

THE MAYOR RAISES THE SALARY OF INSPECTOR CLARK.

Under the provisions of the Liquor License Act, the mayor of St. John is a whole county in himself. That is to say, his powers are equal to those which require the assembled wisdom of the councillors in the ordinary municipalities.

DIED.

- July 7, Thomas Forbes 49.
July 15, William Beals 30.
July 9, Silas Bishop 69.
July 20, Joseph Fielders 41.
July 11, Charles Debow 78.
July 11, Acacia Milton, 27.
July 8, Rev. R. Moore, 74.
July 4, Jabez Dogmes 67.
July 20, John G. Weimore, 67.
July 22, Philip D. Scribner 81.
July 15, Mrs. Ann Wyman, 79.
July 7, Clara B. Matthew, 3 months.
July 12, James F. Burnham, 74.
July 13, Andrew Devine, 68.
July 18, Allan McEuchera, 55.
July 7, Perley Barnard, 17.
July 11, Gilbert F. Troop, 58.
July 17, Mrs. Abbie Swain, 70.
July 17, Bessie E. Robbins 23.
July 2, Mrs. J. W. Douglas 30.
July 9, Mrs. Norman Rice, 64.
July 4, Charles Clarence Blackie 9.
July 27, Clara B. Matthew, 3 months.
July 6, Mrs. Samuel McLaughlin, 29.
July 10, Mrs. Margaret Hyndman, 50.
July 10, Mrs. Norman B. Churchill.
July 10, Mary C. wife of Angus Fraser 24.
July 7, Elizabeth wife of Thomas Forney 44.
July 10, N. S. July 22, Henry Creamer, 79.
Settlement, July 2, William Wardside, 21.
July 9, Mrs. Joanna McClinton.
July 15, James Barnes, of N. B.
July 5, 61 days, daughter of Thomas Ken-
July 18, Eliza wife of George Swine-
July 22, Julia, widow of the late Thomas
July 18, Lydia, daughter of Jane and, Stephen
July 21, Annie Dodge, wife of Walter
July 18, Doris A. daughter of Fred and
July 13, John Herbert, child of Mrs. Ed-
July 8, Mina, daughter of Joseph and
July 21, Agnes, daughter of W. J. and
July 13, Nancy, widow of the late
July 20, Dora Theresa daughter of Mr.
July 23, Hattie M. eldest daughter of
July 7, George Spurgeon, eldest son of J. L.
July 18, Cecelia, youngest daughter of the
July 17, George F. child of Peter and
July 4, Carrie infant daughter of John
July 22, Hattie M. eldest daughter of
July 17, Tomasina Hawke, daughter of
and Eliza Edmondson 5 months.

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THE MAYOR RAISES THE SALARY OF INSPECTOR CLARK.

The Council Did Not Ask Him to do so, but He Had the Power—His Reasons Are Not Sound—Suggestions from Which He Can Learn Something More on the Subject

Under the provisions of the Liquor License Act, the mayor of St. John is a whole county in himself. That is to say, his powers are equal to those which require the assembled wisdom of the councillors in the ordinary municipalities.

There are some who have thought there was a question whether it was not the original intention of the act to make the chief of police do the work of license inspector as part of the duties of his office, without any extra salary.

There appears to be an understood limit of \$500 for the amount available for inspectors' salaries in St. John, and of this \$50 goes to an inspector for the West end, where no licenses is issued, and where liquor is sold only to sober people who won't give the snap away.

In 1893, when there was more or less talk about reducing civic expenditures, the common council passed a resolution requesting the mayor, who was then T. W. Peters, to reduce the salary of the chief inspector. Whether this reduction was or was not necessary is not the question.

No indignant protest was heard from the press and the people, nor has there been any since that time. The chief with his combined salaries was still in receipt of \$1,500, so that he did not really suffer any great hardship.

Probably the chief did not like it, and nobody can blame him. If the reduction was an unjust one, however, he had ample opportunity to prove it such, and to seek his redress in the proper quarter.

That the chief of police be requested to instruct the members of the force to use greater diligence in preventing the sale of spirituous liquors on Sunday.

This is about as little as they could decently say on the subject, if they touched it at all. They did not attempt to refer to any other violations of the Liquor License Act, nor did they seem to have any objections to bars being run on Sunday for the sale of ale or other malt liquors.

The salary of the inspector is fixed each year by the mayor for the time being. After the expressed wish of the council,

THAT CASE IN NEW YORK.

WHY MISS HANSON AND OTHERS WERE ARRESTED.

The Strange Story of the Death of a Lovely Girl With a Crank for a Father—The Persons He Charged With Complicity Are Released From Custody.

The daily papers have had such brief references to the arrest of a former resident of St. John, in New York, that some further particulars will be read with interest. The whole proceedings were most unusual and it is satisfactory to learn that the people under suspicion have been released without even a specific charge being laid against them.

Great was the amazement of the citizens, therefore, when it was learned, the other day, that the mayor had restored the inspector's salary to \$450. Probably the chief had asked him to do so, and possibly some of the chief's friends had pulled his worship's leg, as one of the North End aldermen might say, nor did they want it. Some of them, at least, were astonished when they heard of it.

In a published interview with the mayor, he is quoted as saying that he was influenced by no person in making this order, that the chief inspector had carried out his instructions to the letter, had proved himself an efficient officer and deserved to have his salary restored. He could not say there had been any increase in the inspector's duties.

In saying this, his worship did not improve his case. It is not the first time he has talked too much for his own good. Besides, he brought the chief inspector into a light where he is liable to criticism which he might otherwise have escaped.

The chief inspector does a good deal of the work well. It is on the book-keeping and pigeon-holing end of the business, however. He has hundreds of documents neatly written, folded, indorsed and filed. He has an elaborate system of records, so that the man in pursuit of knowledge can learn all the particulars about applications for license and the conditions of premises.

When it comes to the actual enforcement of the law, there is another story—a string of stories. It is notorious that the law is not enforced. Every man about town knows this, and so does every policeman. There are places in abundance where the police know that the law is laughed at day after day and night after night, and yet they are afraid to report those places for fear they will be snubbed for their officious zeal. It is bad enough for common bar-rooms to be run under wholesale license, but it is worse when a steady and notorious day and night traffic is carried on without the color of a license of any kind.

It is true the police do make some successful raids. They catch people like Mrs. Donovan, with a solitary bottle in the house, and hold her up as a terror to violators of the law. This is great fun for her more wealthy law-breaking neighbors, who have a friendly at-court and is no more afraid of the police than he is of the flies in his window.

It may be that the inspector tries hard to do his duty and is the victim of circumstances and tale-bearing subordinates, but to say his efficiency is of the standard to merit an increase of salary, against the wish of the council, is not in accordance with the facts.

If the mayor does not believe this, let him shove off his whiskers put on an old hat, and play Haroun Al Raschid by going around with the boys some fine Saturday night, or even on Sundays.

But nothing he can do will help the fact that the mayor made a mistake in exercising his power without at least consulting the council.

THE HALIFAX CLERK WHO LIVED NOT WISELY BUT WELL.

He Cut a Big Dash on a Small Salary—The Result Was an Usual—Eight Dollars a Week Could Not Keep the Circus up for All Time—What Finally Happened.

HALIFAX, August 1.—Almost daily we hear of robbers or peccations by employees of Halifax business houses. The epidemic began with the stealing of large quantities of liquor from the warehouses of John Tobin & Co., and it ends in the meantime with the discovery of wrongdoings among the clerks of a large Water-street hardware firm.

A young man in receipt of \$500 a year cannot spend \$1000 and be honest. Yet many of such men spend the \$1000 a year save enough. Nowadays the question when a young man wants anything, too often is, not, "Can I afford it?" but how can I get it, for get it I must. They dress well, live well, and have all that's going from a bicycle to a boat. How is it done, except by stealing. It cannot be accomplished otherwise.

The career of William J. Carrington, an \$8 a week clerk at W. J. Hoggood's grocery store is an instance in point. This young man came here a few years ago from Newfoundland. He was a young fellow of good address and it was not difficult for him to obtain employment.

It seems pretty clear that Mr. Low was at least a crank, if not the subject of hallucinations. For instance, he wanted the arrest of a cousin of Miss Hanson, who did not live at the house but was a nurse in the Roosevelt hospital. This was Miss Helen Hanson, one of two sisters who are nurses there, and who are well known here to be young ladies of most irreproachable character, with unusual ability in their profession.

When the inquest was held, on Tuesday, the jury found that the girl had come to her death by suicide. The names of the persons under arrest were not even mentioned during the proceedings, and they were at once released.

HIT HIM WITH A HATCHET. Two Kentville Hotel Keepers Engage in a Decidedly Hot Argument. KENTVILLE, Aug. 1.—This beautiful, and occasionally rather fast town, came near being the scene of a horrible tragedy some time ago, and that more was not heard of it was owing to the desire of the principals to keep it quiet.

A personal visit upon the plotting rival hotel keeper was soon made and the peridy if such conduct as that of which the brother host was guilty, or supposed to be guilty, was spoken to his face in plain language. It proved so aggravating that the man accused lost control of himself so completely that he grasped a hatchet near his hand under the counter. Quick as a flash he brought it down upon the head of his wordy assailant. The aim was not perfect or the result would have been fatal.

No Inspector Appointed. The contract for Newman's Brook bridge has been signed and the work is under way, but the board of works has not appointed an inspector. There is a general impression that it will not do so, as the aldermen find that public opinion is opposed to anything of the kind.

Dr. Biggs was supposed to be the "Tommy" who had written the letter found in the dead girl's pocket. Lillian had told her father that Biggs was in love with her but that she did not return his affection.

On the strength of the statements made

SILENTLY STOLE AWAY.

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IS A ZEALOUS PROSECUTOR

Though the County Does Not Make Any Money Out of the Prosecutions.

The license inspector for the county of St. John is George R. Vincent, clerk of the peace and county secretary. The salary attached to the office is not large, being only one hundred dollars a year, and to make the position worth anything the secretary has to hustle with great energy.

Whether these prosecutions pay the county or not is a different matter. That is not the inspector's business. It is enough for him to know that they pay him, and that the majesty of the law is maintained. They did not pay the county last year, because the expenditures exceeded the receipts by more than \$40. The amount collected for fines was \$340, while the cost of prosecution were about \$384.

For attending court at various times Mr Vincent received \$229, of this \$130 was for the prosecution in the Nugent cases. He also received about \$55 to reimburse him for horse hire and similar expenses, and of this over \$40 was in connection with the Nugents. It required a good many attendances at court at \$5 a day to make this \$229, so that it will be seen the inspector was a pretty busy man. Yet with all his vigilance the inspector did not secure any conviction for selling liquor without license. There were sixteen cases of keeping liquor for sale, yielding \$20 each, and one case of a licensed dealer selling within prohibited hours, which cost him a \$20 fine.

It will then be seen that the inspector was not idle last year, nor did his zeal go unrewarded. He got more than twice the amount of his fixed salary in fees for attending court as prosecuting officer. In a number of instances no convictions were secured, and in the case of Nugents there was a vigorous fight in which the county was considerably out of pocket.

It is quite possible, however, that the inspector does not make all that he appears to make. "There is a belief that he devotes a part of it to a secret service fund. A Mr. Riggs, is credited with saying that he makes more or less by giving the inspector pointers as to places as to where there is a chance to prosecute. If this be true, the remuneration of Mr. Riggs must come out of the inspector's pocket, for no such charge is made in the county accounts, unless as is most improbable it is somewhere among the items of "horse hire and expenses." The probabilities are, however, that, if any arrangement exists, it is wholly a private one between the inspector and the informer.

If Mayor Robertson had the control of matters in the county, he would probably raise the inspector's salary on account of his efficiency, and as a matter of justice.

Military Recognition of the Wheel. One of the recent additions to the rank of local cyclists is Major Hugh H. McLean, of the 62nd Fusiliers. The major learned to ride on a velocipede many years ago, but did not take seriously to the bicycle until lately, despite the fact that his battalion has a bicycle brigade as an annex.

In an editorial in Progress of June 22, however, the suggestion was made that the officers of the Fusiliers should adopt the wheel instead of the charger, as being cheaper, safer and not liable to take a colic at a critical moment. This seems to have set the major thinking, and shortly after he began private practice by riding out to Douglas avenue in an army work which carried his wheel to the desired seclusion. He has now attained such proficiency that he can wheel as far as Spruce Lake, returning by the Shore Line train. Whether Col. Tucker is also in training has not transpired.

Has the Colonel a Press Agent? Both the Sun and Telegraph of Thursday had a good account of the battalion parade of the 62nd Fusiliers, which took place the evening before, and of the colonel's speech. The remarkable feature about both accounts were that from the beginning to the end they were exactly alike. This would seem to show that the reporters of both papers see local events in precisely the same light, or that some officer of the Fusiliers has a typewriter which duplicates very well indeed.

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NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

DR. BOURINOT CONSIDERED AS A CANADIAN WRITER.

His Work on the Canadian Press in Regard to His Native Land—Dr. Johnson as an Authority—More About the Merits of the Poetry of Bliss Carman.

Among the writers in the Canadian press, Dr. J. G. Bourinot must be counted with the first, as always instructive and always agreeable. You cannot fail, by even slight attention, to learn something valuable from him; whether he deals with constitutional law, writes a brief letter or paragraph or mooted subject, or a historical or literary brochure; and it is knowledge imparted in a delightful way. You have not only the advantage of knowledge, but you feel the effect of mental poise, of the judicial temper, an intellectual spirit—not the fussy genial and urban. If he has a foible you are not called to see it on parade; it has a hobby it is a graceful one, and never ridden when founded. He is not the pertinacious controversialist, always up with a favorite set of opinions, and alleged facts in multitude, which may or may not help to support them,—the man who never tires of himself, but of whom others grow inevitably weary. Yet his advocacy of any cause, or advance of any opinion must go far towards assuring of acceptance and respect.

Dr. Bourinot lingers with a loving touch upon the records of his native land, and describes her principal features with sympathetic vigor. The romantic shores of Cape Breton, and the heroic story, as well as the natural scenery and material wealth, with the inhabitants, of that island, have been the subjects of his pen, until we have no more comprehensive, reliable and popular authority. He turns, in his "Notes to My Library," (see The Week for July 19th) to Newfoundland,—that misty land of myth, a terra incognita to most of us,—and commands Judge Prowse's recent history, by which it may be better known, as it ought to be in our Dominion. The Island—through the papers of the Rev. Mr. Harvey in The Maritime Monthly and other journals years ago, gave us some insight—has been to us as vague as it appeared to the Scottish poet, who termed it,—

Some far place abroad,  
Where sailors sang to fish for cod.

But we now have opportunity at least, for fuller information. We trust Dr. Bourinot will further engage his pen with his subject.

It may not be the fashion to cite so homely and straight forward an authority as Dr. Johnson, especially in these formative transcendental days and with respect to poetry, but when we survey the amazing expansiveness, and the extreme facility of modern verse, we are tempted to recall one of his sayings. He at least had something very definite to say, even if his view of the subject seem biased or circumscribed. In one of his conversations with Boswell, after commenting on the Eneid and the Odyssey, he remarked: "It has been said there is pleasure in writing verses. I allow you may have pleasure from writing, after it is over, if you have written well; but you don't go willing to it again. I know when I have been writing verses, I have run my finger down the margin, to see how many I had made, and how few I had to make." This is a criticism searching in its nature, though in a tone most lenient and indulgent. This is the test which if applied to much verse of the time, would find it wanting. There was nothing that required it. There was no compulsion or necessity, only a mechanical choice, with little material, and little result.

Shall we be looked upon as antiquated because we commend this old time book? A man lives there, as men have rarely lived in literature. Come back again, and learn to enjoy and admire this substantial Englishman,—some of whose words we have given,—even when he uses his Thorsammer of bluntest speech upon his antagonist. We admire a man who can both give and take blows, without outcry. When you have sated yourself with the sickly outcome of the press,—which is often the first thing now at hand,—come and read in this biography which is easily the first of biographies. Here is a needed tonic for the time, an alternative bit to do a man good. This man, so real and so human, with all that is singular in him, has some surpassing qualities of highest utility, which may still command respect. We have greater scholars, thinkers of wider range, more accomplished gentlemen, and softer and more amiable spirits, no doubt; but on the whole, we have few examples of such downright common sense; nor at its base can we find a more genuine and wholesome manhood. His powerful personality still exerts itself through Boswell's assiduous pencil and notebook, and you may still find him a friend well worth having. Read him, and find how he will cut away the fog out of your mind, and will breed the tone which is in itself the correction of many a vagary. He may sometimes vex you, but if you are true to a right touch, he will more often provoke in you a noble and generous rage. Follow no fashion that ensues at such a man. He is a live oak, with all the knots and barks roughnesses. More of his calibre and spirit would be a godsend even now. There are

not a few who ought to be handled just as Johnson would handle them. The asperities and pugnacities of such men as Johnson and Carlyle are, we imagine, greatly exaggerated. These burrs often smother spirits of rich and generous depths and the sharpness we complain of are little in the account when measured with the substantial benefit the world is to derive from such vital and forceful natures. It marks our feebleness when we decry them, or darken their fame for such defects; nor does it argue much for the public stamens, where they are tenderly complained of.

Since our slight note thereupon, we have read and inwardly digested Carman's threnody on Stevenson, and felt its influence, generous and poetical as it is. It takes its title from what may be supposed a passage from its subject's pen:

Here is my journey's end. . . .  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
That this writing is in some sense extraordinary we can but admit. Such phrasing, such conception, such fancy and melody, are beyond the realm of your ordinary versifier. Yet why is not this whole matter more complete, more finished in its art, more of imagination all compact. Mr Carman seems a master of the pyrotechnics of poetry. There are frequent passages of such brilliancy or beauty that we are tempted to say, the whole of which this is incoherent, must be a masterpiece. Such a passage is

You brethren of the light-hearted  
The mystic fellow craft of joy.  
Or this fine allusion to Stevenson's light-house-building fathers, with stanzas following.

His fathers lit the dangerous coast  
To steer the daring merchant home;  
His courage lights the darkness port  
Where every sea-worn sail must come.

And since he was the type of all  
That strain in which still must fare,  
The fleeing migrant of the day,  
Heat high, out bound for other where,

Now therefore, where the passing ships  
Hang on the edges of the noon,  
And northern liners trail their smoke  
Across the yellow rising moon.

Bound for his home, with shuddering screw  
That beats its strength out into speed,  
Until the pacter watch descends  
On the sea-line a scarlet seed.

Smolder and kindle and set fire  
To the dark salvage of the night,  
The deep blue tapestry of stars,  
Then sheet the dome in pearly light.

There in perpetual tides of day,  
Where men may praise him and deplore,  
The place of his lone grave shall be  
A sea-mark set forever more.

High on a peak adrift with mist,  
And round who bases, far beneath  
The snow white wheeling tropic birds,  
The emerald dragon breaks his teeth.

Yet the assemblage of such passages does not constitute the whole we had anticipated. We are fretted by suggestions of beauty, not sufficiently compacted and outlined; and the feeling or hope is awakened only that the writer is still on the way to the elaboration of a work of real art. The precious material is here, but why does not the moulder shape it in a still more plastic manner? We are better pleased on the whole, some of our author's shorter lyrics, which are as rarely unique as they are inimitable in their originality. But it is time for Mr. Carman to train his undoubted powers to more certain ends, and prove his more ambitious and extended pieces by reducing the superfluous of florid phrase, and by more rigorous condensation, as by greater definiteness of outline. We have a warm side toward Mr. Carman, and much admiration for his muse, while we watch eagerly his progress with the public, and each mark of his success in his native, as well as chosen art. And our judgment may indeed be defective but it is sincere and kindly; and let it be remembered, as one has wisely said, that sincere criticism ought to raise no resentment, because judgment is not under the control of will. If the writer had no appreciation, then had been, in this case, at least wholly silent.

"Crema De La Crema"  
(Reina Victoria Extra) Cigars 10c.

"Mamma Is Here Now."

It was in the Pennsylvania station one morning last week. In one of the waiting-room sate there a tired, worn-looking man with a little boy of perhaps 3 in his arms. The little fellow's shoes were only half buttoned, his hair was awkwardly combed, and his stockings were awry. At the man's side sat two little girls of perhaps 5 to 7. Their frocks were buttoned crooked, but the younger had her hair combed in a pitiful attempt at curls. The man kept glancing at the clock. By and by the elder little girl spoke.

"Is mamma here yet?" she asked.

"Let us see," the man said.

The forlorn looking quartet rose and struggled out to the platform. There some men were just lifting a long pine box from a wagon. The man looked at it a moment.

"Come," he said, "let's go back; mamma is here now."—Washington Post.

"La Fayette" (Reina Victoria) cigars 5c.

Not So Fious As He looked.

A well-known Boston man wore a white yachting cap the other week, ignorant of the fact that it was the regulation cap adopted by the Christian Endeavors. He was accosted right and left by women, and young girls for information. He could not understand what it all meant till a stranger accosted him on Union street. His patience was exhausted, and he said: "No, sir; I can't tell you anything about it; but I will show you to a place where they sell two good drinks for a quarter, if you have got a quarter about you." The stranger vanished.

CAMPFORS OF THE EAST.

WHERE THE SUPPLY COMES FROM AND HOW IT GROWS.

The Recent Talk of Cornering the Market—Japan as the Chief Producer of the Drug—Attempts to Renew the Depleted Campfor Forests.

The recent talk about cornering the Campfor market is of interest to all householders and has directed more attention to campfor than that article has received for years. Few people who use campfor have a definite idea of where it comes from or how it is introduced. In olden times campfor was produced in Sumatra, Borneo, and other parts of the East Indies and China, but nowadays most of the crude campfor of commerce comes from Formosa and Japan, mainly the latter. The campfor tree is an evergreen of singularly symmetrical proportions and sometimes resembles a linden. Its blossom is a white flower, and it bears a red berry. It attains a height of a great age, some of the trees being fully fifteen feet in diameter and upward of 300 years old. As venerable and graceful giants they adorn many of the temple parks in Japan and delight the eye by their bright foliage and constant verdure.

Much of the island of Formosa is still inhabited by savages, and as the campfor forests are found only inland, the production of crude campfor is attended with considerable difficulties and danger. The Chinese have occupied the coast line only, and the savages have made it hot for the Celestials who have tried to make explorations in the interior. The campfor of Formosa is not equal to that produced in Japan, and the quantities obtainable are uncertain. Japan now supplies the world with campfor to all practical purposes. The annual export of crude campfor from Japan averages about five million pounds, of which about one-fourth comes to the United States and the remainder goes to Europe. It has to be refined before it can be used. The process of refining has hitherto been carried on in America and Europe. Recently an attempt was made to refine campfor in Japan, and that country is now shipping the finished instead of the crude article.

The crude campfor is produced by boiling the campfor tree. The tree is cut up into chips, and these are boiled in an apparatus constructed for the purpose. The vapor from the boiler or still is conducted into a receptacle containing several partitions surrounded by cold water; in the sides of these partitions are apertures, opening alternately to cause the vapor to enter the divisions by a circuitous route. The campfor vapor condenses, and is deposited in crystals or grains upon bamboo screens, whence it is finally collected as crude campfor. This process is rough, and the apparatus most unscientific, but it has the sanctity of age, and will continue to be the most acceptable to the Japanese. The production of crude campfor means the destruction of the tree, and many districts are now denuded of campfor timber.

Only recently have the Government and the people taken steps to renew the depleted forests. Many new trees have been planted, and their growth is being carefully tended. Although the youngest wood hitherto used for extracting campfor has been about seventy or eighty years old, it is expected that under the improved management the new trees will give equally good results within twenty-five or thirty years. It is an interesting fact that the roots of these trees contain a much larger proportion of campfor than the trees themselves. Of course a large quantity of wood has to be used to produce only a small quantity of campfor, and it two hundred pounds of the former give ten pounds of the latter it is considered a good output. The remaining supply of campfor trees in Japan is very large, and it has been estimated that the trees belonging to the Government alone are capable of maintaining during the next twenty-five years the present average annual supply of campfor from Japan. In one district, Toza, in Japan, there is a group of thirteen trees about one hundred years old, which it has been estimated can produce 40,000 pounds of crude campfor, and are worth as they stand about \$1,000.

After being boiled from the wood, the campfor is brought to the market in wooden tubs rudely constructed, and it is subjected to expert examination before being accepted by the foreign merchant, and is often adulterated and always more or less impregnated with water to increase its weight. The innocent native will try to make the "foreign devil" accept from five to twenty per cent. of water, or oil and water, in his parcel of crude campfor, and the purchaser must keep his eyes open. After the process of weighing the tubs are allowed to drain for some time, and the campfor is then repacked into stronger and better packages, ready for shipment to foreign countries.

The method of refining campfor is to place the crude in iron or glass vessels in a sand bath over a fire where the material melts, changes to vapor again, condenses, and forms in crystals in a compact cake or block. Books describing this process say that a small quantity of quicklime is added to the crude campfor to facilitate the operation, and also that the clearest cakes are formed in the glass vessels, which have to be broken to extract the finished campfor. Another process of refining is to put the crude campfor into large steel retorts, whence all impurities, oils, and moisture are conveyed to a separate receptacle and the campfor vapor is passed into a specially constructed cooling chamber, where it condenses and falls in clear crystals or grains of pure campfor. These grains are conveyed to a separate receptacle and called flowers of campfor, and in that shape are used for medical preparations and also for manufacturers, such as the production of celluloid.

The use of campfor has been largely increased and developed in the arts of recent years, and any serious corner in the campfor market would be felt in various ways.

**KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS**  
STAMPED  
**1847. ROGERS BBOS.**  
Genuine and Guaranteed  
by the  
**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.**  
THE LARGEST  
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS  
IN THE  
WORLD

IS A MARVEL OF STRENGTH.  
The Bicycle Will Carry as Much as Twenty Times Its Own Weight.

It seems absolutely impossible that a wheel thirty inches in diameter, with a wood rim and wire spokes, so light that the structure weighs only twenty ounces, should sustain without permanent distortion the weight of four men standing on its side, with supports at four points only under the rim, and no hub supports whatever. It also seems incredible that a cycle capable of carrying a man of 160 or 175 pounds in weight can be made so light that the whole structure weighs less than nine pounds. Yet this has been done; even at the roadster weight of twenty-two or twenty-four pounds, the cycle carries a greater load with safety than has ever been put on any other vehicle.

