care of the Rev. John Maxwell, her father's elder brother.

Donna's last words had satisfied Edith that, after all, things would probably go well with the headstrong girl. "It's the worst comes to the worst, and I can't get work I like, I shall try and find Charlie. We know he was in London up to twelve months ago, so I guess he is there still."

Neither of the sisters had ever been within fifty miles of London, and all their reading had failed to convince them of its vastness. The only Charlie alluded to by Donna was their brother, who had been adopted by a sister of Mrs. Maxwell's when Captain Maxwell met with the injury which necessitated his leaving the army while still a young man.

Miss Grant—the lady in question—had died a few months before. She had disapproved of her sister's marriage on the score of Captain Maxwell's lack of family—his people being mostly in trade, while the Grants traced their descent back to the time of Edward III.

The boy Charlie was as entirely separated from his family as if he had never belonged to them. Once in every twelve months, Miss Grant sent news of his whereabouts to his father—his mother having died shortly after Donna's birth—but Charlie himself gave no sign of remembering his own people.

As he was only three years old at the time of his adoption by his aunt, this was not, perhaps, remarkable, though his sister, especially Donna, to whom he was only a name, lived in hope of his ultimate return to them, now that Miss Grant was dead. Donna had her boxes deposited in the cloak-room at Paddington, while she proceeded to look about her in search of apartments.

She clung to the little purse bag which held her hundred pounds, and stepped into the first hansom she came to, feeling very responsible and rather proud of herself for having got so far without any hitch in her programme.

Perhaps they would not be so particular there. Mistake number two was to peep into her bag from time to time in order to ascertain that her roll of notes was safe.

There came an awful paralyzing moment when she discovered that her bag had been stolen! She looked around her, and under the seat, and across at a man who was the only passenger except herself just then.

The pallor in her cheeks and the horror in her eyes struck him as being in marked contrast to the rosiest of the former, and the brightness of the latter, which had decided him to travel citywards by bus instead of cabbage it.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with some concern. "My bag! I have lost it! All my money is in it!" "That is very unfortunate. Not a large sum, I trust."

"All I have in the world!" said Donna tragically, forgetting all she had read concerning the unwisdom of entering into conversation with strangers in busy, wicked London.

But this man spoke so kindly and looked so sympathetic—moreover, he was so handsome and so very well dressed—that it would have been difficult to have remained silent under the peculiarly trying circumstances.

The poor child was so stunned by the misfortune which had befallen her, that she was only too thankful to be taken in hand by anybody. Except for a few shillings she was absolutely penniless.

The cloak room ticket was gone, too—she had slipped it into the bag for safety—so she could not even claim her luggage. The whole story was drawn from her piteously quivering lips by the man who had come to her rescue—as she considered.

His sympathy grew until it seemed to entirely possess him. "Gazing at her with carefully guarded eyes, he said— "My poor child, this is a greater misfortune than you think. I will do my best for you if you will trust me. Do you think you can trust me?"

She glanced shyly at the handsome face which older women than she had trusted, and her reply came readily. "Of course I trust you. How could I do otherwise when you are so kind?"

As she spoke she remembered a sentence which had struck her in the last novel she had read—"An inch of experience is worth a mile of reading."

Why should that recur to her just now of all times? And what had it to do with the case in point? "I must tell you who I am, and you will then let me know your name, won't you?" continued her new friend. Mine is Lockhart—Curtis Lockhart, very much at your service."

"I am called Donna Maxwell," she said in response. "Donna? What a pretty, quaint name! I don't think I ever heard it before."

"My real name is Marion; but I suppose it did not sound pleasant to me when I was a child, for when my father or any of his friends called me Marion, I used to say, 'Don't sir, or rather, 'Don', sa'; so they took to calling me 'Donna' and I have got used to it."

"It suits you. You are rather out of the common yourself, you know. Now, our first proceeding must be to let the police know of your loss, Miss Maxwell; and then I think we had better have some lunch, and discuss future plans."

CHAPTER II. Charlie Maxwell considered himself so illused by fate, that he left his luxuriously furnished rooms one morning with something more than a faint idea that he might as well put an end to his existence.

Brought up in idleness, he knew nothing of the joys of well earned holidays. While still under five-and-twenty he had married a girl as purposeless as himself, and as idle, and with a tendency to insanity of which he knew nothing until it had developed into actual madness before she had been his wife many months.

