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HOW JACK WALSH LOOKS.

A PORTRAIT OF THE MAN CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Where His Haunts Were and How He Spent His Idle Days—Two Tumble Down Shanties and Their Inmates Described—The Misery of Living in a Hovel.

There are about the city several strange caricatures of "home sweet home," that phrase with all its suggestions of a glowing hearth and comfort and ease. In some of the less frequented places, Duke street, Sheffield Street Strait Shore there are a number of little old shanties where little old people eke out a meagre livelihood and barely keep body and soul together, while the ratters and sills of their tumble down cabins show as great an inclination to part company as do the bodies and souls of the inmates.

A couple of these ancient habitations were included among the nocturnal haunts of John Walsh, the man incarcerated for the murder of John Meehan. Walsh apparently had no fixed habitation putting up wherever he happened to be when night overtook him.

Among his chief haunts were two old tumble down shanties that have invariably attracted the notice of all who have ever seen them. One is the old hut on Goat Island in the middle of the Falls and the other is on Douglas Avenue where the Murray's Mill road joins it.

It was on Tuesday afternoon of two weeks ago that the murder was committed and that night the police, who had Walsh on their black-books and knew his ways and haunts thoroughly, started in pursuit. They went to the various places on the Strait Shore, Murray's mill, Millford, etc., where he was apt to be and the whole long night was spent in the search. They even went across in a boat to Goat Island to find him, but their quarry was not there.

Goat Island is a little bare flat islet just above the falls with a bit of stunted grass sprouting up here and there. In the winter when a wreath of snow covers it, it looks about as much like a gigantic fruit cake reposing on the water as anything else. Here in his little cabin reigned Crusoe-like an old man named Walsh a relative of the prisoner. His royal palace is a rickety looking affair and in the winter when the winds from the cold north sweep down the estuary of the St. John, and blow through the chinks and crannies of the wretched hovel the old man crouches over his fire of the drift wood which he has collected with his boat, and tries to get some warmth into his frame. How he ekes out a living on this barren rock no one knows but live he does, as many live on a bare nothing.

The other haunt of the hunted man was old "Judy" Walsh's castle on Douglas Avenue at the junction of the roads; and when Capt. Hastings and Jenkins and their aides did not find this man on Goat Island they proceeded thither. As daylight broke they entered the humble home of old Judy and found Walsh lying under the table in the combined parlor, kitchen and dining room of the hovel in which the hens roosted on the top of the table.

Squalor and filth had full possession and held high carnival. The hovel stands only because it has not sufficient energy to fall, and around it is a crazy patch work enclosure a garden plot in which grows a little bit of everything and not much of anything.

Old Judy has been a fixture there for many years. She is a little stooped old body, and her daughter, who is also little in harmony with house and garden, lives with her. Old Judy has been accused of baby farming in her younger or rather less olden days but whether this is so or not it will not be wise to say. Her daughter goes out scrubbing and thus keeps together the household which also comprises a goat and several hens which have equal privileges with the other members of the family and roam at will over the house, and make it their sleeping apartment at night.

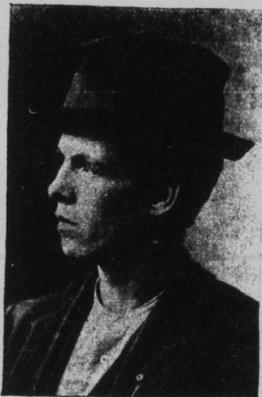
There are two rooms in this particular representation that Tom Payne immortalized in undying verse. One is the living room and contains a table, a couple of chairs and a rickety stove. The police did not penetrate into the inner sanctuary, the sleeping apartment, but it was to be presumed that its furnishings were equally as scanty.

Such is the uncouth, unkempt and wretched abode where Walsh was found. Standing at the junction of these roads, out-lined against the rocks that rise just behind it attracts the curious interest of all who pass. Yet, although, in the midst of

a rather rough district where people sometimes felt fearful of going after nightfall, the police have never had anything to record about the house and many who have seen the little best old woman did not even know her name.

Walsh has had a quiet week in jail and his chief excitement was when he was taken out to have his picture taken in the Chief Clark's neat cabinet containing the Rogues' Gallery. A couple of shots were taken and the victim bore the ordeal with fortitude, not following the usual criminal procedure of lowering his head as though he wanted to hide his face from the camera in order to hide his face from the unerring lens.

No one called on him except his lawyer, Mr. Scott E. Morrill and he only came into John's solitude when the preliminary investigation began before Police Magistrate Ritchie on Friday. This was merely a rehash of the old evidence brought out at the Corner's inquest for



JACK WALSH.
Charged with the Murder of John Meehan.

there is sufficient evidence to send him up to the grand jury which sits on the fourth Tuesday of November when his case will be tried by the jury of his peers and they will decide whether there is sufficient circumstantial evidence to convict him of manslaughter with its accompanying sentence to a period of years in penitentiary or perhaps for life.

As will be seen by the picture which accompanies this article Walsh is not a man of prepossessing appearance. He has a forbidding looking mouth and eye and wears a great stock of hair. He is a young man only 21 years of age but he is a big stalwart fellow, six feet and a fraction of an inch in height, and tips the scales at 170 pounds. His full name is John Francis Walsh and he was born in Marsh Cove. His ostensible residence was Strait Shore, where his father, a laborer, lives, but he had a wife living on Brunswick street while he lived everywhere himself, marriage and giving in marriage does not mean much to such as he, and so his married life has not probably been one of felicity.

Walsh has never been up for theft or any other misdemeanor than throwing stones for which he had a penchant when he had taken in sufficient rum to drive his wits out. This time he performed the trick once too often and soon will stand in the criminal's dock.

THE PILOT COMMISSION.

The Pilots Ask for a Representative on the Board.

The rugged, ruddy, weather-beaten countenance of one of Britannia's sea dogs, Capt. Douglas, R. N., is a familiar sight on our streets just now. He is here to help calm the troubled waters in which the pilots and pilot commissioners are sailing and if he can settle the long pending differences between the two bodies he will have the lasting gratitude of the citizens.

In 1895 the commissioners took it into their several heads to make presents to themselves all around. But as the \$200 to chairman Howard D. Troop and \$100 each to the other six commissioners came out of the pilot fees the pilots made a kick ending at length in the ordering of an enquiry by the department of marine. In the meantime four of the seven have had the moral courage to refund their \$100 viz, Commissioners J. Willard Smith, R.C. Elkin, James Knox and Capt. Wm. Thomas, the latter having done so this week. The others are holding out probably not for the sake of the amount of

self-voted honorarium but in the question of principle. These are chairman Troop, and commissioners Chas. MacLachlan, and E. Luntalum.

The pilots have other complaints against the commissioners claiming that since they as it were, elevated themselves to the dignity of salaried men, they have assumed undue authority and have acted with a high hand toward the bone and sinew of the port, in other words the pilots. The pilots in their complaint to the marine department have with naive frankness and without waste of words in the way of rendering the request any the more mild, asked for a clean sweep of the present commissioners and that in the new board the pilots have a representative.

MR. MCCORDOCK ATTENDED.

Because the Mayor Threatened to Report Matters at Ottawa.

The other day there was trouble between the city and Dominion government over the dredge Cape Breton in the persons of Mayor Robertson and Mr. McCordock, superintendent of dredges. His worship wanted Mr. McCordock to attend a meeting of the advisory board. The latter did not attend whereupon the mayor called him up by telephone and somewhat peremptorily ordered him to attend, at the same time remarking aside, that if he did not come he would see whether a telegram from Ottawa would bring him. Mr. McCordock thereupon attended. The object of the meeting was to see if they could not put the dredge Cape Breton on night duty at Sand Point; and the reason why Mr. McCordock did not wish to attend was because he knew the dredges could not go on night duty owing to faulty machinery. His worship after the meeting telegraphed Hon. Mr. Tarte asking for the use of the dredge at night, and the honorable minister has not deigned to reply. Mr. McCordock may have told his chief of how the department representative was "called down" by the city's representative and Mr. Tarte probably resented it; and this leads to the observation that though the Minister of Marine is tart at all times in this case he is tartar. Anyhow it has been shown that Mr. McCordock was right and that the dredge was not fit for night duty.

A COALITION CREW.

Why the Dredge Cape Breton Sometimes Gets into Trouble.

At a recent civic meeting the Mayor hinted that there was more friction on the Dominion dredge, Cape Breton, than was created by the bucket rubbing against the mud banks. It was, however, shown at the meeting, and this is confirmed by enquiries made by PROGRESS—that there is as much harmony on this representative of the Canadian fleet as is consonant with a good liberal dredge being manned by a conservative crew. In view of this it is not to be wondered at that the dredge makes a break occasionally and refuses to work. The whole crew are not conservatives, however; among the eight or ten there are two liberals, one of whom is known as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on account of his sturdy championship of the great Canadian. He is not afraid to air his convictions and a few weeks ago he and his brother liberals threw up their job because the department require them to live on the dredge, and pay their board to the government. This they refused to do at the time, and they carried the day for they were reinstated without having to live aboard. They said at the time that the reason why they were put out was because Mr. McCordock and the dredge captain being conservatives wanted to get them out to make way for conservatives. This is a statement, however, that might be taken with several grains of salt.

A Momentous Dispute Settled.

The big sergeant, George Baxter, had quite a joke told about him a few days ago in connection with one of Margaret Shepherd's lectures. The sergeant is a good orangeman and as he was present for a time at the lecture some of his excellent friends started the story that he was acting as usher and showing his appreciation of the speaker's sentiments by vigorous applause. But George says that he did not have the honor of being an usher only to the extent of giving up his seat to a lady who was standing and he thinks he knew enough not to show approval or disapproval of what was said. "More than that" he continued, "it was my duty to call there on my round and my report of that date will show that I did so and found everything orderly and quiet." Surely the "policeman's lot is not a happy one."

A TOWN SWEEP BY FIRE.

HISTORIC AND BEAUTIFUL WINDSOR A MASS OF RUINS.

The Fire Flew Devastating the Town and Makes Nearly 3000 People Homeless—How Halifax Came to the Rescue—Thrilling Scenes Graphically Described.

HALIFAX, Oct. 21.—The thrilling sensation of the week, not only in Halifax, but throughout all the maritime provinces if not the Dominion, is the fire that in a few brief hours obliterated the fair town of Windsor. At 3 o'clock Sunday morning the prosperous town slept peacefully, at 9 o'clock, six hours later, the town was a place of the past, four hundred houses in ashes, 2,000 people homeless, and according to the conservative estimate of insurance adjusters Jarvis and Butcher, one and a-half millions worth of property gone up in smoke. But the sad story is now well-known over the length and breadth of the land.

There are some incidents that have not been related. One feature of the relief measures that has not been fully appreciated was the promptness of the military in coming to the rescue. General Montgomery Moore was not informed of the catastrophe till after 10 o'clock Sunday morning, as the troops were preparing for the church parade. Yet he gave orders that at 12.30 a stock of supplies should be at North street railway station consisting of hundreds of tents and blankets, axes and so on. The order was carried out, and the men went to church too. This does not look as if the army commissariat were weak as is so often the case. Immediately after church two detachments of men were sent out to have the material at the station by the hour appointed, while 100 men were marched to barracks, given their dinner and without a minute's delay sent to North street to accompany the stores and make them available at Windsor. The British army is invincible on the field, but it is no less useful in times of peace as this emergency proved. General Montgomery-Moore, the stern soldier who could not brook a gospel tent on the common because he thought it an infringement on what he considered the rights of the military, joined heart and hand with Mayor Stephen in affording succor to the stricken people of Windsor.

It was a military train that left North street with those soldiers and supplies. But there was a great throng of curious sightseers who were determined to accompany it, as free passengers to the scene of desolation. There were many exciting episodes as the soldiers handed these would be passengers from the cars, and many more similar incidents at Windsor while the soldiers were trying to find room for themselves in the cars on the return at night. The cars were cleared and those who would not leave them voluntarily were taken off expeditiously by force. When the soldiers were seated what room was left was given to the civilians.

There was no crowd at the Windsor conflagration. The reason was a good one: every man stood in despair watching the disappearance of his own once happy home. May we in mercy be spared the seeing again of such a spectacle of woe. It was a common sorrow. The destruction of many a humble home meant absolute penury for its inmates, and the burning of more pretentious abodes of men was poverty equally as great. In hundreds of cases the fire meant destitution to the poor but it also signified poverty to some hitherto well off.

Man is a selfish animal. It is the ego he seeks. This was exemplified on Sunday evening when the relief train arrived in Halifax. It was selfishness in Church matters but that may be as intense a rule of life as any other selfishness. As the crowd from the train emerged to the street, the first question a prominent Methodist asked an acquaintance was this: "Are the churches gone?" "Yes, all but one." "And is the Methodist church gone?" "Yes, gone with the rest." "Too bad, that the Methodist church should be taken. And the only church left of the five is the Episcopal!"

This was the fact; was it as R. V. D. Willets, said, the survival of the fittest. Seventy five thousand dollars will be required for the Windsor relief fund. Halifax has already given close on to \$15,000.

Society circles were shocked last week when a city paper published the statement of the petition for divorce brought by Mrs. Arnold against her husband

Major Arnold. The publication was regretted by many, and there is much sympathy for the couple most directly interested. Major Arnold is a good-hearted officer, who would do anything for a friend, and the domestic infelicity is probably traceable to but one cause, and that an offence that is often considered a light one—a shortcoming that is shared by a countless multitude—a too great fondness for the wine cup. In fact this is the main reason allged in the petition that has been lodged with Registrar Bars.

Nothing to advance the suit has been done since the petition was filed, and it is stated the action will never be brought. It is hoped that peace will prevail, even despite the fact that firms of lawyers have been engaged on either side.

The details set forth in the petition formed a subject of interested discussion by fellow guests at the Queen Hotel, for that was the place of their sojourn. The parties came of very good families in England and the names of the minister who performed the marriage ceremony, the maiden name of the lady and all such facts are set out in minute detail in the petition. The newspaper that first published the story wound up with the statement that if a counter petition were brought, as was threatened, there would be caused a still more startling sensation. This might or might not be the case, but people have their opinions. However, it is sincerely to be hoped that a settlement will be reached; as it now looks it is quite within the range of probability.

Times and customs are evidently changing fast, and perhaps not in all cases for the better. What calls up this remark is a mild sensation that has been caused within the walls of the training school for nurses of the Victoria General hospital in this city. It seems there was a large dance at the Masonic hall a few years ago that numbered among the guests a half dozen of the fair embryos nurses at the training school. Most of the nurses at this institution are young ladies, strangers in the city, far away from their homes and home supervision, hence they should be more careful even than others in their conduct. This is the principle that is recognized and acted upon at ladies colleges, where the conditions are not dissimilar to those prevailing at the training school for nurses.

Yet at the latter institution we find that a number of the pupils go to this dance unprotected and unchaperoned. That is it the following letter from one who describes herself as "interested in the training school of the N. G. H., and anxious that its reputation should not be stained," be correct. The letter follows: "Mr. Editor—Is there anything wrong in the management of the training school of the V. G. Hospital, when six or seven of its pupils are allowed to go to a dance in the masonic hall without proper, or in fact any chaperon? Who and what are the nurses of the school that they should do such a thing. Not another training school in the world would allow it, why not raise the ideas and aims of the pupils and encourage the superintendent of nurses in her work. Six or seven young women out late at night alone! And these are they to whom we trust our sick." Such is the letter. If there is any truth in its statements there is surely reason for some little inquiry.

THE CHIEF'S GALLERY.

An Efficient Registration System for the Benefit of the Police.

Two of the fruits of Chief Clark's tenure of office are a thorough system of registration of the misdeeds and punishments of rogues and criminals, and a young but growing Rogues Gallery. Precedent is as valuable to policemen as to lawyers and judges, and the knowledge of a criminal's past is very helpful to the wielders of the baton. The chief can now turn to the record of any one who has come under his official notice and take steps accordingly and the information is also valuable to the police magistrates. Moreover, it is a good thing to possess the true presentments of those who have accepted of the hospitality of civic or Dominion officials. Chief Clark has a neat cabinet, with leaves swinging on hinges, containing the features of the fair and the brave, who have boarded with the government as a recognition of services rendered in burglary, theft, assaults, etc. The Chief is sufficiently interested in the work of his department to furnish the cabinet at his own expense. There are about 50 represented in the collection, and it is increasing. Besides this, of course, he has hundreds received from other police departments.

BISHOP VERSUS DEAN.

A WESTERN CONTROVERSY INTERESTING TO CHURCHMEN.

Shall Dean Babbitt Resign—Evident From the Letter's Letter the Bishop has Been Flaming to get him out of Office—Dean Babbitt writes an Open Letter.

[From the Chronicle, published at Spokane Washington, Oct. 2.]

'Shall Rev. Dean Richmond Babbitt resign his office of dean of All Saints' cathedral or not?'

This is the momentous question that the congregation of the cathedral has been called upon to decide, in the dispute between the dean and Bishop Lemuel H. Wells, by receipt of the following circular from the Bishop:

No. 2209 Pacific avenue, Spokane, Wash., Sept. 28, 1897.—My dear . . .

As you know, the cathedral chapter acting, as they think, in harmony with the wishes of the parish, have asked Dr. Babbitt to resign. Dr. Babbitt, thinking that the people desire him to remain, and that this would be best for the parish, has refused to do so. The vestry have, therefore, according to the canons of the church asked me to decide in the matter.

In order to ascertain how the congregation really feel about, I would request you to sign your name to the enclosed paper. This is a matter of very grave importance, and it is your duty not to shrink from the expression of your opinion. No one but I shall know how you vote.

Please tear off and send to me without delay whichever of the ballots you think right. Your friend and bishop.

LEMUEL H. WELLS.

In my opinion, it is the best good of the parish that Dr. Babbitt should resign.

Sign In my opinion, it is the best good of the parish that Dr. Babbitt should not resign.

Sign

The receipt of the circular created considerable excitement and comment among the members and some there was who declared that the bishop was taking a secret ballot against the dean and without his knowledge. When questioned on this point the bishop denied that the circular was a secret ballot, as he said he had mailed the first circular to Dean Babbitt himself. The bishop said he simply took this method to ascertain the sentiment of the congregation as to whether they desired the Dean to longer remain at the head of the parish. Said the bishop.

'The canons of the church direct that when a dispute or difference of opinion arises between a rector and his vestry or the chapter, it may, by either party, be referred to the bishop, who is then required to investigate and decide. His decision is to be final. In this case the chapter appealed to me, and I am investigating. Dr. Babbitt is not on trial. He is accused of nothing.'

'The chapter judges, conscientiously I have no doubt, that it is for the best interests of the parish that he do not resign. I have been appealed to, and am seeking to ascertain the facts. That is all there is to it. This is the only way I have to investigate, and hence I have adopted this method.'

Dean Babbitt takes exception to the bishop's methods in thus trying to retire him in the following spicy communication which he mailed to Bishop Wells yesterday:

'Right Reverend and Dear Bishop: I have been astonished to find that you have sent throughout the parish a solicitation for a secret vote as to whether I should resign or not. A gentleman, a prominent member and a generous supporter of the parish, handed me your circular, with your tickets appended, and your words, "No one but I shall know how you vote." He condemned your action, as I know others will, and handed me a check for \$10 toward my October salary. I could hardly believe the request for a secret ballot was the act of a bishop until I had seen your signature. The church so hedges about the 'cure' of a clergyman, her laws and customs are so well known for protecting the great spiritual interests committed to them, that I could not expect there should be such unwonted and astonishing violation of them by one of her bishops. I say this without bitterness or unkindness, but still with a feeling of disappointment and grief. Permit me to respectfully remind you of the terms of my contract as dean of All Saints cathedral, spread upon the minute book of the parish, and from a copy of which I directly quote: The office of dean carries with it the same privileges and duties as the rectorship of a parish, except:

'First, the bishop establishes the ritual; second, presides at all meetings of the cathedral chapter—the dean on the bishops absence; third, the bishop preaches or uses the church for any function as he may see fit, but with due regard to the deans plans.

By this contract it is clearly seen that the bishop had no connection with All Saints' cathedral, but a simple privilege noted as exceptions above, and that the

entire 'cure of souls' and control of the parish rests as fully in the hands of the dean, except as to those few and unimportant particulars, as do those of a parish with a rector. In other words, besides the dignities and immunities of a dean, he has the rights and privileges of a rector. Now the best known of the 'rights and privileges of a rector of a parish' is that his people shall not be disturbed nor his cure invaded by another clergyman, be he priest or bishop. You have no right, as you perfectly know, even to baptize, read the burial service or perform the marriage ceremony without consent of the dean, and it has been your custom, under the law of the church, even in case of marriage to obtain my consent. How you could have brought yourself, my dear bishop, to send among my people a solicitation to a secret vote upon their pastor, is beyond my comprehension. I will not dwell upon the secretive and unfair method—I say it respectfully—of a vote solicited by a bishop, whose high office and prestige might carry weight against conscientious scruples or delicate feelings of justice, for I wish to cast no reflections. But I must call your attention to the necessarily inviting and inflaming of your solicitation, tending greatly to disturb the parish and make differences among the people where there are no differences; creating faction and exciting church partisanship. I do not charge this as your purpose, but suggest this consequence as the logic of words and circumstances. I trust these natural results of your solicitation to a secret vote will, under the blessing of God, fail to follow, but if they come, the responsibility must rest where it belongs, and not on me. And now, my dear bishop, may I be permitted to speak, and always with the respect your high office commands, more directly to the merits of the general situation.

A year ago, without right or authority, you asked me to resign an independent 'cure' to which I had been called and instituted only a year before in the most solemn manner. Some months previous to this you had sought to introduce into the cathedral a body of laws which would have destroyed my independence and given you complete control of the cathedral. One of such laws that the bishop should administer the cathedral as he 'saw fit in the sight of God.' I pleaded my contract in opposition and the adoption of the laws was stopped. But your wish for my removal seems to date from that time. Three times you have without authority, I respectfully suggest, asked that I might find a parish elsewhere—once last October, once this last summer, and once in a recent letter from Europe. Your wish then, is evidently eager for this result. Last October I represented to you the difficult character of the parish, and of my unalterable determination to remain for the dignity of the ministry and the good of the parish, that I could not allow myself to be driven from my post as other rectors had been driven. I still steadfastly and with unshaken resolution hold to that determination. I mention the circumstances now to show your wish and my resolve. How, then, can you decide a case judicially which you have already prejudged, and such prejudgment have expressed? And so as you have prejudged, I appeal, as St. Paul did in a similar case, 'unto Cæsar.' In other words, I have a legal contract, and shall exercise my functions in the Cathedral till process of the law of the state removes me.

A legal tribunal only can determine my rights under the circumstances. The canon of New Jersey, to which you refer, can have no application to the cathedral of Spokane, for in New Jersey there is no cathedral system and no dean of a cathedral. The general law of the church allows a missionary bishop to adopt the constitution and canons of an independent diocese only "so far as they are applicable to the circumstances." Again, I object to your adjudication, because there is no "serious difference" between the congregation and myself, which in New Jersey may give some right of the bishop to interfere. There is peace except at the recent action of the chapter and yourself in the solicitation to a secret vote may have made otherwise. And now, my dear bishop, permit me to suggest another reason why I can not leave my case in your hands, though I would gladly do so if I could. God knows how longingly the clergy look to the affection and protection of their bishops, for in the conception of the church they are the tender fathers of the clergy.

The additional reason I suggest is this: Six clergymen have left the jurisdiction your enemies, and one gentleman—not a

clergyman—who conducted a church school in years past has felt himself deeply aggrieved in contract rights. I will not go into the merits of these cases. Even taking your judgment of them, I must feel that the "cloth" might prudently withhold itself from your judgment, which may not be infallible. The presbytery is as independent and as much of an order in our ministry as the episcopate, and I stand for the security and independence of my order. I regret my plainness, but see the necessity for it. Your inducements brought me to Washington from a wealthy and interesting parish of the east. I regret that circumstances have made it necessary to defend myself against one whom I esteemed so highly, and whom I still wish to call my friend as well as bishop.

Summing up I may say:

1. I can not appear in response to notice or hearing, and I can not resign.
2. I object to your adjudication of my relations, present or future, with All Saints' Cathedral: (a) Because of your self-interest and prejudice; (b) because there is no 'serious difference' to adjudicate; (c) because I would not feel safe in your hands.

With great respect, as well as pain and disappointment, I am faithfully yours,
DEAN RICHMOND BABBITT,
Dean of All Saints' Cathedral.

8. [In next issue will be given the Dean's reply in a sermon he preached on the following Sunday.]

Truth on a Gravestone.

A curious rhymed epitaph is that on the tomb of Isaac Reed, a conveyancer of London, who edited an edition of Shakespeare in fifteen volumes, published in 1793.

He left a large and curious library, which was sold, after his death, for over twenty thousand dollars. The epitaph runs as follows:

Reader of these few lines take heed,
And mind your ways for my sake;
For you must die, like Isaac Reed,
Though you read till your eyes ache.

Home Study.

Those who do not find it convenient to come here to a school can get a thorough and practical education at home. They need not quit work. Success guaranteed. Full information sent free.
Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

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

WANTED Lady or gentlemen experienced in canvassing for books to travel and appoint agents in Canada. No canvassing. Salary and expenses paid. Elliott Pub. Co., Phila., Pa.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hundred dollars a week to start with. Dawson, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Lincoln, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the "Tina property" about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec coast. Best reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenwick, Barrister-at-Law, Fugate Building. 24 6-4

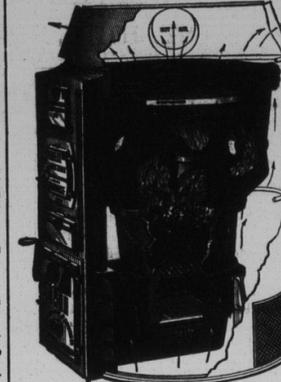
The Return Of the Pendulum.