The influence of the cycle on social life is already great and will probably constantly extend, as it provides an outdoor sport and amusement for women which did not previously exist in any form in America. American women are not walkers, but the cycle is perhaps even better suited to woman's use than man's and seems destined to add an outdoor element to the life of woman of the world over which was not possible without the "winged wheel."  
The miracle of the bicycle lies in its birth, death and resurrection; in its incredible load-bearing power in proportion to weight; in its displacement of the horse as a means of pleasure, and in the selection of its mechanical details of compressed air support, tubular framing and chain driving.  
All these are details of art before introduced in machines, but never before permanently retained. That these cast-offs are undeniably power-savers is convincingly proved by the continued use under human muscle driving power.  
Finally, the one great achievement of the bicycle is to increase the human powers of locomotion so that the slow-footed man is made one of the swiftest of all running creatures.—Engineering Magazine.

"Sonadora" Cigars. 15c or 2 for 25c.

**WANTED**  
**Seven Bright Men**  
For two or three months for a personal canvass on a semi-political issue. From \$50 to \$100.00 per month, according to the volume and value of reports. Address for further information:  
**POLITICAL BIOGRAPHER,**  
DRAWER 29, BRANTFORD, ONT.

**WANTED**  
**Young Women and Men**  
or older ones, still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talkers, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with \$60.00 per month, and upward, according to ability.  
Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Can.

**WANTED**  
**TO PURCHASE**  
Cancelled postage stamps of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Canada such as were in use before Confederation; also New Zealand and others. Address giving full description, etc. A. F. Hansmann, 19 Leader Lane, Toronto.

**CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.**

There's one good school—Snell's College New Rooms.  
Scholars delighted with our elegant quarters—newly fitted up.  
Learn shorthand by mail, new system; easy, legible, fast. Circulars free.  
S. A. SNELL, Truro N.S.

**MISS HASTINGS** having moved to No. 27 Dorothea Street, can accommodate a few more Boarders permanent or transient. Also a few table boarders.

**WANTED HELP**—Reliable men in every locality (local or travelling) to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cases tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission or salary, \$60 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars write The World's Best Electric Co., P. O. Box 221, London, Ont., Canada. 68-2-1000

**AN IDEAL CAMERA**, for hunting, fishing, shooting, walking, touring, traveling, the French takes 4 x 5 Photos. We carry the largest Photo Stock in the Maritime Provinces. Free instructions, 2 electric dark rooms. Write for prices, A. E. CLARKE, 32 King Street, St. John, N. B.

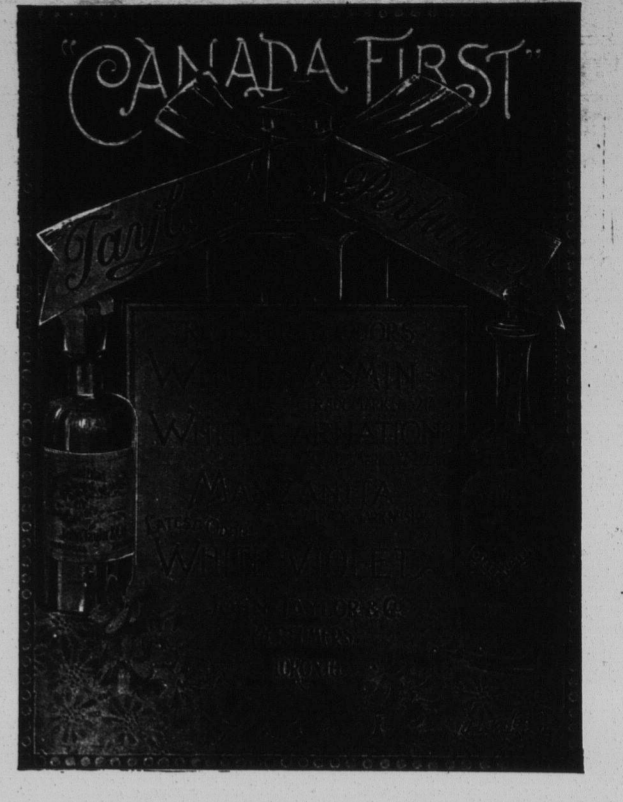
**PHOTO** Outfit and materials, Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical instruction ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us.  
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ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

**RESIDENCE** at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the Summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Station. Rent, \$100.00. Apply to H. G. FENBY, Barrister-at-Law, Fugate Building. 24-6-1

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**CANADA FIRST**



The Bicycle Will Carry as Much as Twenty Times Its Own Weight.  
It seems absolutely impossible that a wheel thirty inches in diameter, with a wood rim and wire spokes, so light that the structure weighs only twenty ounces, should sustain without permanent distortion the weight of four men standing on its side, with supports at four points only under the rim, and no hub supports whatever. It also seems incredible that a cycle capable of carrying a man of 160 or 175 pounds in weight can be made so light that the whole structure weighs less than nine pounds. Yet this has been done; even at the roadster weight of twenty-two or twenty-four pounds, the cycle carries a greater load with safety than has ever been put on any other vehicle.

**School Slates.**  
ONE CARLOAD JUST RECEIVED. Also:  
**Slate Pencils, Chalk Crayons, Carter's Ink, Mucilage, Lead Pencils, Pen Holders.**  
PRICE VERY LOW  
**W. H. THORNE & Co., LIMITED,**  
MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

**Your Attention** **For a Moment.**



Just to see our new Range  
**'THE FAVORITE'** Oil Lamps with 5 holes for cooking on top.  
The Over 1-1/2 large and operates perfect.  
For Beauty, Design and Finish this Range is unequalled.  
Made in 4 Styles.

**EMERSON & FISHER.**

**MONTERRAT LIME FRUIT JUICE**  
**For Hot Weather**



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**THE WHITE MOUNTAIN**  
**Ice Cream Freezer,**  
The Leading Freezer of the World.  
Improved for 1895, with which the finest quality of Cream can be produced in four minutes. Positively the only Freezer in the world having the celebrated "Duplex" Diaper, with self-adjusting wood scrapping bar" by the use of which Cream can be frozen in less time, yet finer and smoother than can possibly be produced in any other Freezer now in use. By using the White Mountain you run no risk of being poisoned, as the cans are made of Best Charcoal Tin Plate, and the Beaters of Malleable Iron, Tinned.

FOR SALE BY—  
**T. M'AVITY & SONS,** 15 to 17 King St., **ST. JOHN, N. B.**



Musical and Dramatic.

MUSICAL OVERLOOKS.

The many friends of Mr. Thom as Dariel, the well known basso, who not so long since dwelt within our walls...

At Centenary church on Sunday last Mrs. Worden, sang at morning and evening services two solos most acceptably.

I have heard that Mr. H. H. Potts has been engaged as a leading member of the choir of St. Andrew's church.

Of the selections given by Prof. Leicester the (Andante in G) "The Pilgrim's Song of Hope" by E. Babine, was to your mind easily the best...

Miss Sheriff's solo was a more ambitious selection. It was entitled "Judith" by Coucou.

So far as I have yet heard, there has been no engagement of a permanent organist for St. Andrew's church.

It is said that Mrs. Spencer will sing at Centenary church tomorrow evening again, and it is likely she will be secured as a member of the choir...

Among the "Tributes" for next season will be Edith Crane, Mabel Amber and Virginia Harned.

It is among the probabilities that Elvia Crox, the wife of Thomas Q. Seabrooke of comic fame, will star at the head of her own company next season.

Mrs. Minnie Madder Fiske, on her return to the stage next season, as a star, will have for her leading lady Miss Ida Waterman.

Madame Emma Nevada's daughter, Mignon, who is eight years old, is said to have a wonderful voice and to be a marvellous dancer.

Victor Maurel, the baritone, is to appear once as an actor, at the Theatre Libre in M. Mottier's "La fille d'Artaban."

Souzgon, the Italian impresario, is to give a season of Italian Opera in Berlin next fall at the theatre "A Unter der Linden."

Humperdinck has nearly finished a new opera which he has called "The Wolf and the Seven Kids." The libretto is by his sister Mrs. Wetts.

Three hundred and forty dollars per week is said to be the salary which the Bostonians have agreed to pay Kelen Bertram as their prima donna.

It is expected that Mae Sembrich will be heard in the United States next winter after an absence of twelve years.

Madame Emma Nevada is making a triumphant tour through Spain.

A notice of Mr. Thomas Persee's singing in "Fadinetza" at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week says "He disappointed, except when he sang 'My Native Land' when he made up for his previous short comings."

A notice of the new opera "Peg Woffington" for Lillian Russell says "Lillian may sing the music but she will never be able to successfully personate the character of the libretto..."

The engagement of Miss Louise Eising at the Castle Square theatre closes next week. She has become a favourite in Boston.

Tamigno began his career as a chorus singer when 18 years of age. Donizetti will have a \$5000 monument at Bergamo, Italy.

Johann Strauss is at work, at Ischl, on a new opera, text by Davis. He has received the Medjidje order from the Sultan for his "Oriental Tales," dedicated to the Sultan.

A lost air of Mozart, to words from Metastasio's "Didone Abbandonata," arranged for flute, bassoon, horn, and a quartet of strings, has been discovered by Prof. Kauffmann of Tubingen.

"Modso," the latest biblical oratorio by Max Bruch, has been selected for performance on the first day of the jubilee festival to be held in Berlin next spring...

The Baronesse de Tusco has written to Souzgon informing him that the actual murder on which the story of "Paggiacci" is founded took place at Mortalio, near Cosenza.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"The Heroes of Slivitska" is the title of a singular drama now being played in a Sofia theatre with the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg as the principal figure.

Marian Percy, is the name of a pleasing actress who is not yet forgotten by St. John theatre goers.

Olga Netherole has been invited by Patti to visit her in her castle in Wales and play "Carmen."

Otero, the danseuse, is at present one of the celebrities of Paris.

Maida Craigin, the actress, is reported as recovering from a severe rheumatic attack. She will play Rosalind in "As you like it" at Hoboken on 8th inst.

The first performance at the Howard Athenaeum theatre, Boston, was given on Oct. 13, 1845. The play was the "School for Scandal."

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at the reproducing of Shakespeare, pure and simple.

Miss Gladys Wallis, who as previously announced is to star next season in "Fanchon the Cricket" revised by Clay M. Greene, is described as "an ambitious young lady. She is not over 20, is a very attractive and dainty actress."

MOLASSES TO BURN. Planters Have Millions of Gallons and Want a Furnace Invented.

There are 25,000,000 gallons of molasses stored in tanks in the various sugar plantations throughout the State that is an elephant on the sugar plant-rs' hands.

The question of what disposition to make of this molasses is a knotty one to the sugar planters, and at the last two meetings of their association no other subject has been discussed.

It is being fed to stock, but from statistics there is not enough stock to one-third on the various plantations to consume it.

The only solution, however, in sight seems to be the discovery of some way in which the molasses can be burned as fuel.

"Creme De La Creme" (Reina Victoria Extra) Cigars 10c.

No Proof Reader Infallible. I remember once of a publisher in London who made up his mind to publish a book that should have no typographical errors.

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FAMED AS PRIMA DONNA

HIGH HONOR TO MADEMOISELLE NITA CARRITTE.

The Artists Numerous Friends in St. John, Her Former Home, Will Celebrate Her Tributes, to Her Talent from Her Famous to the Musical World.

Mlle. Nita Carritte is a young operatic soprano who, although American by birth, has won her principal laurels in Europe.

Mlle. Carritte has an extremely attractive personality, intelligent, vivacious and sympathetic. Her last success has been made as Carmen, a role for which nature has pre-eminently fitted her.

"I will tell you frankly," she said, "to begin with, that I did not at first take my art as seriously as I might have done; and you see, when first I went to Paris to study it was not necessary for me to sing in public.

"I went to Paris to finish my education and then began vocal study with Mme. Lagrange. Later I studied with Marchesi. While with Lagrange Gounod heard me sing and suggested to me the stage I had appeared at some prominent concerts and sang socially in the homes of some of the best musicians in Paris.

"Gounod writes" Mlle. Nita Carritte possesses a charming voice, charming countenance and a charming nature. She is the favorite pupil of Mme. Lagrange, and has sung several selections for me from Faust and Romeo, and I can well judge of her intelligence from the charming manner in which she has followed my advice.

"Of course this delighted me very much and, as all Paris was very kind to me, my reputation traveled across the channel. Sir Augustus Harris made a special visit to Paris to hear me, and after a Sunday afternoon concert, in which I sang, engaged me at once, for England."

"While with the Carl Rosa Company D'Oyly Carte made me an excellent offer. I which I accepted, to replace Esther Pihler in The Gondoliers. My engagement was for fifteen months, and I returned to France.

"It was then that I went to Marchesi and also applied myself seriously to the study of acting under Plaque, to languages, dancing and everything else which might help me in an operatic career.

"Mlle. Carritte's voice is what the French call 'forteleger,' dramatic in quality, but with coloratura power. 'The dramatic breadth,' she said, 'is a growth and in every day. My voice was lighter at first, and I sang Michela when I should not have thought of sustaining a role lying in the register of Carmen. Because of my appearance and a temperamental aptitude for the part, Carmen was urged upon me, and while I hesitated at first I afterward discovered that it has only aided the development of my mezzo soprano range, while in no way interfering with my brilliancy or facility of the upper.'

Carmen was Mlle. Carritte's significant success in England. Her engagement of last season with the Carl Rosa Company closed exactly three weeks ago, and as a success in Zella de Lusson the new Carmen was everywhere cordially received.

The following notice, clipped from the Edinburgh News of May 12 last, embodies most concisely the general British verdict on her impersonation of this role:

"A magnificent performance. This was the opinion last night in the Lyceum theatre at the close of Carmen. Mr. Hedmond had fresh inspiration with a new heroine. Mlle. Nita Carritte has not been seen here before as Carmen. Her performance was almost flawless. The woman she portrays is the right South-blooded kind, beautiful, fascinating, heartless and changeable as lightning in her moods. As a singer Mlle. Carritte should be another triumph for the Carl Rosa company. Her voice is delightfully liquid and pure, and with such music as she had last night, where the composer never obscures the vocal details by organized noises in the orchestra, her singing was thoroughly a treat."

In the London and Paris salons Mlle. Carritte is a great favorite, and much of the interval between her recovery and her last engagement with the Carl Rosa Company was given to social engagements when not given to study. She also paid a brief visit to America. She is a pet artist of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, and has sung frequently at the Palace de Castille, on the Avenue de Kleber, in Paris. She has also sung at the Rothschilds, in London and Paris both; at soirées in the homes of Gounod, Massenet and other Paris celebrities; in London during a season at the Duchess of Newcastle's, Lady Brassey's, Lady Goldsmith's and numerous other homes of artistic and socially prominent women, and has everywhere made friends.



What leading Art Embroiderers say of our New Patent Holder.

"I think the holder a magnificent improvement. I use your Silks constantly for my work, and rejoice in this pleasant way to keep them." Miss Josie Jones, 752 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Directions for using the New Skin Holder. Cut the skein through and through at the top end, and cut off the knot; then pull a single thread, as shown in the cut. A double-length needle is required, cut through knotted part of skein only, and then pull loop at same end.

Ask for Braierd and Armstrong's "Asiatic Dyes" Wash Silks.

Manufactured by The Corticelli Silk Co., St. John, Que.

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"I have now an offer for next season," from the Carl Rosa Company again. I am off to Saratoga, and within three weeks must decide. The offer is good, and I shall accept it unless something particularly attractive turns up here before. I should enjoy remaining with them. But I shall not sacrifice my career. I shall accept engagements and keep in my chosen field, wherever that may happen to locate itself and not as in the beginning consider contracts only when, how and where it happened to please my fancy.

"Yes," concluded the singer, a look of fixed resolution flashing from her handsome eyes, and the attractive smile flickering round her lips at parting, "I shall not work henceforward. I shall let nothing interfere with my profession." - N. Y. Musical Courier.

Honest English Cabbies. Although cab drivers are open to many temptations to dishonesty through the carelessness of the hirers, it is to their credit that during a period of five years they deposited property worth \$500,000 at Scotland Yard to be restored to the owners if they put in a claim for it.

RECIPE—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost. Adams' Root Beer Extract... One Bottle Fenchmann's Yeast... Half a Cake Sugar... Two Gallons Lukewarm Water... Two Gallons Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle it in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.

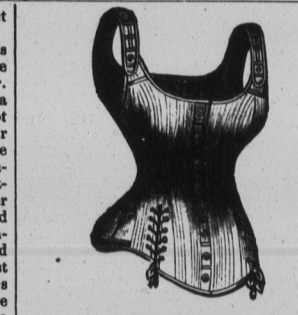
THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, being as it is in the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is well appointed with all the modern conveniences. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. - L. B. WILKIE, Proprietor.

DEAFNESS. An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, ringing in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will be sent post free. Artificial Ear-drums and similar appliances entirely superceded. Address: THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 10 Southampton Building, Holborn, London.

Co-partnership Notice. The undersigned, constituting a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick, under the name Herriot Brothers and Company, which will expire on the first day of July, A. D. 1896, and has the said partnership until the first day of February, A. D. 1897, (one day extended eight hundred and thirty-four days) stated this twenty-seventh day of June, A. D. 1895.

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Vertical advertisements on the left margin including: 'ates.', 'alk Crayons, ucilage, en Holders.', 'Co., LIMITED.', 'JOHN.', 'For a Moment.', 'FISHER.', 'JUICE.', 'PAPER LEMONS.', 'TAIN Freezer.', 'JOHN, N. B.'



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CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King St.

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Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens. THOS. DEAN. 13 and 14 City Market.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Domville Building, 68 PRINCE WM. ST. Telephone No. 748.

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder. Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at CROCKETT'S, Co., Princess and Sydney Streets

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**PROGRESS.**

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

PROGRESS is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, for a list of subscribers, 25 to a copy. Terms: One dollar per annum, in advance.

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

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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

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

Halfpenny Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,643.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 3.

**SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.**

It is to be feared that some of the respected members of the Society for the Promotion of the Day Observance of the Lord's Day, felt like dancing with joy last Sunday when they saw the rain coming down so as to prevent any Sunday excursions. Perhaps they regarded it in the light of a special providence, and an endorsement of their protest against people who have been shut up all the week going out to town on Sunday. It is to be hoped it was nothing of the kind, otherwise we may look for wet Sundays during the rest of the summer, and there have already been quite as many as the country seemed to need.

Had the weather been fine last Sunday, it would have been a great day for excursions. The gentlemen of the society with the tremendous title had been advertising the outings pretty well themselves, and one enterprising captain had put out hand-bills advertising a steamer with a brass band warranted to play only sacred music. The rain spoiled everything in that direction, but it is equally true that though the public stayed in the city, the fact was not evident from the attendance at the moving services in the churches.

The evening was fine, but it was then too late for excursions up the river or down the harbor. Between six and seven o'clock, however, the electric cars, which run all day Sunday, were crowded with people on their way to church. A good many of them went to a strictly orthodox Presbyterian church where special musical attractions had been advertised, and it cost them considerably less than if they had taken seats in a steamer to hear sacred music by a brass band. Besides, the music was better, and there was a sermon in the bargain. The crowd did not go to hear the sermon, but the music, for the church was crowded to the doors, whereas, at ordinary times, there is an abundant opportunity for a choice of seats, even by late comers. It was in this particular church, not so many years ago, that a vigorous opposition was made to the introduction of an organ, the sound of such an instrument being regarded as unseemly, it not actually a desecration of the sanctuary.

Times have changed in this respect. They have changed, too, in many other ways. The public opinion in regard to no things may be wrong, but if it is public opinion the minority oppose to it have undertaken a mighty task in striving to reverse it. Still harder will be their task if they proceed to stronger measures to compel the majority to think and act as they do. If they are in the right, however it will at least be a satisfaction to them to know that they have tried to do what they considered their duty.

**DOGS WILL BE DOGS.**

When the Horticultural Society undertook to make beautiful the waste places of the public squares, much was said in praise of the system by which flowers in the parks of such cities as Boston and New York were preserved from molestation. Just what that system was did not appear, but the presumption was that dogs in great American cities were either kept at home or were educated, like the people, into a due respect for flowers and flower beds. This seems to have been a mistaken idea. The dogs of New York can be as bad as the dogs of St. John, and in some cases worse.

The other morning, when the man in charge of the city hall park, in New York, went to have a look at his geranium beds and at the water lilies and rare plants in the fountains his soul was filled with bitterness. The fountain looked as though it had been struck by a waterspout and the lilies and water plants were broken to pieces. A number of stray dogs had been on an early morning bathing excursion, and had taken all the enjoyment possible out of the occasion. They had used the beautiful beds of geraniums and heliotropes as towels with which to dry themselves,

and the place appears to have looked much as the Old Bural Ground did on that memorable Sunday, a year or two ago, when some joker gave a crowd of children permission to carry away all the plants they wanted. In the New York instance, so much destruction was wrought that two large wagons loads of plants and a dozen gardeners were needed to repair the damage. The matter is to be investigated, with special reference to the whereabouts of the sparrow-cops, or park policemen, at the time the dogs were around. Dogs will be dogs, whether in St. John or New York.

**SHOULD THE PRINCE RETURN.**

To-day is the anniversary of the most notable society event in the history of St. John, the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860. Thirty-five years have passed and left their mark in the history of the city and its people; the old familiar places of that time have nearly all vanished, and are known to the present generation only through the traditions of the old-timers. Many of the latter have gone, as well, and should the Prince return today he would find little to remind him of what he saw when he was but a youth, travelling over the world to see those who were likely to be his future subjects. He would doubtless get as cordial a welcome now as he did then, but it would be of a different kind. The times have changed and we have changed with them.

Should the Prince return now, he would be surprised at many things, if he has a good memory. In his travels through Great Britain and the continent, he finds the general appearance of places and people much the same as when he was a boy. Here he would find that half a lifetime has changed everything. When he landed at Rosed's Point wharf that bright morning in August, for instance, he was received by a mayor who was avowed to be a member of the House of Commons, and who in his long and honored civic career never undertook to pose as an orator. The chances are there would be a valiant attempt made to greet him with an oration nowadays. His carriage passed up Prince William street, then largely composed of wooden buildings, and he was saluted by lines of volunteer firemen and independent companies of volunteer militia, both of which species of organization are only memories at this day. He was lodged at the old CHIPMAN house, which remains, but a large portion of the grounds has gone to make room for new streets and houses. The old time glory of the place has departed.

Much more that was dear to the people of those times has gone. A large part of it went in this big fire, and the rest disappeared before the march of modern improvement. There was not a paved street in the city at that time, nor an asphalt sidewalk. Where there were sidewalks of any kind other than gravel, they were of deal, laid down by the owners of the abutting properties. Stone buildings were uncommon and those of brick were nearly as rare. There were no such hotels as are found now, nor stores of the pretensions of those of to day, though some houses did have a large business. There were no rail-roads leading into the city, and only a portion of what is now the Intercolonial was built to the eastward. When the Prince went to Fredericton he went by rail as far as Rothesay, and finished the journey by steamer. Travel between here and the United States was done by steamer on certain days of the week and by stage coach at other times. Those accommodations were quite sufficient for the limited number who travelled. What is now the North end was a village, and a dirty one at that. Mount Pleasant was almost a wilderness and Winter street was a sawdust road. Carleton was well, it was Carleton—chiefly notable for its lumber and fish, and with streets of the most wretched description, while Fairville consisted of only a few houses. There has been a wonderful growth all around.

There has been a great development in other ways. When the Prince was here in 1860, there were no large society circles in St. John. There were, it is true, some old-time mansions where hospitalities were extended to guests in the old time style, and where men high in military and civil life were entertained at times, but these houses were limited in number, because there were only a certain number of old families to own them. Some of these families still have representatives here, but others are known no more. Should the Prince return now and look over the list of those who are in the society of to-day he would be amazed at the progress the city has made in this respect, so remarkable has been the growth and developments of the social circles. It has grown in a proportion equal to the growth of travel by rail and steamer, and is quite as cosmopolitan in its character. Should the Prince study up the growth of society in St. John with the aid of the business directories issued from time to time since 1860, he would be able to write a most interesting work on the origin of the species. So would anybody else, for that matter.

All in all, St. John has made great strides since that eventful day thirty-five years ago. It has not the shipping and lumber trade it had then, but a great many new branches of industry have been developed which were not possible in those times. There is more style in the houses

and the people than there was then, the sanitary state of the city is incomparably better, and there is vastly more enterprise shown and encouraged than was dreamed of then. It may be there should have been a greater growth, but it must also be remembered that this feeling is due to the fact that people realize the public needs more clearly. In those days they were content to do as their fathers had done. In these they are ambitious to do better. This spirit of progress cannot but lead to good results, even though all that is sought may not be attained as soon as desired. St. John is advancing in many ways, and must continue to do so. As it stands today, compared with the city of a generation ago, it has much to which it can point with pride, even should the Prince return.

Word has been received of McCallum, the sailor who started to cross the Atlantic in a nineteen foot boat. A steamer which arrived at New York, a few days ago, spoke him when he was about a third of the way across. He has still a big part of the proposed journey ahead of him, and the forty days limit for the voyage expired ten days ago.

**WROTE A LETTER IN RHYME.**

Some old verses by the Well Remembered William End, of Bathurst. The following letter in rhyme was written by Hon. William End, of Bathurst more than 30 years ago, and is now published by special request. Mr. End was a barrister, and for many years represented Gloucester in the provincial legislature. It is about twenty years since he lost his life while trying to save some papers from his office which had taken fire in the night. After the fire, the discovery was made that after Mr. End had gone into the building somebody had fastened the door on the outside, so that he could not escape. The motive of the incendiary and murderer was revenge, due to Mr. End having done his duty as a magi-istrate. The scoundrel remained in the country for months afterwards, and could have been easily arrested, had not the administration of the law in Gloucester at that time, been of the most inefficient character.

Fishing in the Nepsiguit in 1864. This day arrived your honor's letter And certainly I can't do better Than to write you an answer, I'll do the very best, I can, Sir, That you'll come safe, I pray most fervent, I'm proud to be your honor's servant, I'll hire my worthy brother, Joe, Will stop the holes in my canoe; And him and me, I think, will do, All your commands we will obey, For you're a cash man—and store pay— "At Carter's by the Fridays stage!" I'll wait there, though I were an age. Your honor asks me as to fish, There's plenty as your honor could wish; Some, Yankee has gone up—my eye! Like you, and Captain's company, And how they'll growl, and squint, and mutter, To see the throw of Major Butler. God put it into generous hearts To be so partial to these parts, I don't know what poor souls would do, But for such generous men as you, Of my own skill I need not tell; Your honor knows me very well And Joe can do all kinds of work. Good Die! How will turn down your pork. We both are longing till you come, For the change of your traps—and Rum, For what we crib, when you come here Supplies us nearly all the year.