She attempted to take her own life and it became necessary to put her under restraint. Thus Maxwell found himself in the early twenties, languidly bound in marriage to a hopeless lunatic, utterly without occupation, and with no hobby except a tendency to scribble stories which no editor would accept.

gradual degradation which threatened him if he lived—as he had been living of late; and he told himself that he lacked sufficient will power to reorganize his life. He turned his steps eastwards, pondering as he went, over the best way in which to end his existence.

He was so good a swimmer that he would find it difficult to drown. Shooting was too noisy; hanging he shrank from.

Poison? A nice quick poison certainly seemed best. Meanwhile, being hungry, he might as well eat. He usually lunched at his club; a cab would take him there in less than fifteen minutes.

But he did not feel in the mood to meet anyone he knew, so he walked on in search of a restaurant, and turned into the first he came to, deciding that a dying man need not trouble about locality, or recherche cooking; if he got something wholesome to eat he must be contented.

There were a good many people seated at the different tables; he made for the only unoccupied one, and sat down without noticing his immediate neighbours. He ordered mutton chops, thinking that even a second class restaurant ought to be equal to turning out decent chops.

While he waited for them he was struck by the note of culture in the voices of two people who occupied the table next to his. They were a man and a girl; a pretty fresh-coloured girl with a lovely, albeit troubled looking eyes, and a man whose back seemed familiar.

Maxwell shifted his position a little, and was right in fancying he knew the man and as he found he had not been mistaken his interest was aroused by a question asked by him and by the answer it drew from the girl.

"Is this sister your only near relative, Miss Maxwell?" "I have a brother somewhere I think he lives in London; I must try and find him. You know London well; I wonder if you ever met him? He is called Charlie."

"Charlie? Charlie Maxwell No, I don't think I ever met anyone of that name. What is he? And where does he live?" and he never came home afterwards. I don't fancy he is anything. Aunt Grant was rich, you see. I never knew her, either."

"I am afraid it will be rather a difficult matter to find him. The best way, perhaps, would be to advertise."

"But that costs money! You forget that I have only three shillings in the world until I find my bag. Do you think I shall get it back today? If not, I must telegraph to Edith to lend me some money."

"I will telegraph for you if you will give me your sister's address."

"How good you are! You are doing everything for me. Her address is Miss Edith Maxwell, care of Rev. John Maxwell, The Vicarage, Penrosch, Cornwall."

Her companion scribbled it in his notebook before he spoke again. "She can telegraph the money to you, know. What do you mean to do with it? Go to Penrosch?"

"And acknowledged my failure already? No; I would rather die! I will use the money to pay for food and lodging until I can get work—if I don't get my own money back."

"What work can you do—a dainty little bit of womanhood like you?" "I have been well educated; I could teach, but I should hate it. I could go as companion; but I should hate that, too. If I can't do anything better, I would take a situation as parlour-maid, in preference to humbling myself to Uncle John and his wife."

"Poor child! You don't know what you are talking about. You a parlour-maid, indeed! Have you no fancy for trying the stage?"

"Too risky for a girl so utterly alone as I am. You see I know something of the world if I have lived in the country all my life."

"Quite right. Well, Miss Donna—I may call you that? or must I keep to 'Miss Maxwell'?" "You may call me anything but 'Marion'; I never shall like that, even if I live to be ninety."

think of them situated as you are at this moment." "You was too much for Charlie Maxwell. He fancied he had been told that both of Curtis Lockhart's parents were dead. He knew for a fact that the man had no sisters."

Leaving his unfinished chop, he rose and approached Donna, card case in hand. "I was reluctant to speak on the mere suspicion that you were the sister whom I meet to day for the first time. But now, is this sufficient proof of my identity as your long lost brother?"

He handed cards to Donna and to Lockhart, which acquainted each with the fact that the speaker claimed to be one Charles Maxwell. Lockhart frowned as he read the unwelcome intimation, but Donna sprang to her feet with an exclamation of delight, holding out both hands as her eyes flashed with joy and relief into the grey ones regarding her so steadily.

"Are you really Charlie—my brother Charlie? Oh, it seems too good to be true! But why did you not write or come when dad died? Edith sent you to the old address, though we did not know if you were living there still."

"Is the pater dead? I did not get the letter. I have only just returned to town."

"He died last month." The hazel eyes filled with tears, but she would not let them overflow. "Dear old dad! I miss him awfully. He died suddenly, or we should have sent you to before. We had been hoping—or at least I had—that you would come back to us after Aunt Grant's death left you free to please yourself. Or did she cherish her dislike of dad right up to the end?"