In 1892 the prosperity of the commercial schools was at its flood. . . . Desiring to find some expedient that would render them still more prosperous, the proprietors of many of these schools abandoned methods that had produced excellent results and adopted others which were wholly experimental. It may safely be said that in most cases the change was not made with the expectation that the schools would be strengthened educationally, but that the new ideas would have greater advertising value. But a reaction has set in. The conclusion has been forced upon thoughtful teachers that the school that educates its pupils best advertises itself best; that a device which may attract inexperienced boys and unthinking parents, may not commend itself to a class of people whose friendship and patronage must be secured and retained as a basis of permanent prosperity. Those schools which adhered to the tried and approved methods, which gave their pupils solid and symmetrical knowledge, which steadily refused to be carried off their feet by patented systems of education, are now reaping the benefit of their wise conservatism. Such schools have not the task before them now of repairing the damage done by experimenting with one or another of the new schemes, are realizing that their reputation for real efficiency has been injured, and are seeing their more conservative co-workers forging ahead. Only a small proportion of the larger schools seem to be off in 1897, and some of them retreated as soon as the character of the read they were pines for performance. When pretences will be accepted in lieu of genuine educational advantages, then, perhaps, the public will take kindly to patented systems of education. Progress, Rochester, N. Y.

Just so! Ours was one of the colleges preferring unimpaired reputation and a clear conscience to temporary gain. Result: Our fall opening is the best we ever had. It is most gratifying to find ourselves classed in the right list and our position vindicated from so important an educational centre,

Send for Catalogue of honest course of study; also of the Isaac Pitman Short-hand.
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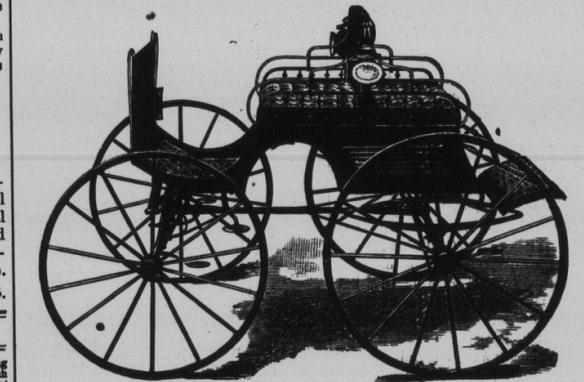
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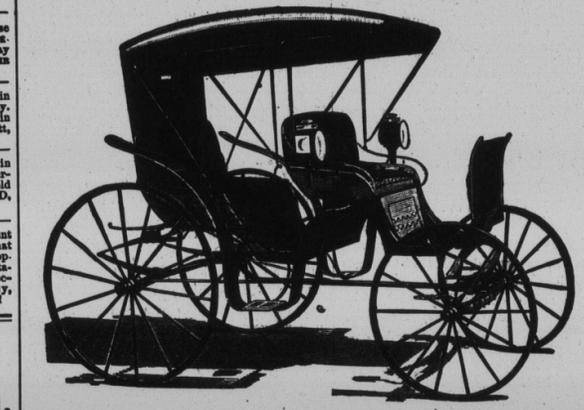
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PROGRESS.

W. T. H. FENNETT, PUBLISHER.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

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

GRANTS AND RELIEF FUNDS.

Mr. W. W. TURNBULL went somewhat out of his way when he coupled his subscription to the Windsor Fund with the condition that it would be doubled if the city made no grant. His remarks at the public meeting showed how much opposed he was to civic grants for benevolent purposes. He took the ground that it was not right for aldermen elected to govern the city to make such grants. Mr. TURNBULL has ideas of his own at times and this is one of them. The rulers of the chief cities of Canada do not agree with him, evidently, for word has been received day after day this week that city after city throughout the Dominion has voted grants in aid of the Windsor sufferers. Mr. TURNBULL does not give his reasons why such grants are not proper but it is to be presumed that he has arguments to advance. It would hardly be fair to him to suppose that he objects because he is a large property owner and a heavy taxpayer. He does not forget, surely, that when this city was sorely tried by fire, city councils did not stop to discuss the wisdom of making grants but they made them and made generous ones too. Even the little town of Windsor came to the front nobly and subscribed more for us than St. John has done for her up to the present moment. Is it not better that the city should make a grant and let the burden of benevolence bear upon all the citizens than that a few people should do it all. There is no doubt but that the people generally would like to see the Relief and Aid Fund devoted in part to some such useful purpose but that would require legislation. Mr. REYNOLDS comes to the front and says that this fund is the chief support of a number of families and that it cannot be diverted from that purpose. It might be argued that the generous donors to this fund never intended that it should support people for twenty years after the fire. The intention was to relieve those who suffered at the time. It is said that persons are coming to the front even to this day and having their claims allowed. This is absurd, and should not be tolerated. It is possible that there were people prosperous at the time of the fire who would be prosperous today but for that disaster, but if they have been able to get along without assistance for twenty years they can hardly come in at this late day and claim recognition. By all means let the Relief and Aid Fund be closed and let what remains be devoted to some useful purpose agreeable to all the citizens.

A GREAT EDITOR DEAD.

CHARLES A. DANA the greatest of American editors, is dead. He has been managing Editor of the New York Sun for many years and principally through that journal has become known to the American people. DANA was unique in his methods and so is his newspaper. While it is the best edited paper in America and in many respects the best newspaper, one never knew where to place it in political warfare. When the Sun was fiercely democratic it still opposed the election of GROVER CLEVELAND and championed the cause of DAVID B. HILL. At one time it was a firm supporter of Tammany Hall and the men who clustered about that famous political organization; but to-day it is opposing Tammany with all its force and supporting the republican TRACY for Mayor for Greater New York. The Sunday Sun is an ideal newspaper. It is in fact a weekly magazine in newspaper form. There are no sensational colored sheets with it, no page of jokes, no chromes or lithographs but the best thought and literature, original and selected, find a place in its many pages. Few Canadians agree with the Anti-British policy of the Sun, but all who read it admit that however false its arguments are they are ably and readably presented. DANA made the Sun what it is but for years he has had the best lieutenants in the newspaper profession assisting him and its patrons will find that though the greatest personality in American journalism has departed the newspaper will be published as ably and as energetically as ever.

The destruction of Windsor by fire last Sunday is one of the calamities of the year. What was a beautiful prosperous town a week ago, is today nothing but a smoldering heap of ashes. Sympathy has been

extended from every hand and substantial assistance has poured forth to the homeless and destitute people. Five hundred families without a house and without a home with winter rapidly approaching is something that will touch the hearts, and the pockets of all who can afford to give anything. Windsor is, as every one knows, an old town, and, in many respects a prosperous one. Its people with few exceptions were not rich but well to do, and such a calamity as this falls with exceptional severity upon these small property owners. St. John has done much for the relief of the homeless, and will probably do more. The people of this city have had their lesson so far as fire is concerned, and know their duty to their neighbors who are unfortunate in this respect.

Prof. HANILL who was here attending the S. S. Convention this week made an admission at a similar convention held in Halifax recently which is important, if true. The opening of a "question box" was one of the attractions on a certain day and one of the weighty problems with which the learned professor found himself face to face involved an explanation of "how to induce the children of a certain denomination to attend our schools." The man of letters admitted that he didn't know, and wouldn't tell if he did, and he furthermore solemnly expressed his belief that he would meet many of the denomination named in heaven. That's certainly encouraging to the "denomination" and very generous of the professor.

MARTIN BUTLER, of Butler's Journal, is nothing if not original, and the charm of his paper is in its departure from the usual journalistic methods. In the last issue MARTIN announces his intention of giving up tobacco, wisely concluding that the ten dollars wasted yearly in this way had much better be expended in flour for his family. In explaining what might seem the needless extravagance a trip to Montreal in his present straitened circumstance Martin also takes particular pains to impress the fact that as he had passed both ways, it didn't cost him anything but time and he had that to burn.

Kings' College, Windsor, will have a unique experience Sunday morning when four widely differing religious bodies will hold divine service within its classic walls. The methodists, catholics, baptists and presbyterians will each hold forth in that institution until such time as other arrangements can be made. The students of Kings should grow rapidly in spiritual grace.

By his expressed wish CHARLES DANA's obituary notice in the great journal, the editorial policy of which he controlled, was written in two lines. It appeared at the head of that department Monday morning and said simply "CHARLES ANDERSON DANA, Editor of the Sun, died yesterday afternoon."

"The survival of the fittest" is a Windsor clergyman's explanation of the wonderful escape of the episcopal church and church property from destruction in the late fire. It is at any rate a consoling theory for the members of that denomination.

The jury in the LUTBERT murder trial at Chicago, can't be said to have rendered their verdict without fully considering the case from every point of view. They were out long enough.

There are still some missing links in the evidence against the Chicago sausage manufacturer. Mrs. LUTBERT is one of them.

LUTBERT is still likely to carry on the sausage business at the old stand.

Won't somebody rescue Miss CISNEROS from the New York Journal?

Ideal autumn weather.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

With the advent of the cut price era at the Opera house the matinee girl, one of the products of end-of-the-century life in the United States was strongly in evidence here. The last MUNSIEY devotes a bright article to her, telling how she fills the theatres with feminine loveliness, how she goes in raptures over the heroes, has his portrait in her room, weeps and laughs with him as his stage emotions fluctuate between grave and gay, how she waits about the theatre corridors until he comes out thus emulating the ballet girl's Johnnies, how she gushes over him to her dear girl chums and even has gone so far as to address a charming perfumed billet-doux to the adored one. I do not know whether the matinee girls have done these things here but I hardly think that the heroes who have come to St. John have smitten our girls very severely. Perhaps the remuneration that is offered here is not sufficient to attract the finer specimens of the heroic,

for stage heroines, is purchased by quantity. The more you pay the better hero you get.

Where will the imaginations of the fiction writers find a bound or where will the novelist of the next century find a plot? It is only a few decades ago since genuine fiction was first written, but already the field seems to be pretty nearly exhausted. The capacities of the terrestrial sphere with all its complication of relationship between man and man and man and woman have given out and the fiction writers have almost exhausted the spaces beyond. With virile pen pulsing with magnetic power they have drawn to them the people of the other spheres and the boundless regions of space and made them tell their story for the delight of dwellers on the earth. H. S. Wells, Jules Verne, Camille Flammarion, George du Maurier and a host of others have penetrated the hidden depths of the sea, the ice-bound fortresses of the poles, the centre of the earth, the sterile wastes of the moon, the ruddy continents of Mars, the countless planets and worlds filled with marvellous people, and the depths of space where winged spirits flit to and fro and turned their lens upon all. And one Garman novelist has even dared to snatch from Peter the keys of life and death and introduced the dwellers here into the mysteries of heaven and hell.

Like the Acadian maiden the Cuban Evangeline is an exile from home. Her tale is a romantic one, though distance may have given it enchantment, and the story of her rescue by the indelible New York reporter is certainly spicy. She appeared sufficiently heroic to the solid men of New York to attract Chauncey Depew, Bob Ingersoll, Judge VanWyck, Senator Platt, General Tracy and many others to her reception and quite a furor has been made over her. It is a God send to some people to be shoved into jail, for greatness has been thrust upon them the same instant. The next thing we know they will be making a New York reporter of the lovely Evangeline, and she will take the place once held by Nellie Bly.

A DESCENDANT OF THE PIONEERS.

Passed to His Rest on the Sabbath Day, at a Good old age.

The sudden death of Mr. Robert W. Crookshank, on Sunday last, leaves but a few remaining of the second generation of the founders of the city. The pioneers paved the way for the work done by the second generation, and Mr. Crookshank was among the foremost in all the pursuits in which the city engaged three and four and five decades ago. In official, business and church life he was a worker and in other departments of activity he was not contented to remain in the ranks but became a colonel of militia and one of the leading Masons of Canada. In the earlier aquatic days he was an enthusiast in the sport when St. John was laying the foundation for rising into the world-wide fame as the home of stalwart wielders of the paddle and no regatta was held between the fours of the trio of towns, St. John, Carleton and Portland without Robert Crookshank as one of the stewards. As a man he was highly esteemed for the kindly christian character which reflected in his cheery countenance. There are some interesting facts about his antecedents that did not appear in the daily press. Every one has seen the dismantled and decrepit Crookshank residence on Chipman's Hill which was torn down in 1895. This was the family abode in the early days when Prince William street was the fashionable street of the city. It was built by an uncle of the deceased gentleman in 1785, the frame (much of it being of the substantial oak of colonial architecture) having been brought from New York. The builder was an uncle by marriage, John Colvill, a prominent merchant of the day, who married a daughter of Capt. Geo. Crookshank, a hardy Scotchman from the Orkneys who settled in New Jersey and came to New Brunswick with the Loyalists. He died in this city in 1797 and just a century later his grandson passed to the great beyond. One of the hardy captain's sons was Robert W. father of the departed citizen, who died in 1861 at the hale old age of 91.

W. C. Anslow's Disappearance.

The disappearance of Editor W. C. Anslow of the Newcastle Advocate is the most distressing event the North Shore has had to chronicle for some time. It is not often that a country editor has a chance to take a little pleasure and when Mr. Anslow and his son started out for a shoot and at the same time to call upon such customers as lived in this route they little thought that the friends of Mr. Anslow senior would not see him again. Searching parties have failed to find him as yet and the supposition is that after he and his son were separated he must have fallen into one of the deep pools or into the river. Mr. Anslow was well known throughout the province as a leader in the temperance movement. He was a courteous gentleman well liked by all who knew him and his sad fate is much deplored.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Comfort Angel. All in white an angel goes, Every fall where sorrow flows; Up and down the earth; Where the sweetest flowers lie, Taking them they do not die, Death is but a birth. In tender love her comfort hymn; Slipping in the shadows dim; She is close at hand. "Suffering a little while Here the tear and there the smile" In the home love land. On the voiceless flower eyes, Lovingly her white hand lies; Brilfly as a breath. From the lily and the rose, Sweetly home the spirit goes Life o'er cometh death. All in white yet all unseen, Us, and those she steps between, We most dearly love. We say lost with mournful cry, Hark! she whispers drawing nigh, They have rest above. Pale and cold in death we say, Beds and blossoms fade away; In coming pain; Still the comfort angel bright Tells us far beyond the night We shall meet again. Let the fall winds wildly rave, Tear the forest from the wave; Sm to the flowers down. Still the comfort angel brings, Blessed healing in her wings; Love must wear love's crown. CYPRIUS GOLDB. Red Leaf Valley, Oct. 1897.

The New Love.

As fleet as frightened birds a-wing My daughter's fingers flew With rhythmic clatter, swift and swing, The keyboard striking true, My words were symbolized in green Upon the snow-white page; That was last week; now Magdalene Doth at the links engage. As swift as bats that dart below The shining pool's expanse Her feet went twinkling to and fro To mark her wheels advance; But in the corner stands the bike With men do downcast and meek; She's smitten with a sudden like For Niblick, spoon, and cleek.

No one had she a letter writ In all the week ago; Not once did that new cycle fit Across the greening lawn, The type machine cost me last May Just ninety dollars flat. The wheel took eighty more away, With "extras" top of that.

And now a bill for thirty-four Comes in for sticks and gowns To make her meet for good galore, The new sport comes to town. Oh, veering bit of womankind, In my old purse I fear, You scarce will many ducats find For Christmas gifts this year.

The Farthest Yonder.

Oh, friend of other years, Do you remember Those glorious autumn days When distant hillsides flamed In all their splendor? I whispered, "Speed us, love, In beauty yonder." Your voice was low and sad; "Those hills of splendor Are far and steep, my own; The light will hide ere long, And darkness gather, And we shall years for rest This side the yonder."

The years have swiftly flown, Alone with wonder I gaze upon the hills. A Master's brush has touched With newer splendor; My eager eyes would search Beyond the yonder.

And you in higher realms, Yes do remember; For through my soul I feel, Persuasive, sweet, your call, Thrilling and tender, Past earth's most perfect scenes To farthest yonder.

The Last Furrow.

Mellow the grapes are— Fur as a gleaming that flee; Yellow the corn in the husk, And scarlet the haws in the tree.

Wide-wind need the geese go— Swift and crying and crossing the stars, Forecasting the snow. The hoar-frost lies white on the bars.

This is the royal time: The partridges out of their covers; Each morning a rhyme, And the sun and the hills are as lovers;

The cattle in stall; The pastures forsaken and lone; Frolic in the hall, And the thistle seeds withered and blown.

The last furrow ploughed, With the great moon watching all white. The oxen can rest now. For the ponds will be frozen to-night. —Theodore Roberts in N. Y. Independent.

Signs.

The melancholy days are here; The signs are everywhere, The woodland leaves are turning sere, And fluttering through the air; The cricket chirps its mournful lay Beneath the window sill; The buckwheat field is turning gray Upon the distant hill; A dreary silence seems to spread O'er all the country side; The flowers that bloomed, alas! are dead, Their petals scattered wide, But e'en without such signs as these— The hills immersed in haze, The turning leaves upon the trees— We'd recognize the days; For now the agile college 'men,' With banks of hair to spare, Are on the campuses again And raising hoes there; They're holding flags and rushing oars, And also hazing some, And elsewhere showing that their brains Continue out of plumb.

A Rapid Six Days Trip.

These are the days of rapid transit. It is hard to realize that in six days a business man can go as far west as London, Ontario and Detroit and return to St. John travelling only at night and not every night at that. Yet that is what Mr. A. W. Myers, the hustling partner of Myers Bros. did a few days ago. There wasn't much pleasure about such a trip as that but he went for business and the good results of his trip will be seen in the goods he bought.



PEN AND PRESS.

The Globe of this city is a convert to machine typesetting, and appeared Wednesday in its new clothes. Perhaps its first appearance if not so satisfactory to its readers as usual, but that is not to be wondered at. Such changes take time to work out properly, but the step is an evidence of enterprise. PROGRESS extends its congratulations.

The November number of the Delineator is called the early winter number, and its wealth of good things is headed by nearly a hundred pages devoted to styles for late Autumn and Winter, with superb color plates. Among its literary features, Octave Thanet's analysis of Social Life in the Small Cities and Towns will be found especially discriminating. The Quaker heroine of Harriet Riddle Davis' stirring story, "A Chance of War," is not more entertainingly original in her way than is the dashing American girl in "The Further Adventures of the Grand Duke," by Martin Orde. Jeanie Drake's brilliant story series of New York Types concludes with a bright and witty depiction of "The Foreign Beauty." On her "Talks on Health and Beauty" Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, discusses the scientific and hygienic aspects of Dress. No other pages of the magazine will be read with keener interest than Mrs. Caldwell Jones' replies to questions concerning behavior and etiquette. The Delineator's young people have an invaluable mentor in this accomplished lady. They are further remembered in a pretty Ribbon Drill, and in Three Novel Entertainments.

The reflex action of dress is among the topics treated in Mrs. Witherspoon's Tea Table. Vegetarians will be delighted by the cookery article, exclusively devoted to dishes for their use. Mr. Vick's Flower Garden includes some curious facts about the Rubber Plant. There are the usual notices of New Books, and the Little Folks are not forgotten. Emma Haywood's explanation of an effective combination of lace-work with colored embroidery is supplemented by the regular departments devoted to Crocheting, Knitting etc.

Order from the local agent for Butterick Patterns, or address The Delineator Publishing Co., of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Ont. Subscription price of The Delineator, \$1.00 per year, or 15 cents per single copy.

The Best Millinery At Low Prices.

The proprietor of the Parisian millinery establishment, 163 Union Street, desires to impress upon the ladies of St. John this fact; that while his prices are lower than any in the city, his goods at the same time are equal to any stock in the city. In fact he imports nothing but the best goods made. Some people say that because the prices are low, the goods cannot be first quality but Mr. Marr directs the ladies attention to this fact. He purchases only from the manufacturers in London, Paris and New York thereby saving the profit of the middle men of which his patrons get the benefit. Mr. Marr invites inspection of his very large and excellent stock of general millinery, and he knows that his goods for quality and prices cannot be excelled.

Alderman Daniel Appointed.

The death of Mr. Robt. W. Crookshank as usual started the ball-rolling this week and tappers after permission were busy gaining the ear of the dispensers of patronage. Deputy Mayor T. B. Robinson and Ald. Daniel were in the race for vice-presidency of the hospital commission and the latter has the position. Ald. Daniel has had something to do with the hospital commissioners previously. He was a visiting physician, and had some difficulty with the governing board leading to his departure. The difficulty, it is said, arose from an action brought by a man against the commissioners for injuries due, so he claimed, while in the hospital, to neglect, and Dr. Daniel's evidence was rather against the commissioners. It made quite a commotion among the profession, and it was a year or more before the commission could get any one to accept the offer of the vacancy on the visiting staff.

It Was Official.

"I hear you are going to move, old man." "Going to move! Whoever told you that rubbish?" "Your landlord!"—Boston Globe.



AND PRESS. of this city is a convert to stitching, and appeared Wednesday clothes. Perhaps its is, but that is not to be won- changes take time to work at the step is an evidence of PROGRESS extends its con-

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the local agent for Butter- address The Delinestor of Toronto, Limited, 33 W. Toronto, Ont. price of The Delinestor, or 15 cents per single

illinary At Low Prices. or of the Parisian millinery 163 Union Street, desires the ladies of St. John this his prices are lower than his goods at the same time stock in the city. In fact hing but the best goods people say that because the goods cannot be first Marr directs the ladies at- ct. He purchases only from his in London, Paris and by saving the profit of the which his patrons get the arr invites inspection of his excellent stock of general goods for his goods for as cannot be excelled.

Daniel Appointed. Mr. Robt. W. Crook- started the ball-rolling eekers after performent the ear of the dispensers Deputy Mayor T. B. Rob- aniel were in the race for of the hospital commission as the position. Ald. Dan- something to do with the hos- ers previously. He was a n, and had some difficulty ing board leading to his difficulty, it is said, arose brought by a man against as for injuries due, so he the hospital, to neglect, s evidence was rather missioners. It made quite on the profession, and it re before the commission ne to accept the offer of



The social doings of the past week have been confined to teas and little social evenings, the pleasantest perhaps of the latter being spent at Judge Forbes residence last Tuesday evening, when a number of friends called to congratulate him and Mrs. Forbes upon the 25th anniversary of their marriage. Hospitality is always graciously dispensed at this charming home, and a very delightful evening was spent. Many lovely gifts from friends were received as mementos of the event. Friends of the family will extend sincere wishes for many years of continued happiness. Among those who called the other evening were Mayor Robertson, Mrs. Robertson, Dr. Holden, Mrs. Holden, and Miss Holden, Mr. John A. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. J. E. Stone and Mrs. Stone, Mr. W. H. Barnaby and Mrs. Barnaby. Miss Holden assisted the ladies of the household in entertaining the callers.

Prof. James A. Ready, B. A., of Burlington, P. E. I. left for home Tuesday, after a most pleasant visit with the Misses Rogers, City Road. Mrs. James Macaulay of Orange street, and her little daughter Beatrice, arrived home Sunday after a very pleasant visit to the States. A pleasant little event of the week was a tea given by Mrs. E. A. Smith for the entertainment of her sister Mrs. Scott who is visiting her. The hostess was assisted in her duties by Miss Jennie McLaughlin, Miss Laura McLaughlin, Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes, and Miss Stone, and among the ladies who called were, Mrs. Travers, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. R. Kittle Jones, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Stone, Miss Stone, Mrs. Inches and many others. Mr. Fred G. Spencer returned Thursday evening from Portland, Me., where he had been attending some of the concerts in the Main musical festival. Mr. Spencer is delighted with its great tenor Evans Williams, and he says a wonderful treat is in store for the people of St. John in December when Mr. Williams will sing here.

Mrs. George Robertson of Gernata Street gives a tea this (Friday) afternoon. A large number of guests are invited and as the day is very pleasant it will no doubt bring together a goodly gathering of ladies. The condition of Mrs. Millidge of Sussex continues much the same and her friends trust that her wonderful vitality may enable her to regain her health again. Mrs. E. S. Carter who went to Fredericton on Saturday on account of the death of her nephew Athelstane Roberts returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. F. H. Southworth of Wakefield, Mass., is in the city visiting her mother Mrs. H. Kirkpatrick. When Mrs. Southworth returns home she will be accompanied by her sister Miss Dora Kirkpatrick who will study at the Boston conservatory of music. Mrs. L. M. Payne of Worcester is here on a visit to her aunt Mrs. E. V. M. Smith of Charlton. Miss A. M. Prince has returned from a pleasant trip to Western Ont. Toronto and Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blair were called here from Ottawa this week by the death of Mrs. Blair's father Mr. E. W. Crookshank. Mr. John Copp has returned from a pleasant trip to Charlottetown P. E. I. Dr. J. V. Ellis M. P. has been confined this week to his residence, Princess street, through illness. Miss Henneberry returned this week from a pleasant visit to Boston. Mrs. Buckler who has been visiting her father Mr. Gowland of the North End, and other relatives here and in different parts of the province returns to Boston shortly.