And now, your honor won't refuse To hear a little bit of news. "The government here leased the river!" I can believe it—no—for give'er Of all the good things here below, That made the crystal waters flow, And taught the balmy winds to blow, Whose sublimations, and rains descend, On all alike—in for and friend, He, who ordains the "powers that rule" Would never let them play the fool, For gold to sell the common right Of catching fish, by day and night, Freely enjoy by all mankind. Since Adam's day,—time out of mind Is lawful time,—at any rate, With artificial fly—or bait—I never can believe such stories, Invented by the wicked Tories. (The brute was anything but civil.) The liberals have gained the day!!! A vote of want of confidence Would surely follow the offence. Methinks would show he had a tongue. End Lord deliver them from Young! In breeding pools and shallow waters, There, I admit, the question alters, But Indians will be always spearing, I gave old Frank last night a hearing. (The brute was anything but civil.) And pitched me head-long to the devil! In breeding pools, no creature wishes To be disturbed,—and why should fishes? Rather than spear, I'd die of hunger But won't detain your honor longer. I'll soon be back from Little Rocher And I'm your faithful slave. JACK EOUCHER. BATHURST, SEPT. 8, 1861.

Captain Dashwood in 1894 addressed a polite note to Mr. John Seely, requesting his services on the Big Nepsiguit, and that he should prepare canoe outfit and an assistant. Jack, being one of the literate must need answer in poetry as being more respectful than mere prose. The above is a true copy of the epistle written on this occasion, and has been communicated to none but Jack's bosom friends among the number being the writer, who has full permission to publish it.

"Sonadors" cigars, 10cts or 2 for 25cts. Who is the St. John Man. A Middleton, N. S., correspondent says that two revenue officers succeeded in finding a "moon shine" still near Lily Lake, at that village, and at the same time unearthed a puncheon of fire water that had never paid revenue. Rumor says a St. John man was at the head of the concern. It is also reported that another "still" is now in working order, and judging from the amount of drunkenness the report might be true. There seems to be more work yet for revenue men in Middleton and if a Scott Act Inspector paid a visit it would do no great harm.

**VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.**

In the Old Pine Woods. In the old pine woods this morning day. The breeze of a faint July; The brook flows to the salt sea bay, And the clover scent floats by, With laurel breath the green ferns wave, And the red wild roses sweet; The brook, the bright moss loves to lave, In its musical retreat. The art of twilight older far, Than the great old masters found; Its veil of blue with a diamond star, Spreads forth on a gray, dark ground. A shower fringes a western cloud, A fair fond face and a daisy chain, And a'er thirty hand; Singing with merry mirth endowed, And led by an unseen hand. I lay and rest, and the purple sea, Under the sun's last gleam; Brings thoughts of the beautiful back to me In the light of a lover's dream. Out of the daisied meadows call, Sweet voices still mean to know; A robin whistles up from the wall, Heart songs on the long ago. A fair fond face and a daisy chain, And a daisy dimpled hand; Ah, such as I never shall clasp again. I see in the dream light stand. The daisy chain of that dear old time, Was broken but still I know; That sweet one now in a fairer clime Has a home in my heart below. Oh fragrant fields of this sweet July, Oh breath of the perfumed night; You may whisper beside me as here I lie, And ever be my delight. But the dimpled hand, the voice long husked, To a land where no flowers fade; Will linger here, the best and last, In the old pine's fragrant shade. CYRUS GOLDIE.

Listen, Oh Land! Listen, Oh Land! To the song of the fane: What august eye hath scanned Thy broad states, nobly manned? What lips have spoken thy name, Canada! Wake, and arise! Shakes thy limbs and be free! Behold the shadows appear Of a race in high career! For an unwarlike destiny, Canada! Listen, O Shores! O mountains and plain and sea! O people who here abide! What marvels are prophesied, What hopes are cherished of thee, Canada! Listen, O Land! Rise, and the word fulfil! Let destiny strike the hour For thy life tree to flame and flower To the height of thy noble will, Canada! PASTOR FELLE.

To the Fire-fly. In childhood's days, when first I saw Thy jeweled lamp a flame, I wondered, with a dreamy awe, Whence such a glory came. But soon my happy dream was wrecked, For I am gravely told That thou wert but an insect, decked With flimsy wings of gold. Let science with her lens define The secret of the light, The child-like fancies that were mine, Come back to me to night, No ray of sun, nor moon, nor star Nor phosphor torch, nor spark That I can make my skill can make or mar II—thy charmed being caught. A self-sufficient light thou art, A symbol of the soul, A summer joy, a vital part Of the eternal whole. Then let me dream my first sweet dream— Content to name thy flame— And watch, at dewy eve, thy gleam— Thy jeweled lamp of fame. MAGGIE STEWART.

When the Tide is Coming In. Somehow, love, our boat sails lighter Softer, faster on the bay— Somehow, love, the sun shines brighter Softer, warmer thro' the spray— Somehow, love, the sky is clearer, God and man seem nearer his— Somehow, even you are dearer When the tide is coming in! "The spring of life unending At the sources of motion, dear," "The stream of hope ascending From the depths of ocean dear!" "The heart of nature beat in, Where the throbs of life began," "Earth and heaven gladly meeting, When the tide is coming in!" Somehow, love, your eyes are brighter, Softer, warmer thro' the spray, And your laughter ripples lighter O'er the white-caps of the bay; In our path no thine of sadness, In our walk no thine of sin For our hearts are filled with gladness When the tide is coming in! —MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

The Late Richard Seely. By the death of Mr. Richard Seely, clerk to the board of public works, the city loses one of its most faithful and hard-working officials. Mr. Seely entered the public service about fifteen years ago, in the office of the water and sewerage commissioners, and when the Union Act created the new department his duties were very greatly increased, with no corresponding increase in his remuneration. The amount of work he was called upon to do in recent years was more than should have been imposed on any one man, but he did it, and did it well. Thoroughly conversant with all the duties of his office his system was complete, and worthy of more general recognition than it received. A year or so ago, a faction of the common council, ignorant of the work Mr. Seely performed, reduced his salary twenty-five per cent. This gross act of injustice was not remedied until the present year, and even then the present council, while admitting its predecessor's blunder, made only a partial reparation. Mr. Seely was a good citizen in every sense of the word, faithful in the performance of all his duties, and thoroughly conscientious in all he undertook to do. His life was a singularly upright one, and was most sincerely in his friendships. His loss will be greatly felt by all who knew him.

**TALKS BY A LOUNGER.**

The question of Sabbath desecration is very prominently before the public both in New York and St. John, which goes to show that St. John is very much up to date. In New York the new police commissioner, Theodore Roosevelt, is opening a campaign against Sunday liquor selling, and he intends to enforce observance of the law. In fact he proposes to continue and bring to a conclusion the agitation for police reform that Dr. Parkhurst set on foot. Corruption and blackmail will not be allowed to flourish and police purity is his watchword. He is putting the same wholeheartedness and earnestness into his work that he displayed as a rancher and hunter in the west and in his various other spheres.

Chief Clark is now striving to emulate commissioner Roosevelt, the difference being that he is corning his attention to the cigar shops and soda water fountains. He, however, does not seem to be receiving the plaudits of the public in the same degree that commissioner Roosevelt is and in fact the comment that is heard is usually other than favorable. If the chief is bidding for popular approval he took the wrong course.

And then beside the terrible temptation of Sunday cigars and Sunday sodas that had to be removed from the path of people then was the equally terrible one of Sunday excursions that had to be agitated against. The ministers took this up and the result is that one of the Sunday boats has stopped running. Capt. Porter, however, did not back down but on his posters invited the clergymen to come to his excursion last Sunday. The captain grew poetic in his poster and informed the public that the weeping willows on the green, shady islets of the shining river would raise up their hands in adoration of their creator. His idea was to convey the thought that this excursion was to be a fitting one for Sunday and would be conducted in a worshipful spirit. The heavens, however, were not propitious to the captain, for it rained so hard Sunday, that the excursion did not go.

The agitation against Sunday excursions, Sunday bicycle riding and other quiet Sunday amusements has not reached New York, which goes to show that St. John is ahead of New York. A circumstance which I noticed the other Sunday is an interesting commentary upon Sabbath amusements as they are thought of in New York. There is a Brooklyn clergyman summing on the river and he was out yachting that Sunday. He doubtless did not see wrong in it, though no doubt our clergymen here would say that he should be at work in the slums of his city. But the rightness of his Sunday yachting is a matter for his own conscience.

But wouldn't it be much better if instead of fighting Sunday cigars, Sunday sodas and a Sunday on the river, feel Sabbath evils were combated. Speaking of the river, do you know that you have neighbors all around you who never saw the St. John river. The agent of the steamers told me that the time of the big freshet, when people were flocking to Indiantown by the hundred to see it, he heard people remark that they were never near Indiantown before. Thus do people pass by the enjoyments that meet their own door.

St. John people do not seem to regard the little happiness of life enough, though they are improving in this respect, as the increase in the number of excursions, the fitting of river, seaside and lakeside resorts, and the agitation for early closing go to show. What is the good of working all the time? we are here for happiness. My philosophy is epicurean carpe diem—enjoy the day. Close up the places of business at six, have a Saturday half holiday, give the clerks a chance to breathe the open air, to spend their Sundays in the country, to enjoy sweet repose.

One would think that the street cars would do a big business on Sunday with people seeking the green fields and woods, but they don't I am told that they do not do more than half of their week day business. Of course there are not the numbers in the morning going to and returning from work but there should be enough during the afternoon to make up.

Work is governed by logical principles, but people do not appear to consider logical principles in hours of ease. They want enjoyment but they frequently follow the wrong plan to get it. They have a vacation of a week or two, so they scrape all their spare cash together months ahead. Then they rush off somewhere, hustle around want to see everything, fool over guide books and maps, fix up an iron-bound itinerary (and they're bound to stick to them,) use up all their money and get home dead broke and take a year to recuperate financially and physically from their holiday trip. The other day a hotel man was telling me that last summer he at one time had four watches in his safe that young men had left there as security for their board. They had been through Nova Scotia and had blown in all their money. When they got home they redeemed their time pieces. The proper way to enjoy a vacation is to take it moderately. Don't plan too much ahead, travel when you feel like it, stop when you take the notion and stay there an hour or a week just as you happen to see,

and give yourself up to laziness and sweet contentment long-drawn-out. It is the same way with a wheeling tour. Just drift, let inclination guide you and the more fickle your inclination is the more you'll enjoy it.

Sometimes I am led to think that public opinion is very capricious and pompous and withal very ignorant mortal. Especially am I led to think so in reference to civic affairs. She is made up of a small morsel of information clothed with gossip and prejudice. A very little knowledge about civic matters goes a long way with people, and only one out of a hundred persons vote intelligently. If any one can discover any logic or reason in the last two civic elections I should like to meet him. A council was elected because they promised to make reforms and to economize. They were elected with a great flourish. They did what they were elected for and there tax bills were reduced, but the people punished them for doing what they were ordered to do and returned their opponents at the last election.

This is their fickleness now for an instance of their ignorance. The late Richard Seely was one of the best officials the city ever had. He worked early and late to perform his duties. He poured over his books until midnight. They were perfectly kept and he was indispensable to the board of works department as having the best knowledge of the whole system of management. He was rewarded by having his salary reduced from \$1000 to \$750. That was the blow that perhaps hastened the end of his days.

I have been much around the city hall and public offices and it struck me that none of the civic officers are overpaid, comparing their duties, knowledge and responsibility with those of other employees. They haven't their nose to the grindstone all the time but from the mayor down they are busy men. LOUNGER.

**MIDDLETON'S WATER SUPPLY.**

Excitement high because of the Tapping of Lily Lake Recently.

Much excitement has been caused in this town by the action of the Middleton water supply company, in tapping a body of water called Lily Lake in order to fill their reservoir, says a Middleton, N. S., correspondent.

About a month ago, the court decided that the town could force a sale, and arbitrators were appointed: Mr. Foss, a civil engineer residing in Bridgewater, Mr. Ross, an engineer from Cape Breton, Mr. Foss is arbitrator for the town, Mr. Ross for the company and a third was to be appointed by the court. According to the law these arbitrators can give the estimate no lower than the cost of construction, but they may award something for the idea.

Lily Lake is situated about a mile above the reservoir, and the company holding that the town wished the arbitrators when they came to find an empty reservoir, decided to tap the lake in order to remedy this. Dr. Andrews of the board of health, most strenuously objected on the grounds that it would be detrimental to the public health, because the company would not go to the expense of piping but merely lead the water down through the cow pastures and woods in the bed of a dry stream to a dam above the reservoir. On Sunday evening two prominent and excited citizens undertook to clear away this dam and were promptly arrested by Sheriff Morse, on a warrant taken out by John Irvin, the company's treasurer. Each side claim to have the better legal advice. The case rests now with a justice of the peace at Bridgetown. The town people seem to be unanimous in their efforts to keep out the lake water, but for all that they have been drinking it for nearly a week.

Creme de la creme" (Reina Victoria) cigars 10cts. Rothesay College For Girls.

Rev. G. O. E. Lloyd, the rector of Rothesay, who has made such a signal success of the Rothesay College for Boys, is in a fair way from present appearances to be equally fortunate with his college for girls, which he has established in connection with the first named institution, and yet the connection exists only because both colleges will be under the same competent management and, to a certain extent, have the same teachers. Of course each college will have its own particular staff but instruction in certain subjects will be given by some of the masters in both institutions. The gift of beautiful Kinghurst has enabled Mr. Lloyd to provide a model and attractive home for the young ladies who will seek instruction in the Rothesay college for girls. This spot is one of the most beautiful in the province and in assuming control of an institution for girls the utmost care has been taken by the management to secure the best principal possible and to surround the college with the best ability in every sense of the word.

The School at Netherwood. Mr. and Mrs. J. Simeon Armstrong the director and principal of a school for girls at Rothesay have issued a small catalogue descriptive of the advantages to be had by students at "Netherwood." This is Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong's introduction of the School to the public under their management. The term opens September 4th. "La Fayette" (Reina Victoria) cigars 5ct a



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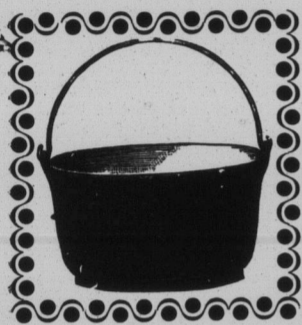
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"Eudora," is the name of the new black dress fabric put upon the market by the Priestley's, whose famous dress goods are a household word all over the world. It is like their much esteemed Henrietta cloth; indeed, it has all their merits, and a few things which they lack. It is made in black only, it is a perfect dust shedder; it has extra weight and width; and, fitting easily and draping gracefully it gives a distinction to the wearer which all of Priestley's goods confer. "Eudora" is wrapped on "The Vanished Board," and Priestley's name is stamped on every five yards so that ladies cannot be deceived.



Greener Guns.

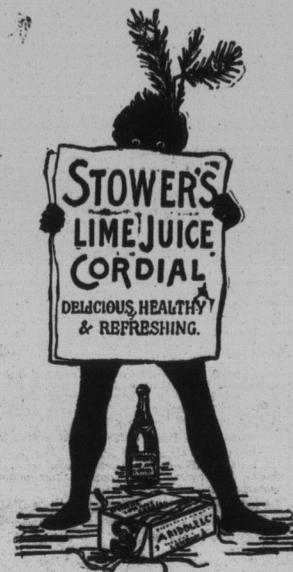
We carry the largest stock in Canada of these celebrated guns, embracing the following grades: Dominion, Trap, Far Killer, Forester, Facile, Princes and Ejector, customers have therefore offered a full line from which to select.

All World's Records

have been made with Greener Guns. Complete price list mailed on application. Prices ranging from \$45.00 up.

Liberal Discounts to Dealers

The John Griffiths Corporation, L'td., 81 Yonge Street, Toronto, late the H. P. Davies Co.



**NO** Musty Flavor.  
Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic.

A Delicious Beverage, Purifying to the Blood.

Excellent for the Complexion

As Supplied Her Most Gracious Majesty

THE QUEEN.

For sale by all reliable dealers.

Social and Personal.

St. John.  
I think it was intimated last week that society was not distinctly gay, although it might be considered cheerful; this week I have not the same story to tell by any means, as since last Saturday there has been an almost constant whirl of gaiety—on a small scale it is true but possibly more enjoyable to the majority of participants on that account. Very large functions are not always the most pleasant; the general free and easy good-fellowship which seems to pervade smaller gatherings being decidedly more conducive to enjoyment. There are so many affairs this week that one scarcely knows just where to begin. It might be better perhaps to take them in their regular order and then avoid according to any particular one the precedents usually given to the larger social events.

On Friday last week Mrs. Murray McLaren gave a whist party for the entertainment of officers of the H. M. S. Canada. Late in the evening a recheche little supper was served and music added a very pleasant evening. The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. H. J. Ruel, Mrs. Gregory (Fredericton), Miss Burpee, Miss Dever, Miss Daisy Outram, Misses Furlong, Capt. Wilson, Dr. McGregor, Mr. Harnard, Mr. George Blair, Mr. George Jones.

Miss Keator gave a very successful tea on Monday, in honor of Mrs. F. H. J. Ruel. It was quite an informal affair. The guests included, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. J. Ruel, Mrs. Straton, Miss Bayard, Miss Warner, Miss Wales, Miss Jones, Miss McMillan, Miss Dever, Miss Furlong, Miss Peters, Mrs. J. Roy Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. Wilkinson, Halifax, Mr. Cayley Halifax, Mr. Winslow, Mr. Barpee, Mr. George Hart, Mr. Grant, Mr. Harnard, Mr. Kirk, Mr. Harnard, Mr. Hazen, Mr. Gozard and others.

Tuesday afternoon Countess de Bury gave quite a large tea; it was for the many young brides. I believe no one except married ladies were invited. Tea was served in the library and the table was beautifully decorated with quantities of nasturtium leaves; lemon sherbet, ice, and chocolate were served. At one end of the table Miss Bayard poured tea and Miss Manning dispensed chocolate at the other. They were assisted by Miss Travers, Miss Celia Armstrong and Miss Marie de Bury. Miss Bayard was wearing a becoming black crepe with jet trimmings, Miss Manning wore a pretty light dress, Miss Travers wore a black crepe with pale green bodice, and Miss Marie de Bury wore lavender mousseline de soie with lavender ribbon trimmings. The hostess was wearing a handsome black silk, and Miss Armstrong had on a dark dress, very prettily made. The guests included, Mrs. George K. McLeod, Mrs. Will Lawton, Mrs. J. Roy Campbell, Mrs. Warren Winslow, Mrs. Barbara, Mrs. Murray McLaren, Mrs. McIsaac, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Mr. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. F. H. J. Ruel, Mrs. Steeves, Mrs. George Carvell, Mrs. Walter White, Mrs. Silas Alward, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Warren and others.

On the same afternoon the cricket match between the Halifax and St. John clubs attracted a number of society ladies to the adjoining grounds and after the match was served by Mrs. Wm. Harrison, Mrs. Keator, Mrs. Holder, Miss Dever and Miss Bayard. They were assisted in dispensing tea and other dainties by gentlemen from both the garrison and home teams. The afternoon was very pleasant, though not quite so calm as could have been desired, and a number of pretty dresses were worn among which were noticed many white ducks. The occasion was an exceedingly pleasant one and an interesting variation on the usual house tea party.

Miss Holden gave a picnic at the Bay Shore on Friday afternoon. It was to have been held on Wednesday, but was postponed. On Thursday, Miss Hall gave a dance at Rothersey to which quite a number of city folk were invited. Mrs. Fraser, wife of the Lieut. Governor, gave a dance at "Fountain Place" Fredericton this week in honor of her guest Miss Alice Tuck of St. John. Miss Bob Warner returned from St. Stephen this week, where she was visiting Miss Clerke.

Mrs. Stratton of "Lauriston" returned this week from a very pleasant stay at Westfield. Miss Dolly Scoville and Mrs. Wilson, are staying at Rothersey a month. Miss Wales, of Columbus, Ohio, is visiting at General Warner's. Mrs. Chipman Skinner and Mrs. Lawrence, of Boston, have taken rooms in St. Andrews for the summer.

A party consisting of Mrs. Charles Harrison, Miss Fellows, the Misses Randolph and a few gentlemen left Fredericton Thursday for Grand Falls; from there they will return to Fredericton by canoe. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Vasson, who spent some time here, have gone home to Fredericton. Their summer outing was a canoeing excursion from Fredericton to St. John and back. Mrs. R. J. Ritchie leaves this week for a stay at the Cedars. Mr. Hodsdon, Mrs. Roland Leighton, and Miss Beatie Hutchins are expected to arrive on the Taymouth Castle today from Bermuda; they will visit friends in St. John and other parts of the provinces. Mrs. Arthur Bull with her two children Harold and Olive are at Hopewell Cape for the rest of the summer. Mrs. Hannay and Miss Daisy Hannay intend spending a short time at Oak Point during the present month. Beach House, or as it is more commonly known Saint's Rest, was a gay scene Thursday. It was taken possession of by a picnic party who spent the afternoon and evening there very pleasantly. It was a lively and the big conveyance overflowed with people going out and returning. There was baseball in the afternoon and dancing in the evening and it was midnight before the return was made. The affair was gotten up by Messrs. H. J. Anderson and E. J. Harrison. Miss Madie Sterling, of Fredericton, is visiting Miss Doris Kirkpatrick, Orange street. Miss Nellie Dean, of King street east, and her friend, Miss F. Harris, of Annapolis, who have been staying with her for some time, left for Annapolis on Monday. Miss Pitt, of Boston, is at present visiting the family of the late Mr. Burns, of Bathurst. Mayor Robertson spent Sunday at Gorham Landing on the river St. John. Messrs. Percy Clarke and Will Lockhart are cruising about the river in the yacht Jubilee. Miss Helen Napier is visiting her sister Mrs. J. B. Vanwart at Wickham. B. D. R. Ritchie of Annapolis was here for a day or two the first of the week. Judge Treuman spent a short time in Sackville this week. Mr. E. Short of Boston is visiting friends in the city and will remain for several weeks. The church of St. John the Baptist was the scene of an early wedding on Wednesday morning, when Miss Mary Moran, daughter of the late John Moran and W. J. Coleston were united in marriage. The bride who was given away by her brother, was attended in a most becoming gown of French blue trimmed with silver passementerie, and a pretty hat to match. The first bridesmaid, Miss Josie Moran looked charming in a pretty dress of heliotrope and green, and the little maids, nieces of the bride, were lovely in cream crepe dresses, with large Leghorn hats and beautiful bouquets. The groom received assistance from Thomas E. Moran. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's mother, the house being beautifully decorated with cut flowers and potted plants. Later Mr. and Mrs. Coleston left for a trip through Nova Scotia; the bride travelling in costume of a blue serge with dainty hat to match. The grooms present to the bride was a gold chain with a heart shaped pendant set with diamond, and to the bridesmaids very pretty rings. A very large number of elegant presents testify to the esteem in which the bride is held. Mr. C. W. Weldon was in St. Andrews this week a guest at the "Algonquin." Rev. Dr. Bruce is enjoying a vacation which he is spending in the upper provinces. Mr. R. J. Ritchie, Mr. T. F. Mett, Mr. W. Lockhart and Mrs. F. A. Clarke who have been on the river for two weeks in the Kathleen returned to the city Wednesday. Mr. Lockhart left on Thursday morning for a week's stay at the Cedars. Col. James Donville who has been in Nova Scotia left Yarmouth last Saturday for Boston. Mrs. Morrisey, of Montreal is in the city visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Horsfield street. Mrs. C. DeW. Smith and her little son, of Annapolis who has been visiting here returned here last week. Miss Dorothy Smith who accompanied them is still visiting friends here. The death of Mr. Richard Seely, which occurred at an early hour on Tuesday morning, was not expected by his immediate friends, though he had been confined to his bed only a little more than a fortnight. Mr. Seely had never wholly recovered from an attack of illness by which he was prostrated a year ago, though up to two weeks ago he was able to perform the very exacting duties of his position in the civic Department of Public Works. He was a son of the late Richard Seely and brother of Messrs. A. W., George N. and J. Fred Seely. His wife who was the eldest daughter of the late W. K. Reynolds, died a number of years ago. Mr. Seely leaves one daughter, who was devotedly attached to her father, and for whom many sympathies are felt. The funeral took place Thursday afternoon from the residence, Leicester street, private services for the relatives having been held at the house in the morning by Rev. J. de Soyres. At the public service in St. John's church, the hymns "Rock of Ages" and "Passer, Passer" were sung. There were no pall bearers, interment was in the Reynolds vault, Rural Cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bell, have been visiting Spas Springs in Nova Scotia. The Provincial Building at Halifax is one of the many attractions for visitors to that city. Among the St. John people who names appear on the visitors book for Wednesday of this week are Mr. C. S. Harrington, Mrs. A. J. Armstrong and Miss Fuller. Miss Margaret Leckie, of Sherbrooke, Miss Long, of Boston, and Mr. R. G. Leckie, were in the city for a day this week; they spent Wednesday at Rothersey and on Thursday morning went to Fredericton. They will spend two weeks at Grand Falls. Mrs. Andrews, of Bethune, Mass., is in the city visiting her friend, Miss Rose Elliott, of Germain street. T. W. Blair, of Moncton and Mr. C. D. Simpson returned home Tuesday after a short visit to the city. Mr. J. S. Marnie who has been here for a few days has returned to Moncton. Miss Adams went to Fredericton this week as the guest of Miss Mina Wilnot at her beautiful home "Belmont."