"She'll talk of those things later on if suggested Maxwell gently. I want to know now what brought you to town. Will you introduce me to your friend?"

Lockhart was visibly uneasy, and evidently chagrined at the arrival of so unlooked for a chaperon for the girl he had planned to deceive.

He took his departure as soon as he could do so without exciting Maxwell's suspicion, accepting the other man's thanks for kindness shown to Donna, with a secret consciousness that they were spoken sarcastically.

All three left the restaurant together, parting at the door. Lockhart got into a hansom, and was afterwards driven westward. Maxwell hailed another for Donna and himself, telling the man to drive about for an hour, and then land them at some quiet hotel somewhere off the Strand.

"Now tell me your story, sister Donna. I know absolutely nothing about you, for my aunt invariably refused to answer any questions concerning any of you, and vowed she would wash her hands of me, if I attempted to communicate with the pater."

"What a horrid woman she must have been! And, of course, you could not afford to defy her."

And then Donna launched into a more or less lengthy account of all the circumstances of her one and twenty years of life which had led up to her being in London, friendless and penniless, at the present moment.

Charlie put in a question from time to time, when any point did not seem clear to his comprehension, and when Donna had finished, he told his own story briefly, omitting all mention of his unlucky marriage.

"I cannot join in your disapproval of Aunt Grant," he said, "because she was undoubtedly very generous to her unworthy nephew. Perhaps it would have been better for me had I led a less luxurious life, for my present income is insufficient for my extravagant needs."

This was perfectly true if he purposed giving a home to Donna. The annual sum demanded of him for his wife's board and lodging at the private asylum where he had placed her made considerable inroads into his capital, which had been reduced of late, owing to his excessive self-indulgence.

He did not wish Donna to guess, however, that her advent would prove much of a strain on his resources, so he drew freely on his imagination as he proceeded with his story.

"I am just turning out of the rooms I have been occupying. In fact, I am lodging hunting now, and this accounts for my opportune appearance at the restaurant pitched on by you and Mr. Lockhart. My occupation lies in the neighborhood of Fleet street. I have gone in for journalism, I must tell you. I want to find diggings somewhere in Brixton. Would that suit you?"

"I don't know one part of London from another, I am not in a position to be critical; but you must not think I am going to let you support me, Charlie; I shall work for a living. Is Brixton a sort of place where I could get a situation as secretary, or something like that?"

"No doubt something will be obtainable. But let me assure you of my solvency. I have at least three hundred a year to keep us going in addition to what I may earn, so there is no hurry about your getting work. And now to present plans. We must recover your luggage without delay. As you have reported the loss of your cloak room ticket to the police, we shall have no great difficulty in the matter, I fancy. We will then make for an hotel where you shall sleep to night, and tomorrow I will shift my lodgings into rooms at Brixton, or elsewhere."

say about 'a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' "I started this morning very nearly determined not to be alive at sunset. This evening I find myself feeling more alive than I have felt for years, keenly interested in a girl of whose existence I was ignorant until a few hours ago, and whom, having accepted as a sister, I am self-pledged to treat as one. The position was too strong for me."

"I am not exactly a saint, but I could not go on yielding to the temptation to seek oblivion from the moonstruck mistakes of this life when it was in my power to rescue an innocent, unsuspecting girl from a man whom I knew to be a villain. I have, nevertheless, committed suicide today. The old Charles Maxwell is, I trust, dead for ever."

"I have something to live for now. And may Heaven deal with me as I deal with this unsuspecting child, who believes me to be her brother. She is nothing more than a child, in spite of her one-and-twenty years. What a difference to Clara! She was a woman at seventeen, and most of the other girls I have met never seem to have been children at all."

"I hope Fate will be kind to me. If I keep carefully east of the Strand, I ought not to run up against anyone likely to recognize me Anyway, I am not ashamed of what I am doing, if I am deceiving her. I swear to be a brother to her always, whatever she may become to me. Surely it will be easy enough; and if not, I must not complain."

He entered his chambers, and looked around on their costly fittings with a feeling of contempt for his past life. "I am a better man tonight than I have ever been before," he soliloquized, with a mental pat on the back.

He had not shaved that morning. How was Mrs. Crupps to know that he intended to grow a moustache by way of disguise?

His eyes did not meet hers frankly as was their wont. How was Mrs. Crupps to know that he was afraid of his gaze, and that she was towards Donna being read by her quick rain?

Altogether Charlie Maxwell appeared in an unsatisfactory light to the worthy woman who had lamented over his evil course, for the last eight months.