Mr. Wm. M. Donald of New York is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomson. Mr. Merrill Mowbray arrived from Indiana this week and has entered upon his new duties as United States Vice Consul. Mrs. Charles K. Hill left yesterday on a visit to Boston. Miss Ellen McCaffrey is here on a visit to relatives. Mrs. A. R. Lordly received callers on Monday Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at her home on Gernata street. His Lordship Bishop Sweeney was confined to the palace the first of the week by a slight attack of illness. Miss Mary Kane of the Westmorland road has returned from a visit to Charlottetown. Mr. S. S. de Forrest of German street is quite ill this week. Mrs. L. B. Anderson returned Tuesday from a delightful trip to Yarmouth and other parts of Nova Scotia. Mr. J. W. McCordick of the Customs department returned from a trip to Prince Edward Island this week. Mrs. Albert Webster of Shediac is spending a short time with city friends. Mr. and Mrs. C. D. McAuliffe were in Toronto for a little while recently and were guests at the Grand Union hotel. Mrs. Noble has been in Woodstock lately visiting her sister Mrs. Newcomb. Miss Ada Purdy of Amherst who is at present on a visit to Mrs. (Senator) Wood of Sackville, will shortly take up her residence in this city. Mr. James Gregory returned Saturday from a trip to New York. Miss Louise Carling of the North end has returned from a short visit to friends in Eastport and other parts of Maine. Mrs. Alfred Pound received her friends this week at 100 Leinster street. Miss Mitchell of the G. F. hospital is spending her holidays in Waltham, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. L. Hay came back last week from a three weeks stay in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. William Barton left Monday for a visit to New York. Mrs. A. J. Parker has returned from Boston, accompanied by her friend Mrs. Fogg who will spend some time with her. Mrs. Wm. McLeod has returned to Greenwich after a pleasant stay with friends. Miss Blanche Richards is here on a visit to friends. Miss Florence Marley of Greenwich is spending a short time with friends. Mrs. D. J. Bogie is here on a short visit to friends and relatives. Mr. E. C. Eskin returned Saturday from a little trip to the States.

The death of Mrs. Emma Small, aged 74 years, occurred Oct. 17th at her late residence 118 Car- marthen street. Mrs. Small was the widow of Mr. Otis Small, of the firm of Small & Hatheway, steamboat owners. In March, 1844, Mrs. Small then Miss Phasant, came to this city from Peterborough, England, she was accompanied by three of her brothers, William, Charles and Fred and the two named first having died previous to the death of Mrs. Small. The surviving relatives are one sister, Mrs. Robert Pepper, one brother Mr. Fred Phasant, and three daughters. Mrs. Stephen S. deForest, Mrs. Frances C. Robinson and Miss Ber- ceuse Small. For many years Mrs. Small had led a retired life, but she will be deeply mourned by her family and circle of intimate friends. The funeral took place at her late residence on Oct. 19th at 2.30 p. m. The services at the house being conducted by Rev. A. D. Dewdney, and at the grave by Rev. J. deSoyres.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McAlary returned last week from their wedding trip and will make their home at 104 Main street, North end. Mr. and Mrs. P. McMichael have taken rooms at the Clifton for the winter. Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Crosby of Bradford, Pa., are among this week's visitors to the city. Mrs. D. B. Yould of Truro, N. S., spent part of the past week in St. John. Mrs. Match of Charlottetown is here on a brief visit. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Rhodes of Halifax who have been spending a holiday in Boston were here this week on their way back to Nova Scotia. Mr. Caroline Gregg has returned to her home in the North end after having visited her niece, Mrs. Ernest Purdy of Deep Brook, N. S., for some time. About forty of the young friends of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Williams, gave them a pleasant surprise Wednesday evening, at the home of Mrs. Williams' mother, 230 Union street. An enjoyable evening was spent in music, games, etc. The party dis- persed shortly after midnight. Mr. and Mrs. Williams intend removing to the North end soon. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wagh of Halifax are spending a short time in the city. Mr. E. C. Baker and Miss Emma Baker are also here from the garrison city for a few days. The ladies of St. Paul's church held a sale of fancy work in the Assembly rooms of the Institute this week, the first evening leading with a theatrical performance in which several members of the smart set distinguished themselves very signally; those whose names appeared in the cast were Mr. F. C. Walker, Mr. C. E. Barpee, Mrs. D. B. Law- son, Miss Frances Stead, Miss Bessie Matthew, Mr. Sidney Smith and Mr. J. I. Robinson.

The sale was generally patronized and the pretty fancy work found ready buyers. The tables were tastefully decorated, the pillars of the room in which the sale was held were gracefully twisted with violets. The ladies who had charge of the various tables were Mrs. R. F. Starr, Mrs. J. S. Boles DeVoeber, Mrs. W. J. Starr, Mrs. T. Barclay Robinson, Mrs. G. B. Egan, Mrs. F. E. Barker, Mrs. J. C. Robertson, Miss Helen Smith, Mrs. E. G. Scott, Mrs. John Scott, Mrs. Hannam, Mrs. Fred Houghton, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Frink, Mrs. Harris Allan, Mrs. T. Percy Bourne, Miss Wright, Mrs. Allingham, Miss E. Salder, Miss Clrck, Mrs. Warlock, Mrs. W. H. Boer, Miss Peacock, Miss Morrison, Miss Starkey, Miss Harriett Peters, Miss Mills, Mrs. James Jack, Mrs. Wm. Hason, Mrs. A. Jack, Mrs. J. D. Hason, Mrs. E. B. South, Mrs. E. G. Scott, Mrs. John Scott, Mrs. Hannam, Mrs. Fred Houghton, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Frink, Mrs. Harris Allan, Mrs. T. Percy Bourne, Miss Wright, Mrs. Allingham, Miss E. 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FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTEENTH EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale... Halifax and at the following news stands and centers. C. S. DeForest, Brunswick street...

Last week was gay with dinners teas and enjoyable dances, even though most of the functions were given for people going away.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Townshend gave a large "at home" and her rooms were crowded throughout the afternoon, the tea-room especially.

Tuesday evening was taken up by the very pleasant and successful dance given by Mrs. John F. Stairs in her pretty house on South street.

On Wednesday after the football match Mrs. James Duffus had quite a large tea at which nearly all the guests were young and unmarried.

On Thursday evening a dance was given by Mrs. Robertson at her house on Pleasant street, which is admirably adapted for entertaining.

HER INTERESTING STORY.

A well-known Brighton lady tells what she thinks regarding Heart Trouble, and how to cure it.



troubled me greatly. I could not sleep soundly, and would often awaken with a start, together with a curious feeling as if my heart had stopped beating.

Some very pretty dresses were worn, the Misses Robertson looking especially well.

PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrboro Book Store.] Oct. 20.—The sympathy of Parrboro people was deeply stirred by the terrible calamity at Windsor.

A private recital of Shakespeare's play—"The Winters Tale" was given by Miss Minnie M. Williams of New York on Tuesday evening in the Knights of Pythias Hall, King street.

Mr. C. S. Muir spent a part of last week at Truro.

Mr. D. A. Huntley is in St. John.

Mr. James Creighton of the People's bank is spending some weeks at Hartland in charge of the agency of that bank, lately opened there.

Mr. J. C. Creighton is visiting friends in Halifax.

Miss F. Smith returned to St. John on Tuesday.

Rev. Scott Neales of Sussex and Ven. Arceadon Neales are spending part of this week at Andover.

Rev. James Whiteside and Mrs. Whiteside are spending this week in St. John attending the Provincial Sunday School Convention.

Oct. 20.—Mrs. Kingdon returned home on Monday.

After a long absence of several years spent in Montreal and Boston Miss Beverly returned home on Saturday where she will remain for the winter.

Mr. W. J. Robertson of Montreal is in town.

Mr. John E. Edwards and Mrs. Frank Vanbuskirk have gone to Boston for a few weeks.

Mr. Howard Woodbridge went to St. Stephen on Tuesday.

Miss Edith Thorne and Miss Latimer are delegates to the convention at St. John this week.

Rev. J. D. Freeman is spending a few days at St. John.

Mr. L. Burns of Halifax is in the city.

Mrs. A. F. Randolph and Mrs. Henry Chesnut are at Toronto attending the convention now being held there.

Mr. Albion Eaton, Miss Gertrude Eaton and Miss Fannie Lowell of Calais Maine, are at "Ashburton Place" the guests of Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Lane & Co.] Oct. 20.—Woodstock was rally decorated with flags and bunting on Tuesday in honor of the visit of the Vice Regal party.

The Misses Drumgold have gone to Boston to spend the winter.

Mr. James Keenan gave an oyster supper on Saturday evening to a number of gentlemen friends on his retiring from the proprietorship of the Brunswick Hotel.

Rev. Mr. Lavers and Miss Lavers went to St. John on Tuesday to attend the S. S. convention.

Miss Ella Ladgate is visiting relatives at Moore's mill.

Mr. Edwin Russell of Watertown New York is spending a few days in town.

Mr. Humfrey Davidson of Anagance was in the village last week.

Mrs. G. A. Huestis and family of Windsor, N. S. are here visiting Mrs. Webster on their way to Toronto.

Mr. J. R. Pascoe who has been visiting in Dorchester returned home on Saturday.

Mr. W. B. Ryan spent last week visiting friends in Elgin.

Mr. H. E. Baker and daughters are visiting in Halifax the guests of Rev. Mr. Small.

Miss Julia Keith went to St. John last week to be present at the marriage of her cousin Miss Florence Stockton.

Mr. Raymond Baker has returned to Sackville to resume his studies at Mount Allison.

Mr. Fred Henderson of Truro was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson were in Moncton last week, Mr. F. Allen of Shediac spent Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Magee have returned from their wedding trip. They leave for St. John in a few days where they will reside in the future.

Messrs. Brooks, Peters, and Lee Dickson of Moncton were in town this week.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorn.] Oct. 20.—Mrs. Kingdon returned home on Monday.

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Mr. Albion Eaton, Miss Gertrude Eaton and Miss Fannie Lowell of Calais Maine, are at "Ashburton Place" the guests of Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe.

Mr. Jack Wetmore of St. John is among the visitors in town this week.

Miss Jean Cooper is in St. John visiting Miss Beattie Everett.

Fry's Cocoa. Absolutely free from foreign and injurious adulterants. Famous the world over for the 200 medals and awards it has won for general excellence.

The Misses Drumgold have gone to Boston to spend the winter. Mr. James Keenan gave an oyster supper on Saturday evening to a number of gentlemen friends on his retiring from the proprietorship of the Brunswick Hotel.

Parisian. You cannot afford to be indifferent of the news of this store. Only thirteen months old, it has yet entered into the life of St. John in an earnest, positive and effective way.

ALTERATION SALE. Carpenters are to come and give us more room. Before they begin to tear down, cut, saw and make a dust we want to dispose of all our French Pattern Hats and Bonnets and copies made in our own workrooms.

THE PARISIAN. ONLY A COUGH! But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon some vital parts.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. Ladies' Tailoring. The subscribers having secured the services of a first-class LADIES' TAILOR, will in future add LADIES' TAILORING to our regular tailoring business.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street. Jewelry. In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc.

Oh My Feet! How they ache and pain, swell and mist, blister and burn, so that walking is sweet. Foot Elm can change all that. Get a box from your druggist or shoe dealer; only costs 25c. Dust a powder in your shoes and note how comfort comes. Sent by mail on receipt of price. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.



Intelligent people in this day and age almost without exception, protect themselves against small-pox, by vaccination. Consumption kills in a year more people than small-pox, cholera, yellow fever and all the known plagues kill in fifty.

Consumption approaches its victim step by step. First there is a little "out of sorts" feeling, the digestion isn't just right, the appetite falls off, the liver is inactive, the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food is imperfect, the blood gets impure and the body is improperly nourished.

K. C. McLin, Esq., of Kempville, Princess Anne Co., Va., writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Discovery' I was very low with a cough, and at times spit up much blood. I was not able to do the least work, but most of the time was in bed. I was all run-down, very weak. The first bottle I took did not seem to do me much good, but I had faith in it and continued using it until I had taken fifteen bottles, and now I do not look nor feel like the same man I was one year ago. People are astonished, and say, 'well, last year this time I would not have thought that you would be living now.' Can thankfully say I am entirely cured of a disease which, but for your wonderful 'Discovery,' would have resulted in my death."

A Voice From the Past. For the flowers that strewed our pathway...

OLD DOGS OF WAR FROM PERU.

Quaint Guns Cast in 1673-83 Ornament the Parade Ground. Within the area of Fort Mason, a military reservation in San Francisco...

Tradition about the fort has it that these pieces of ordnance was made in old Spain. They were certainly brought to California...

It is unfortunate that the authentic history of the guns lies enveloped in darkness. The officers longest at the fort know nothing of them...

How this is to be attained there is no telling. To identify the arms upon the guns, to effect translation of seemingly mystical words of old Spanish...

The six large guns are of bronze; they average 1,500 pounds in weight, have a 6-inch bore, and throw a 24-pound ball. They were smooth bore, for the rotary or rifle bore was not introduced until after 1833...

That these cannon were regarded as objects of importance and distinction amounting almost to veneration may be told not alone from the ornate embellishment which spreads from vent to mouth...

THE GREAT TWINS AND K.D.C. PILLS. Indigestion and Constipation. Write for samples, testimonials and guarantees.

carriage, looking from a distance as ominous as a Krupp gun, its mouth open toward the bay which bears its name.

There are two coats of arms upon each of the guns. The one on the breech is believed to be that of the reigning family of Spain in the year the gun was cast...

As to when these guns reached California only conjecture is possible. There were four precedents under the old Spanish regime—those of San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Diego...

It is known that when the adobe-faced fort called San Joaquin, of the San Francisco fortifications was repaired in 1794 it had three 24-pound guns, and it is likely that all of these old affairs were then what is now the State...

QUARTERMASTER IGO. An Officer From Michigan who Became Famous During the war.

'Service in the army,' remarked the veteran, 'certainly tended to develop characteristics, and if a soldier possessed peculiarities they were bound to come out. Every regiment had among its members one or more who became known to everybody...

'On going aboard the boat to which I had been assigned I was halted at the gangway stairs by an underized man whose hair was steely beyond Auburn and whose accent savored of Tipperary, with the salutation:

'Who in thunder are you?' 'I produced the document from head quarters, which he read over carefully, and with a profound bow handed back, remarking:

'You're all right, and can go where you like. I've been takin' charge of this craft, because she needed a head, but I resign. There's a devil of a lot of our fellows aboard, and I'm Quartermaster Igo.'

'This was my introduction to the Quartermaster. On the arrival of his regiment at Louisville he had, or imagined he had, business with the Quartermaster of the department and at once proceeded to the large building occupied by that officer. Brushing aside an interposing orderly and pushing open a gate, he marched on through the sacred inclosure until stopped by a dignified and indignant gentleman, who curtly informed him that he must remain outside the railing.

'Who in thunder are you?' demanded Igo. 'I am Col. Swords, Department Quarter master.'

'Igo coolly glanced over him from head to heel and then asked: 'Don't the government pay you?' 'Why, certainly, of course, answered the surprised West Pointer.

'Then, why in thunder don't you wear brass buttons and things on your shoulders so a fellow would know you are the high-cock-a-lorum? How am I tell' whether

you are Col. Swords, Tom, Dick or the devil? With this he turned and indignantly marched out.

'Soon after he encountered the Colonel in a public place and at once accosted him about business. He was immediately checked with the remark:

'Sir when you have any business with me you will please call at my office.

'Later, when everything was being hurried for an immediate departure of the army, Col. Swords, who was riding out to the camp, met Igo riding into the city.

'One moment, Quartermaster,' said the Colonel, bringing his horse to a stand.

'Sir, said Igo, 'when you have business with me you will please call at my office.'

'In the autumn of 62 our regiment relieved a detachment of troops posted at a cross-roads several miles from headquarters at Murfreesboro, Tenn. One evening we received orders to return immediately to town, and while packing up, a soldier found a box of papers and reported the find. Investigation showed to be Quartermaster Igo's regimental accounts, and instructions were given to take them along and deliver them to him the first opportunity. This occurred at Murfreesboro, and the box of papers was returned. On receiving them Igo broke out:

'Well, this beats thunder! I've been losing these papers all over the State of Tennessee, and some blamed fool invariably finds them and brings them back. How are my accounts with the Government ever to be settled if I can't certify that the papers are lost!

'It was reported afterward that the Government had imperatively called upon Igo to settle up, and in answer he had boxed up all his papers and forwarded them to Washington with a letter stating that these were all the documents, and, as the department had plenty of clerks, they could settle the accounts at their leisure to suit themselves.'

ARGONAUTS. Some Facts About the Klondike by one who has Been There.

'Right here where I am camped there is about eight inches of moss, and then solid ice. The thermometer is at about ninety-five or a hundred degrees; there is no shade, as the sun is vertical, and our water-bucket is alongside the tent in a hole in the solid ice. The whole country is upside-down. There is no night. Last night the sun set at about half-past eleven and came up smiling again in about fifteen minutes, and by four in the morning it was scorching hot.'

These are the words from a letter written home in midsummer by a young man who had gone to the Klondike mining regions to seek gold. He was at 'Dawson City'—a place which, he said, consisted of several hundred tents stretched along for a mile and a half in the mud.

'In the midst of mud, swamp, refuse, roots, bushes, moss and excitement, he continues, 'there is a sweating mass of humanity. Twenty thousand gallons of whiskey are being brought up. Men who pay fifty cents a pound for a bit of bacon pay fifty cents for a drink of this stuff.'

The hundreds of men swarming there could do no work till winter set in, when they could burn out the frost from their claims, putting the mud on a dump to freeze again, and standing a small chance of finding some gold in the mud of this dump when it should thaw the next summer. There are no surface identifications of gold, and nine out of ten must fail to find any. Hundreds of disappointed and disgusted men are seeking the first opportunity to get home. Before many of them there is a prospect of nothing but starvation.

The conditions of travel and life are vastly harder for the Alaskan gold-seekers than they were for the California argonauts of 1849. And what those were may be realized from a sketch from life of the scenes there, made by a resident Californian:

I shall never forget the sight presented by the tired, starved, sick and discouraged travelers, with their bony and footsore

In advanced stages of Consumption, Scott's Emulsion soothes the cough, checks the night sweats and prevents extreme emaciation. In this way it prolongs life and makes more comfortable the last days. In every case of consumption—from its first appearance to its most advanced stages—no remedy promises a greater hope for recovery or brings comfort and relief equal to Scott's Emulsion. Book on the subject free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont. Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, describing its benefits for consumption and other ailments.

cattle and teams. Men, women and children and animals were in every state of distress and emaciation. Some had left everything along the way, abandoning wagons and worn-out cattle to the wolves, leaving even supplies of clothing, flour and food, and in utter desperation had packed their own backs with flour and bacon.

A few of the emigrants had thus made the last six hundred miles on foot, exhausted, footsore and starving.

A once stalwart man, reduced almost to a skeleton, on reaching the place where digging and washing out the gold, threw himself on the ground and said:

'And now I've reached where you dig out the gold. For this I have sacrificed everything. I had a comfortable home, but I got the fever. Everything is gone, my comrades are dead, and this is all that is left of me. I thought I should be glad to get here, but I am not. I don't feel the least desire to dig gold now. All I ask is to rest. I want to find home—and there is no home here.'

Such will undoubtedly be the feeling of the majority of the men who succeed in reaching the far northern gold-fields. But the men who reached California were in a beautiful land, with a genial climate, and chances for men to live in many ways. The Alaskan argonauts, on the other hand, are in an Arctic desert—a land of perpetual frost and desolation and death.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by a East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by enclosing with stamp, name and address, to Dr. A. N. S. 230 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Sandy's Salvation. 'An' hoo's the guid wife, Sandy!' said one farmer to another, as they met in the market place and exchanged snuff boxes.

'Did ye no hear that she's dead and buried?' said Sandy solemnly. 'Dear me!' exclaimed his friend sympathetically. 'Surely it must have been very sudden?'

'Aye, it was sudden,' returned Sandy. 'Ye see, when she turned ill we hadna time to send for the doctor, sae I gied her a bit pouther that I had lying in my drawer for a year or twa, an' that I got frae the doctor mysel' but hadna ta'en. What the pouther was I dinna vera weel ken, but she died soon after. It's a sair loss to me, I can assure ye, but it's something to be thankit' for I didna tak' the pouther mysel!'

THINGS OF VALUE. 'Ladies' smoking cars' are now being run on some of the Russian railways. No woman, no good sensible wife or mother is satisfied to be referred to merely as a woman.—Cleveland Leader.

There never was and never will be, a universal remedy, in one remedy, for all ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curables being such that were the germs of other and differently located diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. We have, however, I Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frail system are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which brings stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—results, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have years ago to the public the virtues of Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, ranged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches near the perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Fountain shaving brushes, having a reserve for liquid soap or water are just out. One of the latest patents in rain holders for baggies, in form of two springs, one to clamp the dashboard and the other the reins, thus making it easily removable.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumption Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A real clever woman can fix her hair to look as if she had taken the top of her head off while she did it.—Atchison Globe.

He Has Tried It.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross writes: 'I venture to say that if any man has received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Emulsion Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption.'

A dustpan which will not spill the dust after it is placed in the pan is composed of a half-cylinder with sliding cover, which closes down on the edge of the pan.

They never fail.—Mr. S. M. Bongher, Langton, writes: 'For about two years I was troubled with inward piles, but by using Parrole's Pills I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Parrole's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.'

A recently designed spring bottle stopper has the operating lever extending over the end of the cork when closed, to assist in holding the cork in place.

How to cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally from a disorder of stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parrole's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finley Wale, Lyander, P. Q. writes: 'I find Parrole's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache.'

The combination of a screen and storm door is accomplished by having removable panels made of wire screen, glass or wood, as may be desired.

The Proprietors of Parrole's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explain itself. Mr. C. W. A. Beam, Watillon, Ont., writes: 'I never used any medicine that can equal Parrole's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful.' As a safe family medicine Parrole's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

A new surgeon's knife is formed in three parts held together by screws, so it can be easily taken apart for the purpose of cleaning and drying.

REMARKABLE CASES.

Chronio Invalide Healed From Their Sick Beds After Giving up Hope.

London, Ont.—Henry R. Nichols, 176 Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr. Chase's catarrh cure. 25c.

Markdale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Truro, N. S.—H. H. Sutherland, traveler, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Lucan—Wm. Brenton, gardener, pin worms; all gone. Chase's Pills.

L'Amable—Peter Van Allen, eczema for three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

Gower Point—Robano Bartard, dreadful itching piles, 30 years. Well again; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Meyersburg—Nelson Simmons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Pills. 25c.

Chesley—H. Will's son, crippled with rheumatism and suffering from diabetes, completely recovered. Chase's Pills.

Matchard Township—Peter Taylor, kidney trouble, 30 years; cured. Chase's Pills. 25c.

Toronto Miss Hattie Delany, 174 Crawford street, subject of perpetual colds. Cured by Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's remedies are sold by all dealers. Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

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

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. BIER, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N.B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Toilet - Soaps. Club Cologne Soap, White Rose, Infant's Delight, Fine Oatmeal. And a nice assortment of SPONGES. JUST RECEIVED AT—W.C. Rudman ALLAN'S 35 King Street. Mail and telephone orders receive prompt attention. Telephone 230. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lyonnet" Method; also "Sythet System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

All Genuine..... Oxford Mill Goods Are GuaranteedPURE WOOL.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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

Turkeys.....AND.....Chickens. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(Continued from First Page.)
the morning the guest of Dr. and Mrs. J. F. White of ...
Mrs. E. S. Ketchum of Tishah is spending a few days in town ...
Miss Stewart daughter of Mayor Stewart of New Glasgow is paying a short visit to Moncton, the guest of Mrs. Grant of St. John street.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS

(Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of G. S. Wain, T. E. Johnson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.)
Oct. 20.—The very welcome arrival of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen, was indeed an event of such importance, deserving more than a passing notice, it being the first time that St. Stephen has been honored by a visit from the Governor General.

Insist

Upon having just what you call for when you go to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla. There is no substitute for Hood's. It is an insult to your intelligence to try to sell you something else. Remember that all efforts to induce you to buy an article you do not want, are based simply

Upon

the desire to secure more profit. The dealer or clerk who does this cares nothing for your welfare. He simply wants your money. Do not permit yourself to be deceived. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And only Hood's. It is the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Excellency made a short address referring to the air of perfect cool-will and harmony prevailing between us and our American cousins across the river, and also referring to the magnificent display of busting in St. Stephen in honor of their arrival.

The following prominent ladies occupied seats upon the platform. The Misses Wallock, Mrs. James Whitlock, Mrs. Alfred Lindon, Miss Grace B. Stevens, Mrs. John McGibbon, Mrs. Isiah and Mrs. Albert A. Lafin.

Mr. Frank Todd and Colonel W. Boardman are enjoying a hunting expedition at the North Shore. Mrs. J. D. Chipman and Mrs. Howard E. McAlister left on Monday to attend the W. C. T. U. convention at Toronto.

Mr. George J. Clarke leaves this evening for New York, to be present at his brother's wedding. Miss Nellie Babb has just returned from a visit to her parents.

Mr. W. H. Edwards arrived home on Saturday having enjoyed a charming trip through the New England States.

Rev. Dr. McKenzie is attending a meeting of the presbytery in St. John.

Mrs. A. T. Whitney is visiting relatives in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Hall of Portland Me., are the guests of Mr. Hall's sister Mrs. Joseph MacVay; Mr. Z. Campbell of Chicago is also spending his vacation under Mrs. MacVay's hospitable roof.

Miss Lucy MacKenzie is now making her home with Mrs. David Main.

Mr. Andrew MacVay has returned from a very pleasant visit with relatives in Boston and Nahant. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Munceil returned on Tuesday from an extensive tour in the States.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Laffin are delegates at the Sunday school convention at St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Young departed on Tuesday for New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. C. G. Whitlock, during his brief stay in Eastport was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown.

Deep sympathy is expressed here for the numerous sufferers by the Windsor fire, last week. A public meeting called by the Mayor five hundred dollars of the town fund was voted to be sent at once to Windsor, a subscription list also being opened at the Mayor's office.