Miss Golding is spending the remainder of the school holidays in Bear River U. S. Miss Murray, who has been visiting Mr. George F. Gregory of Fredericton, has returned to the city. Miss Nettie Gilbert, of Lowell is in the city for a two weeks visit to friends. Mr. J. L. Morrison and Miss Limerick have returned to Fredericton, after a stay of several weeks here. Miss Cotter of Dorchester street, together with Mr. Frank Coll and the Misses Maizie and Gretta Coll are spending a few weeks at Mispec. Mr. Nelson Harper Main street, returned last week from a very pleasant trip to Hampstead. Miss Madie Kennedy and Miss Ida Gray spent a part of last week at Oak Point. Master Oscar Stevens returned from a visit to Parrabrook, on Tuesday. Miss Irene Thompson is visiting friends in Queens county. Miss Bessie Thompson, who has been in Fredericton visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lemont, has gone to Prince Edward Island to visit friends. Mrs. Donald Fraser is at Rothersey visiting her sister, Mrs. J. S. Armstrong. Mrs. Luke Stewart, of Fredericton, arrived here today to visit relatives. Mr. Arthur Phillips is in Fredericton visiting her friend, Mrs. D. Hart. Mrs. Ogilvie and her daughters, Misses Nella and Gwendoline, left today for their home in Portland, Me., after a very pleasant stay of two weeks here. Mrs. S. M. Wiley and family, of Fredericton, who have been staying at the Bay Shore, have gone home. The fifth annual picnic of the Log Cabin fishing club was held Wednesday at their camp, Loch Lomond. The picnic was a most successful one in every way and the following persons who enjoyed the hospitality of the club—Mr. and Mrs. William Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. John McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harnard, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hann, Mr. and Mrs. James Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. John Keer, Mr. and Mrs. Clem Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. M. L. Harrison, Mrs. Geo. E. May, Mrs. R. C. McAfee, Mrs. John Colwell, Charlestown, Mass. Miss Hayward, Mrs. E. J. Dowling, Miss Lizzy Forsyth, Miss Maggie Kean, Miss M. C. Smith, Miss Jennie Smith, Miss Edna Kerr, Miss Edith Harnard, Messrs. J. E. Vanich, Dr. Emery, Dr. G. J. R. Crawford, Hon. A. T. Dunn, Alderman J. E. Wilson, Geo. E. Day, H. Crawford, Fred F. Magee, R. J. Armstrong, J. McCavour, R. S. Jackson, Jos. H. Noble, G. L. Slipp. In the ladies archery competition, Mrs. J. W. Harnard was the successful winner. The married ladies race was won by Mrs. R. O'Shaughnessy, the unmarried ladies race by Miss Hayward. Mr. John Johnson and family are spending the summer in Quispamsis. Mr. Charles Leitch is visiting friends in Montreal. Miss Treuman is in Ambert, visiting friends. Mr. Charles Manuel went to Boston the first of the week and will spend a short time there. Miss Florrie Prince has returned from a very pleasant three week's visit to Hampton. Miss Hennigar is visiting her father, in Bear River. Mr. William Prince and Mrs. Prince spent last Sunday in Hampton. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Horne, Miss B. Kane and Miss B. Nelson returned last Monday from their visit to Grandville Ferry. Mrs. James McNicol and Miss Ada McNicol spent Sunday with friends in Hampton. Mr. Leitch is visiting friends at Woodmans Point. A party of fourteen had a very pleasant outing at Clifton last Thursday. They returned to the city the same evening on the steamer Clifton. Those who went were: Mrs. Wm. Robertson, Mr. Robertson, Mrs. Willshaw, Mrs. C. Cameron, Mrs. J. S. Hall, Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. John Hatheway, Misses Hall, Miss Polly, Mrs. Wood, Boston, Mr. Arthur Wood, Miss H. Shaw. Mrs. Elizabeth Green is visiting at Long Beach. Mrs. B. J. Barce and her little son, Starns, of Windsor, are visiting friends in the city.

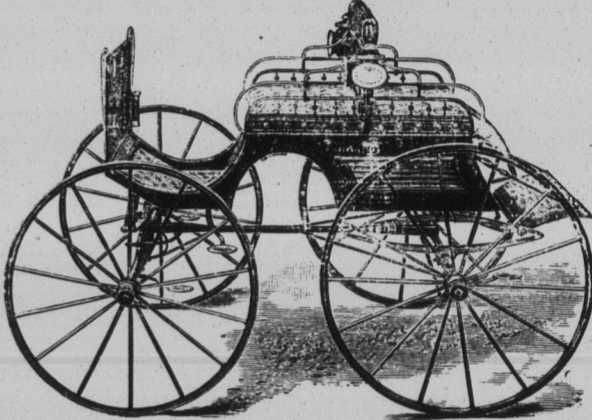
(Continued on Eighth Page.)

RIGHT IN THE LIFE PRINCIPLE OF PRIME BEEF.

This is the distinguishing trait of  
**Johnston's Fluid Beef**  
All seeking to secure the benefits that the essential qualities of Prime Beef can impart should make sure they use a preparation that contains these qualities.  
**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF DOES.**

A NOBBY TURN OUT.

One of the many styles made in the  
**Edgecombe Carriage Factory**



A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart,

Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride in. Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by

**JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,** Fredericton, N. B.

Competition

Is now so lively in every line of business that it takes quality and extra value to hold the lead. Nothing in the market to-day can take the place of

FORTIER'S

CIGARS

CREME DE LA CREME (Reina Victoria Extra) CIGARS, 10c.

LAFAYETTE (REINA VICTORIA) CIGARS, 5c.

SONODORA CIGARS, 15c; Two for 25c

Buyers of these Cigars can make no mistake!

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine

OUR BRANDS: PELEE ISLAND, SWISS CHAMPAGNE, CHATEAU D'AY, etc. (Registered), etc. E. G. SOOVL, Agent Pelee Island Wine Co., St. John, N. B. My family have received great benefits from the use of the Pelee Island Grape Juice during the past four years. It is the best tonic and restorative for debility, nervousness and weakness I have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in any house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co. N. B. Sole Agent for N. B. Telephone 55. Sole Agent for N. B. Telephone 55.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(For Additional Society News See Fifth and Seventh Pages.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following prices: K. ROWLAND'S BOOK STORE, 34 George Street...

The two at home on Saturday afternoon of last week did not interfere with one another in the least and both were well attended. The Crescents tea was quite one of the nicest things that have taken place this summer...

There are many amount of ladies present, and of course any amount of smart and pretty frocks. Lady Walker and Mrs. Montgomery Moore were both wearing their hats very nicely...

Mrs. M. R. Morrow wore one of the handsomest dresses of the day, a very pretty yellow maine with yellow lace and black ribbons, and among the smart linen coats and skirts Mrs. O'Dwyer's red and white one was noticeable...

Mrs. E. F. Wilson and Mrs. Clinch are spending a few days at their old home in Matiland. Mrs. E. F. Wilson and Mrs. Clinch are spending a few days at their old home in Matiland...

Mrs. M. R. Morrow and Miss E. Stairs gave a very pleasant dinner party across the street on Thursday, and I heard of one very small dance on Tuesday at which there were a very select few...

WINDSOR.

Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles, book store and by W. W. Dakin. JULY 31.—Mrs. H. C. Dincock and Miss Ashworth have returned from Moncton, where they have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith...

Mrs. A. E. Lawson returned on Monday from a visit to Norton. Mr. Geo. Wiley, of Boston, is home for a few weeks, the guest of his mother, Mrs. J. W. Calder...

Mrs. J. A. Russell, Prof. Russell and Master Russell, have returned from their drive round the coast. Dr. and Mrs. Black spent Sunday in Truro with their daughter, Mrs. Rice...

Mrs. J. A. Russell and two daughters have returned from their trip to Parrboro. Mrs. McCool was in Halifax on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Brine, Canon, is spending a few days in town...

Mrs. H. N. Graham, left on Tuesday for Parrboro on a two months relieving duty in the Halifax Banking Co. Mrs. Matheson and Mrs. MacDonal, St. Peter's, are in town this week...

Mrs. H. K. Brine leaves today for Sydney to visit friends for about three weeks. Mrs. J. A. Kirk, gave a very enjoyable five o'clock tea last Thursday evening. The guests were Mrs. Geo. McLellan, Mrs. Leamon, Mrs. M. D. MacMillan, Mrs. Toddall, Mrs. Goss...

ARE YOU A JUDGE? Soap every time—put up in large and small bars. Order it from your grocer and you will wonder how you ever did without it. JOHN TAYLOR & Co. Manufacturers, LTD.

Mr. Trotter, Miss McLellan, Miss Gossop, Miss MacMillan and Miss Cunningham. Mrs. J. G. Macmillan entertained a number of lady friends at five o'clock tea Tuesday evening...

PUWANS. JULY 30.—Mr. H. Gilroy, and family of Oxford, are spending a few weeks in town. Mr. R. W. Tremaine, wife and daughter of Truro, are spending a few days here...

LA FAYETTE (Reina Victoria) cigars 6c. TRURO. [Progress is for sale in Truro by G. O. Fulton and D. H. Smith & Co.] JULY 31.—Mrs. Vernon gave a very pleasant party on Thursday last. What was the amusement of the evening. Later supper was served...

Mrs. O. C. Cummings, accompanied by her son Eugene and Master Walter Blair, left on Monday last for a week's outing at Enderbary's lake near Acadia Mines. Mrs. E. F. Wilson and Mrs. Clinch are spending a few days at their old home in Matiland...

Mrs. Agnes McKay is spending a few weeks at Morrinstown, Antigonish, the guest of her friend Mrs. J. E. Greig. Mrs. J. E. Greig and Mrs. Campbell are enjoying the sea breeze of Tatamagouche. Mrs. W. J. Chennell and children are in town for a few weeks the guest of Mr. John Blanchard, Arthur Street...

Mrs. W. E. Biggs gave a charming tennis tea at her home Dominion St., on Monday last. The courts were in perfect condition and the playing excellent. Among those present were: Miss Emma Snook, Miss May Bigelow, Miss Tibbits, Miss Graham, Miss Black, Miss Yull, Miss Lillian Graham, Miss Helen Bielesow, Messrs. Bielesow, Graham, McKelly, Athol, Stanfield, Hall and Williams. Rev. S. R. and Mrs. Martell are guests at the rectory...

MAITLAND. [Progress is for sale in Maitland by James Urquhart.] JULY 31.—Miss R. F. McArthur who has been taking a course at Christ hospital nurse's training school, is at home for two months. Miss Jean Creelman is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. McDougall at Truro. Mrs. R. B. Eaton is spending a few weeks at Parrboro, the guest of her daughter Mrs. Clarence Drille. Mrs. Clinch, of St. John, accompanied by her son Archie is spending a few weeks in town the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Archibald McCallum. Miss Annie D. Roy is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Currie, Halifax N. S. Mrs. Thomas Dickie entertained the ladies of Trinity church guild, at afternoon tea on Tuesday last. Miss McDougall, of Newport, is spending a few weeks in town the guest of Mrs. Thomas Dickie Church street. The venerable Archdeacon Kaulbach is the guest of Mrs. A. M. Cochran, Elmhurst. The friends of Miss Lucy Barbrick are glad to welcome her home. Miss Barbrick has just been graduated from the Concord N. H. hospital. The ladies of the Y. P. S. C. E. sewing circle enjoyed an outing at Pigeon's meadow on Thursday last. It has been decided to meet every fortnight in this beautiful spot, during the summer months, each lady member giving tea in turn while the gentlemen will pay the modest sum of ten cents. Mrs. William Lawrence entertained a large party...

Mrs. Johnson, black silk, blue silk waist. Mrs. Steward, black silk, scarlet flowers. Mrs. Yell, fawn gown, scarlet roses. Mrs. Freeman, light silk. Mrs. Bill, pink silk. Mrs. Bill, pink silk. Miss Quillen, light silk, white lace. Miss Johnson, fawn cashmere skirt, pink silk waist. Miss Jordan, pale blue crepon. Mrs. Blanchard blue cashmere and velvet. Miss Hale, white muslin, pink trimmings. Miss Anderson, cream cashmere. Mrs. Holden, pink cashmere and lace. Miss Jessie Kinney, white muslin, gold color trimmings. Miss McCullum, white cashmere. Mrs. Bennett, blue silk, black lace over dress. Miss Ene Durfee, blue cashmere and satin. Miss Lillie Durfee, white muslin, blue ribbon. Mr. Judson Holder is spending his vacation at Jordan. A very pleasant dance was given by Mrs. Magee and Mrs. John Hood on Thursday evening. Mrs. Morton and Mrs. John Hood acted as chaperones for the party. The place was tastefully decorated with flowers and lighting. Supper was served at half past eleven. The music was all that could be desired and the whole party presented a very gay appearance. The ladies all looked so very well that I hardly think it judicious to select a belle from among so many fair ones. Some pretty gowns were observed a few of which I will enumerate. Mrs. Morton, crimson and black gown, very pretty. Mrs. Johnson, black silk, blue silk waist. Mrs. Steward, black silk, scarlet flowers. Mrs. Yell, fawn gown, scarlet roses. Mrs. Freeman, light silk. Mrs. Bill, pink silk. Mrs. Bill, pink silk. Miss Quillen, light silk, white lace. Miss Johnson, fawn cashmere skirt, pink silk waist. Miss Jordan, pale blue crepon. Mrs. Blanchard blue cashmere and velvet. Miss Hale, white muslin, pink trimmings. Miss Anderson, cream cashmere. Mrs. Holden, pink cashmere and lace. Miss Jessie Kinney, white muslin, gold color trimmings. Miss McCullum, white cashmere. Mrs. Bennett, blue silk, black lace over dress. Miss Ene Durfee, blue cashmere and satin. Miss Lillie Durfee, white muslin, blue ribbon.

Miss Hattie Johnson, blue and white gown. Miss May Haley, white muslin. Miss Helen Quinn, cream cashmere. Miss Jessie Burns, black lace, pink trimmings. Miss Annie Etherington, white muslin, scarlet trimmings. Miss Gardner, white muslin. Miss M. L. Lashelle, black and white gown. Miss May McGowan, white muslin. Mrs. Nickerson, black and white silk. Miss Howe, light cashmere and silk. Miss DeWolfe, white muslin. Miss Blair, lawn cashmere and velvet. Miss May Winsor, black crepon, white bowers. Miss Ene Bower, black lace and pink trimmings. Miss McKenney of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. Stanley Bruce. Mrs. McAlpin is home for a few days. R. W. Buckley and Miss Mackey have gone to Herwick to attend the camp meetings. Miss Kate Adams is visiting her parents in town. Mr. Charley Taylor, of Halifax, is visiting his parents in town. SYDNEY, C. B. [Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKean and G. J. McKinnon.] JULY 24.—Dr. J. K. McLeod and wife spent a couple of days in town before leaving for Bay Roberts, N.B. Miss McMillan entertained a few of her lady friends and officers from the Bazaar, last evening. Mrs. G. L. Burchell and children left yesterday on a visit to St. John's, N.B. The Lordship Bishop Courtney is expected here on Saturday. Rev. C. Harrington and wife arrived by Saturday night express. Miss Grace McFarlane, of Halifax, is spending a few weeks with her sister in law, Mrs. H. R. McLennan. Dr. McRae and Mr. A. O. McRae, of St. John, spent a few days in town. Miss Kate Adams is visiting her brother Dr. McMillan. Mrs. McMillan, is visiting her daughter Mrs. Clifford Brown, of Boston, Mass. "Sonadora" Cigars. 15c. or 2 for 25c. NORTH SYDNEY. [Progress is for sale at the store of Messrs. Copeland & Co.] AUG. 1.—Miss Annie Ingraham gave a most enjoyable boating party Monday evening to the following friends: Miss Henry, Miss Ross, Miss Taylor, Miss Baker, Miss McPherson, Miss Josie Smith, Miss Copeland, Miss L. Robertson, Mrs. R. H. Bridge, Miss Kent, Miss Purves, Miss Mackay, Miss Alice Mackay, Miss Bevin, Miss Moore, Miss Annie McKenney, Messrs. Campbell, Bush, H. E. Robertson, H. S. Ross, C. Ross, Stan. Earle, Dr. McKay, R. V. Voight, Harry Cann, Elbridge Mackay, R. T. Campbell, Harry Moore and L. Robertson. The Rev. C. G. Abbott was in Halifax a few days this week. Mrs. E. L. Atterton and son, Stanley are spending some time in St. John. Mrs. O'Brien of New York city, is the guest of her brother, Mr. R. K. Jones. Rev. Mr. Marshall and family returned to their home on Tuesday. Miss Susie Halliburton, of Liverpool, N. S., is the guest of Mrs. G. W. Stockford. Mrs. C. D. Jordan, Miss McRoberts, and Mr. J. A. McRoberts went to St. John, last Monday to attend their mother's funeral. ANAGANIS. JULY 31.—Miss Clara Trakies of Boston is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. R. P. Steever. Mrs. Geo. Davidson spent last Wednesday in Moncton. Mrs. A. W. Baird and little daughter, Miss Helen spent part of last week in the village, the guests of Mrs. G. W. Stockford. Mrs. Byrd McLeod and baby daughter, of Annapolis are the guests of Mrs. Duncan McNaught, at this week. Mr. Chesley Dunfield is confined to his home through a slight attack of inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Barnett of Sussex is in attendance. Mosquito.

WOODSTOCK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Louisa & Co.] JULY 31.—Mrs. H. Paxton Baird gave a children's party on Friday of last week from three to eight in honor of the birthday of her little daughter Katie. A large number of guests enjoyed the lively games and various amusements provided. Ice cream was served during the afternoon; tea on the lawn was served at six o'clock, and candy and nuts were distributed as the children were going home. Those present were: Kathleen and Trixie Sanderson, Bess and J. H. Dibble, Jean Garden, Harold Garden, Kathleen Taylor, Anna Taylor, Harry Taylor, Baird, The Little Misses Boyer, Jean Sprague, Alice Sprague, Garnet Baird, Ethel Baird Clarence Sprague, Walter Sprague, Katie Baird, Perley Hartley, Arthur Fisher, Helen Wolverson, Mary Porter, Marie Matthews, Mary Marshall, Wennie Jones, Charlie Jones, Gertrude Jones, Maggie Baird, Louise Baird, Helen Baird, Sandy Baird, Carleton Taylor, John Baird, Madeline Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Jones, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. John D. Baird, Mrs. G. A. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Baird, Miss Sadie Taylor, Miss Lily Sheen, Miss Marshall, Miss Hoole, Fredrickton. Mr. and Mrs. John C. Winslow entertained a number of their friends on Tuesday evening of last week at a card party. A most enjoyable evening was spent. Delightful refreshments were served about eleven o'clock. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Bedell, Mrs. Wm. Black, Fredrickton, The Misses Curran, The Misses Barclay, Major and Mrs. Hendley, Arkansas, Miss Bourne, Miss James, Mr. Curran, Mrs. Whiting, Pennsylvania, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins, and others. A tennis tournament and tea provided amusement for Saturday afternoon. The tournament was not very enthusiastically contested until the last set which proved rather exciting, resulting in a victory for Mr. G. M. Jones and Miss Blanche Dibble. Mrs. Taylor and the Misses Kathleen and Hilda Bourne were the hostesses at the luncheon and served fragrant coffee and delicious brown-bread and cake. Mrs. Ed Wilbur of the bank of Nova Scotia met with a very serious accident last week. While

A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. "Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors pronounced my case hopeless. I tried every kind of medicine, but to no avail. I was completely cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have since used it many times, and I believe it saved my life." W. H. WARD, 8 Quincy Ave., Lowell, Mass.

playing ball at the park, he violently collided with another man. His jaw was broken and sustained other injuries to his face. His sister, Mrs. Wilbur, of Moncton arrived last week and is at the Wolverson taking care of him. Mrs. McRoberts, widow of Mr. Alex. McRoberts of St. John, died at the residence of her son, Woodstock, very suddenly on Saturday, July 27. Mrs. McRoberts, who had been ill with heart weakness, was sufficiently recovered to come down stairs. On Saturday evening, she went up stairs after tea, and lying down to rest was seized with heart weakness, which in a very few minutes resulted in her death. She leaves one son, J. A. McRoberts, and three daughters, Mrs. C. D. Jordan, Woodstock, Mrs. J. F. Atkinson, Richibouctou, wife of Mr. J. F. Atkinson, Richibouctou. Her remains were taken to St. John for interment. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon at half past two, from the residence of her sister, Mrs. William Gilman, 112 Hazen street, St. John. Mrs. E. L. Atterton and son, Stanley are spending some time in St. John. Mrs. O'Brien of New York city, is the guest of her brother, Mr. R. K. Jones. Rev. Mr. Marshall and family returned to their home on Tuesday. Miss Susie Halliburton, of Liverpool, N. S., is the guest of Mrs. G. W. Stockford. Mrs. C. D. Jordan, Miss McRoberts, and Mr. J. A. McRoberts went to St. John, last Monday to attend their mother's funeral. ANAGANIS.

ST. JOHN AND BOSTON. COMMENCING July 1st the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Esport, Lunenburg and Boston as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings at 10 (standard) Tuesday and Saturday mornings for Esport, Lunenburg and Portland, making close connection at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a. m. Connections made at Esport with steamers for Colaba, A. Andrews and St. John. Freight received daily up to 9 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted) between ST. JOHN AND BOSTON.

An Open Letter. ST. MARTIN'S, QUEBEC. MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen: Last November my child unfortunately stuck a nail into his knee, and for some time we thought he would lose the limb. I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life. But I got a bottle of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and within three days my child was all right and I feel so grateful that I wish you to use this testimonial, so that others may learn the merits of your wonderful liniment. Yours gratefully, LOUIS GAYNER.

J. & J. D. HOWE, MANUFACTURERS OF Cabinet Furniture. Desks, Boards, Bookcases, Wardrobes, Office Stools, etc., made to order. Wood Staircases and Over Mantels in Oak, Cherry, Mahogany and Walnut.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. COMFORTING TO OLD OR YOUNG & COCOAS. We Ship Wedding Cakes. THE DOMINION. They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated. Write for Catalogue to Harry Webb Toronto.

Silk Elastic Stockings and Anklets. SPRING AND ELASTIC WATER PAD TRUSSES, ICE BAGS, HOT WATER BOTTLES AND FOUNTAIN SYRINGES, JUST RECEIVED AT W.C. Rudman Allan's. Chemist and Druggist, 35 King St.

W.C. Rudman Allan's. PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS receive every attention. You can always be sure of getting a good Havana Cigar at Allan's Drug Store. Have you tried my delicious FRUIT PHOSPHATES and CREAM SODA? Telephone all orders 239. NIGHT DISPENSARY.

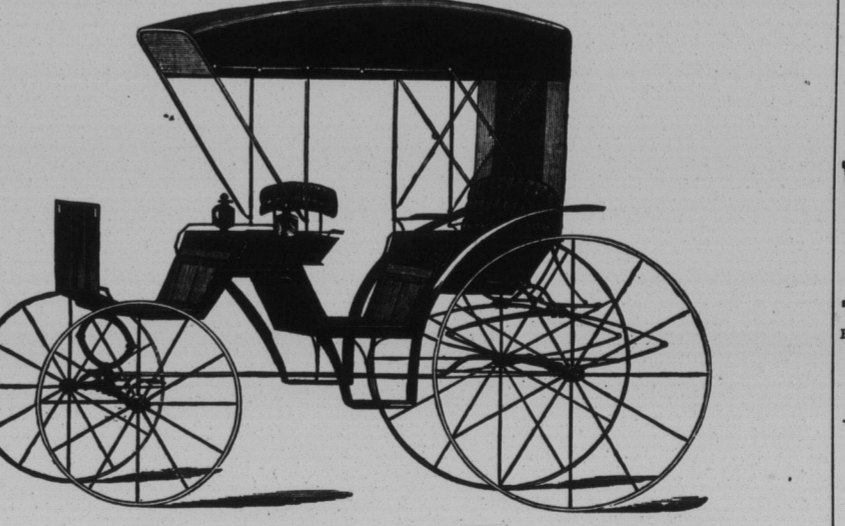
STEAMER CLIFTON. Excursions. Commencing July 1st, the above steamer will make excursions every Tuesday and Thursday, leaving Indianapolis at 9 a. m.; returning about 8.30 p. m. The regular trips will be as follows: Leave Hampton Monday morning at 9 a. m.; not returning until Tuesday morning at 9 a. m. Wednesday morning leave Hampton at 9 a. m.; returning same day, leaving Hampton at 3 p. m. Saturday leave Hampton at 9 a. m.; returning leave Indianapolis at 9 p. m.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and St. Paul, Napesee, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Railroad, Intercolonial, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Lines of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States and vice versa. J. R. SIOE, Asst. Supt. H. C. CREIGHT, Asst. Supt.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, & c. Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

THE CEDARS. THE MOST POPULAR SUMMER RESORT in the Maritime Provinces opened for the season on May 24th. Steamers leave for the Cedars every Monday and Friday. W. B. GANONG, Manager.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line). Forward Goods, Valuable and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world. Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Operative Canadian Pacific By and branches, Intercolonial By to Halifax, Joggins By, New Brunswick and P. E. I. By, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Sigbee & Harwick By. Forwarding of Perishable Goods a Speciality. Connected with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec. Lowest Rates, Quick Dispatch and Civility. E. H. ARNOTT, Agent, 80 Prince St. John, N. B.



Extension Top Cut Under. Easy riding springs. Deep spring back and cushion. Fenders over wheels keep dresses clean. Front wheels go up and r. making it turn short and easy. Silver Mountings. Call and see them. Catalog mailed free. PRICE & SHAW. 221, 223 Main St., St. John, N. B.



INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, DAILY SERVICE

(Sunday excepted) between JOHN AND BOSTON.

COMMENCING July 1st... JOHN AND BOSTON.

An Open Letter.

ST. MARTIN'S, QUEBEC... child unfortunately stuck a pin into his knee...

& J. D. HOWE, MANUFACTURERS OF Cabinet Furniture

ST. JOHN, N. B. ADRIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

ERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, & C. THE CEDARS. MOST POPULAR SUMMER RESORT

ADRIAN EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line)

LOOK OUT FOR CHOLERA. NOW IS THE TIME TO GUARD AGAINST CHOLERA. THIS FORM OF INDIGESTION IS PROMPTLY MET AND PREVENTED BY KODIC.

ADRIAN EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line)



On Board a yacht, sail-boat, or any kind of vessel, there's a great deal of work that can best be done with Pearline.

Beware of cheap imitations. Pearline is as good as 'or' the same as Pearline.

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John, spent Monday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, of Bonaccord street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McNabb, have returned from their wedding tour, and are spending a few days with Mrs. McNabb's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marr, of Bonaccord street.

Mr. F. H. Blair, organist of St. John's church, returned yesterday, from a short visit to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Williams, who have been enjoying a three weeks trip through P. E. Island returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McKennie, and children, returned yesterday from their vacation at St. John.

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EDUCATIONAL.

Rothsley College FOR BOYS.

REV. GEORGE E. LLOYD, M. A., Principal. The Rothsley Church School for girls will reopen at "Kinghurst" on Saturday, Sept. 7th.

Rothsley College FOR GIRLS.

The Rothsley Church School for girls will reopen at "Kinghurst" on Saturday, Sept. 7th.