But she listened in stolid silence, for, after all, it was no business of hers. So long as Mr. Maxwell owed her nothing she had no right to interfere with his goings or comings.

Her rooms would let again directly; there was no fear on that score. Mrs. Crupps therefore pocketed the money paid by Charlie in lieu of notice, and watched him depart with critical calmness.

The desired lodgings at Brixton were easily procured, and when night fell on the second day of his acquaintance with Donna Charlie found himself established with her in a fairly comfortable sitting-room communicating, by means of folding doors, with a smaller apartment where meals were to be served for them.

"This is lovely!" declared Donna, as she appeared at the supper table, after unpacking her boxes. "I begin to feel at home already. I must write to Edith tomorrow, to follow up the telegram we sent yesterday. She will wish now that she had come with me, instead of accepting charity from Uncle John."

"Cannot you be happy without her? I have a kind of presentiment that Edith and I would not hit it off over well. She is very different to you, isn't she?"

"Quite different. She is lazier and better looking; so far she has the advantage of me. But she is lazier than I should like to be."

"Which of you gets most admirers?" "Oh, we are about equal." Donna laughed. "There was no great choice of men at Stoke Leyton."

"Either of you engaged?" "Oh, dear, no! There was nobody worth getting engaged to. Besides, I, at least, am in no hurry to be married."

"Sensible girl. Marriage is a mistake. What is the matter?" "My collar has slipped away from the stud."

She was fumbling at the back of her neck with both hands. "Let me do it."

Maxwell was on his feet in an instant, and behind her chair. He noticed what a pretty neck she had as he restituted the collar. "Thanks!" She put up her lips. "Do you know you have not kissed me yet, Charlie?"

He flushed and hesitated, but only for a moment. She must not be allowed to suspect that he was not what he seemed. He bent his head and laid his lips lightly on hers. Her arms went round his neck and held him fast, so that the carcase was a longer one than he had intended. He drew a long breath when she released him. Had he ever tasted sweeter lips? But he frowned even as he asked himself the question. "How severe you look! Perhaps you don't like kissing, people?"

"Donna pouted a little as she hazarded the remark. "On the contrary, I rather like when the 'people' happen to be pretty girls."

"Do you call me pretty?" "Yes, Miss Vanity, I do."

"I don't; I'd rather be like Edith. I believe I have rather nice eyes, but the rest of my face is insignificant."

"It is no use your fishing for compliments."

Continued on page eleven.

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)
As your brother it is my duty to snub you."
"Is it really? I never had a brother be-
fore, so I cannot contradict. But let me
warn you that I am not a sweet-tempered;
if you snub me, I shall retaliate."
"You couldn't say a nasty thing if you
tried."
"Couldn't I? That just shows that you
have not been used to girls, especially sis-
ters."
"My experience has certainly been limited."
His spirits rose with every half hour that
he passed in this pleasant intimacy with a
girl to whom he was no more in reality,
than was that other man, to save her from
whom he had acted a lie.
The resolves of the morning were for-
gotten under the intoxicating influence of a
dawning love which he took no pains to
smother at its birth, as he should have
done.
He felt so sure of his own strength that
he let himself go for that once, mentally
vowing that should not occur again.
Rome was not built in a day, and a man
is not reformed in two days and a night.
When supper was over, he took Donna's
arm, led her into the other room, and
drew her down by his side in a big, old-
fashioned armchair which was placed in-
vitingly before the fire.
"Having informed you of a brother's
duty, I am now going to claim a brother's
privilege," he explained, as he held her to
him and laid his cheek against hers.
"You haven't shaved today," she said
promptly.
"No; I am going to let my moustache
grow."
"Are you? I am so glad. But don't
wear it drooping over your mouth and dip-
ping into soup and things, will you?"
"How then?"
"Oh, train it upwards; it's much cleaner,
and ever so much smarter!"
"I am not sure that it would suit me."
"Sure to; it suits all handsome men."
"Do you think me handsome?"
"I am not going to flatter you, Mr. Van-
ity! There! Sit for me, sir. Oh,
Charlie, how jolly it is being here with
you! I shan't care about getting married
unless you tire of having me always about.
How long will you be able to put up with
me."
"Ah! How long, I wonder?"
His speak of her tightened a little.
She felt it, and accepted it as a reply to
her question.
"Dear old chap! Do you think you
love me a little bit already, Charlie?"
"I think I can honestly say 'Yes' to that
modest question," he answered, laughing
half mad with happiness as he fed his love
for her by an occasional kiss, each longer
than the last.
Presently she laid her head on his
shoulder with a contented little sigh, nest-
ling closer to him as she said—
"I had no idea brothers were quite so
nice! Not that they are all alike, of course.
Evidently you are a peculiarly perfect
specimen."
"Think so? I want you to be happy with
me child."
"I am bound to be happy; I can't help
myself."
They sat there until a clock somewhere
near struck eleven.
Then Donna started.
To a country bred girl eleven o'clock
was shockingly late.
"It's long past bed time! Why did you
not remind me of it?"
As she spoke she tried to free herself
from his clinging arms.
"I shan't go to bed for another hour or
two. Stay with me, Donna."
"I should not be able to get up in the
morning if I did. Please let me go,
Charlie; I am awfully sleepy, really."
"Are you? Well, if you will go, you
must."
He raised her in his arms and carried
her upstairs as easily as if he had been a
child, she laughing and protesting under
her breath.
At the door of her room he put her
down, and parted from her with another
long kiss.
This is a good illustration of the supreme
potency of influence. Merely nominal pre-
cedence or authority does not amount to
much. Almost every head has a neck
which can turn it. How often the wife
proves to be the ruling directing spirit of
a household instead of the husband and
father! Who has not known organizations
in which the real conrolling power was
wielded by some member or members not
officially organized? The essential thing
to seek is the power of influence—not so
much the headship as the neckship of af-
fairs. Anybody can be figurehead provid-
ed he gets a chance in that capacity. But
it takes genuine merit and faculty to be
what is called 'a controlling spirit.' Let
no mean, petty spirit of envy actuate us
in our dealings with others. Position,
outward honor, need not, and very often
does not, mean real power, real suprem-
acy. That belongs to influence—the quiet
subtle force which moves so-called author-
ity, as the neck of a man moves his head.