No Knife, No Plaster, No Pain,

We do not claim to cure ALL cases of Cancer and Tumor. If we did we would claim to do that which is beyond the power of man, even in this age of advancement.

Our Dr. Mason has probably successfully treated more cases of Cancer and Tumor than any other physician on this continent, and if you are troubled with either of these diseases, we will give you his candid opinion, free of all charge. If he thinks your case too far advanced to expect a cure he will be frank with you. It is this what you want, write us for our symptom blank. It will cost you just six cents for postage, etc.

Our method of treatment is being endorsed by leading physicians, and it proves beneficial in fully 90 per cent of all cases; out of course, we cannot effect permanent CURES in so large a percentage, but it takes in time our treatment will remove all traces of the disease from the system, and effect a PERMANENT and PERFECT CURE. It is a pleasant home treatment, and costs less than \$2.00 a week, and this includes the advice and careful attention of Dr. Mason by mail.

We will be glad to send the addresses of those who have been using the treatment, and they can tell you all about the different kinds of cancer, etc., etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THE ONLY PLACE IN CANADA WHERE THE GENUINE AND RELIABLE TREATMENT CAN BE SECURED IS FROM STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

N. B.—We also manufacture FOOT ELM, a positive cure for sweat, swollen, tired feet, 25 cents, or five for \$1.00. We pay the postage and return your money if not satisfied.

STEM SET, WATCH FREE. To introduce Dr. Williams' Improved Pink Pills for Pale People, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a set of gold-plated watches. Ladies of gentle, steady temperaments, reliable time-keepers, wear them 1 year. The pills are 50c. per box, \$2.00 for a dozen. Send this amount and you receive a watch and the pills, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CO., 251 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

POMPILLIA.

AN ESSAY ON THE "RING AND THE BOOK."

"I am just seventeen years and five months old, And if I lived one day more, three full weeks— The surgeon cared for me To count my wounds—twenty-two dagger wounds Five deadly—but I do not suffer much— O! too much pain—and am to die tonight."

Surely one of the saddest stories ever revealed to the world is the story of "Pompilia! Pompilia! perfect in whiteness— Earth's flower She holds up to the softened gaze of God."

This essay, composition, resume—call it what you will—may be a case of a "fool rushing in where angels fear to tread." But if it at all awakens an interest in the "Ring and the Book," among those who have refrained from seeking it out before—if it may fill them with the desire to read for themselves the story Browning has woven, at least so much of that story as Pompilia tells—then will my, this effort, not have been made entirely in vain.

The "Ring and the Book" consists of twelve books. One does not need to read them all to get the thought of what is written—Learn the origin and plot of the tale, then listen to Pompilia, as dying in the hospital, she tells her story in all simplicity and forgiveness.

One "memorable day" in June, while wandering by a stall in Florence, Browning picks up a "square old yellow book" with "crumpled valium covers." This book contains a record of the murder, by Count Guido Franceschini, of Pompilia his wife—worded tersely enough.

"A Roman murder case, Position of the entire criminal cause, Of Count Franceschini nobleman With certain four other cutthroats in his pay Tried all five and found guilty and put to death, By heading or hanging as befitting ranks."

Now the "Book" is this "old yellow book" the Ring, the story Browning weaves.

While the "one half Rome" and the "other half Rome" were arguing Guido's case—the one side holding that the Pope would spare—he, Guido being half a priest; while the "Tertium Quid" cynically looked on suddenly "the great good Pope cried out, 'when they appeared to him in last resort—'the Pope eighty six years old—'Who had trot many lands, known many deeds, probed many hearts beginning with his own and now was far in readiness for God.'"

"I have mastered the whole matter. I nothing doubt Though Guido stood for Priest from head to heel Instead of as alleged a piece of one— And further were he my son and Christ's I and I Christ would pronounce all right in him Am I not Pope and presently to die And bashed how to render my account And shall I wait one day ere I decide O! doing or not doing justice here?"

And then he writes; "O! receipt of this command Acquaint Count Guido with his fellows four They die tomorrow: Could it be tonight The better, but the work to do takes time— Till tomorrow then Let there be prayer incessant for the five."

Now learn why Count Guido and his fellows four were sentenced thus to die tomorrow. Pompilia's parents, Pietro and Violante Comparini lived at Rm 1.

"Two poor ignoble hearts that did their best Part God's way, part the other way than God's"

But they were only Pompilia's foster-parents for being childless, Violante had bought Pompilia from her dying mother who had sold her, "that she might die the easier by that price she fetched." This child Violante passed off on Pietro and the world as he: owa. The Comparini being well-to-do, Pompilia was to have a dowry. Count Guido Franceschini "a needy nobleman of for-y-six" hears of this Violante, is allured by "visions of grandeur and greatness," and ever remembering the story of Pompilia's parentage accepts Guido's offer of marriage for her foster child. Now at last Pompilia will have a name of her own; she does not dream of the hideous wrong she is committing. Pietro's sorrows and aches. He will not hear of such a marriage; but later they are married secretly—Violante whispering to Pompilia

"N! one syllable Girl brides never breathe a word. Pompilia hardly knowing what a husband meant

"Supposed that this or any man would serve, N! wit the worse for being so uncouth— So when she sees nothing more of him for three weeks she thinks of a doctor who though "lean, sour-faced and austere," cured her once—'nor has she seen him since,' and so draws this conclusion—'Just as I was cured, I am married—neither scarecrow will return.'"

But this latter scarecrow does return and despite the wrath of Pietro and the sobbing of Violante who already repents of her part in the marriage contract and her duplicity towards Pietro, Pompilia is carried off to Guido's palace at Arezzo.

The dying Pompilia telling her story to Don Celestine in the hospital, remembers the years that intervene only as a blank—"four years, one quarter of my life"—Four years in which she was tortured by

Guido in all the foul ways of which he was capable. And why because the Comparini had broken their part of the contract and withheld money he had thoughts to get; because he hated her for her purity and goodness; because he desired to get rid of her without ostensibly driving her away that he might get her money she did have for himself. He tried his utmost to provoke an intimacy between Pompilia and a young Arcotie canon, Giuseppe Caponsacchi, hoping to get an excuse for a divorce. Pompilia suffers in silence with the two exceptions of once rushing to the archbishop and once to the governor for help, and getting help from neither.

The time goes on—her one thought Being still as night came, done another day, How good to sleep and so get nearer death.

When suddenly she knows she is to be a mother and the "one drear hope of losing her life," leaves her. Her one thought is of flight, she must save her child from Guido. She has tried the archbishop and governor she now implores a friend to write to her parents beseeching them to help her to get away—she herself, being unable to either read or write. He promises, but evidently does not, for no change ever comes. Finally, she appeals to Caponsacchi and plans her escape. Guido perfectly aware of the contemplated departure but does nothing to prevent it.

After they are gone he pursues and captures them thinking at last to prove her in the wrong and get what he has schemed for. But he fails. Pompilia only gets what she has been longing for—release from him.

As she tells her story:—"The judges judged right in the main, gave me The uttermost of my heart's desire: a truce From torture and Arezzo, 'ba'm for hurt with the quiet nuns."

Presently the convent door was allowed to open, and Pompilia went with the Comparini to their villa outside Rome where shortly after her child was born. Guido in disguise follows her and with the help of four cutthroats, kills the Comparini and Pompilia, with countless stabs.

As she lay in the hospital she said:—"All the seventeen years Nor once did a supple visit me How very different 'twas to me From any other world 'tis in the world. But

"God you see, God plants us where we grow." Pompilia lives long enough to tell her story and utterly vindicate and glorify Caponsacchi—"her soldier saint."

"When I am gone and sorrow stays And people's need assurance in their doubts If God yet have a servant man a friend The weak a savior and the vile a foe Let him be present by the name invoked Giuseppe Maria Caponsacchi."

Concluding thus— Could we by a wish Have what we will and get the future now Would we wish aught done, undone in the past? So let him wait God's instant men call years. Meantime he'd hard by truth and his great soul. Do out the duty, Through such soul's alone God stopping who's sufficient of His light For us in the dark to rise by and I rise.

BYE LAWS IS A DEAD LETTER. Framed for Fire Protection but Never Enforced.

MONCTON, Oct. 19.—The terrible calamity which overtook the beautiful little town of Windsor, last Sunday should have the effect of awakening the people of Moncton to a lively sense of the danger which is constantly hanging over their heads by a thread almost as slender as that from which the fabled sword of Damocles was suspended! To be sure it has already awakened a great many of the more thoughtful citizens to a vivid realization of their own danger, and such remarks have been frequently heard during the past two days as: "That is just what is going to happen to Moncton one of these days"—and: "Well it is a terrible thing, and I suppose it will be Moncton's turn next, some day we are bound to go up in smoke just the same way, if we put up a few more wooden buildings in the city!"

Rev. J. Millen Robinson in his published appeal to the citizens of Moncton for help for suffering Windsor, uttered words which have almost a prophetic sound; he said "this was a case in which the Golden Rule should apply and Moncton should do for Windsor now, as she would like Windsor to do for her under like circumstances." It will be many a day before poor Windsor will be in a position to do much towards helping others, and it is to be devoutly hoped that we shall not require help under similar circumstances, but if we ever reach such a sad plight we shall owe it largely to the stupidity and incompetence of our civic rulers, who have recently at-

tracted to themselves a larger share of attention than usual, by the extraordinary policy they have chosen to pursue with regard to the by-law relating to the fire limits, one of the very bulwarks of municipal law.

This wise and responsible body of men who comprise the Moncton Board of Aldermen, have not been entirely free from criticism in the past; few corporations are, but they have always avoided calling down universal ridicule upon their heads until lately, when they have begun to experience the unpleasant sensation of being the laughing stock, not only of the city over which they are supposed to rule, but of everyone who reads the papers, and takes an interest in current affairs; since, even the local papers have been criticizing them unparagonably, and explaining their latest blunder to them with a frankness which the victims no doubt regard as brutal in the extreme.

Some years ago a very necessary by-law was passed establishing limits in the city within which the erection of wooden buildings was strictly prohibited. It was felt at the time that the peculiar construction of the city, and the already high rates of insurance made some such action imperative and the citizens breathed much more freely when the new law went into effect. But from the very first it was evident that it was going to be more frequently honored in the breach, than in the observance for wooden buildings continued to spring up with mysterious frequency within the fire limits, and no one ever seemed to get into trouble about it, or take any notice of the buildings themselves; they might have been mushrooms, for all the attention they attracted. Last year a two story wing was added to a wooden building on the corner of Main and Westmorland streets, in the most open manner, and a few weeks ago the City council committed the monumental act of stupidity which should send their names down to posterity nearly inscribed upon a leather medal, not smaller than a soup plate.

One of the board of Aldermen owned a wooden building situated on Main street and he was desirous of moving part of it to one of the residential streets of the city and transporting the rest, across Main street to a different location. Instead of quietly disregarding the law, as the custom had always been, this gentleman felt that his position as an alderman called for a slightly different course. So he formally asked for leave to move his building, and as the by-law stated his colleagues fall in the face, they set themselves soberly—perfectly soberly, to make that by-law ultra vires by gathering in solemn convocation and actually passing a resolution which authorized an Alderman of the City of Moncton to break one of the most important by-laws of the city.

It must have been a picture worthy of the pencil of Louis Wain, and surely that gifted artist never conceived anything more ludicrous than the responsible deliberative body of men, all of an age to vote, and none of them in their second childhood, or in charge of keepers, calmly casting their votes for a resolution, especially framed to permit one of their number to break a law, which it was supposed to be one of their duties to enforce. How the Lord-High-Executioner-of-Fools must have gashed his teeth, and blushed with shame, to think how he had neglected his duties, it he heard about it!

The building has moved, all the same, and it stands on the south side of Main street to be a sort of monument of municipal stupidity until it is burned down some day with the rest of the city.

Now the citizens of Moncton are easy going to an unusual degree, but at the same time they are only human, and like the rest of the human race exceedingly vulnerable on one point, which is situated in the region of the pocket. So they naturally object to running the risk of having their insurance rates increased, and their property jeopardized by their own civic rulers, hence the slight unpleasantness which has arisen over the matter, and the thorough justifiable attitude assumed by the local press.

NY-AS-SAN

A Word for Sufferers to Remember—A New System of Natural Cures—Special Treatment for Each Disease—Sent to Users Only.

LA GRIPPE CURED. F. McAleese, Postmaster, Parramore, N. S., writes:—"Neither I nor my friends ever thought I should recover from LaGrippe. The first relief came in three days, and though I have used the Nyassan Mineral Springs treatment barely a month, its benefits cannot be estimated in dollars and cents."

NYASSAN MEDICINE CO. Limited TRURO, N. S. WE CURE WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL.

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Coleman's SALT CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY OCTOBER 23 1897.

DR. INGS IN THE WEST.

HE IS EXPOSED AGAIN IN GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.

Both Wives Are on the Scene and People are Surprised at the Denouncement—Dr. Ings is Not on the Scene at Present—His Forged Affidavits.

More than three years ago Progress published an account of the desertion of Mrs. Ings of New Glasgow by her husband and his departure for the west with another woman. The case was a remarkable one from the position all the parties held in society and the destitute circumstances in which Mrs. Ings was left. Now the Anconda Standard comes from Great Falls, Montana, with a further account of the doctor's doings and his trouble. The story under date of October 14th., is as follows: "The little town of Shelby Junction on the Great Falls & Canada railway has again jumped to the front with a sensational and domestic melodrama, the middle act of which has for its scene this city. The principal actor is Dr. Ings, formerly a physician of Grand Falls, and he is ably supported by wife No. 1 with three babies, all of whom arrived in Shelby Junction Tuesday morning, and wife No. 2, with whom he lived in this city and who for a season was a prominent member of society. Just where the doctor is at the present time his friends in Shelby Junction are unable to say further than that he has gone down the Marias river to visit a patient. He left prior to arrival of wife No. 1, and up today noon had not returned.

Early in 1895, Dr. Ings came to Great Falls from his home in Nova Scotia, and began the practice of medicine. He was accompanied by a lady introduced as his wife, now known as No. 2, and for a year, financially and socially, the family prospered. About this time society began to frown upon Mrs. Ings, and this was resented by the doctor. Shortly after this a case came up in which a consultation of doctors was called for, and Dr. Ings was one of the number called. Later he took occasion to cast a slur upon certain members of the medical profession of Great Falls, and intimated that they did not know their business. This aroused their ire, and the war was carried so far as to go back to his old home in Glasgow, N. S., where his family is wealthy and well connected. The result of the investigation was that it was openly talked upon the street that Dr. Ings had a wife and family in Nova Scotia whom he had deserted. About this time, June 1896, the St. John (N. B.) Progress, dated June 16, 1894, was received here and contained the following remarkable story:

New Glasgow, June 14.—A sad story is being quietly told in this town, which almost throes into the shade Robert Buchanan's drama, 'Alone in London,' with its awful unfolding of a husband's cruelty and a wife's devotion. It concerns Dr. Ings, formerly of Charlottetown, (then of New Glasgow, now of Honolulu, where he lives with a Mrs. Grant, while his wife is on the verge of want in New Glasgow. Dr. Ings was the son of a wealthy Charlottetown merchant, and he was educated at Edinburgh and there married a young daughter of one of the best families in the Scottish capital, accomplished and beautiful. The couple came out to Canada, and Dr. Ings practiced his profession in Prince Edward Island for some time. Three years ago he removed to New Glasgow. So far as known their married life was happy. They had a family of three. Dr. Ings was fairly successful in his practice and was a skillful surgeon.

Some few years before this a little English girl, Miss Hudson, came out to this country. There was nothing attractive about her save that she had red cheeks and a doll-like baby face, but she became 'the rage' with some young men, and finally she married Duncan Grant, the son of a well-known contractor and local politician. In due time Mrs. Grant became a mother; Grant declared the child was not his and that Ings was the father. This was about the beginning of a guilty attachment between the doctor and Mrs. Grant. Duncan Grant drove his wife out from his house. She took up her abode on Big Island Merigomish. Dr. Ings seemed to become completely infatuated with the woman. He visited her frequently, often spending days with her on this lone island. He neglected his wife, children, practice, society and everything.

The following incident will show his devilry: One of his little children when

Life's Sharp Corners



THERE are many sharp corners in life's rough road that turn a man from the pleasant pathway of health into the arms of sickness and disease. Whether life or death wins depends on how you are prepared for these sudden attacks. It's the weak and healthless system that the vulture of disease picks out for its victim. It's negligence that puts you in this state of susceptibility to disease.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt purifies the blood, builds up the system, and fits you for the fight against disease. Eminent European physicians bear testimony to its efficaciousness as a preventative and cure for Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spleen Affections, Nervous Depression, Indigestion, Sea Sickness, Flatulency, Gout, Fever and Skin and Kidney Complaints. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

Here are some extracts from the many testimonials we have received from eminent physicians and prominent personages:

From Dr. W. H. Wright, L. R. C. P. I., L. M., M. R. C. S. E., L. S. A. I., Medical Officer of Health, London, England.
"I take a dose of your Abbey's Effervescent Salt every morning before my cold bath, and I attribute my immunity from disease in a great measure to the cooling aperient effects of your excellent preparation. I also find it a valuable anti-rheumatic."
From Sir Henry Irving, London, England.
"Your Abbey's Effervescent Salt is excellent. It has certainly not been over-rated."

From Count W. J. Stomm, London, England.
"I find it simply invaluable. I now use no other medicine, and take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends."
From Dr. Thos. Ernest Lovegrove, M. R. C. S. E., London, England.
"Abbey's Effervescent Salt is a safe and useful family medicine and is specially beneficial in cases of indigestion and Rheumatism."

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in the charge of the nurse, was badly injured by a fall. The father was at Big Island at the time. A messenger summoned him home. He came. Ascertained as he thought, the child would be all right, and returned. The same night, before morning, the child was dead. At length, Ings' wife, heart-broken, managed to get him away to Montreal, where she had friends. His practice had been lost in Glasgow. He had scarcely got to work in the Canadian metropolis when Mrs. Grant appeared on the scene, and Mrs. Ings in despair, left her faithless husband and went back to Glasgow with her little family. Dr. Ings last act was to draw on his father, through his wife's brother in Ontario, for \$500. With this ill-gotten money he and Mrs. Grant sailed for Honolulu.

Mrs. Ings is still in Glasgow broken-hearted and in need, with no means of support for herself or children, and soon again to become a mother. The story is sad, and it is only right that the doings of such a scoundrel as Ings should be known to the world. Neither Pictou county or Halifax has often such a tale of unfaithfulness to unfold, and happily it is so infrequent."

At that time Dr. Ings called at the Grand Falls office of the Standard, denied the story emphatically and begged piteously that it be suppressed. He declared there was not a word of truth in the current story, and said he had never been married but once, and his wife was here with him. He was believed, his wishes were respected, and the sensational story was kept out of print. But matters grew too hot for the physician and he resolved to quit Grand Falls. He sent his wife East, and a few weeks later a telegram was received calling him home on account of the alleged serious illness of his mother. Later on he returned and in the latter part of 1896, located at Shelby Junction, where he won a fairly good practice and lived in a nicely furnished home. All went well until Tuesday morning last, when the westbound train brought to Shelby Junction a woman who claims to be the first and only real wife of Dr. Ings. The doctor was not at home, but undaunted the woman registered at Payne's hotel under the name of Mrs. Ings, and gave it out that she would wait until the doctor returned.

The news of wife No. 1's arrival was soon noised about and created a sensation at Shelby. Wife No. 2, who is now in a delicate condition, took the matter very coolly until H. F. Gouth, a merchant there placed an attachment on the doctor's household property to secure a bill for

goods delivered. Things became badly mixed for Mr. Gouth thought it wise to protect himself in case Dr. Ings should hunt other quarters where the climate would be milder. Then Mrs. Ings No. 2 grew wrathful and forgetting wife No. 1 expressed great sympathy for Mr. Gouth, for she knew, she said, that Dr. Ings would make it warm for him on his return home for attaching. As late as this afternoon Dr. Ings had not returned to Shelby but all the other characters were there awaiting his arrival, when it is not improbable a realistic scene will be enacted.

Mrs. Ings No. 1. is in Montana for business. She claims that she is the wife Dr. Ings deserted, as told in the story quoted from the Progress, and her wrongs will have to be righted before she will be willing to give up the man who, at the altar, promised to care for her 'in sickness or in health, until death do us part.

Referring to the Ings sensation Dr. Gordon said lately to a Standard reporter: "Dr. Ings came to Great Falls in 1895, bearing letters of introduction from Dr. Maburn of Lethbridge. I was going away for a year, and on the strength of his credentials turned over my practice to him. He is unquestionably one of the finest surgeons in Montana, and enjoyed a large practice while here. On my return home in 1896 Ings told me of certain rumors in circulation regarding his personal life, and assured me that they were without foundation. He showed me what he said was an 'irregular' marriage license between himself and the woman known here as Mrs. Ings. Later he showed me alleged affidavits from old residents of his home stating that Mrs. Ings here was his only wife in Glasgow, N. S., was another man entirely, and a cousin of the doctor's. I noticed, however, that the alleged affidavits were not sworn to, and as a result they were nothing but statements in writing I know nothing about his family troubles, but was so impressed with the rumors and his evasive and contradictory stories, that I dropped him from my list of social acquaintances. My business connections with Ings were anything but satisfactory, but I do not wish to discuss them at this time. The story that comes from Shelby Junction is a sad one and reflects seriously on the character of the man."

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cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 35c. and \$1.00. from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

HIS INSPIRATION.

How the Kindly Attention of a Great Man Helped a Struggling Writer.

Theodore de Banville, a beardless, rosy-cheeked youth of nineteen, was full of a poet's ambition and had even published a thin volume of verses. One day, in a mood of fitful audacity, he wrapped a copy of the book in a paper, hastened across the street of Paris, rung a door-bell, and placed the parcel in the hands of the servant who answered his summons. The house was that of the celebrated Alfred de Vigny.

Having seen his precious book delivered, the boy hurried away. Already he was seized with alarm at his own temerity. So excited was he that he had no thought of returning home, but went on and on till he was far out in the country. And still he walked, till late in the afternoon the pangs of hunger drove him back to the city.

As he says, he slipped like a thief into his father's house, and there, in the hall, the servant handed him a card, on which the boy read in 'beautiful English letters' the name, Alfred De Vigny.

Yes, the famous poet had actually called upon him!—and not finding him at home, had covered the card with as many lines as it would hold, complimenting him upon his verses, assuring him of sympathy, and inviting him to call.

"That precious card," says De Banville, "waking his 'Souverir' many years afterwards, I still keep as a token of courage—comes over me, I have only to look at that bit of paper."

That night the boy could not sleep, and when daylight finally came, it seemed as if the morning never would pass. The hands of the clock were paralyzed, or had gone to sleep. However, the time wore itself away, and at the earliest reasonable moment De Banville again rang the great poet's door-bell.

Already there were many people there, awaiting interviews with the author of 'Cing-Mars.' But the newcomer was not compelled to wait. De Vigny took him aside immediately, and sympathizing with his impatience, put into his hands the copy of his little book, annotated from end to end. De Vigny had had it by twenty-four hours, and already the margins of all the leaves were covered with notes—compliments and suggestions.

The boy devoured them, and De Vigny, happy in the boy's pleasure, read them with him, enlarging upon this or that, dwelling upon a beauty here, or a possible improvement there, till the boy was fairly intoxicated with delight.

"From that moment," says De Banville, "I feared nothing." Let critics say what they would, he was a poet, and a poet he would remain.

A man can easily become notorious these days by announcing his intention of going to the Alaska gold fields.

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook." It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Look out, look out, my little maid,
The rain is falling fast,
And all the sky with gathering shade
Of cloud is overcast.
"Oh, mother, dear! big drops I hear
Beats on the window pane;
But in the sky a light I spy,
Of sunshine in the rain."
The clouds rolled by, cut broke the rays,
Glistening silver showers,
Setting the rain drops all ablaze,
Like pearls on leaf and flower.

Sunshine.

"Oh mother dear! the sky is clear,
The sky is blue again;
The air is bright with jeweled light
Of sunshine in the rain."
The rippling years passed o'er the maid
Since that sweet summer-day;
The child is now a matron maid,
With children by her side.
When round her life the clouds grow dim
Of sorrow and of pain,
She knows from heaven that light is given,
Like sunshine in the rain.

Mrs. Seabury's Trial.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Beaman, briskly, to the other members of the Sewing Society. "After we voted at the last meeting to get a dress for the minister's wife, I just went up there to see if anything else was needed."

"I've been thinking," interrupted Mrs. Lane, a gentle-faced little woman, "that perhaps we had better give the money to Mrs. Seabury, and let her get just what she wants for herself. What do you think about it, Mrs. Beaman?"

"I don't think nothin' about it," retorted that lady, sharply. "She hain't got no judgement, I know well enough. See how rusty that black dress of hers is! If she'd a bought something that wouldn't get rusty she'd a showed judgement, I say! It wouldn't be right to give her money to spend, and I, for one, would be against it."

Mrs. Beaman glanced around the little circle. She was a large, portly, woman with a massive double chin and keen black eyes. Her mouth had a habit of shutting tight, and she would press her lips together until only a line was visible. She was dressed in a bright blue woolen gown, made perfectly plain, and ornamented about the neck by a ruffle of red silk. She was a wealthy widow, and as president of the society and the largest subscriber in the church her word was law with everyone.

Meek Mrs. Lane was the only person who ever dared to argue with her, and to day she made a feeble effort to defend the minister's wife.

"Perhaps Mrs. Seabury didn't have money enough to buy a good black dress. They must have got awful behind with his not preaching for so long. And really, it doesn't seem as if I should want any one to buy a gown for me."

She looked around for a supporting voice, but there was none.