Church School for Girls, EDGEHILL, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Members of Board of Trustees resident in New Brunswick. The Bishop of Fredericton, The Very Rev. Dean Partridge, D. D.

Collegiate School FOR BOYS. Windsor, Nova Scotia, 107th Year.

H. M. Bradford, M. A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, Eng., (21st Wrangler)... Head Master; with Two Resident Assistant Masters, both English University Graduates, and five non-resident Instructors.

Mt. Allison Ladies' College, Owen's Art Institution and Conservatory of Music.

COURSES OF STUDY are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree B. A. The staff consists of 17 teachers in addition to the Bookkeeping and commercial courses are all taught after the latest and most improved methods.

Mt. Allison Academy COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

The Faculty of the Academy is composed of Graduates in Arts who have been chosen from those having had experience and success as Teachers. The Commercial College is in charge of a graduate of the Ontario Business College who is assisted by other members of the Academy staff.

The Rothsley School for Girls.

(Formerly the Rothsley Church School for girls) will reopen 4th Sep ember. A "ATHERWATER" with a large staff of the very best instructors.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL. MISS GRIER, Lady Principal.

Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION. 15 Prince William Street, Through Institution given in Plans, singing, Violin, Flute, Clarinet and French.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Arthur Anderson spent a short time in Woodstock last week. Mrs. J. T. Raymond returned home on Saturday after a stay of three weeks with friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Perkins and master Harry returned this week from a short visit to Nova Scotia. Miss Maria Eason is visiting at Capt. Milledge Munroe's, in Bridgetown, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Morrison and Mr. Dudley Morrison, of New York, were among the city's visitors this week. Hon. George and Mrs. Foster, were here the last of the week en route to Apahqui, where they will spend the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Young, of Carraquet, spent part of their honeymoon in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Blakeley spent a short time in Weymouth lately, guests of Mrs. Norman Ruggles. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Holly, of Yarmouth, were here for a few days lately.

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friends, have gone out camping at Baywater. Mr. and Mrs. Will Smith and family have gone to Musquash, to enjoy a few weeks' outing at Mr. Wallace's camp.

Miss Beattie Farmer has been visiting friends in Nova Scotia, for the past three weeks, and returned home on Tuesday. Miss Florrie Edwards returned this week, from Boston, where she has been spending her vacation with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett, of Fredericton spent last week in town, and returned home, on Saturday. Mrs. Hood Rowan, of Honesree, England, and her two children, have come to spend a month or so with Mrs. Rowan's mother, Mrs. Atken, Bridge street.

Mrs. Mason returned this week from Woodman's Point, where she has been making a short visit with Mrs. Wilnot. Miss Lottie Belyea is visiting friends at Maugeville.

Mrs. E. J. Hilyard of Houlton, Maine, is visiting Miss Tobin at Millidgeville. Miss Wisely of Lincoln, N. B. and Mrs. Wisely of Lacrosse, Wisconsin are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wisely, Main street.

"Sonadora" cigars, 15cts. or 2 for 25cts. FREDERICTON. [Pronounced for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. A. Hawthorne.] JULY 31.—Mrs. Fraser gave a small but most enjoyable dance at government house on Friday evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Tuck of St. John.

A Physician is Blood Poisoned While Performing a Delicate Surgical Operation.

How He Cured Himself

A Matter of Interest to All Whose Troubles Arise From Impure Blood.

Some time ago the celebrated and eminent Boston physician and surgeon, Dr. A. W. K. Newton, while performing a very delicate surgical operation, was unfortunately blood poisoned.

Dr. Newton, having a thorough knowledge of the cleaning and invigorating virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, immediately began its use, and the results were so pleasing and satisfactory, that the worthy doctor deems it fit and proper to say something regarding a medicine about which thousands are daily speaking.

"Paine's Celery Compound, is not a patent medicine, and it must not be confounded with the ordinary nervines, biters and sarsaparillas. It is as much superior to them in formula and results as the diamond is superior to glass. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and is nature's food for the brain.

"I had some trouble myself, from blood poisoning, received in a very delicate surgical operation. The formula of Paine's Celery Compound led me to try it, and I was much pleased with the result. I prescribe it for men and women who have no appetite, cannot sleep, and are weak and run-down. For this condition, and for disorders of the blood and nerves, it has no equal.

"I was a man or woman has lost appetite, lost sleep, and feels that life is a burden, that person is in a serious condition. I prescribe Paine's Celery Compound for my patients who have these common and dangerous symptoms, with invariably satisfactory results. It is the best possible remedy to keep up one's strength and energy during the summer months."

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY.

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

Table listing bicycle models and prices: Junior \$35.00, Empi e, (Royal Mail) 50.00, Prince and Princess 50.00 each, Crescents 55.00 to \$80, Spartan 70.00, Duke and Duchess 75.00, Fleet, Ladies and Gentlemen's 90.00, Road King 90.00, Davies 'Uptodate' 100.00, Keating 'Ladies' and Gentlemen's 110.00, Hyslops 110.00, Whitworths' 110.00, Beeston Humber 120.00 to \$125.

We can meet all demands both in quality and price. REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale

IRA CORNWALL General Agent, Board of Trade Building ST. JOHN, N. B. I. E. CORNWALL Special Agent. Send for Catalogue

THE SCIENTIFIC HOME GARDEN CO.

Are laying out, under careful supervision, SUBURBAN ORCHARD PARKS, with best attention to landscape effects and setting, with Fruit and Nut Bearing Trees, on the intensive system, with drives throughout arranged on pressure park principles.

W. C. ARCHIBALD, General Manager and Secretary WOLFVILLE, N. S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. 2 FAST TRAINS.

Daily, except Sunday. ST. JOHN, N. B. and BOSTON. Leave Standard Time at 6.40 a.m. Yanket, for and arriving in Bangor Boston, 9.25 p.m. Connecting for New York and South.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.

THE POPULAR AND SHOT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN HALIFAX AND BOSTON. (Trains run on Eastern Standard Time) On and after Wednesday, 2nd July 1895, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Pineal Syrup. BOTANICAL REMEDY

A Certain Cure for Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c. For Sale by all Druggists. Manufactured by Mrs. Lancker, 117 Sydney St.

Have Your Spinal Chords Recepted at Reformed center, 200 St. Patrick's



BARBOUR'S LINEN THREAD IS BEST.

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE FOR Summer Needlework BARBOUR'S NEEDLEWORK SERIES, No. 3. MUCH VALUABLE and recent information about Lace Making, Embroidery and all kinds of Needlework is contained in Barbour's Prize Needlework Series, No. 3.

See that all your Linen Thread carries the above Trade-Mark. Address: THOS. SARGENT & SON, 6 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

PLEASE ASK FOR BARBOUR'S and you will be SATISFIED.

The Only Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and

Blood Purifier

Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story.

Hood's Cures

Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail. "The face of my little girl, from the time she was three months old, broke out and was covered with scabs. We gave her two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it completely cured her. We are glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOS. M. CARLING, Clinton, Ontario. Be sure to

Get Hood's Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25 cents.



ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895.

DOCTORS HAD TO PAY UP.

A LANDLORD WAS MAD BECAUSE THEY WERE TOO FREE.

It Cost Them One Hundred Dollars to Have a Good Time When in a Convivial Mood—They Preferred to Pay Rather than to Face the Police Court.

HALIFAX, August 1.—An interesting story comes from the North West Arm. The fun is furnished by four leading city medical men. The quartette of doctors go in for a good time when it can be secured. On this occasion, a few days ago, they were in a certain house convivially bent. They looked out on the placid waters of the Arm and enjoyed the beautiful panoramas spreading out for a couple of miles before their eyes. But while appreciative of nature's loveliness by sea or land, the four medicals were not blind to other charms.

Want a Revival of Orangeism. HALIFAX, August 1.—The orangemen of the Dominion have been in session for three days, and the city has had a decidedly orange like coloring. Most of the leading lights of the order, from Hon. N. Clarke Wallace downward, have been in town.

It is a note-worthy fact that the average pedlar of to-day is far more polite and manly and intelligent than his predecessor. As the result of the development of these qualities the people have been educated to a greater sense of confidence and faith, and accordingly there has been a very noticeable impetus, given to the volume of the vendors trade. These active commercial people are usually particularly busy on a Saturday morning.

Next on the category, by reason of the attention he demands, is the small boy selling water-lilies. These flowers find ready sale for they make an exceedingly pretty and artistic bouquetter. They grow in great abundance in many lakes near at hand.

While you are endeavoring to gauge the commercial depths of the lily merchant you are accosted by a man, who's appearance betokens the fact that he has experienced forty years of life, selling lead pencils.

Neither is it correct for a young woman to ride unaccompanied. In the matter of chaprons we are becoming almost as rigid as the French, who do not allow a young girl to cross the street, to say nothing of shopping or calling, without being accompanied by an elder woman—her mother, relative or a friend—as a chaperon.

The unmarried woman who cycles must be chaperoned by a married lady—as every one rides nowadays, this is an affair easily managed. Neither must the married woman ride alone; failing a male escort she is followed by a groom or maid.

Ladies occasionally go to the expense of having a servant trained in the art. If one possesses such a commodity as a maid useful on a cycling excursion. Never is a man better able to show for what purpose he was made than upon such occasions.

The man's duty to the woman who rides might be made the text for a long sermon; but long sermons are never popular, therefore it may be better to state briefly that his fair companion in every way to assist her must always be on the alert to assist his fair companion in every way to assist her.

When the end of the ride is reached the man quickly dismounts and is at his companion's side to assist her, she, in the meantime, assisting herself as much as possible. This is done—that is dismounting in the most approved style by riding slowly and when the left pedal is on the rise, the weight of the body is then thrown on it, the right foot crossed over the frame of the machine, and with an assisting hand, the rider easily steps to the ground.

In meeting a party of cyclists who are known to each other and desire to stop for a party, it is considered the proper thing for the men of the party to dismount while in conversation with the ladies.

It looked as though it would be a long time before the trouble was smoothed over and its consequences forgotten. Now Progress has the pleasure of making the exclusive announcement that peace and amity once more reign in the cricket team and that W. A. Henry has been received back again into the eleven with open arms.

It is a note-worthy fact that the average pedlar of to-day is far more polite and manly and intelligent than his predecessor. As the result of the development of these qualities the people have been educated to a greater sense of confidence and faith, and accordingly there has been a very noticeable impetus, given to the volume of the vendors trade.

OPEN AIR MERCHANTS.

CITY STREET PEDDLERS AND THE WARES THEY OFFER.

They are More Polite Now than They Used to Be—Sights on the Principal Streets—Sweet Hay, Water, Lilies, and Other Offerings to the Public.

In sauntering up Union and along Charlotte and down King streets a person comes in contact with fully a score of roving merchants with portable stores. Among them there are a few who demand attention more than others. For example the sweet hay vender; long before dawn he awakes and hies to the flats and swamps beyond the city limits. Here he selects his stock and, gathering as much as he can conveniently carry he returns and parcels it into small packages which he disposes of at five cents.

The perfuming qualities of this commodity is thoroughly understood and it is used to impart its aromatic gifts to the house. The demand for the article for this especial purpose is considerable and it is not an unusual occurrence for a sweet hay vender to dispose of \$2.00 worth or 40 bunches in a few hours.

Next on the category, by reason of the attention he demands, is the small boy selling water-lilies. These flowers find ready sale for they make an exceedingly pretty and artistic bouquetter. They grow in great abundance in many lakes near at hand.

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Midsummer Sale

RIBBED IN OUR LADIES' ROOM. CORSET COVERS, Ribbed Vests. Cellular Vests, SOMETHING NEW.

Ladies' and Girl's Corsets at 75c. Pair. All odds and ends of the season's selling now marked at this price to clear, including qualities which have sold and are good value at \$1.25 a pair, now marked down to 75c.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

ferent sections of the city systematically. The average house-wife is kind and charitably disposed, hence these vendors make a comfortable living.

An Italian with a grand collection of plaster paris statues has an audience with you and holds up a bust of the Canadian leader Sir John MacDonald. It is strikingly true to life and if you have not already purchased one, your patriotic feelings may prevail and you invest.

One express wagon with the liberal epigram "Live and let live," printed neatly on the sides, is prominent among the many passing teams. This is the property of a fish pedlar who is making the rounds of his customers. Then there is a prearranged sale of mongers who appear, as regularly as the season, for a couple of months each summer selling vegetables.

While the writer has not mentioned every name on the category of vendors, still, enough has been said to prove that they constitute a most decided and much felt factor in the city's life.

"Sonadora" cigars, 15c. or 2 for 25c.

SPURS OF MANY KIND. Mexican Spurs With Big Rowels and Some Others in Contrast With Them.

Some Mexican spurs are still sold says a N. Y. paper. Of one style the rowel is 4 1/2 inches in diameter, with six points; another style has a rowel with ten points. The points are usually blunt and dull. Attached to the shank of the spur are two small dangling bits of iron called bells, which strike against the rowel as the wearer walks or rides and produce a musical sound.

The bells are also useful; the wearer hooks one of a rowel into the hair saddle girth of his horse, turns his foot slightly, and the bells drop between two of the points of the rowel; the rowel turns until against the shank and stop the wheel from turning; thus the rider is enabled to hold on with the points of the rowel through the girth as though it were a claw.

Some heavy iron spurs made for South American use have a rowel 2 1/2 inches in diameter and a place on the back of the heel band where the shank springs from, through which another strap is put and carried over the foot to hold up the spur at the back.

There are many styles of spurs for park and for various other uses, and there are many patents on spurs and various ways of fastening the spur to the boot. There are spurs without heel bands, which screw into the shank, the outer end, which holds the rowel, turning and serving as a crank with which to turn the heel a little pin which also to force into the heel a little pin to hold the heel plate firmly in position.

When screw and pin are in place a little collar is turned down upon the divided parts of the shank, making the shank rigid. Spurs are sometimes made out of carpenter's screws. The projecting side of the head of the screw is cut off all around flush with the smooth part of the screw. Then mit a rowel of the desired size. There is a spur with straps upon which the strap is first adjusted to about the right length, and then held firmly in place upon the boot by turning a little lever, clamping the spur lever on something after the same manner as a modern skate.

There is a spur called a box spur, the shank of which fits into a deep little metal box set in the boot heel. This little box has a door that closes across the opening when the spur is not in use, to keep the box clear. When the spur is used this little door is pushed aside by the end of the shank, and the shank is held in place by a contrivance inside.

Spurs for women are made with safety ends of the rowel by means of a spring inside. If this spur is pressed against a yielding surface, as like the side of a horse, the spring is forced back, to take its place again, and the point when the pressure is removed. Safety spurs are sometimes made

for stage use with rowels without teeth, and some stage spurs have rowels of the regular style.

Spurs for race horses are sometimes made with hardly any points to the rowels, so as to avoid punishing or injuring the horse. Such spurs have been made with small copper cents for rowels, with the edge left smooth. In contrast with the great rowels of the Mexican spurs are some that are scarcely more than a quarter of an inch in diameter.

The bulk of spurs nowadays is made of steel and iron. Spurs are also made of brass, silver, and of German silver. Many spurs are nickel plated. Spurs are sometimes made of gold; usually for girths. Iron spurs can be bought at \$1.50 to \$2 a pair.

The majority of the spurs used are still fastened to the foot with straps. There are various styles of rowels, some having elongated points and some being like disks with saw teeth cut in the edge; there are some spurs with the rowels set horizontally. Most spurs, however, have the rowel set vertically. There is an Arabian spur which has a straight shank almost as long as a lead pencil; it has no rowel, but the hook with which the horseman reaches under the horse and scratches, instead of rowelling him in the side.

(Reina Victoria extra) cigars 10 cts.

A SKELETON IN ARMOR. Probably a Relic of Days When Criminals Were Hanged in Chains.

A few days ago while Mr. Cawood was repairing the public road in Cornon, Virginia, with a force of men, at a point near the courthouse, what was first supposed to be an "iron man" was unearthed by one of the workmen. Examination of the find proved it to be a perfect human skeleton, most ingeniously incased in an iron cage, composed of huge strips, running around and up and down the entire form. The iron cage itself is quite similar to the skeleton of a large man. Strips of sheet iron run parallel with each arm and leg, and a foot or so apart are iron bands, or cuffs, around the limbs, these being roughly riveted. The skull of this skeleton is of an immense size, and fits quite well in an iron cage attached to the other. A huge bolt is attached to the iron plate on the top of the skull, and its peculiar arrangement shows that the whole man in this iron suit was some day pended by the bolt over the head.

The feet rest on broad sheet iron slippers—or, rather, slipper bottoms, similar to the shoes in the stirrup of old-fashioned side saddles, these slippers being attached to the bolts or rivets to the main "cage" by a chain. This skeleton was directly on the side of the public road, the feet extending quite out under the wheel tracks, while the head lay buried deep in the wheel track, a few feet away from the ditch.

Who the man was, when and by whom he was buried in that spot, and in that iron suit, no living man to lay know. At first some wise man suggested that it was the skeleton of a big Indian, but this was proved that of a negro—the skull down through several generations to this day. A traditional story has come down through several generations to this day. Emanuel murdered a white man in this country, and after the lapse of considerable time and many difficulties he was captured at a corn abacking one dark night, tried and hanged. Emanuel being the worst of many desperate characters here at that time, the authorities determined to make an example of him, so that after he was hanged, the old story goes, he was put in an iron outfit and suspended in the air, close by the roadside, as a terror to evil doers and a warning to all men. Very old citizens state that the body of Emanuel there dangled in the air until it attracted vultures and worms, and, finally, became so offensive that citizens secretly cut it down—or, at least, it disappeared, and was lost sight of from that day. The skeleton found by Mr. Cawood being almost at the spot of Emanuel's execution, and being in arms similar to those said to have incased the body of Emanuel, it is supposed by some that Mr. Cawood has found the desperate malefactor's remains.

Fibre Chamols vs. Buckskins. Under the above heading there appeared a few days since an item that might be somewhat misleading. The action in the Supreme Court for an injunction and for \$5,000 damages is not brought against the manufacturers or selling agents of these

goods, but against a prominent firm in Montreal on the ground stated.

It will be remembered that the Canadian Fibre Chamols Co. recently secured an injunction and damages against a number of merchants, and that the manufacturers eventually restrained by permanent injunction from the manufacture or sale of these goods.

THEY FOUND THE LETTERS. Instance in which the Post Office People Were Clear of Blame.

An English merchant was advised by his agent that a check for £600 would be sent to him by the next mail. It did not come, and the merchant at once made complaint at the Post Office. The postman on that route was called in by the Postmaster, and in answer to questions, said that the missing packet was duly received and delivered. He remembered it distinctly—its shape, color and postmark. As his habit was, he had poked it under the house door. The merchant's wife had picked up three packets and was positive there had not been a fourth.

The Postmaster went to the house and examined it carefully. Then he looked into the back garden. His eye lighted on a litter of puppies. A thought struck him. "Have the dog kennel cleared out, please."

"Nonsense. Why?" "Kindly have it cleared."

"Well, if it must be. Thomas, take out the straw."

On the floor of the kennel, torn into a hundred bits, lay the missing letter and check. A current of air along the passage had blown the letter about. The puppies, naturally enough, had pounced upon it as a plaything, and had a good time.

Mr. Baines, who tells this story in his "Forty Years at the Post Office," adds another equally good. A merchant complained of the loss of a letter mailed from his office, containing some hundreds of pounds in Bank of England notes. Finally called upon by an expert from the post office department.

"Believe me, sir," the expert said, "I have an object in your desk and recall each operation connected with the missing letter."

"With pleasure. I sit here. I take a sheet of this note paper and one of those covers. Then I write my letter and fold it up. Next I go to my safe and take out my notes, enter their numbers, fold them and put them in the letter, and the letter in the cover. Then I seal them all up as you now see me do."

"Just so; and what next?" "Why, my clerk comes in and clears off my desk for the post."

"But you wrote this one at noon, and the post does not go out before night."

"Oh, yes, of course! I quite forgot to say that a oney letter, for greater security, I put in a left-hand drawer."

"Which one?" "Which one?" "Which one?" "Which one?"

EQUAL TO NEW!

Flannel and Duck Suits, dresses and jackets receive the attention that enables us to make this claim.

Ladies will find our starch work unequalled for finish and general excellence.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS 33-34 Waterloo St., St. John, N. B. 66-70 Barrington St., Halifax, N. B.

Consumption.

Valuable treatise and two books on Consumption sent free on receipt of three stamps and full name and address to STUBBS CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.







# Sunday Reading.

## IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The views of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps on the immortality of the soul, the topic under discussion in the N. Y. Advertiser were given in PROGRESS last week. Here is what Cardinal Gibbons has to say on the same subject:

The knowledge of one's self, the history of others who have passed away, and faith in God compel the belief in the immortality of the soul. Within one hundred years, nearly all who now walk the earth will have bid farewell to the scenes of life, and their bodies will be a forgotten and insignificant portion of the earth upon which they tread. Though no fact is more evident than death, though nothing is more certain to the learned and unlearned alike, yet there is in all the millions who now inhabit the earth, a something that reaches beyond the grave, a something that peers through the portals of death, a something which says: I shall not, I must not die.

Besides the body, which will soon be consigned to the grave, there is a principle by which we move, and live, and have our being. This principle we call the soul. This soul has intellectual conceptions and operations of reason and judgment. Our minds grasp that which the senses cannot reach. We think of God and of his attributes; we have thoughts of justice and of truth; we know the difference between good and evil. This consciousness is inexplicable on the basis of a society material principle of being.

All nations, ancient and modern, whether professing the true or a false religion, have believed in the immortality of the soul, how much soever they may have differed as to the nature of future rewards and punishments, or the mode of future existence. Such was the faith of ancient Greece and Rome, as we learn from the writings of Homer, Virgil and Ovid. Belief in the soul's immortality was held by the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans and Persians and other nations of Asia. Grotius testified that faith in a future life likewise existed among the Germans, Gauls, Britons and other tribes of Europe. The Indians of North and South America looked forward to the happy hunting grounds, reserved in after life for the brave.

This belief in a future life was not confined to the uncultivated masses. It was taught by the most eminent writers and philosophers among the enlightened and polished nations of antiquity. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca and Plutarch, guided by the light of reason only, proclaimed their belief in the soul's immortality. "The belief which we hold," says Plutarch, "is so old that we cannot trace its author or its origin, and it dates back to the most remote antiquity." Even idolatry implied a recognition of the soul's immortality, for how could men pay honor to departed heroes if they believed that death is the end of man's existence?

Belief in the soul's immortality follows necessarily from a belief in all wise God. God, who created nothing without a purpose, has given us a desire to know, and a longing to be happy. Man's intellect is not confined to the narrow limits of the body. It reaches down to the unexplored depths of the sea; it wings its flight to the heavenly orbs; it enters into most subtle substances, penetrates the matter that composes them and separates their elements; it dissects its own thoughts; while the carnal body can at best but serve as an unwieldy pivot, upon which this time-defying principle depends. Yet when analysis and calculation have exhausted their powers, the intellect of man still finds itself balked by unsolvable problems. Can it be that this intellect so superior to the body of man, will perish forever, with its capacity for knowing still unsatisfied?

Why this unsatisfied desire for happiness? Is it in vain? Yet ask any one of the millions who now live: Was there ever a time in your life when the cup of bliss was filled, was there ever a moment when you had all you desired and feared not its loss? Not one could answer yes, for death would say, with a hollow, mocking laugh: Thou fool, I come. Ask the miser who loves his wealth: Have you enough? His answer, accentuated by his thin, mesger form, will be: More, still more. Ask the ambitious man, who loves self: Are you satisfied? His answer will be: Higher, still higher. Ask the sensual man: Did you find happiness in the gratification of your appetites? He will answer: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity." Ask the affectionate father or husband as he stands at the grave of his beloved. He will answer: We will meet again.

God has given us a desire for perfect felicity, which he intends to be one day fully gratified, and if this felicity cannot be found, as we have seen, in the present life, it must be reserved for the time to come. And as no intelligent being can be contented with any happiness that is finite in duration, we must conclude that it will be eternal, and that consequently the soul is immortal. Life that is not to be crowned with immortality is not worth living. "If a life of happiness," says Cicero, "is destined to end, it cannot be called a happy life."

It must be so. Plato, thou reason'st well. Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality? Or whence this secret dread and terror of falling into nothing? Why shrink the soul back on herself and arraign at destruction? 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us, 'Tis heaven itself that points out on our breast, And stimulates us to a more than mortal life.

God is all good and all just. Yet, if death end all, how can we reconcile our experience of the world with our ideas of God's goodness and justice? If death be the end of all, where would be the reward of virtue, the punishment of evil? Vice and its pleasures and virtue that suffers, are

they to have the same reward? The honest man and the thief, made equal by death? The innocent maiden, seduced and betrayed, to have the same destiny as the selfish villain who laughs at her downfall? St. Vincent de Paul, who renounced the pleasures of domestic life to rescue the fatherless waifs of the street, and the vicious wretch who sent these innocent orphans of untitled fatherhood into a cheerless world, both to be treated alike by death? If death ends all, why restrain the inclination of our vicious appetites? If the soul be not immortal, we should say with Caesar, "Virtue thou art but an empty word."

Society, with its laws, is only a tyrant, patriotism an insane sentiment, if the soul is annihilated by the hand of death. The soldier is ordered to a post of danger. If he leaves it, he saves his life, but at the command of duty he remains and dies. Where is his reward? The honors that are paid to his memory? What benefit to him if his untaunted soul has ceased to exist? To sacrifice one's self for the public good is noble, generous and sublime; but if everything were to end in death, such a sacrifice of life were insanity for the soldier sacrifices, gratuitously throws away, a something which if death end all is of incalculable benefit to him—his life. Destroy the belief of the soul's immortality, and there will no longer exist a sufficient motive for heroic patriotism.

Eradicate this belief, and the world becomes the theater of anarchy and crime. Remember the result of the experiment when tried by France. Figuratively, the materialist, hesitated not to say, it was not petroleum but materialism that destroyed the monuments of France. "Destroy this belief, and duty becomes but a 'trope of analogy.' Religion, virtue, civilization and liberty are parts of the same chain, linked together by a belief in the immortality of the soul. Break this necessary connection and the whole chain will go.