While dressing, he told himself that, if
he found he could not help behaving as a
lover to Donna, he must tell her the truth
concerning the utter lack of relationship
between them.
Her scorn at his deceit would assuredly
go far to curing his mad passion for her.
She looked as fresh as the morning when
he entered the room where she was waiting
breakfast for him.
"Lazy boy! I have been down for
ages. This is what comes of late hours.
You must go to bed earlier, sir."
"Then I must work instead of chatting
to you after supper," he replied on the in-
spiration of the moment.
"Work! Do you mean to say you work-
ed after I left you last night?"
"I can assure you I worked very hard."
This was true, only in a different sense
from that in which he understood it.
"Literate people need not trouble about
regular hours, you know, as long as they
get through all they have to do."
"Oh, but you ought to have regular
hours for work and you shall! I'll have
no talk in future until you have finished
do your work! Last night was very jolly
but we should get tired of always spoon-
ing; it is not as though we were lovers.
Besides, I shall have my work too. I
have a sort of talent for designing—de-
corations, monograms and so on, I
dreamt last night that I earned a lot of
money that way, and I am going to try
and make my dream come true. It will be
much nicer than teaching."
Before they had finished breakfast, a
policeman arrived with Donna's bag, say-
ing it had been sent by the registered par-
cel post to Scotland Yard.
A note was found inside explaining that
the sender had caught it up from the seat
of the bus by mistake, but chose this
way of returning it for fear of being sus-
pected of having stolen it.
The contents were intact, to Donna's
great joy.
Imaginative Influence
A New Orleans physician relates the
following: A nervous man recently called
on me and asked: 'In what part of the
abdomen are the premonitory pains of ap-
pendicitis felt?' 'On the left side, exactly
here,' I said indicating a spot a little above
the hip bone. He went out. The next
afternoon I was summoned in haste to a
hotel. I found the man who had question-
ed me the day before writhing in his bed
his forehead bedewed with sweat and his
whole appearance indicating intense suf-
fering. 'I have an attack of appendicitis,'
he said. 'I'm a dead man. I'll never survive
an operation.' 'Where do you feel pain?'
I asked. 'Oh, right here,' he replied,
putting his finger on the spot I had located
at the office. 'I feel as if somebody had
a knife in me there and was turning it
around.' Well then, isn't appendicitis, at
any rate, I said cheerfully, 'because that
is the wrong side.' 'The wrong side?' he
exclaimed glaring at me indignantly. 'Why
you told me yourself it was on the left
side.' Then I must have been abstracted,'
I replied calmly. 'I should have said the
right.' I prescribed something that
would not hurt him and learned afterwards
that he ate his dinner in the dining-room
the same evening.
Influence.
A very characteristic story is told of Mr.
Spurgeon, that when an independent
young woman objected to assenting to
those questions in the marriage service
which implied the superiority and author-
ity of the man over the woman, he said to
her in a fatherly way: 'Come, now let
him be the head, and do you be the neck,
and turn him which way you please.'
This is a good illustration of the supreme
potency of influence. Merely nominal pre-
cedence or authority does not amount to
much. Almost every head has a neck
which can turn it. How often the wife
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subtle force which moves so-called author-
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UNITS TRAVELS.
Some Recent Transfers of the Medal Belong-
ing to Chicago's Meanest Man.
As one of the elevators in the big office
building touched bottom and the door
opened to let its load of passengers out a
short, dumpy, perspiring man with a crop-
ped beard and a protuberant stomach tried
to crowd his way in, regardless of the fif-