"Well, now I'll tell you just how I feel about it," said Mrs. Beaman. "If I wasn't a very good judge of dress goods, and so out a dress that would wear, and wouldn't fade nor cockle with dampness nor nothin', and should buy it, and pay for it, I should feel to be thankful, I know."

There was a subdued murmur of assent from the other women.

"As I was saying when somebody interrupted me," went on Mrs. Beaman, with a severe look at Mrs. Lane, "I went up to Mrs. Seabury's to find out if anything else was needed. Well, now, I tell you it made me feel bad! Mrs. Seabury was trivin' to cut out a dress for Nannie—that's the one next to the youngest—and she didn't have half cloth enough. The biggest twin was washin' the dishes, and the other twin was trivin' to keep the baby from cryin'. He certainly is the fussiest baby I ever see. He yelled the whole endurin' time that I was there, but his mother said she didn't think he was sick. Then Johnny had the toothache, and he beltered most of the time, and Mrs. Seabury was just as patient with 'em all, and just as perlit to me, as could be. I didn't see the minister, for he was writing his sermon, but I did have quite a talk with her. Why, they hain't got nothin' to wear, and no money to buy anything with. She didn't want to tell me, but it came out a little at a time."

Here she paused for breath, and Mrs. Driscoll, a tall, gaunt woman with a little wisp of hair twisted into a knot on the back of her head, made a remark.

"They must be awful shifless people, I think. I don't believe she's got no faculty."

"That ain't either here nor there," retorted Mrs. Beaman. "They hain't got no clothes, sure, and that's more our business than whether they've got any faculty."

She could criticize the minister's family herself, but no one else should have the same privilege.

"Well, she continued, "I went down to Claremont yesterday, and into Clarke's, where I always trade, they had a piece of goods that was a bargain. It was a good heavy piece of twill, and by taking the whole piece they let me have it pretty cheap. It cost considerable more than we intended to pay, but I'll make up the rest out of my own pocket."

"Wh, there'll be a lot more'n we shall want," said Mrs. Driscoll.

"No, there won't be, neither," answered Mrs. Beaman, "for we'll make a dress for every one of 'em, and a Spencer for Johnny and a cloak for that yellin' baby." And her glance swept triumphantly around the group.

"Won't they look kind of queer, all dressed alike so?" ventured Mrs. Lane again.

"I don't see as they will. They'll look kind of nice and neat, I think."

Mrs. Beaman's eyes were a trifle bright, and all her old friends knew what that portended.

"She'll be g'ttin' mad in a minute," they thought. "Then she won't do nothin'." It's her way or no way with Ann Beaman every time."

So there was no other dissenting voice, and the matter was considered settled.

"We'll cut and make 'em ourselves, and you can come to my house and sew on 'em. You know the conference meets with done by that time, so we'll work fast."

"What color did you say the cloth was?" asked Mrs. Driscoll.

"It's kind of a dark plaid, and not really dark, neither. It won't fade and it won't wear out for one while, I know. Now you all come to-morrow afternoon and we'll

begin. Mrs. White's about Mrs. Seabury's size, so we'll fit that dress to her. The biggest twin is about the size of my Rebecca, so we can get that dress easy enough, and we'll make one a little smaller for the other twin. The rest of 'em we'll have to guess at."

"I do hope the cloth ain't very bad," thought Mrs. Lane. "Ann Beaman hain't got no more taste than a settin' hen, and I do think Mrs. Seabury would hate to wear anything very homely."

She knew it would be of no use to argue with Mrs. Beaman, so she said nothing.

A few weeks after this Mrs. Seabury sat by the window of her little sitting room trying to amuse the fretful baby. Perhaps if the baby's mother had had less care and hard work the child would not have been so fretful. Even now her mind was filled with worry about the children's winter clothes. They had literally nothing, and the climate of northern Vermont necessitates something warm.

"Oh, if we could only get out of debt, how happy we should be!" she thought.

Her mind went back to that June day, twelve years ago, when she had married Mr. Seabury. How bright and fair everything had been to them! To be sure, Mr. Seabury was in debt for his education, but they were young and strong and could soon pay the amount. But the children came last. Then the minister lost his health and was unable to preach for more than a year. The terrible debt still followed them, and now, after twelve years, they were no more able to pay it than they ever had been.

Mr. Seabury had no talent for making friends, and his manner in the pulpit had become diffident and halting. Perhaps he was discouraged with his fruitless struggle against fate. At any rate, he was thankful to get the chance of preaching in the little village of Dunbar, although he knew his abilities were far beyond the capacity of his hearers.

Through all these unfortunate years Mrs. Seabury's faith in her husband had never wavered, and she brought up her children to venerate him.

Her sad reflections were suddenly broken into by the entrance of Esther, the largest twin.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, throwing herself at Mrs. Seabury's feet and bursting into tears. "I never can bear it in his world! Oh dear! Oh dear! And her speech was choked by an agony of tears."

"What is it, Esther darling?" cried Mrs. Seabury, laying the baby in the lounge, regardless of its wails. "Tell mother all about it, dear."

It was very unusual for Esther to break down. She was only eleven years old, to be sure, but in wisdom and experience she was twenty. She could scarcely remember when the burden of the housekeeping had not rested on her slender shoulders, while Hope, the smaller twin, had always had a baby in her arms.

"Tell me, Esther dear," repeated the anxious mother.

"Oh, mother, these awful dresses! We never can wear them—we never can! All just alike! And how the baby will look in a cloak of it! And poor Johnny has got to have a Spencer, and it is such awful cloth!"

"Calm yourself, Esther, and tell me what this is all about. I don't understand in the least."

"I went down to see Rebecca Beaman this afternoon," said Esther, controlling herself with great effort. "Her mother asked me to wait in the parlor for a few minutes for Rebecca was busy. The dining room door was open a little, and I couldn't help seeing into the room. All the ladies who belong to the sewing society were there, and oh, mother,—here Esther began to cry again—they are making some clothes for us, and Rebecca was trying on my dress. They are going to make us each one, and a Spencer for Johnny, and a cloak for the baby, all off the same piece of cloth, and here is a pit I picked up from the floor. Isn't it dreadful?"

It certainly was. As Mrs. Beaman told the ladies, it was a plaid. The predominant color was purple, and there were lines of green, red and yellow, the yellow being the widest. One dress of it would have looked strange, but the appearance of a whole family clothed in it would certainly be striking. Mrs. Lane had told the truth when she said Ann Beaman hadn't no taste.

Mrs. Seabury took the sample in her hand. It was strong and fine, as Mrs. Beaman had said. Esther stopped crying to see how the cloth affected her mother.

Mrs. Seabury possessed a quick imagination, and a keen sense of the ridiculous which the long years of hardship had not dulled. Already she saw in her mind's eye the family of five, clothed in that startling plaid, marching into church.

It was too much for her to bear. She leaned back in her chair and laughed and laughed.

"Why, mother, how can you?" asked Esther, indignantly. "Why didn't they make a coat for father at the same time? It would be just as suitable for him as it will for you. Oh, have we got to wear them?"

"I'm afraid we shall have to, dear. There really is no money to buy anything else, and we cannot go without clothes. We must be thankful for what we can get."

She could laugh no more, but was just on the verge of tears.

"If it wasn't so queer I wouldn't mind. Why didn't they get some plain color?" Rebecca says her mother selected it. "I didn't stay to talk about it—I couldn't. Rebecca walked part way home with me and she talked about it all the time. Her mother paid for most of the cloth, and the society is making it up. How could they do such a thing? And poor Esther burst into tears anew. 'Rebecca thought we'd be pleased,' she added.

Mrs. Seabury had collected her scattered wits during this last speech of Esther's.

"Esther, my dear," she said, "this certainly is a cross for us to bear. But we must try to think of how little consequence clothes really are. The material is strong and warm. It will make us comfortable clothing and we must wear it."

"I don't see why," said Esther, rebelliously. "You can wear your old black dress and we children can stay at home."

"It never would answer," replied her mother. "Mrs. Beaman and the other ladies have meant to be very kind to us. We must consider their feelings. How hurt they would be if we refused to accept the present which has cost them so much in time and expense! Come, Esther, you must help me in this matter. The other children will take it in the way you do. If you except the gift cheerfully, and as if you were pleased, they will do the same. I shall depend upon you to do this."

"I will, mother," replied Esther.

"And above all things, do not let papa suspect that there is anything peculiar about the clothes, for it would grieve him so."

Esther's example was of so much value that not one of the children made any complaint when the new garments were brought home and tried on. When the cloth was made up it looked even more startling than it had in the sample. The girls' dresses, even little Nannie's, were made just like their mother's, with straight, plain skirts and short-waisted bodices, which buttoned in front. Such frocks had been worn by children when Mrs. Beaman was young, and she saw no reason for making these in any different fashion. Her own daughter's was after the same style.

No one knew how hard it was for Mrs. Seabury to leave her house arrayed in such a garb. But it was a great deal harder for her to see her children made so conspicuous. There was no trace of her unhappiness in her face, however. Her struggle had been a silent one, in the solitude of her chamber, and no one knew that there had been a struggle.

In its indeed a fantastic procession, for the cloth had held out wonderfully well, and Esther and Hope had short capes to wear with their dresses, while little Nannie had a long eye with a hood to it. The capes were lined and wadded, and were really very comfortable.

Mrs. Beaman had felt that the crowning point was reached when she found pieces enough to make a cap for Johnny in addition to the Spencer.

The parsonage was about a quarter of a mile from the church, and the Seabury family had traversed nearly half the distance when a carriage drove up behind them.

"Herbert, Herbert, do see those queer looking people," said the lady who was one of the occupants of the carriage to her husband. "They are all dressed in the same kind of cloth. They must belong to some institution, or perhaps they are strolling players, and dress in that way to attract attention. Do stop and ask them something I want to see their faces."

The gentleman, who was much older than his wife, smiled indulgently, and drew in his horse beside the little group.

"Can you tell me the way to Montrose?" he asked courteously.

Mr. Seabury turned to reply.

"Why, John Seabury, can this be you?" exclaimed the gentleman, holding out a friendly hand. "You don't know how pleased I am to see you again!"

"And I to see you, Professor Dawes. Ads, turning to his wife, 'this is Professor Dawes, whom I knew so well at college. You have often heard me speak of him.'"

To save her life Mrs. Seabury could not repress the burning blush of mortification which rose to her cheeks as she acknowledged Professor Dawes's kindly greeting and replied to that of his wife.

"What will they think of us in these grotesque clothes?" she thought. "Oh, they will see that John has not succeeded as a preacher, and they will think I have been a drag on him and kept him from advancing. No woman who would dress herself and her children like this could be any help to a minister."

While these bitter thoughts passed through her mind Mrs. Dawes had been surveying the little family with kindly eyes: all the amusement had died out of them.

"A conference today," said the professor, turning to her. "What do you say about going in for a while? We can do so perfectly well, as our trip is one of pleasure and not of business. Our time is our own to spend as we please."

"I should like to stop very much," returned his wife.

"Then I will drive on and meet you again at the church," said the professor.



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Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.
SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.
It's best for this and every use.
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"I remember that John Seabury," said Mrs. Dawes. "He was in college when we were first married. You expected great things of him. Why is he buried up here?"

"He is doing good work here, doubtless," returned her husband.

"Well, I think he could do more of it in a larger place, where he would receive more salary. What a beautiful face Mrs. Seabury has! The children are very pretty, too. Did you notice the largest one, the girl with the big black eyes?"

"I didn't look at the children very much," replied her husband. "Were they not dressed rather queerly? Is that the fashion now?"

"Oh, you dear, foolish man, of course it isn't. Can't you see that they have had a donation party or something, and all those clothes have been given to them? They are obliged to wear them, but don't they hate to? You could see it in every face, even to the baby in the carriage. It's too bad!"

Her remarks were cut short by their arrival at the church. Mr. Seabury was pleased to introduce his old professor to his brother ministers, many of whom were not college men. It placed him on a different footing among them, and gave him new life and confidence. When it was his turn to address the meeting everyone was surprised at his eloquence.

During the intermission for lunch, all the ladies, even Mrs. Beaman herself, felt a little doubtful of the suitability of the purple plaid for the minister's wife. There certainly was something incongruous to her refined face and ladylike figure combined with that cloth with the crude coloring.

As for Mrs. Seabury herself, all thoughts of her attire had passed from her mind. She was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Dawes, and the time passed very pleasantly for both. After lunch was over the professor and his wife went on their way again, and with many good-byes to the minister and his Joseph-costed family.

"Isn't it fortunate that we happened to go through Dunbar to-day?" said Mrs. Dawes. "And how lucky it was that Mrs. Seabury's family had been presented with those clothes! If they had not been dressed so queerly we shouldn't have noticed them." Then we shouldn't have stopped at the conference, and heard Mr. Seabury speak. And we shouldn't have known how his abilities were wasted here, and you wouldn't have had the opportunity of helping him."

"I help him my dear!" exclaimed the astonished professor. "I never dreamed of such a thing, although it is a pity he should not have a larger field."

"I know it has not occurred to you, but it has to me, and that is the same thing. Mr. Marton, who edits the Christian Messenger is going to resign in the spring to go to India. His wife told me. And are you going to get his position for Mr. Seabury, who can write beautiful sermons but cannot preach them very well. I know all about it. For Mrs. Seabury told me, and this idea came into my mind at once. You will do it, won't you, Herbert?"

"Well, well, I don't know!" said her husband dubiously.

Mrs. Seabury hesitated a moment, then continued:

"It wouldn't be quite honest for me to say that I liked the garments or that I really enjoyed wearing them or seeing the children wear them; but I never have lost sight of the fact that your intentions were of the very best."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Beaman, heartily, "I'm glad you don't bear me no ill will for making you all look like a menagerie. I guess those things won't do to wear down where you are going, though. So if you'll just get all the clothes together, I'll take 'em home and color 'em so you'd never know what they had been."

Mrs. Beaman was as good as her word, and the twins rejoiced in dark blue dresses, while Nannie and Johnny appeared in brown. Mrs. Seabury's gown came home a fine black, warranted never to grow rusty. Mrs. Beaman had no equal in the county when she once began to color.

The baby's little cloak was left untouched, for he had fretted himself into a better world, some weeks before, and the uncouth garment was always a most precious possession to Mrs. Seabury.

Every summer Mrs. Seabury and the children make a visit to Dunbar, spending most of their time with Mrs. Beaman; and the minister's wife never regretted the courage with which she faced her trial.—Waverly Magazine.

Special Advice to Ladies Who Contemplate Coloring Cotton Goods.

If a merchant or any one else tells you that package dyes prepared for all wool goods will color cotton goods equally well, do not believe him. A person making such an assertion knows little about dyes and dyeing work.

Vegetable fibres require special dyes. Such dyes are not made by the makers of imitation and common dyes. Special dyes for vegetable fibres, such as cotton and mixed goods, are made only by the proprietors of Diamond Dyes, and every color is simply perfection.

These special Diamond Dye cotton colors are great chemical discoveries, and confined entirely to the Diamond Dyes. The colors are sixteen in number, and immensely popular with the carpet, rug and mat makers everywhere. Cotton goods dyed with these Diamond Dyes Cotton colors never fade in sun or washing.

If you are about to dye cotton goods, or desire to color rags for carpets or mats, be sure and ask your merchant for Fast Diamond Dyes for Cotton and Mixed Goods. He should keep full variety—sixteen useful colors.

Poor Sport.

"I understand you have just been on a little cruise with H. rabot on his new yacht. How is he; much of a sailor?"

"Sailor! Why, that man doesn't understand the first principles of yachting. He hadn't a thing on board, except water, to drink."—Cleveland Leader.

Get Instant Relief From Piles.

This most irritating disease relieved in ten minutes by using Dr. Agnew's ointment and a cure in from three to six nights. Thousands testify of its goodness. Good for Eczema, Salt Rheum, and all skin diseases. If you are without faith, one application will convince. 25 cents.

The present year is said to be the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the British Navy.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT-OF-WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY,

And all SUMMER COMPLAINTS of Children or Adults.

PRICE, 30c. Beware of Imitations

Liver Ills

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

Hood's Pills

Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sunday Reading.

"GROWING THINGS."

The friendship between Rob and his grandfather—although the one was eighteen, and the other eighty years old—could hardly have been closer if they had been twin brothers.

The grandfather bore his burden of years with wonderful vigor, for he had learned the secret of youth in age—that in order to be able to do, one must simply keep on doing.

'What have you to show me this time, grandfather?' asked Rob, as the two drove together in the ancient carryall, from the little railway station, one summer evening.

'Wait till tomorrow, lad!' answered the old man mysteriously.

After breakfast, next morning, the grandfather led the way down the long grass plot which sloped from the farmhouse door.

'Your grandmother and I think that there is too little shade here,' said he. 'So I have been planting trees.'

Rob looked in wonder, for an avenue bordered on each side with elm saplings, had been laid out quite around the lower portion of the grass-plot. There must have been nearly fifty of the tiny trees, each showing by its crown of green leaves the pains which had been taken in setting and caring for it.

'Dear grandfather, what a great piece of work!' exclaimed Rob.

'Yes,' answered the grandfather, 'but I have done it at my leisure, and Patrick has helped me with the digging. I have seldom enjoyed anything more in my life, for all the time I have had a picture in my mind's eye of what the avenue would be when the elms should have grown tall and strong, with drooping branches interlacing in an arch overhead.

Only fancy, lad, what it will be to walk here then, with the cool breezes on one's cheek, and the whisper of the leaves in one's ears, and the long, green vista stretching on before like the entrance to fairyland!

Rob gazed at the old man whose eyes were shining with almost a young light, while his bent form seemed to straighten and expand with the joy of anticipation.

'Grandfather speaks exactly as if he expected to enjoy the trees himself!' thought he. Then aloud he asked:

'Grandfather, how long a time will it take the trees to grow like that?'

The grandfather understood the unspoken thought. He looked at the boy for a moment silent but smiling.

'Sit down here with me on this bench,' said he at length. 'You are thinking that I shall not be here then?'

Tears came to Rob's eyes, and he could not answer.

'You are mistaken,' said the old man gently. 'To eat, to drink, to sleep—these stop with the doing. But to set one's hand to a "growing thing"—that is to "work together with God," and so to become immortal even on the earth. Do you think that, because my old body will be laid away yonder on the hillside, I shall have no longer any part in the gladness of my trees? Not a branch will wave in the south wind, not a bud swell in the spring-time, not a leaf tremble to the touch of the raindrop, but I shall be still contributing something to that life and beauty! Not a child shall play in the shade, not a heated brow be cooled by the fanning of the boughs, not even a bird shall sing to its mate nesting amid the greenness, of the love of its little feathered breast,—but mine shall even yet be a share in the general joy!

'But it is not alone in the dark soil that one may plant that in which one's own life shall endure. My trees may indeed stand for a hundred years, yet they must fall at last. But the seed dropped into a human heart has eternity to grow in. Why, lad, what is it but the living spirit of the old martyrs and heroes which thrills you at the tales of their devotion and self-sacrifice? Generations pass, but so long as their example is an inspiration to other souls, so long they are still present in the world.

'And what shall we say, my boy?'—grandfather's voice was low and reverent—'of the one Supreme life? Did the Master leave the earth when the "cloud received him" out of the disciples' sight? A thousand times no! Wherever love stretches out its hand to raise the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to comfort the sorrowing, to en-

courage the despairing, there is He. Where two or three are gathered in His name, he is in the midst of them. The life begun within the narrow limits of the Judean hills is striking its roots of healing through all the world. Give them lodgment in your heart, lad! Let their strength blossom into the immortal beauty of true words and good deeds. So shall you not only grow, but 'abide' in him, as a branch in the vine, for evermore!

WENT BACK TO HER FATE.

A Missionary Attacked With Leprosy Goes Back to Her Work.

That the heroic spirit still lives among those who have given themselves to Christ for the evangelization of the world, in Missionary work, the following beautiful story of Miss Mary Reed of Washington will show.

Miss Reed went out from this country to India, several years ago. Joyously and successfully she toiled at her blessed work. She gave a good deal of attention to the poor lepers for whose sad condition she deeply felt. While no remedy has yet been discovered for the complete healing of that terrible disease, yet modern medical science has devised methods by which the agony and the pain of the sufferers can be much mitigated. In the prosecution of her work Miss Reed found her own health giving way and so she decided to return to America for a short time, hoping that the sea voyage would prove beneficial. For a time her health seemed to improve, but after a while she grew worse, and was herself, as were her medical advisers, utterly unaware of the nature of the disease from which she was suffering.

One night, when alone with God engaged in earnest prayer, she thought suddenly flashed in her mind that it was the terrible leprosy which had assailed her. How she had contracted it, she could not tell, as she had endeavored to take all precaution considered necessary during her work in India. At first, as the idea came to her that she was a leper, the agony of the thought seemed to be too great to bear. She spent the whole night in prayer, and towards morning her troubled spirit found peace and submission to the Divine will. Then and there she marked out her work for the rest of her life, and that was to as quickly as possible return to India and give her life to work among the lepers. From what she had seen of this disease, she knew that in all probability she might have a number of years during which she could actively toil for the unfortunate sufferers of the fell disease, and point them to Christ the Savior of the world.

The next day she revealed to her trusted physician her impression as to the nature of her disease. Specialists were also consulted, and their unanimous decision was that her disease was leprosy. All this time she had kept from her parents and relatives her impressions as to the nature of her affliction. They were very much surprised, when she announced that she must immediately return to her missionary work in India, and this decision, which they could not change, very much grieved them. Little did they know of her own heart struggle, and of the effort she had to make to keep from betraying her emotion, as well she knew that she was about to bid them good-by forever and spend the rest of her years in a hospital among lepers, to which sad class she felt that she now belonged. To one sister alone did she reveal her secret, ere she returned to India. When far out on the ocean, she wrote loving and affectionate letters to her parents, explaining to them how she was afflicted and that never more would they meet on earth.

She reached her destination in safety, and way up at a beautiful place in the mountains of India she has established a leper's home. There full of sunshine and gladness, she is bravely toiling for the physical and spiritual welfare of a large number of lepers, in every stage of that terrible disease, who look up to her as a ministering angel and as God's direct messenger among them.

At Washington and elsewhere, I have seen and heard letters read from this dear loving one of Christ's family. Not one note of sadness or of regret was in any of them.

They seemed to be overflowing with gratitude and thanksgiving to God for his abounding mercies. Very happy is she in her Christly work, and with the consciousness of the gradual development of the terrible disease in her own system, she is untiring in her efforts to do all the good she possibly can while strength and ability to work and toil are still hers.

IN THE INTERVALS.

We May Always Find Time to Speak a Kindly Word.

A great many of us excuse ourselves for not bearing fruit, on the ground that we are very busy. We are in school, perhaps and our studies take so much of our time that we have no chance to speak a word for Christ. Or we are employed somewhere, and our long hours of work make it seem necessary for us to devote our leisure entirely to recreation. We forget that some of those who have done most for the world have been very busy people, who had to find a chance to do this special work for God in the intervals left by exacting cares.

Today God needs Christian workers in every occupation—Christian physicians and lawyers and merchants and farmers and mechanics and teachers. Notice that we say Christian workers, not merely Christian believers whose thoughts are so engrossed by their daily toil that they are almost inclined to surrender the responsibility of saving their own souls to the pastor of the church to which they belong, and certainly never have time to think of the welfare of others. You young people who are choosing your lifework should remember that the pulpit is not the only place for proclaiming God's truth. The bench, the counter, the bookkeeper's desk, the school-room and the farm, all have their magnificent chances for proving Christ's power to save, and winning others to accept his salvation.

After realizing this, you need to learn to improve the opportunities for doing Christian work which are afforded by your every-day tasks. You have no chance to preach the gospel to the heathen, but the boy who brings the milk in the morning, or the woman who does your washing, or some of your acquaintances at school may be ignorant of the real beauty of the message as if they had been reared in India or China. It takes no more time to invite one of them to prayer-meeting than to invite him to supper. You can say some word that will help his soul just as easily as you could give him advice concerning the choice of a boarding-place. When we learn to improve the opportunities for doing Christian work that come to us in connection with our every-day labors, the problem of how to reach the ear and heart of the great outside world will have come to a practical solution.

HIS MOTHER'S WATCH.

It was a safeguard to the Boy Against Doing Evil Deeds.

Any good boy is glad to please his mother and will not willingly do anything to grieve her. The boy in the sketch below, who fancied that he should be happier by not following his mother's advice, found out his mistake. The best prize for conduct that comes from earth is a mother's smile.

Edward was a loving boy, but careless in his habits; he thought his mother was old-fashioned in her notions; he saw no harm in things which she knew ruined many bright boys. He was about to go away from home and the anxious mother thought of a way to keep her influence over him. He wanted a watch, and she gave him her own gold hunter, on condition that he should give it back if he did any of the things which he knew that she did not approve.

Edward was delighted with the watch, and for a time he was all that his mother could wish. But soon other boys charmed him by their free ways, and he began to smoke and play their gambling games with them. Then he took off his mother's watch and put it in a box to send home. Now he could be free! That was a dreadful mistake! It seemed as though he had driven his mother away—as if he had put her in a grave. He could not be happy; he could not find a moment's peace, till he



turned straight round, and, putting on the watch again, became worthy of his mother's love.

A TRUE FACE.

We may not be Handsome but can Have a Good Face.