Great men who Prayed. There is no evidence, that we are aware of, that Napoleon was a man of prayer. Possibly he may have changed his relations to God, in whose existence he believed, after he went to St. Helena—but we must allow this strong man to the side of the argument which sets prayer down to weak women. If any other man of great courage and genius can be named who was prayerless, that side is welcome to the benefit. But Jesus Christ prayed, and he was the most manly of all men. Paul prayed. So also did Robert Bruce and his Scots, Oliver Cromwell and his Roundheads, Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes, William of Orange and his Dutchmen, George Washington, the Duke of Wellington, General Havelock, Abraham Lincoln, Livingstone. As Paul said of the heroes who won by faith, time would fail to tell of the heroes who won by prayer. When one calls the roll of the praying men, it does not seem as if prayer was a habit limited for the most part to women—and when one calls the roll of heroic and devoted women, it is found that they all pray. And then in regard to praying women, one of the commonest confessions of great men in all the avenues of success and achievement, is that they owe all they have and are, to praying mothers.

Generousness and Generality. That which is true of generousness ought also to be true of generosity. There are a great many generous people that are not liberal, and there are a great many liberal people that are not generous. A man is liberal when, taking a large view, he follows his higher judgement in regard to objects of relief or of donation. He does not need to see; he has a large circumspection of causes and influences, and so he is liberal. But a man that is generous generally follows his senses. He wants to hear the cry, to see the poverty, to feel the loss. Anything that he can hear, and see, and feel, and observe, he has the impulse of kindness toward, and that is being generous. A great many men are very hard and cold; they are liberal, but they have no generosity, and they have no credit for being even liberal. On the other hand, a great many persons are generous, and would give a cow to a widow that had lost one; but they would not give a shilling to a church, especially in the West, or a cent to a missionary among the heathen. They do not believe in such things! "Bring things home to my door and I will be liberal." I beg your pardon—you will be generous, and not liberal; for generosity is the senses working with kindness, while liberality is faith working with kindness, which is very much larger.

Bible Arithmetic. Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet; a cubit was nearly twenty-two inches; a hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches; a finger's breadth is equal to a little less than one inch; a shekel of silver was about two shillings and eightpence; a shekel of gold was two pounds; a talent of silver was four hundred pounds; a talent of gold was nearly six thousand pounds; a piece of silver, or a penny, was eightpence halpenny; a farthing was equal to a halpenny; a mite was less than a farthing; a gerah was three halpenny; an ephah, or bath, contained four gallons and five pints; a hin was three quarts and three pints; an omer was six pints; a cab was five pints.

A Message from God. "And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil. And God granted him that which he requested." 1 Chronicles 4:10.

Signs Painters of God. If you paint a bottle only to amuse the spectator by showing him how like a painting may be to a bottle, you cannot be considered, in art-philosophy, as a designer. But if you paint the cork flying out of the bottle, and the contents arriving in an arch at the mouth of the recipient glass, you are so far forth a designer or signer; probably meaning to express certain ultimate facts respecting, say, the hospital disposition of the landlord of the house; but at

All even's representing the bottle and glass in a designed, and not merely natural manner. Not merely natural—say, in some sense non-natural or supernatural. And all great artists show both this fantastic condition of mind in their work, and show that it has arisen out of a communicative or didactic purpose. They are the sign painters of God.—John Ruskin.

## DUTIES OF A CHRISTIAN.

We are Christ's Witnesses and Should be Willing to Iterate the Truth. "And Moses said unto the Lord, Wherefore hast thou afflicted thy servant? and wherefore have I not found favor in thy sight, that thou layest the burden of all this people upon me?—Numbers xi. 11."

The ground of the natural man's duty to future generations, as above outlined, is what God has done for the race, says Rev. William J. Hursh, of New York. The ground of the Christian's duty is what Christ has done for them, who believe God has set us a glorious example in this whole matter. He has made all things to await the coming of, and minister to the successive generations of men. No one era can claim all the benefits of the laws and forces of nature. The rain falls for all ages, and on the bad as well as the good. The sun rises and shines for the future as well as for the present, and for the unjust as well as the just. And so I say, because God is doing all this for all men and for all ages of men alike, we, made in his likeness, are committed to the same wide generosity by the very fact of being men. But to us who have accepted Christ and profess to be living out his doctrine and his commands, the obligation is even more binding. Let us show you his.

First of all we are called witnesses. Knowledge always carries responsibility, and it is especially so with knowledge of Christ. He has sent us forth to be witnesses of the truth. To his followers has he committed the whole work of bringing the evangel to bear upon the heart and lives of men. The more we know, by actual experience of our Lord's favor and love, the more are we under obligations to witness to others of His grace. When there is a killed sailor at the helm the sails only help forward the ship on her homeward course, but if the helm be handled badly the more sail she carries the worse it is for the bark. When the water in the millpond is congealed through the trenches to the mill-wheel it benefits man, but if it be allowed to rise unused it breaks its banks at length and sweeps everything before it; and what are these but feeble images of the advantages of sound knowledge and the hurtfulness of stagnant and unemployed knowledge?

In the second place, we are called heralds. We are sent forth by our risen Lord not only to witness for the truth, but also to prepare the way before the truth. Surely, one thing is to clear out the way as many of the stumbling blocks left us by the past as we can possibly remove. A large part of our obligations to the future is to leave as clear a footway as we may for the race with destiny. It is true that some of the disturbances, social, economic, political and religious, owing their rise to the complications of our day, will require many centuries before they are rightly settled, but we are to grapple with them resolutely, and do our utmost to get them quieted before our children step upon the scene of active management. It was because Ambrose saw in the city of Milan a center of ages-wide influence that he wrought so heroically for the clearing out of the fountain of art and poetry. It was because Augustine recognized in the humble fishermen of Hippo sturdy evangelists who would carry the Gospel to many an island and coast, that he devoted his splendid talents to their instruction, and did you think that Luther awakened Europe to his leonine roar simply because he saw that the people of Worms and Wurtemberg needed the gospel; or was he not conscious that that kingly challenge would reach posterity as well? These men were great because they heroically faced their duty to coming generations, and as far as lay in their brain and blood and life, paid it!

## Female Employment in England.

A report to the British Board of Trade by Miss Collet on the statistics of employment of women and girls has just been issued as a parliamentary paper. It shows, among other things, that only a very slight increase in the employment of women has taken place in the interval between the census of 1881 and that of 1891, the total number of women and girls returned as occupied at the former date, out of every 1,000 above the age of 15, in England and Wales, being 340.5 in 1881, as against 344.2 in 1891. The number of males returned as occupied shows a decrease of one per 1,000. A further fact pointed out is that, notwithstanding the large number of headings of occupations in the census report—349 in all—more than four-fifths of the women and girls returned as occupied in 1891—that is, 277 out of every 1,000 over the age of ten—are included under eighteen headings. A remarkable increase in the employment of children under 15 years of age is noted, but, on the other hand, the statistics concerning women employed in textile and clothing trades show that in the towns most affected by married women's labor the percentage of married women employed is diminishing. There is more diminution, however, in the factory districts in the proportion of married women between 20 and 25. Notwithstanding this diminution, however, in married women's labor, Miss Collet thinks that the minimum percentage is still extremely high. Ruckburn, Burnley, Preston, Stockport, Rochdale, and Bury occupy, it seems, an exceptionally bad position in this respect, and Miss Collet says of them: "In such towns, where nearly all the girls under 20, and half the women between 20 and 45, are engaged away from home, we may naturally look for a high infant mortality, and expectation is justified by the facts."

## The Saltiest Salt.

In fact, nothing but salt, that's what the Windsor is salt. Ask your Grocer for the Purest and won't cake. Try it.

"La Fayette" (Reina Victoria) cigars 50ts

## IS PARALYSIS CURABLE?

MR. GEORGE LITTLE, OF ESSEX COUNTY, SAYS IT IS.

He Gives his Own Terrible Experiences to Prove the Truth of His Assertion—Suffered for Over Two Years—Both Himself and Family Thought That Only Death Could End His Sufferings—Again Enjoying the Blessing of Sound Health.

(From the Essex Free Press.) Life is truly a burden to those not blessed with a full measure of health and strength, but when a strong man is brought to the verge of almost utter helplessness, when doctors fail and there is apparently nothing left to do but wait the dread summons that comes but once to all, the case assumes an aspect of extreme sadness. In such a condition as this did Mr. George Little of the town of Colchester North, find himself, and recently the Essex Free Press happened incidentally that he had recovered his strength, a reporter was sent to investigate. When seen, Mr. Little expressed a willingness to state the nature of his case, and his story is as follows:—



"Hado sit with feet in a hot oven."

Some four years ago Mr. Little suffered from a severe attack of lassa grippe which left his lower limbs partially paralyzed. He called in one of the best known physicians of Essex county, who appeared to do all that lay in his power for the relief of Mr. Little, but to no avail. For two and a half years he suffered the most intense pain and was confined to his bed for the greater part of the time. The doctor was puzzled with his case and as he seemed to obtain no relief, he changed doctors for a period. The second doctor did no better than the other, Mr. Little returned to the one he had first called in. Finally, despairing of ever obtaining relief, he told his physician that he did not see any further use of taking his medicines, and believed he should die if he did not obtain relief in a short time. He had wasted away to little more than a mere skeleton, and was an object of pity by his neighbors, and felt himself a burden to his family. His wife and family had given up hope, and his neighbors all thought it was merely a question of time when Mr. Little's death would relieve his sufferings. While his limbs were partially paralyzed he could use them sufficient to hobble about the house and door yard, but if he undertook to walk to the stable he would be confined to his bed for a week or longer. His limbs grew numb and cold. During the hottest summer days he was obliged to sit with his feet and legs in a hot oven, wrapped in flannels and hot cloths until the skin would come off in scales. Mr. Little believed that his physician had been doing all that could be done, and has nothing but kindly feeling for the treatment he received at his hands but he is certain the doctor had no hopes of his recovery. He had tried an advertised mineral water taking in all seven gallons of it, but failed to obtain relief. After suffering for two and a half years, Mr. Little in the summer of 1893, read of a case similar to his own, that had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Grasping at this last hope, he sent for a few boxes and began taking them. Before the second box was all used, Mr. Little was satisfied that he had found a remedy that would cure him of his exceedingly painful and mysterious ailment. Mr. Little continued the use of the Pink Pills for several months and was able to get out and do light work about his farm, which he had not been able to do for over two years. He continued taking Pink Pills a while longer, when he was fully recovered and was able to do any of the hardest work on his farm, and in the winter time worked almost steadily at saw logging and wood-chopping. During the past fall he says, he was frequently caught out in heavy rain storms when away from home, but he had so far recovered that his exposures have not brought any bad results. During the very cold weather of the present winter he was hauling wood to Windsor, a distance of fifteen miles. He looks at present as if he had never seen a sick day in his life time.

Mr. Little feels deeply grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and claims that his complete recovery is entirely due to the use of the pills. He gives his testimony for the benefit of others who may be similarly afflicted. Mr. Little's wife who was present at the interview, corroborated Mr. Little's testimony and believes he owes his entire recovery to the use of Pink Pills. The entire family look upon the husband and father as one rescued from the grave by the timely use of Pink Pills.

On inquiry among Mr. Little's neighbors we find that he is a man of undoubted veracity. He has lived in Essex county all his lifetime, and on his present farm in Colchester North, about four years. He is the superintendent of the Edgar Mills Sunday School, and his case is too well known in that district to be disputed. His neighbors looked upon his cure as a most miraculous one, his death having been expected among them for many months before he began the use of Pink Pills.

## Bamboo Organ.

A bamboo organ has been built for the Jesuits' Church of Shanghai and is said to surpass organs made of metal. As bamboo can be obtained of all dimensions, from the thickness of a pen to pieces of a foot in diameter, this natural material costs little more than the simple labor, and the notes are beautifully soft and pleasant to the ear.

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## ..... HAPPY

### ...KEEP YOUR EYE...

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SOLVING THE PROBLEM.

HOW NEW YORK THEATRES GIVE CONTINUED SHOWS.

The Problem Was How to Make an Audience Leave When It Had Seen All It Paid For—The Device That Was Finally Adopted With Gratifying Success.

You can't stay there all day because you took the advice of the advertisement and went after breakfast. The show is continuous, but your right to stay there and be seated is not. It keeps right on, but the profits would be small if the seats were occupied by the same people from the first turn to the last. The problem of getting the people out is not one that often troubles theatrical managers. The chief difficulty has always been getting them in, and the man who was lucky enough to fill the theatre never had to bother his head with any device for getting rid of the spectators. He gave the show, and they did the rest.

But with this introduction of the continuous performances a new difficulty and one that had never been known hitherto confronted the managers. The stars of continuous vaudeville—that is, the prominent overwhelming stars—appear usually twice during the ten or twelve-hour show. The smaller fry generally do their turn three times, and some of the actors appear as often as four times in one day's performance. The problem that confronts the managers of continuous vaudeville is the question of clearing their house at certain intervals in order to make room for the new spectators who are arriving every few minutes. The audience has a right to remain as long as it wants. There is no way of expelling it. But with the seats occupied by people who have been in an hour or two, and the lobbies crowded with standing spectators, something had to be done.

The relief came almost as soon as the necessity showed itself. It was an unquestioned success, and can be seen in beautiful operation at any of the continuous performance theatres in the city. Its effectiveness is amazing, too.

The spectators are got out of the house by means of three or four successive turns which are very, very bad. The innocent spectator ignorant of the tricks of the continuous showmen sits patiently through the first in the hope that the next turn may be an improvement. But it proves to be worse, and if he sticks through it he will find the third more acutely irritating. The actors who do these turns are called the "chasers," and they are engaged to be as bad as they possibly can. Until continuous vaudeville's set in a variety actor who was notoriously and conspicuously bad in his work was never in demand. But the expert "chasers" now command salaries that are more proportionate to the service they do the management. They don't get much as it is; but they are paid more for being very bad and getting people out of the house than they formerly were for being just ordinary and keeping them from coming in.

There were three turns on the programme of one of these theatres last week, and they cleared the house almost as quickly as a cry of fire. They began at about 4 o'clock, when the house was full. The star performers had done their acts, and the house was crowded. There was a crowd standing at the rear of the orchestra chairs, and there was no indication that they were likely to get any nearer to them. Then the chasers began. The continuous performance theatres never have printed programmes which they follow. The list of performers is printed, but the order in which they appear is announced by means of placards on the stage, which usually shows their names also. It may be necessary to start the chasers at different times on different days, and for that reason the actors cannot be announced in an unchangeable order on the programme. The time to send them on seems to be when the house is crowded with people who have already been there for an hour or two and have presumably had the worth of their money.

The first of the chasers who appeared on this particular day last week was a negro team. They did not seem so bad at first, but a few people left when the first part of their act had been finished. One man applauded enthusiastically, and he suggested the fact that the chasers may have associates in front who insist on an encore when the commencement of their act has not proved fatal enough. At all events, this particular man applauded until the team disappeared. When they retired twenty people in different parts of the theatre got up and left. The enthusiast continued applauding vigorously, and the actors reappeared to commence again. At the sight of them fifty or more spectators got up from their seats and started from the theatre.

But the audience was a large one, and the chasers had a great deal to do. But they were equal to it. The next one was a lady balladist. She had a very thin soprano voice somewhere up between the bridge of her nose and her skull. She began a florid air that was preceded by some very elaborate recitative. Before she got half way through that part of her song twenty men had clapped on their hats and left the house. There was a steady stream of moving auditors during the rest of her act. Some of them were getting out as quickly as they could, while others were sliding down to take the seats they had left empty. None of them ever got a seat on the aisle. It is a strict rule of continuous performance audiences that you must jump for an aisle seat the moment it is vacated. So the spectators who have just arrived can never rely on getting one. They are seized so quickly by the persons sitting next to them that a man coming down the aisle never has a chance.

When the ballad singer concluded, the enthusiastic ally of the manager and the chorus was the solitary person who applauded. He needn't have done so, for

she would have sung again anyhow. But when she reappeared to sing a medley of songs that began with "Say Aurevoir, but Not Farwell," and ended, some ten minutes later, with "There's Only One Girl in this world for Me," her eyes fell on the retreating and entering spectators. Nobody was paying any attention to her. The management was determined that the job should be complete, for the two following turns fell to chasers who were quite as expert in their way as the two who had preceded them. But they were playing to what was practically a new audience, and in the hope of what was coming they were patiently tolerated. The spectators who had just left had reached the chasers' end of the programme after a gradual descent from the best numbers on the bill, and the contrast was too much for them. The new audience, had been through no such experience. They were equal to a few minutes with the chasers. But it was ten to one that when their own chasers arrived on the scene they would succumb quickly as their predecessors had.

The manipulation of the chasers is regarded as the greatest test of a manager's skill in directing a continuous performance. To get them into the programme at the right time, so that they can do their work effectively and yet not obtrude themselves on the audiences, is the most successful use of the chaser's services. Managers have been wrecked by simply an ignorance of the proper moment at which to let the chasers loose in full force. The audiences at the continuous performance houses are very casual. They drop in often during the course of business or to fill in a spare hour, and, unlike, audiences that come to the theatre to make an evening of it, they are sensitive to sudden variations in the merits of the programme. When the chasers appear, they begin to think of that engagement, or decide that they fill in their time as well by walking around, and thus fall easy victims to the chasers. The impression that the performance was a bad one does not remain with them as it would if they found the same sort of a thing in regular theatre. They have left before the programme was finished, and it may have been their own fault they do not feel satisfied with the performance. Thus is the chaser almost an important figure in the programme as the chief performer. He has to be bad, but he has to do it in a way that will not throw the credit of it on the performance.

"Sondora" cigars, 15cts. or 2 for 25cets. BREATHE THROUGH THE NOSE. It is a Simple Matter and is Conducive to the Preservation of Health. If only people would remember to breathe through the nose; if only they would think for a moment of the functions of the nose, I would have scarcely anything to do in my profession," said a well-known throat and ear specialist the other night. "Yes! Free nasal breathing is the essential of a healthy throat. The nose is the medium used by nature to transmit the air to the lungs; its passages are provided with a slight growth of hair, which acts as a sieve in purifying the air we breathe. These hairs collect the dust particles, and because of the natural supply of moisture in the nose the air is sufficiently dampened in passing through not to irritate the lungs and throat. "On the other hand, people who breathe through the mouth will always have a dry, parched throat, and are sure to be victims of hoarseness, and sooner or later will suffer from lung trouble. "It is the natural outcome of the misuse of nature's organs of respiration. It is true that singers breathe through the mouth, but it is only while singing that they resort to this method of breathing, and it is done only and solely because sufficient breath cannot be taken into the lungs at a single inspiration to balance the great amount given out in the production. On the other hand, no one has ever heard a thorough singer while exercising, other than the voice, use his or her mouth for the purposes of breathing. This saves the throat from becoming excessively dry, a natural result of hoarseness, and keeps the passages to the lungs well protected from dust and microbes of disease. "The cause of mouth breathing lies in defective nasal passages. The nasal obstruction is known as adenoid. It is a kind of vegetation growth at the point where the nose and throat join. It is the cause of that common malady known as nasal catarrh. It will cause chronic sinusitis, which is a source of untold annoyance. To remedy any such trouble it is necessary to have the obstruction removed. The old method was to burn, but the physicians of to-day consider this dangerous. It is a simple process to remove them with the trepan, and it is almost painless. This my growth is often the cause of earache among children. This is due to the pressure upon the eustachian tube, which leads to the ear, and often results in complete deafness. It is advisable, therefore, to attend to any such growth as soon as it becomes noticeable. The first symptoms are those of breathing through the mouth and "snoring" while asleep. The special remedy is to make the patient breathe through the nose and so save the throat from all irritants, cold sponge baths and refrain from the use of cologne and alcohol in the bath. Clear cold water and friction will do more to make the body healthy, the throat and chest strong and the skin clear than any other known process. The Greeks and Spartans never used anything but clear cold water for the bath, and they have always been recognized as the perfection of strength and health. Just here it will be well to add that bicyclists must have free nasal breathing if they would enjoy the greatest benefit from the sport. "La Fayette" (Reina Victoria) cigars 5cets. Buried Standing. Clement Spelman of Narburgh, recorder of Nottingham, who died in 1679, is immured upright, enclosed in a pillar in Narburgh church, so that the inscription is directly against his face. This is surely the one solitary instance of burial in a pillar, although there are many other instances of burial in an upright position. Thomas Cook, who was governor of the

Bank of England from 1757 to 1789, and who had formerly been a merchant residing in Constantinople, died at Stone Newington, the twelfth of August, 1785, and by his directions his body was carried to Morden college, Blackheath, of which he was a trustee; it was taken out of the coffin, and buried in a winding sheet upright in the ground, according to the Eastern custom. Ben Johnson was buried at Westminster in an upright position. Possibly this may have been on account of the large fee demanded for a full sized grave. It was for a long time supposed that the story was invented to account for the smallness of the grave stone; but on the grave being opened some years since the dramatist's remains were discovered in the attitude indicated by tradition.

REV. MUNGO FRASER, D. D. Of Hamilton, Ont. — Tale Well-known Presbyterian Divine, Pastor of Knox Church, Hamilton, Ont., has Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and Tells its Virtues. Few ministers in the Presbyterian Church of Canada, are better known than the Rev. Mungo Fraser, D. D., of Hamilton. His great talents have been over and over again recognized in the church country. As a preacher he has few equals, and the people of Knox Church, one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Canada, believe he stands at the head of the list. He had suffered, as so many in his profession suffer, from cold in the head, a serious hindrance to those who have mental work to do. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was brought under his notice, and over his own signature he has told of the great benefits it has conferred on him, as it does on all who use it. One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, and Business, 60 cents. Sold by druggists. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3-cent stamps. S. G. Detchen, 44 Church street, Toronto.

The Call Would Grow. An English clergyman was preaching in a country church of Scotland. He had as his subject "The Prodigal Son." And the prodigal son went away from his poor old father and remained in a far country for years and years, and his father mourned his absence for years and years. But after years and years he came back to his poor old father, and his poor old father said to his servants, bring forth the fatted calf which has been kept for my son these years and years. An old farmer in the audience could contain himself no longer. "Yer a leetle, it would have bin a coo," he exclaimed.—Rim's Horn. Palpitation of the Heart Deafened. Palpitation of the heart is perhaps the most common symptom of heart disease, and is defined as pulsations that are perceived by the patient. It comes on in paroxysms, with intervals of more or less freedom from attack. The heart may begin to beat violently; it may pound against the walls of the chest; the vessels may throb in the neck; the eyes become suffused, and the head ache; or on the other hand, the heart may be very rapid and very feeble, so that the pulse may consist only of a series of rapid and almost imperceptible waves. Those suffering from palpitation or fluttering of the heart should not delay treatment a single hour. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart will always relieve this trouble within the first half hour, and for this reason is regarded by physicians generally as the greatest known remedy for the heart. Sold by druggists. Good Memories of the Japanese. The Jirikisha men are coolies, without education or mental training. Most of them can read and write names of streets and men and merchants and factories. They know the location and the number of every one of the 318,320 houses in Tokio, and the name of almost every one of the 5,000,000 inhabitants. They are very seldom puzzled to find an address, even though it may be given incorrectly, and if you tell them accurately where you want to go they will take you without the slightest delay or hesitation. The same phenomenal memory appears in other classes of the people and you have to be careful about telling a Japanese gentleman the same story twice. THE OLD, MIDDLE-AGED AND CHILDREN. Are one and all Cured of Kidney Trouble by South American Kidney Cure. Kidney troubles are not confined to those of any age. The grey-haired suffer, and keenly sometimes. The man in the vigor of life has his happiness marred by distressing disease of these parts. Much of the trouble of children is due to disordered kidneys. South American Kidney Cure treats effectively those of any age. And with all alike relief is secured quickly. In the most distressing cases relief comes not less than six hours. It is a wonderful medicine for this complaint, and of important purpose. Sold by druggists. One Part Was Good. Hosea Ballou, the father of Universalism, was an old-fashioned man, but with a good deal of real wit. At one of our important church meetings a good many years ago he said: "I have a good deal to say to you, but I will not say it all."

ago a young clergyman delivered a sermon, which he afterward pompously told his friends, in the presence of Ballou, that he was only an hour in writing. "And how long would it have taken you to write that sermon?" said the young minister to Ballou. And the reply was: "I don't believe I could have written it in all eternity!" "Well, now," said the sprouting theologian, nothing abashed, "what part of the sermon did you like best? There must have been a little bit of good in it." "Yes," said the old man, thoughtfully, "the text was first-rate."

Another Hamilton Citizen Cured of Rheumatism in Three Days. Mr. I. McFarlane, 246 Wellington street, Hamilton: "For many weeks I have suffered intense pain from rheumatism, and was so bad that I could not attend to business. I procured South American Rheumatic Cure on the recommendation of my druggist, and was completely cured in three or four days by the use of this remedy only. It is the best remedy I ever saw." Sold by druggists. Diamond Cut Diamond. Mrs. Ponsoby presents herself to Madame Valerie, the modiste, to point out an error in the monumental bill, for her summer costumes. "Madame will notice that the ribbon on the chablis gown is changed at 85 cents a yard, and the ribbon on the surah gown at \$1 1/2 yard, and yet precisely the same kind of ribbon was used! A mistake, of course!" murmurs Mrs. Ponsoby in suspiciously sweet tones, a steely glitter in her eyes the while. "Ah!" cries Madame, "Quel malheur! What a stupid bookkeeper is mine! Of course it is a mistake, my dear Mrs. Ponsoby. I am desolated it should occur! I will rectify it at once. Both ribbons should have been charged at \$1.—New York Truth. (Reina Victoria extra) cigars 10cets. Suteide of a Snake. A blacksnake near Limerick, Ireland, having been worsted in a fierce battle with another serpent of a slightly different species, trailed away in deep dejection. Finally, as it dragged itself along, closely watched by Patrick McLaughry, a resolution seemed to fire the soul of the defeated snake. Grasping firmly with its mouth a small stone, it climbed a tree and presently hung by its tail from a horizontal limb. Next it began whirling about the limb with frightful rapidity. Longer and longer its body stretched under the centrifugal stress, until, with a last despairing effort, the snake's body broke in halves, the weighted head and neck flying to a considerable distance, while the tail remained clinging to the limb of the tree. "Creme de la Creme." Use for Horse Chestnuts. It is popularly supposed that horse chestnuts are very wholesome. Nevertheless, in Turkey they are roasted for coffee, fermented for liquor, and utilized for horse medicine.

The Most Stylish Women Fibre Chamois. It is not only scrubable itself, but will hold the material in shape by its pliable stiffness and will always snake out into its original graceful form so matter what hard usage it receives. Find the red label with name and number on every yard of the Real Fibre Chamois and avoid inferior imitations. No. 10 is the light weight, No. 20 the medium, No. 30 the heavy. In Black, Brown, Slate and Cream. All Fast Colors.