teen or twenty persons that were trying to
make their exit.
"Don't be in a hurry said the elevator
boy.
"But I am in a hurry!" impatiently ex-
claimed he of the squat figure. "I've been
waiting here five minutes."
"You haven't been waiting five seconds,"
retorted the elevator boy. "If you had
been, you know, you could have gone up
in one of the other cars."
"That's all right," said the other, still
pushing and elbowing his way in. "Maybe
you know."
"I think I do."
"Why is it," asked the man who had
been flattened up against the side of the
elevator, "that it's always somebody of his
build and atmospheric displacement that
acts the pork in a place of this kind?"
Nobody seemed to know. The general-
ization may have been too sweeping.
There are hogs of all degrees of obesity
and tenuity.
The imprisoned passengers succeeded
finally in extricating themselves.
The man with the stomach took possession
of the corner furthest from the door.
In a few moments the elevator started
upward with a full list of passengers.
"Second floor!" shouted one of them.
It was the personage with the stomach.
With a series of convulsions he fought
his way out and stepped off at second.
He was followed by a man who looked
as if some secret grief was preying upon
his mind.
"Comrade," said the latter, "I'd like to
speak a word with you."
The other turned around.
"I had intended to go the eleventh floor,"
resumed the man of funereal aspect, "but
my business is with you."
"What do you want?"
"I'll take me only about a minute to tell
you. Several days ago, when I was set-
ting cat-a-cornered in a crowded street car
a man gave me a medal. He said it was
given to him by a stranger because he had
monopolized the narrow strip of shade at
the left edge of the sidewalk on a hot day.
And now—"
"What's all that got to do with me?"
"Nothing, only that medal belongs to
the Meanest Man in Chicago. I have car-
ried it three or four days without having
any right to it. It belongs to you, sir!"
With a dexterous motion he slipped into
the waistcoat pocket of the squatly person-
age a flat, round piece of galvanized iron
with an inscription stamped upon it and
bolted down the nearest stairway, looking
immensely relieved.
"Hit Me, I'm Big Enough."
He wasn't very big, but he was a sturdy
little chap with a face that bore the marks
of much thinking and premature respon-
sibility. I learned afterwards that he was
supporting a crippled mother and an in-
valid sister who had been left helpless in
the world by the death of her father. He
might have run away from home and
evaded the responsibility, but he didn't
think of it. He just sold papers.
At the loop on 15th st. a crowd was
gathered, waiting for the evening cars.
A ragged young girl was selling flowers
at the 15th st. end of the waiting station
when a man, rushing to catch his car,
knocked her against the side of the build-
ing. Without stopping, probably not hav-
ing noticed what he had done, he contin-
ued his rush, when the boy stepped in front
of him, defiantly.
"Say, what do you want to knock a
girl down for? Hit me; I'm big enough."
The man paused in surprise, and then
glanced around. He saw the flower girl
picking up her wares, and understood.
Without a moment's hesitation he went
back to her, gave her enough money to
make her eyes sparkle with joy and said:
"I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I
didn't see." Then, turning to the boy, he
continued: "You said you were big enough
young man, but you're a great deal bigger
than you think. Men like you will have a
lot to do with keeping this old world in a
condition of self-respect."
"Then he caught his car and the boy
and girl stood there wondering what he
meant.
Auntie Farmer—Mr. Green, there
seems to be something serious the matter
with the horse I bought of you yesterday.
He coughs and wheezes distressingly, and
he can't get any rest, he is wind broken.
What would you advise me to?
Mrs. Dasher (promptly)—Sell him as
quick as you can just like I did.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