While it is not possible to possess a beautiful face, all may have a true one, for it is nearly always the index of the hidden life. If the soul within is true and pure the face will reveal the fact. The sweet inner grace will flash out of the eye, or be stamped upon the meek, quiet face, in a way not to be misunderstood. Like the great sun at noonday that so plainly reveals its light and beauty, the true soul shines out upon the face, and makes it bright and lovely. A true face is more desirable than a 'handsome' one, is really more full of beauty, and leaves a deeper impression upon others. It wins its way as it shines for the Master. The world has keen eyes and is quick to discern the true from the false. Seek then to carry a true face. Let the sunny smile be in keeping with the sunny spirit. Keep the inner life full of tenderness, love and purity, and they will overflow, until the outer life is touched with these sterling graces. If the dear Father abides in the life and heart, the face will be true and the deeds good. His presence alone makes the face bright and sunny, pure and true.

DRIED VEGETABLES.

A New Industry Which Has Started Up in California.

A new and important industry has come into existence in Santa Clara County which bids fair in time to rival the fruit drying. This is the preparation of dried vegetables for the market, which at present is generally confined to the short season of the driers between the ripening of the different fruits. Just lately the vegetables have been usurping the place of apricots, but they have now already begun to give way in turn to the prunes.

On approaching a drier it does not take one long to decide whether fruit or vegetables are being prepared, for in the latter case a pungent odor rushes out to sting one's eyes and crawl uncomfortably up one's nostrils—for the trial of onions is over the land. Within a lively scene is presented. Men are hurrying to and fro bearing trays and boxes, while long rows of women and children sit busily peeling potatoes and carrots, which together with onions form at present the staple product.

When boxes of potatoes and carrots are filled they are poured into a large hopper and from there fed to a machine with rotating knifeblades, which cuts them into small slices a quarter of an inch thick. The further process which the potatoes undergo is simple, and for carrots and other minor vegetables it is practically the same.

After being sliced the tubers are slightly sulphured in a chamber built of wood. Here great discrimination must be used, for, if they are sulphured too much, the potatoes will taste of the fumes; if too little, they will not contain enough antiseptic property, and bacteria attracted by the starch will develop. Moreover, a little sulphuring is necessary to preserve the color of the vegetables as far as possible and to prevent decay.

After this process the potatoes are not spread out in the sun, but put into an evaporator. The latter looks like a small Ferris wheel and is enclosed in a sort of brick oven with glass windows. Within this it revolves close to hot air pipes for a few hours. When the mixture is sufficiently evaporated the cars of the wheel are emptied through the windows and their contents are now ready for shipment in sacks.

When this stage is reached the sliced potatoes resemble dry chips, and it takes six or seven pounds of the fresh to make one pound of the dried.

By their pungency onions possess the power of warding off bacteria, and are, therefore, only slightly sulphured to preserve their color. They are next evaporated until one-third of the moisture is expelled, and then placed in trays in the sun, just as is done with fruit. The drying process shrivels the onions so much that it takes twenty parts of the fresh to make one of the dried. While the onions are being cut up the moisture coming from them is disagreeable and hard on the eyes of the employees.

When carrots are evaporated it takes about nine parts of them to make one dried

part. Perhaps the drying process used in the case of both carrots and potatoes might be improved upon were steam employed. By using the latter the starch in the potatoes would be partly cooked and sterilized, and after this the tubers could be evaporated in a chamber similar to the one above described. In this way the potatoes could be rid of sulphur, well dried and yet capable of being quickly soaked, and there would be no chance for bacteria to develop. Other vegetables than those mentioned are at present in process of development; but so far the industry has proved very profitable, as evinced by the increased demand for dried vegetables all over the country, but especially in the mining regions.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Two Agonizing Diseases.

Quickly Banished By Paine's Celery Compound.

Two Thankful Letters that Should Be Read By Suffering Men and Women.

For the effectual banishment of rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia, Paine's Celery compound is without doubt the best medicine that human science has ever produced. This marvellous remedy, devised by Professor Edward Phelps, M. D., one of the ablest physicians that ever lived, has won the hearty praise of millions of people for the wondrous cures it has wrought in all lands. It is only a medicine with such a record of cures that can attain a world-wide reputation. It has saved men, women and children, many of whom had been given up by the doctors. It does its work quickly and well; it eradicates every trace of disease; it builds up, fortifies and makes active every mortal whose limbs have been crippled and deformed by rheumatism, and drives away the terrors of neuralgia.

Today the ablest doctors are freely prescribing Paine's Celery Compound for tortured rheumatic and neuralgic people. The thankful letters received each year from the cured in every section of Canada would, if published in book form, make a large and interesting volume.

The following letters will surely inspire all rheumatic and neuralgic sufferers with a new and lively hope of a better and happier life. Mrs. F. McMann, of Thorold, Ont., says:

'I think it my duty to let you know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my husband. For two years he suffered with rheumatism in the back, and became so bad that he could not bend, stoop, or sit in a chair at table, and he was obliged to take his meals to him while he lay in bed. He was treated by various physicians, but received no benefit until he used Paine's Celery Compound. The first bottle gave him relief, and after he had used six bottles he was quite free from rheumatism. He was troubled with piles for fourteen years, and found great relief from the Compound. He says he feels like a new man just now. We think there is no medicine like Paine's Celery Compound.'

Mrs. A. Acheson of Montreal says: 'Two years ago I suffered intensely from neuralgia in the head, face and shoulders. I was in a terrible condition, and often so tortured that I could not rest or sleep. I became very weak and feeble, had giddy and faint spells, and often could not attempt to go out on the street. My appetite became poor and digestion very weak. At night, while in bed, I often had oppressive and smothering feelings; my whole system was run down and very weak. I had been under the care of a medical man and used various medicines, but no relief came to me from these sources. I fortunately heard of your Paine's Celery Compound; I decided to give it a trial, and I bless the day I commenced with it. I used it for several months, and now feel as well as I ever did. All my pains have banished, I sleep and eat well, and find myself a new woman. I heartily recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who are in need of an honest and true curing medicine.'

Asked the boy too Much.

A boy had been up for an examination in Scripture, had failed utterly, and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat strained. The latter asked him if there was text in the whole Bible he could quote. He pondered and then repeated: 'And Jesus went out and hanged himself.'

'Is there any other verse you know in the Bible?' the examiner asked.

'Yes. "Go thou and do likewise."

There was a solemn pause and the proceedings terminated.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring 'PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates'. Includes an illustration of a woman and text describing the quality and availability of their products.

Vertical advertisement for 'Ladies Who Color' goods, including dyes, cotton, and various fabrics. Mentions 'Ladies Who Color' and 'Ladies Who Color'.

Notches on The Stick

We have already alluded to Coleridge's Continental experiences, and will not dwell on them longer, interesting as the reader might find them to be. He quitted Stowey in 1798; and, as his wealthy friends the Wedgwoods, had settled on him an annuity, the £150 enabled him to travel with Wordsworth and his sister, and linger at the seats of learning and centres of literature. The elder Wedgwood died long before Coleridge, and with him his part of the annuity ceased; but the £75 was paid by Joseph Wedgwood punctually till the day of his death.

Among the results of his German residence, was a more thorough acquirement of the language, and a closer acquaintance with the literature and philosophy of that cognitive and phlegmatic race. The deep Kantian tinge of his mind, was afterwards particularly noticeable, perhaps to the prejudice of his poetry. Yet—to some at least,—a more important result is his most sustained poetical performance,—the translation of the "Wallenstein,"—which, indeed is something more than a translation, as we commonly understand that term; his being the solitary instance in which the so-called translation is finer than the original. There is an amplitude of style, a flowing musical diction, with here and there such improving originalities, as mark the work that of Coleridge full as much as of Schiller. The literalist, jealous of the integrity of the German, may object to such a process; yet critics of the larger view will be found, who know that it is true in literature, as in religion, that the mere letter killeth, while it is the spirit that giveth life.

This work indicates of what Coleridge might have been capable in the way of original composition, had it not been for his fastidiousness of taste, and his dependence on extraordinary moods, as well as his constitutional indolence. It was published, after his return to England and settlement in London. The Longmans handled it, on condition that his English and Schuller's German should appear simultaneously. He now became a regular contributor, on literature and politics, to the Morning Post, which employed the pens of Southey, Wordsworth, and Lamb. The man of dreams was not without pungency in his dealing with current affairs, and the great leaders of the time. Mr. Fox himself recoiled from the sharpness of his criticism; and it is affirmed that "his strictness on Buonaparte occasioned that tyrant to select him for one of the objects of his vengeance, and to issue an order for his arrest when in Italy." At the end of his engagement on the Post, he went to reside at Reurick, in the Lake District, to be near his friends, Southey and Wordsworth.

One of the most beautiful things in the life of this variously-gifted man was his aptness for confiding friendship; and, in particular, his life long affection for Charles Lamb—who returned it with equal constancy and ardor. A delightful familiarity marked their intercourse, and the great dissimilarity of their minds formed no bar to their mutual appreciation. From their school-days till the date of Coleridge's death there was never any serious disturbance of temper between them; and that portion of Lamb's correspondence which was directed to him, exhibits the gentle essayist at his best. The fire-side jest and laughter of the wit, at the expense of the prophet, never diminished that reverence the poet deeply entertained; and the dreamy jester's—"Now Charles!" marked the extent of deprecation or displeasure he was entertaining with respect to his early companion and long-time friend. They had mutual enjoyment of each other, and of the literary products of each; a thought of envy was as remote as a star, and the flowers were not neaver or sweeter than their sense of appreciation. Not that the critical judgment was inoperative, or in abeyance; they were Mentors of each other. Lamb was exceedingly plain and free-spoken, and knew the literary and personal foibles of his friend. "Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge," is his admonition; and, again,—"you have been straining your faculties to bring together things infinitely distant and unlike," and, "I grieve from my very soul to observe you in your plans of life veering about from this hope to the other, and settling nowhere." Yet on the whole, Lamb was, perhaps more indebted to Coleridge than to any other person with whom he associated; and there are few things in literature more pathetic than the expression of his sorrow—the low, musing expression, uttered again and again,—which attested his loneliness, when "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes" had become a memory and a dream.

After Coleridge had removed to Keswick (1802), he drew Lamb to visit him.

After vacillating for a little time between the homes of Southey and Wordsworth, the decision was made by the poet to set up a home of his own. His neighbor, Mr. Jackson, had finished up a cottage, in which he lived, till he became convinced that the dampness of the place, so near the lakes, was not suited to his rheumatic habits. This was the first time Lamb had looked on that glorious scenery; but the lakes and mountains, startling and impressive at first, never became so congenial to his heart as the cottage at Enfield, or his favorite nooks in London. The unexpectedness of the impression was, Proctor tells us, much like that "made by the first sight of the Alps upon Leigh Hunt, who had heretofore always maintained that there were no effect on a properly constituted mind; but he freely confessed afterwards, that he had been mistaken. Lamb had been more than once invited to visit the romantic Lake country. He had no desire to inspect the Ural chain, where the malachite is hidden, nor the silver regions of Potosie; but he was all at once affected by a desire of 'visiting remote regions.' It was a sudden irritability, which could only be quieted by travel. Charles and his sister therefore went, without giving any notice to Coleridge, who, however, received them very kindly, and gave up all his time in order to show them the wonders of the neighborhood."

It was evening when they reached the house, on a slight eminence, at Keswick, in which Coleridge dwelt. A "gorgeous sunset" was melting down the mountains, and filling the vales with splendor; and it seemed to them they were entering an enchanted region,—or as Lamb afterwards wrote to Manning, had got fairly "into fairy-land." In all the days of their sojourn they saw no evening so pellucid and resplendent. "We entered Coleridge's study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark. Such an impression never received from objects of sight, nor do I suppose I ever can again. Glorious crevices, Skiddaw, E. I shall never forget how ye lay about that night like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night."

What pleasant greetings! And what delightful discourse, after they had gone into the house, and the "large, antique ill shaped room," where were ranged on shelves those precious "scattered folios;" where was the "old organ,"—at which, perhaps Coleridge played no morning or evening voluntaries, Milton-like,—and the "Eolian harp," whose sweet sounds may often have soothed the ear of the poet and his Sara! How pleasant to go over to Wordsworth's cottage and spend a night under its roof; even if the absence of the sweet singer had left their entertainment to those "good hospitable people" the Clarksons. It was something to meet their old friend Lloyd. How they clambered over the rugged sides to the very top of Skiddaw, "and went over to Grassmere, Ambleside, Ullswater, and over the middle of Helvellyn." The home of Coleridge was quite "enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains." Lamb could not easily rid himself of such impressions; and it must have been difficult to readjust himself to metropolitan scenery and ways,—for we find him writing to his late host in an enamored strain: "I feel I shall remember your mountains to the last day of my life. They haunt me perpetually. I am like a man who has been falling in love unknown to himself, which he finds out when he leaves the lady."

Long after Coleridge had left his home in Stowey,—and, indeed, after he was no more among men,—Howitt came thither a reverential pilgrim, to inspect the place, and note "The melancholy sense of rapid change and swift decay, we have upon visiting scenes we have formerly known, from which our friends have departed. "There," he says, "is the little town, there ascend beyond it the green slopes and airy range of the Quantock hills, scattered with masses of woodland, which give a feeling of deep solitude. But where is the poet who used here to live, and there to wander and think? Where is his friend, Poole? All are gone, and village and country are again resigned to the use of simple and little informed people, who take poets for spies and dark traitors. The little town is vastly like a continental one. It consists of one street, which at an old market cross divides into two others, exactly forming an old fashioned letter Y. The houses are like continental ones, white, and down the street rolls a little full stream, quite in the fashion of a foreign village, with broad flags laid across to get at the houses. It stands in a particularly agreeable, rich, and well-wooded country, with the range of the Quantock hills, at some half mile distance, and from them a fine view of the sea and the Welsh coast, on the other side of the British channel. The house in which Thomas Poole (Coleridge's friend) used to live is about in the centre

of the village. It is a large, old-fashioned house, with pleasant garden, and ample farm-yard, with paddocks behind." The inmates showed him the garden of the good bachelor and magistrate, and the room over-looking it "where so many remarkable men used to assemble. It is said he was known in Stowey as an upright, benevolent man. "On his monument in the church is inscribed, that he was the friend of Coleridge and Southey."

"The cottage inhabited by Coleridge is the last on the left hand going out toward Allfoxden. It is now, according to the very old and common tale of poet's cottages, a Tom and Jerry shop. Moore's native abode is a whiskey shop; Burns' native cottage is a little public house; Shelley's house at Great Marlowe is a beer-shop; it is said that a public house has been built on the spot where Scott was born, since I was in that city; Coleridge's house here is a beer shop. Its rent was but £7 a year, and it could not be expected to be very superb. It stands close to the road, and has nothing to distinguish it from any pot-house. Where Coleridge sat penning the 'Ode to the Nightingale,' with its

Jug, Jug, Jug,
And that low note more sweet than all;
which the printer, by a very natural association, but to his infinite consternation, converted into

Jug, Jug, Jug,
And that low note more sweet than all;

sate, when I entered, a number of country fellows, and thought their ale more sweet than any poet's or nightingale's low notes. Behind the house, however, there were traces of the past pleasantness, two good large gardens, and the old orchard where Coleridge sat on the apple tree, "crooked earthward;" and while Charles Lamb and his sister went to ascend the hills and gaze on the sea, himself detained by an accident, wrote his beautiful lines, "This Lime tree Bower my prison," including this magnificent picture:—

"Yes, they wander on
In gladness all; but these, methinks, most glad,
My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hungered after nature, many a year;
In the great city pent, wishing thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain,
And strange calamity! Ah! slowly stunk,
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious sun!
Shine in the stant beams of the sinking orb,
Ye purple heath flowers! richer beam, ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
And kindly, thou blue ocean! So my friend,
Struck with deep joy, may stand, as I have stood,
Silent with swimming senses; yes, gazing round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty spirit when yet he makes
Spirits perceive his presence."

"The woman in the house,—her husband was out in the fields,—and her sister, had neither of them heard of such a thing as a poet. When I asked leave to see the house and garden on account of a gentleman who had once lived there. 'Yes,' said the landlady, quite a young woman, 'a gentleman called one day' some time ago, and said he wished to drink a glass of ale in this house, because a great man had lived in it."

"A great man did he say? Why, he was a poet." "A poet, sir, what is that?" "Don't you know what a poet is?" "No sir." "But you know what a ballad-singer is?" "O yes; to be sure." "Well, a poet makes ballads and songs, and things of that kind." "Oh, lauk-o-me! why the gentleman said it was a great man." "Well, he was just what I tell you—a poet—a ballad maker, and all that. Nothing more, I assure you." "Good lauk-o-me! how could the gentleman say it was a great man! Is it the same man you mean, think you?" "Oh! no doubt of it. But let me see your garden."

"The sister went to show it to me. There were, as I have said, two gardens, lying high above the house, so that you could see over part of the town, and, in the other direction the uplands slopes and hills. Behind the garden was still the orchard, in which Coleridge had so often mused. Returning towards the house, the remains of a fine bay tree caught my attention, amid the ruins of the garden near the house, now defaced with weeds, and scattered with old tubs and empty beer barrels. "That," said I, "was once a fine bay tree." "Ay, that was here when we came." No doubt of it. The poet planted it, as such it is here. That is just one of those people's tricks. Where they go they will be always planting that tree." "Good Lord, do they?" "What odd men they must be!" said the young woman."

A daughter of Nathaniel Parker Willis is

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among the sovereigns of the day is unquestionably our noble Queen. In the realm of soaps it is equally indisputable that

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Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

still living; she is the "Imogen," to whom in her infancy he dedicated his "Rural Letters." She is now Mrs. Imogen Willis Eddy. She has a daughter residing in Pittsburg, whom she has recently visited.

Mrs. Sophie Almon Hansley has recently been re-elected as one of the Board of Managers of the Author's Guild at New York. Among her associates on the Board are Edw. O. Flagg and Gen. James Grant Wilson. PASTOR FELIX.

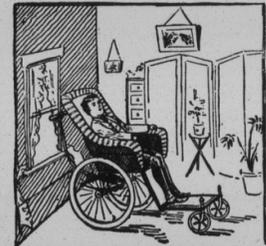
A BOY'S SUFFERINGS.

ATTACKED WITH INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM AT AN EARLY AGE.

Each Successive Year Brought Fresh Attacks With Increasing Severity Until He Was a Physical Wreck.

From the Sun, Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kelly are people who are deeply grateful for a kind intervention of Providence whereby the life, health and happiness of their twelve year old son, Master Harry, has been restored and preserved. Mr. Kelly is one of the best known conductors on the Midland division of the G. T. R., and is now residing in this city. A Sun reporter having heard of the cure of the little fellow and the joy of his parents, called at their home and was met by Mrs. Kelly, who on being informed of the object of his visit, at once told the story of the cure and how the results were attained. We were living in Madoc when our boy was about five years of age and in the spring I went to call him one morning. He replied to my call by saying he could not rise. I at once went to him and found that he was unable to walk. Medical aid being summoned we discovered that inflammatory rheumatism had our little boy in its grasp. All that attention and doctors could do was done and the attack passed off, but the following spring while in Peterboro he was again seized with the dread disease and again we were in terrible dread of losing the child. When the warm weather came again he rallied, but was very weak and only a shadow of his former self.



Despite all we could do he was again attacked in the next spring. You can imagine the fear and dread with which we watched these recurring attacks, each one more severe than the last, and each one leaving our boy in a worse condition than those that went before. His last attack confined him to bed for three months, and his heart was dangerously affected. His sufferings were terrible, and it was pitiful to see him trying to carry food to his mouth. His nervous system was shattered that a form of St. Vitus' dance had affected him, and his hand and arm trembled so that he could not feed or aid himself. Some friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and recommended them so highly that my husband and myself decided to try them. We gave them to Harry for several months and when the spring came watched anxiously, fearing a return of the trouble, but were thankful and delighted to see no symptoms of it, nor has he been troubled for the past three years. "What is the condition of his health at present?" asked the reporter. "He is as sturdy and as healthy a boy as parents could wish for. I attribute his recovery and present health to nothing but Pink Pills, and I cheerfully recommend them to all."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and shallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 60c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

ON PARADISE.

Some Ridiculous Situations to Which it Leads us.

Americans are constantly bearing testimony to the cast-iron regulations of all official life in Germany. Sometimes this unyielding paternalism is beneficent and desirable; again it becomes funny. A writer in Harper's Weekly says that, when he was sailing his American canoe up the Havel, he came to a lock, and was told that he could not pass through until he had had an interview with the lock superintendent. This was the conversation that ensued:

"I beg to announce," said the American, "that I have a pleasure-boat here."

"Show me your certificate," returned the officer.

"I have no certificate."

"Yes, you have. You must have one, I tell you. You could not pass the Spandau lock without one."

"But I did pass that lock. I carried my boat round."

"That," said the officer, looking severe, "was contrary to regulations. I must make you out a new certificate, and you will have to pay for it."

"But if I did not pay at the last lock, why should I pay here?"

"It is according to 17, chapter 97, section 45."

He pulled down a big book, and began thumbing it.

"Don't look any more. I would rather pay the fine than waste time for the wind is favorable."

The officer then filled out two printed forms, entering the American as master of a ship, and asked: "How many in the crew?"

"I have no crew, only a little daughter of twelve."

The daughter was entered as a crew, and then came the question:

"What is your tonnage?"

"There is no tonnage. The boat weighs but eighty pounds."

But I tell you there must be tonnage! The official report calls for tonnage, and I can only tax you by tonnage. I shall put you down as five tons."

"But that is not true. The Caribee does not measure five tons."

"I can't help that. Officially there is no barge less than five tons, and you must pass as five tons, or not at all."

"Very well, then. Rather than go to jail, I'll call it five tons."

The lockmaster made out two formidable-looking documents. His name and that of the American were signed in duplicate; then both papers were stamped, one to be retained by government, and the other given to the American as a receipt for the amount he was to pay. Then the sum in question was solemnly announced, while the American almost held his breath, lest it should mean too great an inroad on his small quantity of ready silver:

"One pennig: one-fifth of a cent!"

An Advertisement

This is an advertisement which tells the truth about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

PEOPLE WHO SUFFER

from sleeplessness, dizziness, shortness of breath, smothering feeling, palpitation of the heart, pains through the breast and heart, anxious, morbid condition of the mind, groundless fears of coming danger, anæmia or impoverished blood, after effects of the grippe, general debility, etc., should

TRY THESE PILLS

as they cure these complaints. Every box is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded through the party from whom the pills were purchased, and we authorize them to do so on the strength of the above statement. This offer is limited to the first box used by any one person. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto.

Woman and Her Work

I think travelling must have a demoralizing effect on human nature, for next to a boarding house or a ball room there is no better place in the world for the study of character than a railway car!

Not very long ago, I witnessed a charming instance of courtesy and kindness, which went to prove how much good there was in this selfish old world after all.

When we were something less than a hundred miles from St. John, an old lady came on at a small station, and was settled in her seat by a young man who came on board with her, but who left her and scrambled hastily of the train, as it began to move.

I made up my mind as I watched her that she was going to spend a few days with some grandchildren in the city, and hoped they would be sure to meet her when she reached her destination.

But when we dashed into St. John station the old lady rose up tremblingly and began to try and gather her things together, steadying herself meanwhile by the back of the seat.

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM. I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks.

the baggage room like a sensible female, and let those other ships pass, without even speaking them. But somehow I felt the better for the little incident.

Excellent Toilet Recipes.

Beauty recipes girls, more of them! And so very practical for the effects of the cold autumn winds are they, that I am giving them more space than I can really afford this week.

A simple remedy for chapped hands and lips is easily made by the following rule: One quarter of an ounce of gum tragacanth soaked in one pint of rain water for 48 hours, then add two ounces of glycerine, one ounce of alcohol, well mixed, and half an ounce of attar of roses.

A half pint of rose water and one spoonful of lemon juice is considered excellent for bathing the face in to remove freckles.

A complexion wash, which is very highly recommended and removes freckles, is made of a quarter of a pound of oatmeal soap, shaved fine into one quart of soft boiling water, stir until it is smooth and cool, then add half a pint of spirits of wine and quarter of an ounce of oil of rosemary.

To whiten the complexion use equal quantities of pumpkin, melon, and a gourd seeds peeled, and the same amount of cucumbers before ripe, chop fine, add a few drops of perfume and sweet cream enough to make a paste, thin with sweet milk when used on the face at night, wash off in the morning.

A good lotion for whitening the skin is made of one quart of camphor water, half an ounce of powdered borax, one ounce of glycerine.

Another one much liked is made of one tablespoon of lemon juice, one teaspoon of glycerine, one teaspoon of rosewater, well mixed.

To whiten the hands and arms make a paste of the following ingredients: Four ounces strained honey, two ounces yellow wax, six ounces of rosewater, one ounce of myrrh, melt the wax, honey, and rosewater in a double kettle; when hot add the myrrh, stir until smooth. Apply to the skin every night before retiring.

To whiten and soften the hands, four ounces of bitter almonds pounded fine, three tablespoons of lemon juice, three ounces of almond oil, enough spirits of wine to make a paste, mix thoroughly and use every night.

The juice of cucumbers pressed out with a lemon squeezer is one of the most effective and simple remedies known for removing sunburn.

For removing freckles take one cup of milk and two spoonfuls of grated horse radish, and let it stand one hour, then strain and bathe the face and hands in it.

An excellent paste for the hands and complexion is made of two ounces each of sweet and bitter almonds, blanched, dried and pounded to a paste, half an ounce of oil of almonds, half an ounce of oatmeal soap grated fine, fifteen drops of oil of bergamot, half an ounce of spermacete. Heat slowly and stir until smooth. Pour in a small earthen or glass jar.

Glycerine Soap—Six ounces home-prepared lard, three drachms of spermacete, three ounces of glycerine two drachms of oil of verbena; mix thoroughly and melt until smooth. Pour in moulds.

A simple and harmless lotion for whitening the skin and removing sunburn is made by boiling barley in water until as thick as cream.