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

There no longer remains any room for doubt that stiffened and horsehair lined skirts are not only going but, not that amongst the ultra fashionable of the land they have already gone, and that with a suddenness which is enough to take one's breath away. Only two weeks ago I was delicately hinting that in a very short time, say a few weeks at the farthest—we should be discarding haircloth, and perhaps even chamois fibre and I was inclined to regard myself quite in the light of a prophet when I wrote that prediction. Last week I happened to call upon my dressmaker, who is the most thoroughly up-to-date woman I know, and I had the conceit taken out of me with an abruptness which was more salutary than pleasant. She was making me a new dress, and I had merely dropped in casually to give her a little kindly advice, and offer a few suggestions in case she needed them. "I just came in to tell you" I remarked loftily "that I don't think I will have any horsehair in my skirt, if you don't object to making it without." She looked at me calmly for a moment with just a suspicion of amusement in her eyes, and then she said—"I should hope not; I am not putting any stiffening at all in my skirts now, and perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you what I am lining my silks with?"

I saw the oldest sleeve the other day, and if it is going to be one of the coming sleeves I want to be old fashioned, and go on wearing the immense leg of mutton, forever. This horror was cut in the old coat shape, and set into the armhole with absolute smoothness and plainness. It fits the arm like a glove to a point midway between the shoulder and elbow, where it bursts forth into an elaborate series of frills, or a very full puff. Of course it looks as if the sleeve was slipping off the shoulder, and gives the wearer a most awkward appearance of width at the elbows, which reminded one irresistibly of a Cochon China hen's wing decorations; but still it was the fashion, so no doubt it will be worn, if not generally at least by some women who are seeking novelty, regardless of beauty.

I think that pretty necks must be growing rare, or else that the present generation of women are thinner than they used to be, for no one can study the fashions of today without being struck by the endless number of devices for concealing all defects of the neck, and throat. Fashion is particularly kind to the women whose neck will not stand baring, and she is also most ingenious in devising methods of displaying the good points while concealing the defects. Every description of collar, ruche, frill is seen on the fashionable evening dress, from the square back, which is cut low, in order to display the shoulder dimples some women rejoice in, and the V shaped front which covers the "salt cellars," comfortably, to the low round neck drooping off the shoulders, as if it might slip down entirely, at any moment, but which is finished with a high crush collar to conceal a possibly thin throat. But the oddest fashion of the kind that I have seen is an elaborate arrangement of surplus folded gauze which comes well up over the collar bones, in front, and to the nape of the neck at the back. Above the shoulder joint rose a soft puff; like the puffs which were set into the shoulder seams of dresses a few years ago; and between this, and a second puff which drops over the arm, the material is cut away to show the bare upper arm, and shoulder, which is almost always pretty, no matter how thin the rest of the neck and arm may be.

The swell dressmaker no longer cuts the placket in the middle of the back, when she is making a skirt; she has frequently set behind a client in public assemblages, and observed the yawning expanse of white which that treacherous slit disclosed if the middle hook happened to come unfastened. Consequently when she makes a tailor, or half tailor made gown she places a pair of openings, one at each side just in front of the hips. These are arranged as part of the finish of the dress, almost a decoration, and they are supplied with flaps which button over, and supply, if need be, the necessary concealment for two small pockets, if the wearer happens to be slender enough to stand the added bulk about the hips. Dresses of a less severe cut have the placket placed at the side, close to the belt, and concealed by the first organ pipe fold. The precautions afforded by under flaps, hooks, eyes, and sometimes even elastic straps, are such that yawning is simply an impossibility. Some modesties are so particular about this, that they put double fastenings, the lining hooking directly in the back, and the material crossing over and fastening at the side. Some dress-makers assert that the set of a skirt made

in this manner is perfect, while others say that it is almost impossible to make a skirt hang properly when it is fastened at the side, and, speaking from experience, I am inclined to agree with the latter opinion.

A pretty dress seen lately was of gray and cream striped crepon, or rather the skirt was, the blouse being of pink, and grey shot silk, the full front, and fitted back of which were veiled with coarse mesh lace in a heavy pattern. Around the waist was a wide plain belt of the shot silk oddly ornamented in front with four large buttons. The lace stock collar had a large bow of the shot silk at the back and the sleeves were composed of large puffs of the silk veiled with lace, ribbon bands and bows terminate them at the elbows, or if long sleeves are preferred, they are plain and tight from elbows to wrist and covered for that distance with lace.

Many fashionable and well dressed women are wearing velvet bodices with crepon skirts, they are of a shade to match the skirt, but slightly darker, and the bodice opens over a point of contrasting material set with spangles. It is flat and smooth in the back, but drops in the required blouse fashion in front. Rows of satin ribbon in a shade which harmonizes with both skirt and bodice finish the edges, where the point is cut out, and a belt of the same ribbon with a large butterfly bow at the back, and a collar of the same, finish the costume, which thus shows no less than four different materials, without however looking "patchy."

I read such a terrible story the other day illustrating the evil effects of trying to be too beautiful, that I am almost afraid to mention the most harmless aids to beauty lest dire consequences should follow and I be held responsible. I am ever thinking seriously of giving up my tried and trusted vaseline cold cream, lest peradventure I should start a—but let me not anticipate.

A young Kentucky girl, Miss Mary Belcher by name, whom the newspaper reporters assure us was all that is charming, became fired with an ambition to make her beautiful complexion still more lovely, and reading an advertisement of a cosmetic paste that would make the complexion absolutely perfect; so she bought some, and used it as directed, for two weeks. At the end of that time a truly beautiful black head made its appearance all over her face, and so luxuriant was its growth that in a short time she had a set of black whiskers of which any sea captain might have been proud. But quite naturally Miss Belcher was not proud of her new acquisition, on the contrary the poor girl grew hysterical, and as the whiskers continued to increase in luxuriance and vigor, her mind began to fail a few months ago, and she is now a hopeless mental wreck. She is but 22 years old, and her fate is a melancholy warning to the girls who are so ready to invest their pocket money in every quack nostrum which they see advertised.

I feel timid about advising anything in the shape of a complexion improver this week, as I said before but still I do not see what possible harm it could do, if I gave my correspondents a few simple remedies for freckles, sunburn, and, above all that most deadly enemy to beauty, a red nose; all of which are composed of the most harmless materials, and can be made at home. To deal with the worst trouble first, the red nose which is the despair of many a woman's life is not merely a skin trouble, and will not yield to outward applications, it usually proceeds from some derangement of the system, such as poor circulation, acidity of the stomach, or chronic indigestion, all of which mean congestion in one form or another, so that the red inflamed looking nose, is merely the outward danger signal, of an inward derangement. To correct acidity of the stomach—dissolve half a teaspoonful of sulphate of soda in half a tumbler of boiling water, and drink as hot as possible, an hour before breakfast. Pure water drunk as hot as it can be swallowed several glasses a day will often effect the cure of obstinate indigestion.

Tight-lacing is another fruitful cause of red noses, and even tight boots will help to produce it when the victim is predisposed that way.

Here is a capital cure for sunburn, but it calls for rather expensive materials in quantities which are not small. However, I fancy half the amount would be quite sufficient. Oil of sweet almonds one ounce; mecca balsam two grains; spermaceti one ounce; flowers of zinc half an ounce; white wax one ounce; rosewater three ounces. Melt well together, and beat to a cream, and apply as all other cold creams at night.

It may be as well to mention the fact that Mecca balsam, or balsam of Jerusalem as it is also called, is unobtainable except in name. I have a small bottle myself, containing a fragrant amber gum which will only pour in hot weather, and which is labelled Mecca balsam, but all the same I know it

is nothing but balsam of Peru. A fragment of that most famous cosmetic, the real Mecca balsam, was exhibited in London as a curiosity some years ago, but it is quite unknown at present; therefore, in the above recipe it will be just as well to substitute balsam of Peru, at once, without taking the trouble of a fruitless search through the drug stores for the original article.

I think I must give, more as a curiosity than any thing else, since some of the ingredients are impossible to obtain this side of South America a famous Mexican preparation for softening and beautifying the skin which is in high repute amongst the beauties of South America.

**Mexican Unguent for the Skin.**  
Take cocoa butter, 1 pound; oil of noisette, 1/2 pound; oil of ben, 1/2 pound; vanilla, 1/2 ounce; white balsam of Peru, 1/2 drachm; flowers of benzoin, 1/2 drachm; civet, 1/2 grain; neroli and attar of roses, each, 1/2 grain; spirit of gilliflowers, 1/2 ounce; distilled water of lemon and bergamot, each, 1 gill.  
Melt the cocoa butter at the lowest heat and leave the vanilla to infuse in it at the same temperature eight days. Dissolve balsam of Peru, the benzoin and civet in alcohol, and add the gilliflowers spirit. Mix the attar and neroli with the oils of ben and noisette; place the cocoa and vanilla in a saucepan over a water bath and boil gently. At the first simmer add the aromatic spirit and continue boiling for a quarter hour to evaporate the alcohol. Then pour in the oils and take off the fire, strain into a marble mortar and stir constantly with the pestle.

The mixture begins to solidify in an hour and has the consistency of cream. Then gradually stir in the lemon and bergamot water and color with a pinch of carmine. The straining must be continued until the paste is entirely cold.  
Verily the Mexican belles valued their complexions more highly than their time, since they were willing to spend eight days over the manufacture of a farce pomade, keeping up a fire all the time in order to preserve the proper low heat, to extract the virtue of the oils and gums! Of course a charcoal brazier was probably the agent employed, and any Canadian girl could substitute an oil stove, still the process would be a tedious one, but I believe the ladies of South America really use quantities of this, or a similar cream.

The following recipe is for an old English cosmetic, which is almost a household word in "the old country," and will be found quite effective as the unobtainable one above, and it has the advantage of within the reach of everyone, and easily made. For making the skin soft and white take one pound of fresh unsalted butter made from perfectly sweet cream, and the same amount of sweet almond oil, one and a quarter pounds of white castile soap two pounds of decoction of marshmallow and one quarter pint of alcohol. Melt in a stone jar on heat stirring well, perfume to liking, and when well mixed pour into cups and cool. It is best to melt the butter first, pour the clear part off from the cheesy sediment, and keep the oil melted, with a drachm of gum benzoin tied in thin muslin suspended in it for twenty four hours before making up the recipe. The benzoinated oil of butter alone, kept in small covered cups in itself a capital emollient to nourish and heal the skin.

It will be observed that all these decoctions require long maceration over slow heat and it seems to me that the winter would be an excellent time for making them, as they could then be left over the register with perfect safety, and the heat would be just right.

Any and all of these recipes will be found not only perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin but beneficial, and soothing.

Another delightful toilet accessory for which I give the formula is witch hazel cream.

A delightful and simple and soothing lotion for the skin is witch hazel and cold cream, and as the summer girl's complexion must be as soft and clear as her skill at athletic sports, she should carry some of the cream in a dainty china box when she goes away.

One ounce each of white wax and spermaceti and one quarter pint of oil of almonds. Melt, pour the mixture into a marble mortar, which has been heated by being immersed for some time in boiling water; add very generally three ounces of rose water and one ounce of witch hazel, and assiduously stir the mixture until the mixture is nearly cold.

**A Toilet Hint.**  
The woman who has wept until her eyelids and her nose are purple, her eyes bloodshot and her face swollen always feels a trifle embarrassed when she has to receive callers or go down to dinner immediately; she frequently makes a bad matter worse by washing her face in cold water. If she will, instead, bathe it gently with rose water for a few minutes and then lie down for a few more, with a soft rag saturated in rose water over her eyes, she will be prepared to face any company. ASTRA.

"Sondora" cigars, 15cts. or 2 for 25cts.  
Does the Eye See.  
The question asked in the headline may sound odd to you if you have never taken the trouble to give the subject serious thought, but I venture the broad statement that you are not able to answer the question "offhand." It is an admitted fact I must confess, that the eye is the "organ of vision," yet there is but little doubt, even in the minds of opticians and physiologists, that the phenomena of "seeing" is chiefly mental—in other words, that it is the mind and not the eye that "sees." How often you have seen a friend who seemingly was engaged in looking intently at some object on the table, at the opposite

**Just Before**

The recent rise in Leather we purchased at a large discount from J. & T. Bell, Montreal, their entire manufactured stock of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, etc. Many of their lines we do not regularly carry in stock and we will close out these at largely reduced prices.

Today we offered a Ladies' T'ro Dollar Vici Kid Tan Oxford Shoes in half sizes, C. and D. widths, at

**\$1.50 PER PAIR**

**Waterbury & Rising.**

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

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100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.  
Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

**R.I.P.A.N.S**

**ONE GIVES RELIEF.**

side of the room or at some picture, who on being aroused on his day dream would confess that he was 'looking at nothing in particular.' The explanation of the fact that he was 'looking at nothing in particular' is plain enough if properly set forth. It is because his mind was busy with other times and scenes.

Faces, bits of wayside scenery, etc., were being presented to view in the panorama of the mind, and the mind's eye—or mental vision—was engaged in eagerly scanning pictures of impressions made thereon months, years or scores of years before. Another test of this mind vision theory is to shut your eyes tightly and then ply the brain to the task of recalling faces and forms that have not been seen by the eye for years. And, again, if you want to know whether your companion looked at his watch with his brain or his eyes, ask him the time of day after he puts the time-piece in his pocket.—St. Louis 'Republic.'

**"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."**

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists.  
Prepared by the  
**A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,**  
136 St. Lawrence Main St.,  
Montreal.  
Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

**Intercolonial Railway.**

On and after MONDAY, the 24th June, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax	7.0
Accommodation for P. de Chene	10.1
Express for Quebec and Montreal	13.1
Express for Sussex	16.0
Express for Quebec and Montreal	22.0

A Buffet Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.00 and Halifax at 18.40 o'clock.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)	5.00
Through express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	8.05
Express from Sussex	8.30
Accommodation from P. de Chene	12.55
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	15.40
Express car passengers from Sydney and Halifax by train arriving at St. John at 5.00 o'clock will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7.00 o'clock the morning of arrival.	

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

**D. POTTINGER,** General Manager.  
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 20th June, 1895.

**Talking Clocks.**

The new chronometers, which through an ingenious application of the phonograph, speak the hours instead of striking them, are particularly useful as alarm clocks. A French inventor is already at work on clocks, which, instead of the strident and ear-piercing bell that everyone is acquainted with, have speaking discs. One can thus have himself awakened by the crowing of the cock, or by the vigorous accents of a well-known voice. He is constructing of some alarm which, with a disc of six or seven centimetres, cry out to you from one room to another, through closed doors, such phrases as "Get up!" "Come, wake up!" loudly enough and long enough to match you from the arms of Morpheus.

By retouching the phonograph grooves, representing some of them, and exaggerating others, the inventor has succeeded in giving the words pronounced, the peculiar characteristic of such and such a locality. Amateurs who may not be content with ordinary discs, will thus be able to order others that will be true family souvenirs.—N. Y. Observer.

(Reina Victoria extra)cigars 10cts.  
Beer Glasses in London.  
The London public-houses are rapidly tiring of the old pewter pots. In their stead glasses are becoming popular. Just now the public control department of the county council is testing beer glasses at the rate of 50,000 a month. Every one must be stamped before it is allowed to be used.

**I CURE FITS!**

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. MORTON, C. 116 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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ST. STEPHEN, N. B.  
The "Lechetsky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners.  
Apply at the residence of  
Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

**Paris' Walls.**

The walls of Paris are doomed. No other large city in Europe is surrounded by a wall, and as the one around Paris occupies a space comprising no fewer than 12,000,000 square yards, or one-eighth of the total area of the capital, the state will derive an immense profit from its removal.

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Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 p. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston.

Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

**L. E. BAKER,** Managing Agent.

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AT ST. JOHN BY **JONES BROS.**



REFORMING PRINTERS' INK.

Good Books and Papers should displace Those of Evil Tendency.

At the Pan-American congress held in Toronto, recently, the following remarks were made by Rev. Arthur Edwards, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago:

Nature abhors a vacuum. A boy is sure to read something. At the same time, a boy does not read two books at once. If you would have him read the better book, be sure that it is written, printed, and provided within his reach. I know of no greater, grander career for an author than the writing of muscular, attractive, pure, safe reading for the young. All people are young before they are older. You may be sure of that constituency, as any frank bookshop owner can tell you.

While your learned little army allows your volumes on history, science, and philosophy to languish, the "Nickel Library," with its rapid or evil leaflets, is sold by car loads. Drummond's "Ascent of Man" ascends to a scale of a few thousands, while "Sweeney Todd, the Ruffian Barber," or "Ned, the Mounted Terror of the Plains," sells and lays their tens of thousands. Now, just as even a savage will leave his legs to enjoy your oysters and salad, so a boy, who is a keen judge of character, will leave forests and frontier stories and fairly enjoy the superior book.

During the World's Fair great crowds of people who never heard a word about the "Canons of Criticism of Painting" stood enraptured before some of the masterpieces on canvas. Your genuine boy, who is a born critic, and acutely it need be is sure to recognize every touch of nature, and applaud a genuine performance on stage, in ordinary life, or in a book.

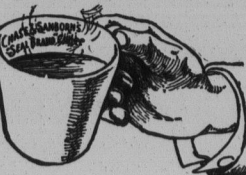
What nonsectarian shall organize the presses of the world to deliver the armies of children from the ruthless infidels who feast upon the moral flesh of our darlings? Fame, fortune, and undying bums graze amid the dedicated genius who shall become the Delos of purer lives for youth, the Cervantes who writes of the genuine and better chivalry, or the Bunyan who tells of a modern pilgrimage toward the Beulah lands of improved, unsoiled manhood. I should prefer to be the author of an elevating, commanding book for youth than the writer of Milton's "Paradise Lost," or the president of a peace congress which should abolish war among men forever.

Next to the bad books are the idle books, which begot idle people. These modern paper-bound press exhortations are a bane to society. This spawn of an idle devil is immense in proportions. Our American Postmaster General reported to the last Congress that, under the guise of "second class matter" which passes through the mails at cheaper rates, these books defrauded the government out of about \$17,000,000 of postage in one year. You may conjecture its market value. The idle trash of the presses is appalling in extent. At times it seems to me that I should prefer insane activity to inactivity. Next to outbreaking sin is uselessness in this needy world. The mind of some men is like the home of the unclean spirit, which was swept and garnished in his absence and made all the more hospitable to the seven other spirits more wicked than himself. Very naturally that man's last state became worse than the first.

The moral seems patent and obvious. Just as I have said, the boys can be won to better reading, and so can adults be won. With all these printed incitements toward bad and useless reading, which are worse epidemics than are the cholera and yellow fever, there lack not those who see at the pulpit and affect to wonder why religion does not conquer the world in this century. The missed and misapplied press is a power which can be met on its own grounds alone. In times past we have said that God calls men to preach the gospel and to discipline the nations. The calls remains, but the organ to be used in obedience is the pen rather than the voice.

The total annual issues of the daily papers of the United States and Canada yield about three and one-half copies to each inhabitant of the world each year. Those countries alone have 2,100 dailies, 2,270 monthlies, and nearly 15,000 weeklies. The total in the States and Canada of all kinds of papers is over 20,000. It is estimated that the world has about 50,000 papers—Germany, 6,000; Great Britain, 5,000; France, 4,500; Japan, 2,000; Asia, outside of Japan, 1,000; Italy, 1,500; Russia, 850; Greece, 600; and so on.

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DON'TS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Quite a List of Them in the Matter of the Clothes They are Wearing.

The New York Journal comes out with the latest list, and pleasure is taken in reproducing some of them.

"Don't," says the eminent authority, with a note of entreaty on the don't, much as though tears stood in the writers eyes, "don't wear ready-made cravats of any sort. A home-made tie, however awkwardly done, is preferable to one of those uncompromising affairs stiffly made up."

Of course there would be no objection to this were it not for the fact that many decent men, who would neither rob a stage coach nor cut a throat, are at the present moment going through life with a ready-made tie on. Ready-made ties are no longer the sign of pauperism, degradation, and you will, and however much fussy writers may insist that no decent person can wear them, many decent persons will go on wearing them to the bitter end.

There are reasons for it. Some men cannot learn to tie a decent bow, and as all men do not have valets, the next best thing to do seems to be to go to a haberdasher and, throwing yourself upon his mercy, make full confession of your weakness.

Thereby you gain a view of all sorts of beautiful things and see bows ready set, which are by no means stiff and are away and beyond the horns-tied ones in beauty and utility.

Now comes the rest of the "don'ts." Don't carry a cane to church. Don't wear a white tie to a man's dinner. Don't wear tan shoes with a cutaway coat. Don't wear a Derby hat with an Inverness topcoat. Don't wear a silk hat with a light-colored topcoat.

Don't wear colored collars under any circumstances. Don't wear a light-colored topcoat with an evening suit. Don't wear a Norfolk jacket with an outing costume. Don't wear shoes with extremely pointed toes. The round English toe is in better taste.

Don't wear a padlock coat except to the races, id a trap, on a bench, or for the morning promenade. Don't wear driving coats or mackintoshes with large pearl buttons. They look cheap and are loud.

Don't wear Tuxedo, Cowes, or Corning jackets, as they are indifferently named, to affairs where women are expected. Don't have coat, trousers, and traveling or bicycle cap from the same piece of cloth. A harmonious variety is pleasing.

Don't wear collar buttons and studs with diamond settings. Unobtrusive diamond links are permissible for evening wear. It would seem that the fashionable man—and the don'ts are addressed to the fashionable man—would not need such severe coaching, but we suppose that there are men who mix their derby and their "topper," their "paddock" and their "Inverness" in much the same manner that some women do diamonds and cotton gowns.

For these ironical rules must at times be taken by young men of limited means, because a young man of limited means cannot afford to have all sorts of coats and hats, and yet at the same time fashion and a reasonable degree of economy are not so incompatible as is generally imagined.

So, after all, these don'ts might as well be consigned to the waste paper basket, for the good dresser does not need them, and the bad dresser will not heed them.

"Creme de la creme" DONT KILL THE DOG. Advice to Persons Who Have Been Bitten And Fear Hydrophobia. "If you are bitten by a dog, don't kill the beast, but take every precaution to let him live for a few days at least." Prof. Logoria, chief of the Pasteur Institute in Chicago, made this statement to a reporter, and he is supposed to be an authority.

"It's a great mistake people make, he said, "to start at once to kill a dog that has bitten them, or have it killed. It has been proved scientifically, and is admitted now by all physicians who are posted, that hydrophobia is not a spontaneous disease and cannot be given to a person by a dog bite unless the dog be mad when it causes the wound. The dog's condition, if it be mad, will be manifested within two days, or two weeks at the latest. By permitting it to live, therefore, the physicians can tell definitely whether the person bitten is liable to have hydrophobia. If the dog goes mad during that time they know the person may be inoculated with the same dread disease, and may have the same fate. If the dog does not go mad then there is no fear of hydrophobia, and the wound can be treated as any other wound would be. By killing the dog you destroy the chance of certainty as to the fate of the person bitten, and leave the imagination full rein to fear the worst results, when it might have been possible to know in advance that hydrophobia was impossible.

"Of course," continued the Doctor, "there are exceptions to this rule that will suggest themselves to persons. When a dog is so vicious that to leave it alive is to endanger other people, then the first duty would be to destroy it, unless it could be carefully secluded where the possibility of harm would be removed. But even in such cases where the dog is killed it should be done by a physician, who should keep a portion of the brain, by which can be determined whether the dog had rabies or not."

Sunlight Soap



is made in a twin bar (as shown above) for the sake of convenience; it is made of pure materials for the sake of quality; it is made by our peculiar processes for the sake of effectiveness (doing its work easily); it is made at the largest soap works in the world for the sake of supplying the largest demand in the world; it is used everywhere for the sake of

Less Labor Greater Comfort. For every 10 wrappers sent to LAYNE BROS., Ltd., 29 Scott St., Toronto, a small paper-bound book will be sent.

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T TAKE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make. For sale in St. John by S. McDIARMID and E. J. MAHONEY, Indiantown.

FOR Sewing Machines

NO THREAD WORKS SO WELL AS CLAPPERTON'S

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock

M. A. STEAMERS David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John every day, (except Sunday) at 9 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 9 a. m. for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 9 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits. Commencing June 15th, steamer OLIVETTE will leave St. John EVERY SATURDAY at 6 p. m., for Hampton and intermediate landings and will leave Hampton every Monday morning at 5, due at Indiantown at 8.30.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

The Sun

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Address THE SUN New York, (Reina Victoria extra) cigars 10c.

CAN A CAB FLY.

An Aeronautic Lecturer's Question That Won the Jehu's Wife Away.

Mrs. Carey of Philadelphia knew a thing or two. She had grown weary of Henry Carey, and was dying to run away with somebody, but Henry was a hackman and was afraid that he might catch her wherever she might go. A year ago last Fourth of July there was a balloon ascension in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Carey was in the throng. She was near enough to the balloon to use her eyes on the aeronaut. The aeronaut was of a reciprocating disposition, and somehow or other before nightfall he had asked her to elope with him.

"But my husband is a cabman, and will catch us." "Can a cab fly?" asked the gay Lothario, derisively. "You be ready for me to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock."

Mrs. Carey was ready. Mr. Carey when he came home to lunch had observed that his wife seemed ill at ease, and he suspected her. When he went away he did not go round the corner as usual but drew up and just drove down town. There he alighted and gazed his eye to the wall where he could look up the street without danger of observation. At 2 o'clock the wicked aeronaut rolled into the street without danger of observation, alighted at Mrs. Carey's door, and softly rapped. He was admitted, and two minutes later reappeared with Mrs. Carey. They looked up and down the street. Apparently there was no one to interfere. They hurried into the coach and drove off in a direction opposite to that where Mr. Carey was stationed. In a moment he had nounced his box and was driving like a man after Jehu in pursuit.

Mrs. Carey heard a rattling of wheels behind. She looked out of the little window at the back of the coach and screamed, "He's onto us!" But the aeronaut smiled scornfully. He ordered the driver to go faster. In a few moments they were almost a square ahead of the pursuing husband. Presently they turned a corner, and there, in a vacant lot, the balloon swung lightly, and gleamed in the sun. Out they scrambled, clambered through the grass to the balloon, and clambered into the basket. The villain glanced across the street. The pursuer had just dismounted and was puffing and panting as he galloped toward them. There was the glitter of a knife in the villain's hand. Thud! thud! thud! One after another the ropes that held the balloon were severed, and just as the husband stretched out his hand to seize the basket, it slipped lightly aside and rose swiftly heavenward.