is selected from the very highest grades
grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its
fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS.

CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Chat of the Boudoir.

Costume designers say that we shall see
fewer plaited shirts as the season ad-
vances, but as to what sort of skirt we are
to have in their stead they are reticent.
Meanwhile, they are bringing out their
newest skirts with the ornamentation ar-
ranged so as to counterfeit a tunic. Round
tunics, square tunics, scalloped ones, long
and short ones are all suggested in the
arrangement of the trimming. But the real
genuine draped overskirt is still conspicu-
ous by its absence. No decrease in the
flare or length of skirts is noticeable.

The plan of hooking dresses up the back
seems to be one of the French fads this sea-
son, most of the French gowns being fasten-
ed in this way. It does away with many of
the difficulties which the dressmaker en-
counters in trying to arrange the complica-
ted fronts, but in nine cases out of ten it
ruins the effect of the back, which is per-
haps the most noticeable line in the gown.

The very latest novelty in corsets for
bathing purposes, is made of perforated
rubber mysteriously stiffened so that it
answers all the requirements of a genuine
corset.

Both black and white silk tassels are
among the novel features of dress trim-
ming, and we see them arranged in pairs
down either side of the front of the bodice
on a black and white foulard. Their use,
no doubt, will multiply later on.

Once upon a time, so the story goes,
there was a great fashionmaker, who,
clapping the casket of his overworked brain
exclaimed one day:—
"What shall I do next?" And then came
by a piebald horse, sooty black, with daz-
zling white spots, and he cried joyously:
"I have it!" And then there that in-
comparable combination, black and white,
was born into the world.

This is the tale, as it is told in Paris, of
the ever-resourceful Worth, but whether it
is true or not we do not know that everything
else in nature has supplied hints for the
fashion mongers, so why not the piebald
horse? His spots and eccentric splashes
have been found becoming—to him—and
when transferred in black and white to
madame they prove to be equally so to
her.

Nobb—How does it come Snappen, the
photographer, failed in his profession?
Nobb—Because his pictures looked
like the subjects.—Oaio State Journal.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy
to take as sugar.

CARTER'S
LIVER
PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Small
PURELY VEGETABLE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

TOPSY AND I.

Well, Belle, child, I suppose my wilful little pet must have her own way; she always does make her father say 'Yes,' when he ought to say 'No,' so away with you madcap.

self up in haste, I left one shoe in the mire. My riding cap falling off also, took my comb with it, and enhanced the elegance of my position.



Rest your arms a little; just a week or two. Wash with PEARLINE.

Then go back to the old way—soap and hard rubbing on washboard, if you are willing. In any case you are better off—you are rested, and the life of the clothes is spared just that much.

Personally Conducted Excursions to Buffalo, The Canadian Pacific Railway will run four Personally Conducted Excursions to the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo, leaving on Tuesdays July 23rd, August 20th, September 17th and October 15th.

Each Excursion will last nine days, spending four days at Buffalo and Niagara Falls and one day each at Montreal Toronto and Ottawa.

Each Excursion will be in charge of an experienced courier who has personally made the same trip with a party in the same manner as intended on the above Excursions.

For itineraries estimate of expense and itinerary giving full particulars, write to A. J. Heath, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

BORN.

- Milton, July 10, to the wife of Harold Crowell, a son. Wilton, July 10, to the wife of S. A. Patterson, a son.

MARRIED.

- Alberton, July 9, Thomas Toplin to Mrs. Rose Sydney Mince. John Vicars to Agnes McLeod.

DIED.

- Marie, July 4, Kemble Coffin, 71. Deep Brook, June 9, Algie Rice, 36.

St. Peter's Harbor, July 5, Margaret, relict of the late Wm Macdonald, 70. Springfield, July 7, Francis L. son of Mr and Mrs H. W. Shannon, 11 months.

In far off years Sir Walter Scott visited the first Lord Pimmett, who was then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and was taken to see the ruins of the Seven Churches of Glendalough, one of the sights of Ireland.

One of the most romantic spots is St. Kevin's Bed, a cave which requires a scramble over rocks to enter, Sir Walter, in spite of his lameness, penetrated the 'shrine,' an old peasant woman lending him a willing hand.

Truly, there is more than one way of knowing a man by his works.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John. Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time) All trains daily except Sundays.