88 Pairs

of Misses Dongola Kid Slippers, bought as a bargain and will be sold as such (sizes 11 to 1). Regular price \$1.25, but this lot we will sell at 50cts. per pair

WATERBURY & RISING, KING and UNION STREETS.

Warts are frequently removed by applications of baking soda, moistened.

Rows of machine stitching are almost as marked a feature of dress trimming this autumn, as braiding, and a very pretty inexpensive and trim finish they are for a tailor made costume, or a cloth dress of any kind.

Among the many thrilling stories of shipwreck which are told in the annual report of the United States Life-Saving Service for the year 1896, there is none which more strikingly shows the mysterious ways of Providence than the official account of the wreck of the schooner Alianza, bound from New Jersey to St. John, New Brunswick, with a cargo of anthracite coal.

The coal had not been trimmed or evened off in the hold, but allowed to lie in a peaked pile as it fell when loaded, so that when, in a gale off Plum Island, February 9, 1896,—a heavy sea struck the schooner, the great pile shipped to leeward, listing the vessel so far to port that the lee rail was level with the surface of the sea and remained there.

The new skirts vary in width between three and three quarters, and four and a half yards around, and are cut so that there is very little, if any godet effect at the sides. They are made almost without stiffening at the bottom; and when silk lined as so many of them are, the lining is loose from the outside except at the waist, and in some they have a seven inch plaiting of silk set in at the edge, which is faced with a narrow band of fine crinoline covered with silk.

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THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks.

A. Hutton Dixon, No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

than we imagined earlier in the season. The combination of blouse and princess dress with tablier front, is set forth as one of the coming novelties, but the question is not definitely settled as yet.

About the sleeves there is no question, and we shall be safe in pinning our faith on the small sleeve for some time to come. It has evidently every intention of remaining with us, and whatever may grace the top in the shape of frills, epaulettes, or puffs, the sleeve proper is close-fitting from wrist to shoulder, though it is often trimmed its entire length in order to disguise its tightness as far as possible.

THE WRECK OF THE "ALIANZA."

Some Deeds of Bravery in Connection With the Wreck. Among the many thrilling stories of shipwreck which are told in the annual report of the United States Life-Saving Service for the year 1896, there is none which more strikingly shows the mysterious ways of Providence than the official account of the wreck of the schooner Alianza, bound from New Jersey to St. John, New Brunswick, with a cargo of anthracite coal.

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The vessel drove first upon a bar, striking hard; the waves carried her over this, and hurled her upon the sandy bottom beyond. The sea had been breaking over her so hard that it was impossible to launch a boat. When she finally struck the sand the stern swung around to the beach, bringing the starboard side next to the land, but high above the water, while the port side was listed heavily onshore and exposed to the fury of the surf.

The captain, steward, and a sailor named Campbell were caught by one big wave, which hurled the captain and the steward to their death in the midst of the wreckage, while it laid Campbell down, alive and unharmed, on the shore. The mate, clinging tightly, supposed that they had all gone to their death, and that he was but awaiting his turn.

Another great wave caught up two more sailors—Reed and Kette by name; Reed disappeared forever, but Kette's was cast safely on the beach. One more great wave; the mate and a sailor named Collier were now alone on the wreck; the wave took Collier from his place in the fore channels, and dashed him about amongst the wreckage, but at last he gained the land. The mate was alone.

The survivors saw the reflection of the lights of Newburyport on the horizon, and went toward it across the sands, but they had not to walk so far, for the winter caretaker of the Plum Island Hotel had a light in his window, and they saw it.—Youths Companion.

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Faints Banished as if by Magic. Nervine—nerve pain cure—is a positive and an almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nervine for positive power in the relief of nerve pain. A trial will demonstrate.

Irate Patron—"You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?" Doctor Quack—"Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed. Irate Patron my son took your medicine for a year and died an hour after the last dose." Dr. Quack—"My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years."

Cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—[Addison.]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. Prevents the hair from falling out, and makes a new growth come in. You save what you have and get more. No gray hair.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces, Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands.

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP Will give You All These.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleah Worms, Eczema, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box. Soap large boxes \$3. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in St. John. The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents, Mechanical Hammer.

sovereigns of this unquestionable Queen. In of soaps it is disputable that

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supreme. Be a subject and buy

"Eclipse" wrappers, ps with coupon and you a popular novel. Every bar of

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RED TAPS.

Directions to Which to ds up.

Instantly bearing test-ony regulations of all many. Sometimes this am is beneficial and t becomes funny. A Weekly says that, when American canoe up the lock, and was told us through until he had with the lock superi- the conversation that

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Advertisement

Advertisement which tells Milburn's Heart and

WHO SUFFER

s, dizziness, shortness ering feeling, palpita- the heart, through the and heart, morbidcon- of the mind,

of coming danger, verished blood, after ppe, general debility,

SE PILLS

complaints. Every box give satisfaction or through the party from ere purchased, and we do so on the strength tement. This offer is t box used by any one BURN & Co., Toronto.

TAKEN FOR AN OFFICER.

A MAN-OF-WAR'S APOTHECARY IN LUKU IN YOKOHAMA.

He was the Commander's Double in Appearance and Where He Went Ashore in His Own Clothes He received the Best That the Colony Could Offer.

The pranks in foreign ports of men-of-war's men are occasionally amusing. The Captain of a great cruiser that went out to the China station about three years ago had a double on his ship in the person of the apothecary. An apothecary is an enlisted man with the rate of a chief petty officer. This apothecary looked so much like his skipper that could the two men ever have stood side by side on the quarter deck, both in a Captain's full dress uniform, it would have puzzled even some of the officers of the ship to decide instantly which of the pair was to decide instantly which of the pair was the commanding officer. They were precisely alike in stature and build and there was a difference of only two pounds in weight between them. They were within one year of an age. Their resemblance in feature was astonishing. There was hardly a single point of difference in their faces. Both had light hair, blue eyes, and broad noses, and both wore closely cropped reddish Van Dyke beards. The apothecary was a highly educated man, whose tumultuous career ashore had finally floated him into the enlisted ranks of the navy.

At Yokohama, Japan, an enthusiastic reception was bestowed upon the cruiser, and her officers were fêted and dined by native and foreign residents. The skipper, a man of social temperament, was ashore rather more than he was aboard his ship, and he became very popular. The apothecary did not go ashore until two weeks after the cruiser arrived in Yokohama harbor. When he did he exchanged his chief petty officer's uniform for a frock coat, high hat, pointed patent leather shoes, tan gloves, and finished his make-up with a choice Japanese chrysanthemum boutonniere and some diamonds that he had picked up on a South African cruise. He was swaggering idly through the beautiful streets of Yokohama, swinging his stick, when an open barouche was drawn up alongside the curb. The apothecary heard himself hailed by both of the handsome young English women who were seated in the barouche. He turned and raised his hat with quite as much grace as his commanding officer was capable of.

'Ah, Captain—so delightful!' exclaimed the two girls at once. 'Do step in and go about with us a bit. We are both lonesome—and dying to be flattered!'

The apothecary had his cue, and his temptation was great. He stepped into the carriage, and for two hours he made himself agreeable to the two girls. They carried him around to half a dozen houses for afternoon calls and he parried difficult questions in the small talk with a skill he had employed in former years, before he had become an enlisted man. He passed everywhere as a commander of the white cruiser in the harbor, although he scrupulously refrained from making any claim to such a distinction. His guilt consisted simply in his acquiescence in the natural error of his skipper's friends. In the course of the afternoon the skipper's friends extended any number of invitations to him for dances, dinners, musicals and all sorts of functions. The apothecary accepted them reservedly, on the score that his ship might be ordered away at any time. When the afternoon was on the wane the two English girls drove him to an emporium where, he told them, he wanted to make some purchases, and dropped him there. But before they dropped him the apothecary looked straight into the eyes of his commanding officer, who was swinging along on the sidewalk of one of the main streets.

When the apothecary went off to his ship he had figured out that he would get a general court-martial, and he wondered how he would make out in Japan if he should happen to find himself 'beached' by order of the court. The Captain was not aboard when the apothecary reached his ship in the steam cutter, and he did not see him until quarters the following morning. The skipper appeared at quarters minus his fine Van Dyke beard. Immediately after quarters the apothecary was called to the Captain's cabin.

'Now,' said he to himself, 'for the scorching. I'll be in the brig in double irons in six minutes.'

'Morning,' said the Captain when the apothecary stepped into the after cabin.

'Good morning, sir,' said the apothecary saluting.

'You enjoyed yourself yesterday afternoon?'

'Exceedingly well, sir.'

The Captain drummed on his desk with paper weight.

'You found the young ladies interesting?'

'To a degree, sir.'

'Apothecary,' resumed the skipper after a pause, 'if I were to act strictly in accordance with the regulations, I should be compelled to punish you. I am not going to act strictly in accordance with the regulations, and I am not going to punish you. Instead, I congratulate you. Th' deception was not of your origination or seeking. You did yourself credit yesterday afternoon; also, you did me credit. I hear you said some very good things, and you appear quite to have superseded me ashore, even now that the matter is being laughed about all over Yokohama. As a man simply, and not as a naval officer, it is a pleasure to me to know that there are men in the United States navy up forward who know so well how to handle themselves in tight places. As a naval officer, and the commander of this ship, I really regret that you belong up forward, and not aft. But these things are the misfortunes of the service. You will continue to wear your beard. I could not request you to remove it, and so I have sacrificed my own. It would be foolish on your part to remain in the service after the close of your present enlistment. You could do very much better ashore. That is all.'

The apothecary saluted and started to leave the cabin.

'Oh, by the way,' the Captain called after him, 'the young ladies with whom you drove charged me with the delivery of this to you.'

'This' was a very beautifully bound copy of Hoppe's 'Prisoner of Zenda,' that tale of physical resemblances. In the book was a note, signed by both the young English women.

'We have to thank you for a very delightful afternoon,' it read, 'and to assure you that, while we are reluctantly forced to countenance them, we in no wise approve, nor even understand, the rules which create such a yawning abyss between "forward" and "aft" on a ship of war. In truth, however, we had never framed this grievance even in thought until yesterday afternoon, when we met your commanding officer, and explanations were made. What more, except that we are sorry?'

The apothecary is now the proprietor of one of the largest drug stores in Chicago. He still has the note which marked the end of his Yokohama adventure.

UNRULY BOYS.

The Different Methods Used by Masters With Their Pupils.

The different methods used by teachers and head masters to check a boy who is running headlong down the wrong road, are a curious subject of study for those who have the same work to do.

We all remember Tom Brown's description (doubtless a fact) of his treatment by Doctor Arnold when he and two other boys were 'sent up' for being out after hours. How the doctor, busy with carving a toy boat for one of his own children, questioned the boys with twinkling eyes about their scrape, examined their muddy clothes, and then sent them to the housekeeper for a wash and bread and jam, adding a friendly hint to put off such long runs until they were older, so making of them friends for life.

Lord K. when he was an old man told of a miserable, drunken row in which he took part at Oxford, when he was sixteen. The next morning he was summoned before Doctor X., and went up resolved to be defiant and impudent. To his surprise he was ushered into the doctor's sanctum with marked respect as a most honored guest. The old man courteously motioned to him to be seated, and turned to an open copy of Burke's Peagee.

'I find here,' he said 'that your family name is C.'

'Yes,' said the delinquent.

'Your grand ather,' his long finger on the door, 'at your age was serving his king in India, which country he helped to gain for England by his valor.'

'I believe that is correct,' said the boy, stiffening himself.

'Your uncle, when younger than you, began those scientific discoveries which have made his name known to all the world?'

K. bowed.

'Your father was a leader in Parliament and in the nation. He gave his life to the reform of abuses.'

Again K. bowed assent proudly.

'And you—' in a voice which brought him to his feet. 'I hear that you spend your days in fighting cabmen, and your nights in ginshops. I cannot believe it of the son of your fathers. Come back to me in a month and tell me the truth about yourself.'

More laconic and direct was the dealing of the Master of Rugby with a certain H., who was neglecting his books for athletics. The story is reported by Mr. Lees Knowles, M. P.

'Ah, Mr. H., I think?'

'Yes, Doctor Arnold.'

'H., you run well, I hear?'

H. blushed and nods.

'So did I. You hold the school bags?'

'Another blushing nod.'

'So did I. You don't work, H. I did. You must. Good morning.'

Both of these last methods proved effectual in their purpose. No second interview was needed.

Peccoliarities of Clever Men

Macaulay, the historian, always used to eat his Sunday dinner alone and at a restaurant. When he had finished he generally built up a pyramid of wine glasses, which he delighted to see topple over.

When he left the restaurant he used to pay liberally for the broken glass as well as for the dinner.

Copper, the poet, was a great hand for pets. At one time he possessed a squirrel, a cat, two dogs, several canary birds, a starling, a jay, a magpie, two guinea pigs, three hares, and five rabbits.

Whenever the soldierly Duke of Epernay saw a hare it made him sick, and once he kept his bed for a week after one of these little animals touched him.—Philadelphia Times.

A HELPER'S WOMAN.

For Years a Rheumatic Cripple—Under the Healing Spell of South American Rheumatic Cure Suffering Vanishes—Through Faith in the Testimony of Others she is To-day a Well Woman.

'My daughter, Mrs. Gregory, had rheumatism so badly in her right hand and arm that they were rendered almost helpless for over a year. Noticing the testimony of persons who had been cured by South American Rheumatic cure, I procured a bottle. She received almost instant relief, and when the bottle was used the trouble had completely left her. It is a great remedy, and we take pleasure in recommending it.'—Neil Morrison, St. John, N. B.

Too Late.

Myrtle—They say that you made a regular fool of Algy Piersons, at the islands last week.

Maud—No; they are wrong. I might have done it but for one thing.

Myrtle—What was that?

Maud—Somebody had finished the job before I got hold of him.—Cleveland Leader.

A Perseverent Striker.

'Please,' began the emaciated wanderer, 'could you give a little aid to a poor striker?'

'I don't call you a poor striker,' said the lady of the house. 'This is the third time you have struck me for something to eat within a week.'

Whereupon the wanderer struck out.



A Welcome Knock!

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Baby's Own Soap

Like baby himself, though small it brings happiness, because it is so good for baby's skin, and makes him so fresh and nice.

BABY'S OWN SOAP is made from purest vegetable oils, is delicately scented with flower extracts, and is pre-eminently THE nursery soap of Canada.

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Is having a very large sale in this province at present. Dealers who are handling it say that it is the best four cent wrapped soap that has ever been put upon the market. We ourselves think it is one of the best values ever turned out from our factory.

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THE FORBIDDEN LAND.

The Funny Situation in Which an American Found Himself.

A writer in the Independent has an amusing article on public restrictions in Germany, or as he calls it, the verboten land. He describes the bewilderment of an American who could only understand English, at being stopped outside the railway station, and requested to pay his fare, because it was forbidden (verboten) to stop in the station for that purpose. The traveller's feelings were hardly soothed, when he was told to approach the ticket window from the other end of the rail'd enclosure, though not a soul was in sight, and by the time he had been ordered to leave the railway carriage he had selected, and take the next one, he flatly refused.

This time he was victorious. Guards surged about him like an angry sea, but he had a second-class ticket, and he was in a second-class carriage. He would not yield; and finally after much growling, he was left alone. But his injuries rankled, and finally he fell into conversation with an English speaking Prussian.

'Tell me,' said he, 'what's the real meaning of verboten, anyway.'

'Prohibited, sir.'

'Well, you deal largely in it, it strikes me. What is Rauchen verboten?' And he gazed at one of the numerous wall decorations.

'Smoking prohibited, sir.'

'What's ausmachen verboten?'

'Leaving out prohibited, sir.'

'What's that long sign over your head?'

'That, sir, is a prohibition to use the alarm signal under penalty of a heavy fine.'

'What's that on the wash-closet door?'

'The yellow sign, sir, is a prohibition to open the door when the train is stopping, the red one prohibits you leaving it open.'

'What is Verboten Gegenstands auszuwerfen?'

'A prohibition against throwing things out of the window.'

'Six! Well, you Germans like that sort of insinuation of your being idiots and infants?'

'Six!' responded the Prussian, flaring up, 'you insult my country. This is a land of order. You Americans call nothing good but license.'

'No offence, stranger,' said the American undisturbed, 'but I couldn't stand this being ordered about. Our liberty may be license, as you say, but we couldn't endure your system.'

Thereupon another American in the train gave so many of his own experiences in the way of guardianship that the first cried out in pure indignation:

'If I were a German, I'd go and kill myself!'

'Ha!' cried the angry Prussian, 'to go kill one's self is strictly forbidden, Mein Herr!'

REMARKABLE CASES.

Chronic Invalids Raised From Their Sick Beds After Giving up Hope.

London, Ont.—Henry R. Nichols, 176 Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr. Chase's catarrh cure. 25c.

Markdale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Turo, N. B.—H. H. Sutherland, traveller, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Lucan—Wm. Branton, gardener, pin worms; all gone. Chase's Pills.

L'Amable—Peter Van Allen, eczema for three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

Gower Point—Robano Bartard, dreadful itching piles, 30 years. Well again; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Meyersburg—Nelson Simmons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Pills. 25c.

Chealey—H. Will's son, crippled with rheumatism and suffering from diabetes, completely recovered. Chase's Pills.

Matchard Township—Peter Taylor, kidney trouble, 30 years; cured. Chase's Pills. 25c.

Toronto Miss Hattie Delany, 174 Crawford street, subject of perpetual colds. Cured by Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's remedies are sold by all dealers. Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

Bees in a Letter Box.

An unusual sight was witnessed at Cranbrook, in Kent, England, the other day. A swarm of bees settled on a post letter box, and soon afterwards a second swarm located themselves inside the box, the whole colony following the queen through the aperture provided for letters. Every preparation was made for the capture of the swarm upon the arrival of the rural postman to clear the letters, but owing to the awkward position of the winged visitors it was found impossible to hive the bees until night, when they were smoked and safely housed. Owing to this unusual incident the letters posted before the bees took possession of the pillar box were delayed for several hours.

Out by a Scythe.

'I have used "Quickcure" for many accidents this summer,' writes Dr. S. J. Andrews of Montreal. 'One very bad cut from a scythe, was healed in a wonderfully short time—in one week the cure was complete. For burns and sores, it is really far better than any other remedy I know of.'

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pt.

*In the youth of the heart,
 Ere the glorious day
 That was born of life's morning
 Hath faded away;
 While the twilight lingers yet
 In the eyes that are dear,
 And the voices we love
 Still remain with us here;
 Within the warm blood leaps up,
 And the forest resounds
 With the tread of the horse
 And the bay of the hounds,
 Oh, ever and always,
 So long as we may.*

*Let us Live by the Way.
 As we journey through life
 Let us live by the way,
 That is in the thought
 That is in the heart
 And a hope for each morning,
 Has a strength for each day,
 And a hope for each morning,
 Has a strength for each day,
 Though tears for the past,
 And in joy for the future,
 That fly from us fast,
 Oh, ever and always,
 So long as we may,
 As we journey through life
 Let us live by the way.*

✧ His First Love. ✧

They were sitting in Bryce's luxurious chambers—a party of men whom business or pleasure had kept in town during the festive season, or who had not had sufficient inducements offered them to quit it. Bryce was laying down the law concerning The Flirting Woman in his own dogmatic way.

"A woman who flirts," he announced, in a tone of absolute finality, "a woman who deliberately plays with a man's heart for her own amusement is capable of anything—anything! from pocket-picking to murder."

The men sat around the table exchanging covert smiles. It was a joke of old standing amongst them that Bryce had been killed by his first and only love—hence this particular bee in his bonnet, his confirmed bachelorhood and unchivalrous attitude toward the fair half of creation. Gordon, a slim young barrister, took up the cudgels on behalf of the sex.

"Granted," he said, with an engaging drawl, "that a woman has no more right to tamper with a man's heart than with his banking account, but you would never get the dear creature to understand the principle of the thing. Scores of women, who would not stoop to wrong you of a half-penny, would break your heart without compunction, out of sheer fun and kittenish perversity."

Bryce shot a glance at the speaker—his dark eyes flashing with the vindictive bitterness that the subject always roused in him.

"I say," he reiterated, with harsh emphasis, "that a delicate flirt is capable of anything."

"Yas, dear fellow," drawled Gordon sweetly, "we all heard you. Only—you can't prove it."

"Can't?"

"No. You assume, what is manifestly unfair, that a woman who is guilty of one trifling weakness is capable of all—is, in fact, utterly unprincipled. You can't make it good. How would you stand yourself, judged by the same slap-dash rule? And they do say, don't they, that flirting girls make the best wives?"

"Would you care to run the risk?" asked his host, with a grim laugh.

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. "In my humble opinion," he said, lightly, "the risk is inevitable—the results a matter of degree."

A general laugh followed this precocious statement.

"What do you say, Ives?" demanded Bryce of a silent, keen-eyed man. "You are acquainted with the Indian woman of the tribe—you ought to know a little about the subject."

Ives shook his head. "I'm no judge," he said, diffidently. "I have been up-country too long, and flirtation is a lost art in the remote stations—men can't very well flirt with each other. My principal experience of our fair exports was during the Mutiny, and that is not exactly an honest test. You will agree."

"Why not?" sneered Bryce.

Ives looked at him a little curiously before replying. "You men who sit at home at ease," he remarked, quietly, "rarely seem to grasp the intense grossness of fighting. Flirtation never stands that fiery ordeal. Love, real love, the genuine article, thrives and blossoms under the strangest conditions and in the grimmest scenes—its counterfeits wither at the first breath of hostile cannon. Did you ever picture your ideal flirt—the woman with no good in her—a beleaguered fort, among the unspeakable horrors of a siege—where the enemy's shell kept crashing through the walls in quite unexpected places, and the groans of wounded men are the least alarming sounds? I thought not. I could tell you a story of a flirt I knew," he went on, twirling the stem of his glass round and round between his fingers. "It may interest you. I don't think it will bore you. Did any of you know Jack Reeves?"

A subdued murmur of assent passed round. Jack Reeves was dead. Ives' eyes were on his glass, and he did not see the dark, painful flush that crept slowly over his host's face, nor the ashen pallor that succeeded it.

"You know how he died, of course?"

"We heard," said one of the men, with a slight effort, "that he and his wife were killed at the taking out some out-of-the-way fort by the rebels. It was a most deplorable affair."

"It was. I was in it."

"You?" exclaimed Gordon. "It was reported that every one of the defenders was killed."

"I dare say. It was not always easy to make out accurate reports just then—survivors had a disorderly knack of turning up wounded and half-drowned, after the dispatches had been sent home. I ought to have been killed, no doubt, but was knocked over in the thick of the last struggle, and fairly buried beneath a pile of rebel corpses. That saved me, I believe. The relief party we had been waiting for arrived on the scene half an hour too late. They routed the mutineers, and paid the last tribute of respect to their dead friends, and the men who meant to bury me brought me round again instead. But enough of that—it is not a experience to linger over."

"We were quite a nice little party at Jussulpur before the row broke out. I was down on a visit to Jack. He had been

home on furlough the year before, and brought a wife back with him. She was the most desperate flirt I ever met. Not one of those sparkling, piquant creatures whom one instinctively expects to have some fun with, but a daughter of the gods, divinely fair." A calm, statuesque beauty, with oval face, grandly chiselled features a perfect mouth and wonderful, luminous gray eyes.

"Old Major Gardner, who was in command of the garrison, hated the sight of her. I soon found out why. She never descended to frivolity, or let men render her conspicuous by their attentions, but she would listen by the hour while a man poured out his homesickness, his ambitions, his lofty aspirations, his yearnings for the ideal, and any other beautiful sentiment he happened to possess, and she would watch the heart out of him with the subtle, exquisite sympathy that lurked in her marvelous eyes, and in the curves of her wistful, perfect lips. And then, some day, the unlucky wretch would lose his head, and she—she would lift her delicate eyebrows incredulously and freeze him in to nothingness."

"Then the crash came. I won't bore you by going into that—it is ancient history now—but I should like to tell you how that woman died. For five weeks we held the tiny fort against a horde of rebels, and our slender garrison thinned daily."

"The mutineers knew their business thoroughly—thanks to our careful training. They planted their batteries on the roofs of neighboring houses and kept up a deadly fire on the fort. The havoc their shells wrought was frightful. Strong men were killed at their posts. Poor wretches who lay moaning in the hospital rooms were hurled into eternity, together with the ministering women who bent over them and the bodies were hastily buried in the compound after dark. Day by day our ranks thinned, and the situation became, if possible, more serious. We had got a messenger sent off to the nearest station for assistance, but we neither knew whether he had got safely through the enemy's lines, nor whether he had found the other forts in the same plight as our own."

"It was a hideous experience. And through all the horror and carnage Mrs. Reeves passed calmly and serenely—like some fair star shining amid black clouds. In that terrible crisis, with that awful, palpable shadow of death hanging over us, all the false side of her nature seemed to slip away from her like an ugly mask, leaving only what was good and womanly and true. Nothing daunted her, nothing sickened her. She went to and fro among the men, looking after their comfort, cheering the despondent; always brave and hopeful herself, and infecting others with her brightness."

"Her care for the wounded was most unvarying. She seemed to feel no fatigue where they were concerned, tended them without a thought of the risk she often ran from flying bullets and other missiles. Their own mothers and sisters could not have done more for them than she did—or done it in a sweeter way. When food ran short she evolved meals for us out of most unpromising materials, and lived on the same bare rations as the rest, in spite of our protests."

"The men simply worshipped the ground she walked over, and would have followed the forlornest of forlorn hopes at her bidding. The Major's views concerning her underwent a complete alteration. I saw him once dash his hand furtively across his eyes as he watched her supporting the head of a poor fellow dying of a gunshot wound, and whispering gentle words into his ear. I think he foresaw the end from the beginning; though—true old building, that he was!—he never admitted it. The odds were too great even for British pluck and valor—unless help came soon."