Mr. Carey watched the balloon until it was a mere speck in the sky, and then returning to his cab, he drove slowly home. From that day until last week he heard nothing of his erring spouse. He stumbled upon her at a bargain sale of gingham umbrellas in Wannamaker's. "Hello!" said he. "Ain't dead yet, eh? How's what's his name?" "Oh, pretty fair. How's the children?" "Only so-so, Jimmy's broke out with prickly heat, and Molly ate too much watermelon yesterday."

"Do you mean to tell me you've been giving those children watermelon?" "That's what it, and we're going to have one tomorrow. Only way I can keep 'em good is to promise 'em melon."

"Well, I'm just going home with you. It's plain to be seen you ain't fit to bring up children." "But how about your new man?" "Oh, he can find a new woman. Come along."

This is about the way one would expect a Philadelphia elopement to end.—But- falo Courier.

"Creme de la creme" THAT TERRIBLE BLACK FLY. The Great Pest of Camping Parties in the Forests of America.

Summer boarders who make night horse with excursions at the tenebrous mosquito should tackle the black fly of the American wilderness before so outrageously damning the Jersey insect. Although it is smaller than the mosquito, yet when a brace of black flies are about the mosquito isn't in it.

In its diet the black fly is not fastidious. It lanches where it lands, without formality or by your leave. When it departs the tortured flesh rises in bumps callulated to destroy the reason of the most level-headed phrenologist. The centre of which is marked by a minute point, which, if investigated closely, proves to be a chunk of cuticle cut bodily from the victim. The swelling lasts a day always. Sometimes it stays a week, and with its departure goes the salvation of the victim. The aftermath of the black fly bite is an angry red bump like unto the rash of the measles. Sometimes it is situated in the middle of a camper's nose.

The black fly looms about all the great forests of the northeast America. But it has no home, it is always abroad. Like the vulture it soars in the crystal atmosphere looking for whom it may devour. But unlike the carrion bird, it unfortunately does not wait for the death of its prey. It prefers it alive. A city man once asked an Adirondack guide what the people in the woods had to keep themselves occupied when there were no city folks about.

"Oh, well," answered the guide "some of us die sometimes, and we fight each other, and some of us get shot, and be, and then—brighten up—two has the black flies. They keep us busy." And so they do. They come on snow-shoes and go away on skates, and while they sneak about the woods, campers and guides and forest-folks spend the days fighting them off, and at night pour them out of the shoes and pockets and give the poor mosquitoes a chance to keep from starving.

There are three ways of obtaining intermittent peace from the assaults of the black fly. One by sitting in the stifling, blinding fumes of pink wood smudge, the second by painting your face with tar oil, the third by keeping away from the woods. The last is the really only successful method, for where there are Adirondacks there are black flies. New York World.



Ayer's Pills

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use."

For Stomach and Liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equalled. They are easy to take, and

Are the Best all-round family medicine I have ever known.—Mrs. MAY JOHNSON, 308 Rider Ave., New York City.

AYER'S PILLS Highest Awards at World's Fair. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the blood.

EPILEPSY Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Sufferer. Treatise free on application to M. G. EDDON, 36 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

CLEAN TEETH and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

I CURE FITS! Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address, 25¢ in advance. C. W. West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY. ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed, fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently dressed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street, (1st door south of King.)

PROFESSIONAL. GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made. Remittances Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

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CONNORS HOTEL, CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor. Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIME, Prop.

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Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY: 15 KEGS PIGS' FEET, 3 KEGS LAMB'S TONGUES. AT 19 and 23 KING SQUARE. J. D. TURNER.

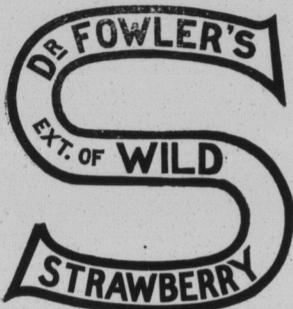


# The Mission Field in Far Algoma.

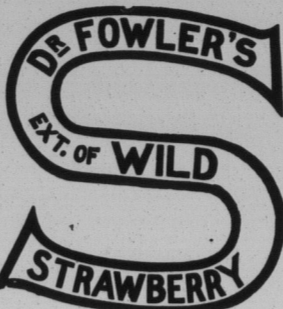
THE MISSIONARY'S COMPANION.

Mr. Geo. Buskin, missionary for the International Mission to Algoma and North-West, attributes his escape from severe illness through summer complaints to the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. He writes as follows: "I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been to me a wonderful, soothing, speedy and effectual remedy. It has been my companion for several years during the labors and exposures of my missionary work in Algoma. Well it is for old and young to have it in store against the time of need which so often comes without warning."

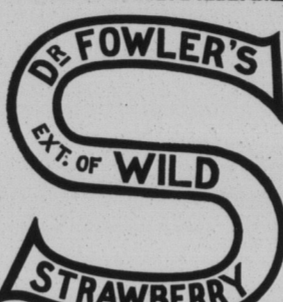
Yours truly,  
GEO. BUSKIN, Missionary.



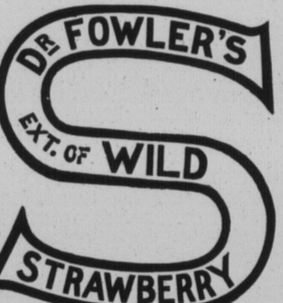
CURES COLIC CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults.



Fifty Years - OF - Unbroken SUCCESS.



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# Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

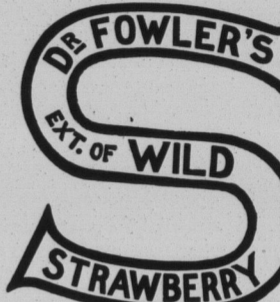
CURES

Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Pain in the Stomach, Sea Sickness, Bilious Colic and all Bowel Complaints of children and adults. During over fifty years' trial it has always given complete satisfaction, and still remains the most popular standard remedy before the public, evidenced by its annually increasing sale and the constant receipt by the proprietors of words of the highest praise from the press and the public. It is a remedy that stands a positive guarantee of reliability. If attacked by any form of Summer Complaint, young or old will find it an unsatisfying cure. It has justly earned the title of "nature's specific" for all Bowel Complaints. In craker of the mouth—the nursing sore mouth of infants—as well as the ordinary sore mouth of adults, arising from a cankered condition of the mucous coating of the stomach, Wild Strawberry will afford immediate relief and speedily effect a cure.

PRICE 35 CENTS.

CURES

COLIC CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM



and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults.

For Sale by all Dealers

# Summer Complaints.

Many dangerous and distressing diseases prevail in summer and fall, and as they occur suddenly, often terminate fatally before aid can be had. Complaints such as Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic and bilious attacks are nearly always due primarily to an unhealthy condition of the bile and blood, the attack being excited by indiscretions in diet, bad air and water, colds, unripe fruit, fermenting food or anything which causes an excess of bile. Cholera is now said to be caused by a minute germ or bacillus, and rigid cleanliness and the use of disinfectants indicated. Cholera Morbus and Canadian Cholera are modified forms of Asiatic Cholera, with many symptoms in common, such as purging, cramps and collapse. Never neglect a simple diarrhoea, but avoid opiates and powerful astringents, which sometimes produce inflammation, through too suddenly checking the discharge. The symptoms in these complaints vary greatly; sometimes there is great pain, nausea and vomiting, in other cases painless diarrhoea exists, but in all cases the sovereign remedy is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which promptly arrests the diarrhoea, soothes the pain and corrects the unhealthy biliary symptoms.

# ONE OF THE JAMES GANG

FRANK THE REFORMED OUTLAW WAS SOBERED ONCE.

Pursued at Night by a Herd of Mules—The Desperado Mistook it for a Troop of Cavalry and Acted Accordingly—The Story in His Own Words.

I once met Frank James, says Col. Thomson of New Orleans, in a Chicago paper and in the course of our conversation asked him if he was ever really scared in any of the closest places during his career. I wanted to find out even in the most desperate places if the courage of a notorious outlaw ever left him. "Well yes," he replied. "Very frequently I worked a big bluff when I was pretty badly frightened, I can assure you. I have always had associated with me men that were the most arrant cowards you ever saw, and yet they could put on a bold front and intimidate the most courageous. Courage frequently consists in making the other fellow believe you are the better man."

Frank James has the appearance of a plain, or dinary-looking business man, and the desperate outlaw look that is depicted upon his countenance by the fiction writers who have chronicled his daring deeds is totally absent. I have seen him on several occasions, but never met him but the one time. He always dresses modestly yet neatly and seldom refers to his past career—never without the greatest reluctance. He has a cold, steel-gray eye that is as penetrating as when he rode unmolested and spread terror through the very mention of his name. He said that he had been misrepresented more than any man living, and that the authors of the 'Life of the James Boys' were very reckless in attributing to them deeds that were unauthentic and which he had no more to do with than I had.

Mr. James has thoroughly reformed and is today a good, law-abiding citizen. He was thoroughly tired of his wild, hunted, roving life. He is a dead shot, but is thankful he does not have to depend upon his uttering aim and weapon to live now. I remember one instance he told me of where he was badly frightened, and I will tell it to you in his own language, as near as I can remember.

I was pretty badly scared one night near Columbus, Tenn., during the war, said he. Jesse, one or two of the boys, and I were working our way northward to join Quantrell, who was hatching a plan to go to Washington city and capture President Lincoln. We had been travelling by night altogether, and before reaching Columbus separated in order to lessen the possibility of capture, with the intention of

meeting again at some point further north.

When I reached Columbus I found my company of cavalry and was not prepared to hold out against such odds had I been inclined to show fight. I listened, and the noise grew plainer, and the horsemen were apparently within half a mile of me, and approaching steadily and rapidly. There was no fencing along the road, and I turned my mule into the brush to await developments. I was out of sight in the bush, and had hoped the cavalry would pass by me unnoticed. I waited anxiously, and I must say I trembled with fear and determination, as I sat there on my old mule waiting for the horsemen. I did not dare to strike out further in the brush, as the country was new to me. In a few minutes they were within a few hundred yards of me. A moment more and they were at the point where I had left the road. I waited breathlessly. The suspense was terrible. I must fight this troop single-handed or be captured in case I was discovered. I could not see them in the darkness, but from the noise made from the hoot beats I judged that there were at least fifty men in the party.

"They stopped at the point where I turned out of the road, and I imagined they were holding a consultation. I was sure I was discovered, and I thought I could hear a whispered conversation. I confess I was startled and did not know exactly what to do. A few of the horsemen started in the direction of me, and then the old mule I was on came to their aid. He sniffed the air, and raising his nose in the air, filled his lungs, and gave vent to one of those long drawn efforts at a bray that only a true-blooded Rocky Mountain nightingale can give. I was betrayed by one of my own camp. I cut short the sorrowful scree of the beast by striking both spurs into his side. I would have preferred sticking a dagger in him, but that would not lessen my chances of escape. The mule plunged headlong into the darkness, and I was determined to give my pursuers a race. Not a word was said and not a shot was fired, but I felt I was in a tight place and determined to sell my life dearly.

The party followed me, and appeared to spread out, and, I thought, were evidently surrounding me, leaving no avenue of escape. I saw that as long as I rode that mule I was giving my pursuers an indication of my whereabouts, and I decided to use a little strategy in my movements. I halted, in order to dismount, thinking that I might

dismount and get into the brush aloof, giving me a chance to hide and let the pursuers pass by me unnoticed. Some of them passed me within twenty-five yards. The pause gave my mule a chance, and he emitted another energetic bray. I was angry enough to have shot him at the moment. In a second the whole woods were alive with braying mules. I never heard such a general of nightingales in my life before. The whole party of pursuing horsemen rushed upon me, and I was nearly carried off my mule by the rush. I had not yet dismounted—and it was a good thing that I had not, as I would have been trampled to death. I was surrounded by—instead of horsemen, as I had supposed—a herd of young mules. There was not a rider among them. I had left the door of the stable unfastened.

"How in the world those mules followed me I do not know, as they were the pack of young mules that I had left behind. I suppose that some one up in muleology can explain—but they beat the average bloodhound. I lay down on my old mule and had a hearty laugh over the ridiculous situation, and then I started on my way, and my mule cavally. I was the general, and they all obeyed orders well, as the only general order was "Forward, doubletime." I had not gone many miles before I ran across a detachment of cavalry—not over a dozen, I think. We were on them before they knew it. They had camped close to the roadside, after their scouting trip, to rest, and had fallen to sleep, picketed all. As I came galloping down the road I heard them hastily mount, and leaving their blankets, they made a dash for their lives. They evidently did not know my troop, and were of the impression that I had been when the mules joined me. I had another good laugh as the Union cavalry detachment were dashing off toward the main body. I proceeded on my way with my mule troop, and finally reached Quantrell.

"This was my greatest scare—and do you blame me for being frightened when the same troop, with the addition of myself, put to route a detachment of a dozen Union cavalry?"

# Reduced to a Shadow.

SAVED BY STRAWBERRY EXTRACT.

GENTLEMEN.—Feeling it my duty to give you an unsolicited testimony for the direct benefit I have received in my family from the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, let me say that while we resided at Fenwick, Ont., my little daughter had an attack of Dysentery or Bloody Flux, by which she was reduced to a mere shadow and became quite helpless. Fortunately my family physician advised the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as he neither had nor knew of anything better for this dreadful disease, and therefore we gave it an impartial trial. I am happy to say that less than quarter of a bottle cured the flow of blood and clots to cease, and the child promptly recovered. We always have had Extract of Strawberry in the house since to be ready for emergencies common to children in summer from the effects of fruits, etc. I would just as soon think of losing my right eye as being deprived of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. This is a testimony of thanks for the untold benefit myself and family have received from the great remedy.

MRS. W. H. GARROLD,  
St. David's, Ont., formerly of Hamilton, Ont.

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"This was my greatest scare—and do you blame me for being frightened when the same troop, with the addition of myself, put to route a detachment of a dozen Union cavalry?"

(Reins Victoria extra) cigars 10cts.  
To Overcome Weakness.

Very many persons complain of "spells of weakness." This is especially true of the weaker sex, and during the sultry summer season. The condition indicates of course a poor state of health. It may be overcome by a timely course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, which is especially adapted to such cases. It restores healthy digestion, and stimulates all the organs of the body to healthy action. As a result the blood is supplied with new vitality to rebuild the wasted tissues, the nervous system is invigorated, and instead of weakness there is the proud consciousness of health and strength. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B. and New York City.

"Crema de la crema"

# HOW TO BREAK A VAULT.

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO AMBITIOUS BURGLARS.

The United States Government Publishes a Book Which Gives Many Pointers on the Subject—Bankers are Indignant and Think the Volume too Previous.

According to the organ of the New York bankers, the book recently sent out from the government printing office entitled "Report of Special Commission of Experts as to Means of Improving Vault Facilities of the Treasury Department" is a dangerous volume to place in the hands of expert thieves. It is admitted, however, that the same objections urged against the teaching of penmanship as a possible means of avoiding forgery. Indignant bank presidents say that a better title for the book would be the one "Red" Leary would give it were he alive. "The Safe Cracker's Handy Guide." One gentleman, who in his mind's eye sees the vault of the bank over the destinies of which he presides blown to the four winds, utters this plaint: "It is easy to fancy the delight Mr. Leary would experience in turning over the pages of this unique publication. Problems in the art of blowing open safes which, in his day, were extremely difficult of solution, would now, with the aid of the copious illustrations, appear to him so simple as to be mere child's play. It is safe to say his fingers would itch as he read the complete details, illuminated with diagrams, as to how the government experts tore apart the latest and most burglar-proof vaults and safes."

Certainly it was not the intention of the government officials to establish a school for the instruction of bank burglars. It was for the purpose of discovering how to strengthen the treasury safes that a commission of experts was appointed a couple of years ago. This commission thought that the best way to learn how to make safes was to find the defects in those already in use. So two years was spent in burglarizing "burglar-proof" safes. All makes were experimented on; some were blown open; some were fired open; and some were banged open. All processes were carefully described with photographs in the book which is worth its weight in gold to an up-to-date bank thief.

It does not conduce to easy sleep for the president of a bank to know that the government has placed before his natural enemy a picture and description of the iron box in which his treasure is stored. He becomes more nervous when he knows that the construction of the safe is fully explained, its

vulnerable features dilated upon, and the best method of cracking it carefully given with complete diagrams.

The government experts assure the budding burglar that there are three methods of safe-cracking recognized by the regular school. They are, in the order of their feasibility:

1. Drilling or otherwise penetrating the walls of the safe or vault, or its doors, and thus obtaining access to the locks and bolts and then, very generally opening them from the inside.
2. Stripping the wall of its covering, layer by layer, tearing off the steel and the iron sheets, one by one, until the interior is reached.
3. Exploding gunpowder, dynamite, or nitro-glycerine in some parts especially easy of attack by this means, and thus destroying the locks, tearing open a door, or actually breaking into the walls of the structure. Powder is sometimes blown in to the crack left by imperfect construction about the door, and between it and its frame or jamb. Nitro-glycerine is often run in the same crack, where not absolutely tight, and flowing as freely, when warm, as water finds its way in considerable quantities.

If the burglar has not had much experience, and is in doubt which method to use, the book comes to his relief. It tells him in these words that, if he has ample time at his disposal, the first plan is the best: "Of these several methods of securing entrance into the safe or vault, the first, because of its comparative freedom from noise or jar, is the favorite where practicable, and where time is given for its slow and usually certain operation."

If the burglar is timid, and hesitates, the book gives him encouragement. It assures him in simple language that "no one of the constructions now in the market and recognized now as standard can be asserted to be absolutely burglar-proof."

In a number of Chicago banks there are strong little safes with screw doors. These are warranted to be absolutely burglar proof. The experts of this government give full instructions for opening any one of them in thirty-eight minutes. They did the trick themselves and know whereof they speak. It was their twentieth experiment and they first introduced about 1-100 of an ounce of nitro-glycerine into two of the bolt-holes in the door. Then they put a detonator in each hole and tamped the holes with putty and fire. The detonation, although producing, as the experts say, the "smallest possible noise," caused the outer plate to spring away from the second, charge of nitro-glycerine could be easily poured between the plates. It was this government experts blew off nine of the plates of the door in succession, without making noise enough to disturb a mouse.

open by means of a pocket battery. This is a very ingenious device, which shows that the knights of the jimmy are keeping pace with civilization. Photographs Nos. 15 and 16 in the book illustrate the "before and after" of modern safe burglary by the most approved methods. In photograph No. 15 a gentleman with a long and populist beard is depicted kneeling on the top of a large burglar proof safe. The safe is tied about with several coils of heavy rope. A wire terminating in a button held in the right hand, leads to a battery in the hip pocket. Another wire leads from the battery down through a hole drilled in front of the safe. The expert seems to be in a state of meditation. Photograph No. 16 shows the condition of the unfortunate burglar-proof safe after the long-whiskered expert pressed his little button. The safe door has been blown open, exposing the inner workings of the steel structure. This safe weighed six tons and cost over \$3,000. It was opened in three hours.

"Sonadora" cigars, 15cts. or 2 for 25cets.

Big Brains of Great Men.

The famous and fitly named German sculptor, Schaper, who executed the statue of Bismarck at Cologne, was privileged to be on more familiar terms than anybody now living, probably, with his sitter's head. He had that head in his hands for days, and surveyed, and measured, and manipulated it to his heart's content. The results of his observations and measurements he subsequently placed at the disposal of science, and science has proceeded to institute comparisons between the Prince's head and others—not only in point of size, but in point of brain weight also—very greatly, as may be imagined, in the man's favor. The Bismarck head measures 212 and 170 in millimeters. This, it appears, is colossal. In Baden, where heads run big, out of 2,500 they measured only one ran to 206 millimeters from forehead to occiput. The most extensive head they could find upon a savant gave a cubic capacity of 1,800 centimeters only. Bismarck's goes this 165 centimeters better.

Coming to weight of brain, Kant, Dante Byron, Cuvier—none of them are in it with the Chancellor. Cuvier carried 3 pounds 15 1/2 ounces in his brain-pan. Bismarck puts up 4 pounds 1 ounce avoirdupois. This weight, however, has been equaled in the case of a British subject, reported a couple of weeks ago in the Lancet. He yielded 65 ounces—the Chancellor's figure exactly—and he was dead, dumb, daft, and a Scotchman.

"La Fayette" (Reins Victoria) cigars 6cts.

Bike is a Bad Word.

According to the St. Paul Globe, that verbal monstrosity, "bike," meaning a bicycle, "has a rugged, terse, Anglo-Saxon sound to back up its claims with." Perhaps. So have many of the "words" of Jabberwocky. But no silly tove in any tully wood ever chortled in his joy over a wud more utterly unfit for a place in the English vocabulary.—New York Tribune.

Advertisement for various medicines including 'Ayer's Pills', 'Lamb's Tongues', and 'Crema de la crema'. Includes a portrait of a man and text describing the benefits of these products.



JENNIE'S HEART.

"Wherever ain't a married man?" says you. So spake the old cattleman, as he settled himself in a chair. The question had just been asked him.

an' we all lines out like we're goin' to hang him for kllin.' Otherwise don't look nacheral no how, an' she shortly detects it's a bluff.

INTO THE LION'S DEN.

The hue and cry had been raised in the metropolis, and the telegraph had carried it speedily into every nook and cranny of the United Kingdom. It was a terrible, and in some respects a mysterious, case.

Perhaps a murder had been committed, and every one felt powerless to do anything about it.

An hour passed; two; then the old clock in the church tower struck the wailing hour of midnight. Still all was silent in the bedroom taken by the stranger, and he had not returned from the doctor's.

"But we had better make certain of it before we get a strang measure," replied another.

After a good deal of trembling and speech-making and quarelling a scheme was decided on. Every man staggered into the yard and secured any weapon of offense or defense he could lay his trembling hands on.

The police authorities printed by the thousand, descriptions of the alleged murderer. They were very vague. As Detective Henderson aptly remarked, "There was nothing to catch on to."

The "New Inn" must have been new once, but it was hard to make the laggard mind think so. Its walls shook with every passing breeze, and a porphyry spring the mated birds carried off a portion of its roof to assist the process of nest-making.

The sergeant had not put his capacious ear to the keyhole of the terrible bed room. "A silent; 't' deeds done; this be a gran' job; they'll mek me a inspector next week if I ren this fel to the ear b," he cried joyously, and then tremblingly opened the door and stood there until the immediate sleep that makes recovery easy and quick.

There was a candle burning close to the bed, and the faint glimmer revealed the outstretched form of a lady. Her face was beautiful even in death. The golden tresses still clinging around those fair shoulders and still framing the lovely face. It was a charming, a terrible, picture.

"Same case as when Loaneers," the sergeant said complacently as he jotted something in his notebook. "Poison's the instrument of destruction. What a hardened scoundrel he must be to murder such a lovely hangel! Look at her!"

Thus ensued, the villagers staggered towards the noise of the bed and pulled aside the curtain for the purpose of beholding, the beauty of this "hangel." Their looks were equal to the occasion. "Fair's Celery Compound," such a lovely hangel! Look at her!

The fact is, the sergeant did not know what it was, but this was the longest word he could remember at the moment.

Just as they were having a solemn conference they were startled by muffled sounds on the staircase. The candle was just spluttering to a close of its brief existence, when the door was opened, and the terrible stranger entered the room, with a cruel, grim smile upon his face.

"The villagers staggered, but the sergeant was equal to the emergency. Striding up to him, he cried, "James Stuart!" (that spluttering to a close of its brief existence, when the door was opened, and the terrible stranger entered the room, with a cruel, grim smile upon his face.)

"I apprehend you on the charge of murdering four wives—three in London and one here."

"I must put those on," the sergeant continued, in an almost apologetic air, holding up in the dim flickering light a pair of iron bracelets.

"Let me embrace my wife first, and then I'll go willingly. I am penitent now," the stranger replied, with a sob.

"Oh, my darling, forgive me when we meet again. I did it in anger. I'll join you in heaven soon."

Just then the stranger touched a spring which was mysteriously hidden in the folds of the dress, and the figure "worked" with a vengeance. It sprang up into a sitting posture, and in a voice of unutterable crackedness, commenced filing out:

"Christmas comes but once a year. 'Tis the effect of electricity. The rustica discovered the door in a surprisingly short time, and the stairs creaked beneath the weight of lying feet. The avoidpous of the sergeants prevented flying, and she crashed down with such fury that the stairs gave way and precipitated him into the dark mysteries of the regions below, where he lay panting like a mountain of heaving flesh.

The stranger had committed a crime—he had made a very clever waxwork figure, and this was his way of getting ahead advertisement.

(Reina Victoria extra) cigars 10cts. A Soda Water Scorcher.

At a French avenue soda resort the other night a little wizened man in a brown suit and a straw hat whizzed in, took a seat, ordered a pineapple soda, swallowed it in one gulp without stopping, and whizzed out again.

One of two women who were at the counter when the soda-scorcher came in looked up from her leisurely sipping and exclaimed:

"Well I never! Is that man gone already?"

"Oh, he is slow today," the soda fountain answered; "he makes better time than usually, I don't know why that man is so slow today. He comes in here three times a day, sometimes ordering pineapple soda, sometimes orange soda, and he never orders anything else."

"Creme de la Creme." At the Cat show.—Mrs. S.—What is the name of your cat? Mrs. W.—Claude. Mrs. S.—Why do you call it Claude? Mrs. W.—Because it scratched me.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE UN-FORTUNATES? BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red.

Are you Suffering when you Should be well? Paine's Celery Compound Will Bestow the Health You Need.

Men and women during the heated term of summer, who have those tired, languid and despondent feelings that indicate depleted blood, and a feeble condition of the nervous system, need Paine's Celery Compound, that remarkable nerve strengthener and flesh builder now so generally prescribed by the best physicians.

DIED. Eureka, July 23, James Grant, 29. Carlton, July 20, Mary Sloan, 81. Bear River, July 24, Israel Dann, 88.

BORN. Melrose, July 15, to the wife of C. M. Prior, a son. Amherst, July 10, to the wife of Allen Tait, a son.

MARRIED. River John, July 25, by Rev. D. Farquhar, David Ferrin to Martha Breen. St. John, July 10, by Rev. Wm. Ross, David A. Niles to Annie McLean.

Smoke CHEW TOBACCO T & B MAHOGANY. Manufactured by The Sun & Tuckett & Son Co. Hamilton.