Table with columns for departure times and destinations: 6:15 a.m. Express-Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, etc.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

Table with columns for train names and times: Suburban Express for Hampton, Express for Halifax and Campbellton, Express for Point du Chene, etc.

had been listening to his tale of woe, nodded encouragingly, and he resumed: 'I went to mamma in law and in my sweetest manner said, 'Mother, dear, these bills were intended for you. Tasy were sent to me by mistake.' She glanced over them and exclaimed, 'Oh, no. They represent your share of the expenses for the month. I paid the rent.'

'But I paid you \$100 for our board for four weeks.' 'Yes,' responded mother in law, 'but I paid \$100 for the rent and you must pay the bill.'

'But I gave you the \$100 which you paid to the landlord,' I explained. 'Of course you did, but I paid the rent. I have lived up to my agreement to pay the rent—you must pay the bills.'

'I was dazed for a moment,' said Newlywed, 'and then I urged upon her that it was my money that had gone to the landlord. She only replied with a smile that she had lived up to her contract and had paid \$100 rent and hoped I would be honorable and pay all the bills.'

'The rent money,' she responded. 'But it was my money, I retorted, and that was more than dear mamma-in-law could stand for. She gave me a scornful glance, muttered something like 'fool,' and left the room.'

The Chicago Girl—Plague take this eastern culture. He—There's one thing I am glad of. If anything should happen to me my wife's father would always take care of her.

A Child's Suffering. HER MOTHER FEARED SHE WOULD NOT REGAIN HER HEALTH.

She was First Attacked With Rheumatism and then with St. Vitus Dance—She was Unable to Help herself and had to be Cared for Almost Like an Infant.

Among the much respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. Marshall, who lives in a pretty little cottage on First street. For some years her twelve-year-old daughter, Mamie, has been a sufferer from Rheumatism combined with that other terrible affliction—St. Vitus' dance.

Rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and all diseases of the blood and nerves, speedily yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and cures affected are permanent, because this medicine makes rich, red blood, strengthens the nerves and thus reaches the root of the trouble.

Just as I had concluded to abandon myself to my fortune, and began to think that fortune was to go all day and to go all night, Topsy and I were astonished by coming to a sudden halt—the cause of which was a hand placed upon her bridle.

The violence of the shock I received in the suddenness of our interruption, threw me from my saddle.

I found myself all at once seated in the midst of a mud puddle, and picking my-

Newlywed's three bachelor friends, who

He had been nervous, timid, or superstitious. I should have fainted, or shown some other equally sensible signs of feeling at the sight that met my gaze.

As it was, my only sensations were those of surprise—the amusement, at the incredulity of the scene.

Before me, or rather before Topsy, stood a tall figure wrapped in a long black robe, fastened so as to conceal the lower part of its face, with its hat drawn closely down over its forehead, and to complete the mystification of its appearance, a black veil of crepe fell from under its hat upon its shoulders.

Standing directly in my path in the midst of a dark wood, it was silent.

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I did not mean to have been a bit frightened, but my heart began to beat quite fast just then.

Suddenly I felt a cold hand placed on mine.

It—this ghost, goblin, or whatever you may call it—stood so near me I could have felt its hot breath—only ghosts are not supposed to have any.

But I was fully determined that, come what would, not all the goblins in ghost-dom, nor all the goblins in the misty land of goblins should frighten me.

I drew my hand resolutely away from his ghostship with a polite bow.

'Excuse me, Mr. Ghost,' said I, 'but you are really too cold to shake hands with comfortably.'

The goblin moved a little nearer, its cold hand seized mine again, its sable robe robe touched my dress—tall, grim, dark, it stood beside me in its weird silence.

I stepped back a little, and endeavored to release my hand, but vainly.

Was it human nature that I should stand utterly fearless in that lonely forest with that nameless thing beside me?

I felt a dim, chilly horror creeping over me, a dizziness seized my head, and for the first time in my life I realized the power of fear.

Belle Graham, the dauntless, nearly lost her right to her title then.

But did you ever hear of a ghost who had a cold?

Alas! for the fallen romance of my adventure!

While grim Horror placed her mask upon my brow, my ear was greeted by a tremendous sneeze!

Now, we may well imagine that the damp air of ghostdom might give any inhabitant in it a cold; but this sneeze was by no means a ghost-like sneeze—not at all sepulchral.

I tilted my eyes suddenly to the sneezer's face, and leaned eagerly forward.

It was the old wood echoed a great shout of laughter, and as I pulled off my cap and viled from the head of my brother Tom, I sprang upon the back of Topsy, saying—

'Belle Graham is still the dauntless, Tom, and the ghosts must in future feel that they are completely foiled!'

Her Financial Genius.

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