"The fort was a queer, rambling little affair, with a detached tower rising from an angle of the compound. Jack and I shared the same watch at night on the tower roof. Long watches they were, as we grew short-handed, and weirdly still the nights seemed after the hideous din of the day time—a cold, tense stillness, only broken by the howling of the jackals in the nullahs and the comparatively musical cries of the rebel sentries. And always when we had been at our posts a little while, we would see her gliding toward us, shadowy and ethereal in the starlight—for the stars came out and shone down as serenely on us in our trouble as on our gaieties of a month before. Years seemed to have elapsed since then! And she would slip her hand through Jack's arm and lay her cheek against his above, and watch with us—silent and intent as we were ourselves. There was no need for speech between those two. In the presence of the death angel things clear marvelously. All their former differences dropped out of sight, forgiven and forgotten. Only their love remained, and it ever a man and woman understood each other, they did. They could read each other's hearts without a word spoken on either side."

"She made it up Jack then. She never hindered him or unsteadied his nerves with tears and lamentations; she was the truest, bravest helpmeet man ever had. Once, near the end, when she thought herself unobserved, I saw her lay her head down on his

shoulder and cry quietly. And I saw the great tears rolling down his face as he bent over her—but I don't believe it was a case of 'white feather' with either of them."

"Well, to cut it short, when the last day came, there were less than a dozen of us left—seven Englishmen, three of the faithful Sikhs, and Mrs. Reeves. Our position was practically hopeless. The Sepoys had taken the fort buildings after a lot of stubborn fighting and heavy loss on our side. Only the isolated tower remained in our possession, and to say that we were entrenched in that picturesque, but highly incommodious, building would be a fine bit of poetic license. We were boxed in like rats in a trap. The end was, as the doctors say, 'merely a question of time,' unless help came, and that we had begun to despair. It had become plain to us that our situation was, in all probability, the rule, and not the exception, and not the exception, and that the country must be in a state of revolt. We went about with grim faces in those days. We knew that we were doomed, but we meant to exact a high price for our lives, and had no notion of hurrying the final issue. The mutineers to do them justice, were in no pressing hurry either. They appreciated the race dawned, and they were likely to prove dangerous at close quarters, and they showed no indecent haste to come in and finish off the dying lion."

"They had us safe, and waited a day or two, with the patience of an experienced grizzly bear sitting under his victim's bough—not venturing into the compound within range of our fire, but contenting themselves with shooting at us from the fort buildings. But when that last day dawned, we knew our time had come. There were unmistakable signs of activity in the enemy's camp."

"They had dragged a couple of small guns into the two doorways opening on to the compound, and pounded away per severingly at the tough old tower, chipping large pieces off the stones, without doing much damage. I don't fancy they cared to try shells at that short distance. Now and then their gunners showed themselves, and gave us an opportunity of retalia'ion of no inconsiderable amount. We were, which we did plenty of promiscuous shooting."

"The stairs leading from the base of the tower to the roof were divided into two flights by a small room or landing, lit by narrow loopholes and shut off from the lower flight by a fairly strong door. The Major took up his position in this place with some of the men. Jack and I, with a couple of others, occupied the roof."

"Jack was shooting away with appalling regularity. The muscles of his good-natured face were set like iron, his eyes were glittering, his hands cool and steady. He used two weapons alternately, and his wife with a resolute expression on her pale, beautiful face, stood quietly by him, loading while he fired, utterly regardless of the hail of bullets that struck the stonework around her."

"All at once the guns ceased firing, and the supply of bullets began to slacken gradually, and shortly after we heard the Major's voice below, bellowing to us to come down. Jack was turning slowly away from the parapet, when I saw him leap suddenly in the air and fall back, stone dead, by his wife's side. Poor thing! She sank down on her knees beside him with a cry that went to my heart. Still, I could do nothing for her, so I went down to the Major."

"He was greatly shocked at my news, but drew me hastily toward the loophole by which he was standing."

"What do you make of their silence, Ives? Can you guess what their next move will be?"

"I could not, and told him so."

"They mean to venture a little more on the stakes," he said, with a grim smile. "They are going to run a gun out into the open, in the face of our bullets, and pour a heavy fire into the door below. One round of gunners will suffice for the work, and they will doubtless die happy in the knowledge that they are striking the hated Englishmen's death-blow. Then, the instant a breach is made in the door, the whole pack of fiends will swarm out of their cover and storm the tower."

"And we?" I asked, rather laconically—the programme was not inviting."

"The staircase is narrow," he replied, sententiously. "We have some ammunition left and our swords. The first heroes through the breach will be the first in Val-halla."

"And Mrs. Reeves?" I asked, with a shudder.

"The old gentleman's brave face twitched slightly. I read in his eyes the terrible, inevitable reply, but before he could frame the words, a touch on his arm made him turn round. Mrs. Reeves stood behind us, very pale, but perfectly composed."

"Major," she said, "my dear husband,—her sweet voice faltered for a minute, then steadied itself—"my husband promised that, if the worst came, he would keep his last bullet for me. May I now rely on you to do me this service? You will not fail me?" she added, appealingly.

"Her old enemy took the hand resting on his arm, and lifted it gently to his lips."

"Madam," he said, in his stately, old-fashioned way, "I am honored by your request. If the worst happens, as I greatly fear it will, you may rely on me. I will not fail you. But go back now—if I want you, I will call."

"She thanked him gratefully, and returned to her vigil on the roof. We turned back to our loopholes—I think neither of us could have looked the other in the face just then for our life's ransom."

"I was about to say about the men at the opposite loophole, followed by the crack of their rifles, took us over to them. The gun on their side had been run out, as the Major predicted. Two of the gunners had already fallen. Two more rolled over lifeless as the gun was brought into position. The man who was pointing it fell by Major Gardner's hand."

"Quick! Ives," he cried; "the man with the match!"

"I obeyed, but only succeeded in wounding him. His right arm dropped at his side, but, with a defiant yell, he snatched at the match with his left hand and fired. There was a deafening report and a crash of wood, followed by such a howl of triumph as might have come from the throats of a legion of fiends."

"To the stairs!" shouted the Major, heading the rapid descent."

"We formed on the bottom steps, two abreast—just in time. On they came with a rush, leaping and yelling; down they went before our fire. Twice we repulsed them, but each time the set of dark, demonic faces surged in again. On they came leaping over the bodies of their fallen comrades, on to the very stairs where we stood."

"The fight was a sharp and a terrible one. We fought as men are likely to fight in such a case, but we were outnumbered completely. Three of us fell. All of us were badly wounded. Every step of that winding stair was slippery with blood. Inch by inch, we fought our way back to the landing—those that were left of us, four white men and two Sikhs."

"On the threshold we paused a moment and in obedience to the Major's command emptied our last volley at the crowd. They cleared a pace, tumbling over one another and we managed to close the door and drag the bars across. Then as they rushed up again, on the other side, battering at the wood with horrid imprecations, we leaned against the walls, utterly spent. Our ammunition was gone; we were all in a sorry plight. One of the Sikhs had sunk down half-insensible; the major supported himself against the door, in little better case."

"He pulled himself together with an effort, looked around at us with a sad smile, which had yet something of pride in it, and then he called out for Mrs. Reeves. He stood there, fingering his pistol, his brave old face working. I have always thought that he meant to shoot her down as she turned the corner, to save her the torturing minutes of anticipation, but she must have been near at hand, for when he looked up she was standing on the bottom step—waiting!"

"I can never forget that weirdly terrible scene. It is fixed indelibly on my brain. The crashing blows thundering on the door, the infernal yelling of the fiends outside of it, the gloomy landing, with the fierce sunlight filtering through the narrow loopholes the hand of desperate, doomed men, the wounded and unsightly, the swarthy faces of the Sikhs, and in the midst of it all, that fair young woman, her white dress torn and dragged and soiled with smoke and blood, her face utterly calm—standing there, without a trace of fear, waiting for her death."

"I am quite ready, Major," she said simply.

"The men caught their breath sharply. One of them, a big Irishman, gave a loud sob and crossed himself. The Major could not speak. He made her a low bow—then raising his weapon, he shot her through the heart. The next moment he fell himself, as the door burst open and the horde rushed in. The rest you know."

"It is not a story to talk about. I never told it before for that reason; but what Bryce said tonight made my blood boil, and—"

"Why, Bryce! Bryce! Surely, my dear fellow, you don't think I meant?"

Ives rose abruptly from his chair and hurried round the table to his host.

The other men, whose attention had been riveted on the story, followed his movements with startled eyes; then they got up, too, and crowded round in consternation.

Bryce had dropped forward with his arms on the table, his face buried in his hands. His breath came and went in long, shuddering sobs that shook his whole frame, and when they spoke to him he seemed as if he did not hear. His vest was disordered, as though it had been hastily torn open, and on the table before him lay a jewelled miniature. Ives, glancing at it as he bent over his friend, drew back with a smothered exclamation.

"Great Heaven!" he gasped, with paling lips. "It is she!"

It was the portrait of a grandly beautiful girl, with a wistful, perfect mouth and luminous gray eyes.

Poor Bryce! He had loved and loved—and lost!

The men drew away from him reverently. They did what seemed the kindest thing, and slipped out of the room quietly, leaving him alone with his dead. Not till they reached the door did even Gordon find his voice, and then he only said, "Poor old Bryce!"

Ives stood on the doorstep when they had all gone. He thought of the stricken man in his lonely room above, and a great flood of pity welled up in his heart. Perhaps he, too, had suffered—fer he shut the door softly and went back again to his friend.—Strand Magazine.

In Case We Should Fall.

The tight-rope performer in the show is not likely to fall, but if he does, there is the net to catch him. Down he goes into it, bounces two or three times like an india-rubber ball, and then picks himself up a gain with whole bones and unscratched skin. No doubt the knowledge that he is safe makes him all the more free and easy as he cavorts about over our heads.

Let me ask you, then, 'is not the matter of living, and finding money enough to keep things going, a good deal like a tight-rope performance for most of us? Indeed, it is—with an important difference. When we fall, through accident or illness, we fall to the ground; there is never a net to save us. By reading the following letter you will see more clearly the force of the comparison.

"In April, 1892, my health began to give way. I didn't understand the nature or the cause of my ailment. I can only say vaguely that I felt as if something had overtaken me. My ambition and power to do good work were suddenly gone. I felt heavy and weak, and was easily tired. In my mouth there was a foul taste, something like added eggs, and I was constantly spitting up a sour fluid that seemed almost to burn my throat."

"From having been a hearty eater my appetite fell away until I had no longer any relish for food. After taking what I could manage to eat, I had great pain and a sensation of gnawing in the stomach, as if some living thing were setting to work to devour me inwardly. I fancied also that my kidneys must be disordered, as the secretion from them was thick and highly coloured."

"The effect of all this upon my nerves was one of the most distressing elements of the case. I got scarcely any sleep, and dark spots seemed to float before my eyes. I had dreadful pains in my head, and cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over my body. Like the great majority of men, I earned my living by my labor, and now during my illness, I was obliged to leave my work time often times—occasionally for weeks together. What this means to a person in my situation, any worker will understand without further explanation. The doctor whom I consulted did his best, but proved unable to help me."

"My cure finally came about as thousands of others have done in this country. While I was still weak and miserable, having, so far as I could see, no chance of ever being well again, a small pamphlet was left at our house describing Mother Siegel's Syrup and its peculiar virtues in complaints like mine. The book contained letters and statements from people who had been cured by this medicine after every other kind of treatment had turned out to be of no avail. In plain words it showed how most diseases are really the consequences of indigestion, and that is the stomach that needs to be set right in order to have all the other organs of the body come right. And my experience taught me that it is a doctrine."

"Briefly, then I got a bottle of the Syrup from Mr. Doubleday, the chemist at Bingham, and after taking it I felt great relief. My appetite was better and my food agreed with me. The pain in my back left me and I knew nothing more of any trouble with my kidneys. When I had taken three bottles of the Syrup I was completely cured, and have enjoyed good health ever since. I desire to express my thanks to you for what your great remedy has done for me. (Signed) Charles Lughton, Hawswoth, near Bingham, Notts, March 20th, 1895."

Across this printed page the writer holds out his hand to Mr. Lughton and congratulates him on two things his recovery and his manliness in furnishing the foregoing account of his case for publication. It will I am sure, be especially welcome to the great host of men and women whose income stops when work stops; that is to say those who have no soft place in the shape of fixed income to fall on their hands lie useless on beds of pain. People who are rich or well-to-do have nothing but the illness to bear; but they are comparatively few. With the rest of us that dreadful combination is pain and poverty. We must keep in health, if possible; but when we are laid up it is a comitry to know Mother Siegel's is ready to rebuke diseases and enable us once more to answer the call of duty.

She Had Reason To.

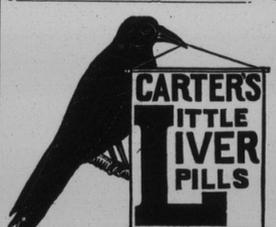
"Did you hear that pretty woman just now, Rap? She said she believed in long engagements and short marriages."

"Rather a strange idea."

"Not at all, Rap; she's an actress."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Grim Reaper.

Swoops down on young and old alike. The promising buds are nipped off almost as certainly as the fading blossom. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stayed death's hands more times than you will count. Relieves in 30 minutes. Over 40 cases of sudden deaths from heart disease were noted in the daily papers in Canada during the past ten days. It seems incredible and proves the uncertainty of life where there is a tendency to heart weakness. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a never failing remedy for heart disease. It acts like magic. Never fails to give relief in seemingly hopeless attacks in 30 minutes, and to cure permanently.



CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

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

THE ALACRAN HUNTERS.

There are many poor people in Mexico, poorer even than the very poor people you know here. So poor are they that hundreds, even thousands of them never sleep on a bed in their lives—that is a bed raised above the floor. Their bed and covering consist of an old mat for the one and a blanket often in rags for the other.

Various are the ways in which these people make a living. Many burn charcoal and carry it for miles on their heads to the towns, getting only a few centavos (cents) per bushel for it. Others cut and cord small bundles of the mesquite wood—a thorn bush resembling the locust—with which nearly all the cooking is done in the cities.

But the very strangest way, to say nothing of the danger, is by Alacran hunting. The alacran is a scorpion peculiar to some parts of Mexico, and a very deadly and dangerous one. Especially are they found in abundance in and around Durango. Some say the reason of this is because of the great iron mountain there and the properties of the soil in which they fairly thrive.

So numerous and dangerous have these pests become of late years that the Government has found it necessary to offer a reward for their slaying. Seventy-five centavos (cents) a hundred is the price paid for the dead alacrans.

Though the danger is great—for the bite is known to be deadly, especially to children,—yet many boys and men make a regular business of hunting the alacrans. Most of the hunting is done at night though some of the killing takes place in the daytime, when it is more dangerous, for then the scorpions cannot be blinded.

The hunters go with the lanterns or other lights with which they lure the alacrans out of their holes in the adobe walls and other places. Then binding them with the glare, they slay them. But now and then the hunter is not quick enough. The scorpion attaches itself to his hand ere the blow can be struck, and the poison enters his system, often producing death.

Fernando and Andres were two friends whose adobe huts on the outskirts of Durango were not far apart; or that is, they had been friends, but of late a misunderstanding had arisen. Hot words had been passed, and each had vowed never to speak to the other again.

Of the two Fernando's heart was the bitterer. That night, ere he took down his lantern to go in search of alacrans, he said to his mother:

'Madre (mother), I am going to quit this alacran hunting if Andres doesn't stop I hate him so I can't even bear to see him.' His mother tried to pacify him and also to reason with him.

'Is it not wrong the way thou art doing?' she asked. 'I know Andres has been unkind to thee and hast said hard things of thee. But didn't my Fernando also say hard things in return?'

'Yes, madre, I did, but how could I help it. He provoked me to it. He is mean and I hate him; yes, I hate him! I hate him I tell you!'

'But think how long thou hast been friends with him. Why at one time you could not bear to be away from him, no not for a day.'

'But we have quarreled, madre. We have said hot words, and now all is over!' 'Ah, yes hot words! What will they not do? Hasty tempers! They part the best of friends. Thou art angry now my Fernando. The temper blinds thine eyes. When thou art cooler, then thou wilt think differently, yes, and speak differently, too. Thou wilt even be sorry for the harsh words thou hast spoken.'

'Never!' declared Fernando vigorously. 'I get angrier and angrier every time I think of what he said to me; and I declare to thee, madre, passionately, that if he were dying I would not stretch out my hand to help him!'

'Oh, Fernando! Fernando!' and the mother laid her hand upon the shoulder of her impetuous boy. 'Take care, my lad, that thou dost not repent, yes, in heart's bitterness, those terrible words.'

Fernando snubbed his lamp and rushed away. His mother's words had disturbed him more than he cared to let her see. There were not many alacran hunters out that night. Several who would have been there had gone to help the ranchmen herd cattle preparatory to driving them down for market.

As Fernando was about to pass to the other side of an adobe wall, he came suddenly face to face with Andres. He scowled and passed on, Andres, I am sorry to say, returning the scowl.

Beyond the wall there was an open space. It had once been a garden, and at the upper end the old house was still standing. The garden was overgrown with weeds, and there were piles of stones scattered about. This was known to be a favorite resort of the alacrans.

'It he is coming to the old garden to hunt alacrans,' said Fernando, and biting his lip, 'then I must go to another place. For I can't even bear to look at him—no, I can't!'

but he was also moaning out with the torture. 'I must go,' said Fernando, and again he tried to move. 'I must go, and let him suffer all he can. He deserves it.'

'What?' said a voice, 'Go and leave him to die?' 'Now Fernando found that he could move. He wheeled quickly, as though the sharp point of a rapier had pricked him.

'Leave him to die!' repeated this voice. 'Leave Andres to die! Your own Andres of whom you were once so fond?'

'No,' answered Fernando, 'No, and now there was a sob in his voice, 'I can't do that!'

Where was all his passion, his blind hate now? 'Andrés! Andrés!' he cried sharply, but oh, so pityingly, as he sprang toward the suffering boy. 'What is the matter with thee? What has hurt thee? The alacran? Oh, I thought so. Give me the hand, Andrés, give me quickly, and show me where the sting went.'

He caught up the wounded hand. He faltered out tender, hysterical words over it as a mother in her grief might have done. Amazed, Andrés gazed at him, the pain, the terror for the moment forgotten in him. Could this be Fernando—Fernando who only yesterday had declared he hated him so? Fernando, who had said he would gladly see him die?

'The alacran!' cried Fernando again. 'It has bitten thee, but it shall not kill thee! I will draw the poison out with my lips, the lips that have said such evil things of thee, Andrés. But oh, forgive me, I did not know then how one could feel when death came.'

At last Andrés comprehended. He looked at him with eyes that held the mist of joy as well as of pain. 'Oh, I am so glad!' he cried. 'Fernando, querido mi! (my dear one)!' then fell over against Fernando's shoulder weep and faint.

Fernando put his lips to the wound and strove bravely to extract the poison, but did not know if he had done so. Seeing Andrés still sick and faint, and thinking he must surely be going to die, the alarmed Fernando grasped him firmly in his arms and half carried, half dragged him to the shop of an old boticario (apothecary) he knew was near.

'He will live,' declared the boticario promptly. 'I will give him something to finish the work. But, my brave boy, let me first spray your mouth.'

'Oh, mother,' said Fernando, when telling her about it that very night, 'how quickly one's thoughts and feelings can change when death is really near!'

'Yes, my Fernando, and happy is it for one when such can be the case. Some are so hardened, so unfeeling, even the presence of death cannot soften them.'

'Oh, mother,' replied Fernando with a shudder. 'I do not see how a heart could be so hard.'

'Thank God that of my dear boy could not be!' And a kiss fell on his face.

MEN OF WEIGHT IN PARIS. Big Men Who Find it Difficult to Hire Public Conveyances. Jules Chancel gives in L'illustration an interesting account of a unique social organization recently established in Paris. The 'Cent Kilo Club' as it is called, requires as the chief qualification for membership that the applicant shall weigh at least one hundred kilograms—about two hundred and twenty pounds. Monsieur Chancel was invited to be present at a recent meeting where the weights and various measurements of the members were all recorded, and was greatly entertained by what he heard and saw.

It appears that several extremely fat gentlemen were dining together one evening, and deploring the fact that, on account of their physical superfluity, they were debarred from the pleasures they might otherwise enjoy as members of the numerous athletic and sporting clubs of the city; whereupon one of them suggested that they should form a club of their own, to which none but men as fat as themselves should be admitted.

This was the origin of the 'Cent Kilo Club.' In the course of Monsieur Chancel's visit, the president said to him: 'Do you not think that we could induce some men who are great in more than one way to join us? Could Monsieur Sarcey, for instance, be induced to apply for membership? I should think he possessed all the necessary qualifications.'

Francoise Sarcey, it may be remembered, is eminently fitted in point of size to join this or any other club of the same nature, but the great critic and writer is none too fond of his flesh. Monsieur Chancel replied: 'Monsieur Sarcey blushes at the scales whenever he is weighed, I am sorry to say, and is become a vegetarian with a view of reducing his proportions.'

The president started back with a look of horror. 'What?' he cried. 'M. Francoise Sarcey ashamed of his flesh? Gentlemen,' he said, appealing to his fellow-members, 'do you hear what Monsieur Chancel tells you? No, Monsieur Chancel, I am sure I express the opinion of every man here when I say that the Cent Kilo Club has lost the opinion it once had of Monsieur Sarcey. He is undoubtedly a great man—but—ashamed of his weight!'

And he went sadly off without saying another word on the subject. According to Monsieur Chancel, a gloom was cast

over the assembly, and the newspaper man soon turned to go out. He was followed to the door by one of the club's most mighty members. As they reached the steps they perceived that it was snowing.

'Alas!' said the fat man, 'I shall have to walk home through the snow for two miles!'

'Why,' said Monsieur Chancel, in concern, 'can you not take a cab? I am sure I can find you one.'

'It is no use,' returned his companion; 'no cabman will take me into his vehicle. They all know me; I have broken down three cabs in Paris this year.'

Commercial Travellers. Wm. Golding, commercial traveller, 130 Eather St. Toronto, says:—For fifteen years I suffered untold misery from itching Piles, sometimes called pin worms. Many and many weeks have I had to lay off the road from this trouble. I tried eight other pile ointments and so called remedies with no permanent relief to the intense itching and stinging, which irritated by scratching would bleed and ulcerate. One box of Chase's Ointment cured me completely.

Great Britain has seventeen miles of railroad to each 100 square miles of territory. In the United States there are six miles of rail line to every 100 square miles. In Great Britain there are 1,980 miles. In people to support every mile of road. In this country there are only 380 people to each mile of railroad. The United Kingdom had 21,277 miles of road at the end of 1895. There has been very little new railroad constructed in Great Britain in several years.

Robbins—'What in the world does Hardy Upton mean by wearing a winter overcoat and a summer suit.' Dobbins—'Why a report got around that he had to soak his summer suit before he got his winter overcoat out. Hardy is trying to prove that the report is unfounded.'

BORN. Rawdon, Oct. 2, to the wife of George Cole, a daughter. Truro, Oct. 12, to the wife of R. T. Craig, a daughter. Amherst, Oct. 11, to the wife of W. H. Rackham, a son. Amherst, Oct. 7, to the wife of John Bryenton, a son. Riverdale, Oct. 6, to the wife of William Deuch, a son. Springhill, Sept. 21, to the wife of Chas. Downey, a son. Mill Village, Oct. 3, to the wife of R. B. Elliott, a daughter. Claremont, Oct. 5, to the wife of Wm. Weatherbe, a son. Springhill, Sept. 19, to the wife of Isiah McCarthy, a son. Annapolis, Oct. 9, to the wife of Mr. C. M. Mahoney, a daughter. Hantsport, Oct. 2, to the wife of Horace Davison, a daughter. Amherst, Oct. 9, to the wife of James Duxbury, a daughter. Lunenburg, Oct. 4, to the wife of C. W. Lane, a daughter. Victoria Lane, to the wife of Joseph McEichern, a daughter. Springhill, Sept. 18, to the wife of Dan Hattie, a daughter. Springhill, Sept. 18, to the wife of Wm. Jones, a daughter. Springhill, Oct. 15, to the wife of Ira Townsend, a daughter. Springhill, Oct. 15, to the wife of Malcolm McVicar, a daughter. Newcombville, Oct. 7, to the wife of Asaph Newcomb, a son. Granville Centre, Oct. 9, to the wife of Chas. Withers, a son. Williamston, Oct. 10, to the wife of Rev. R. O. Southampton, Sept. 23, to the wife of Ralph Harrison, a daughter. New York, Sept. 21, to the wife of Edward H. Good, a daughter. Halifax, Oct. 8, to the wife of Garrison Segr. Major Haines, a daughter. Bridgeport, Conn. U. S., Sept. 27, to the wife of Fred W. Crossley, a daughter.

MARRIED. Ashland, Sept. 23, Albert E. Kinney to Mabel E. Wayner. Truro, Oct. 12, by Rev. H. F. Adams, George Wynn to Ruth Weatherbe. Halifax, Oct. 13, by Rev. Dr. Hertz, Isaac Griggen to Hattie Greenwood. Halifax, Oct. 13, by Rev. N. LeMoine, William Twining to Alice Sears. Parroboro, Sept. 22, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Clara Duncow to Clara Fife. Guysboro, Oct. 1, by Rev. E. B. McKinley, Mr. Bunley to Jennie Pickett. Shaw Harbor, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. Miller, James Goo-win to Maggie Sears. Wolfville, Oct. 12, by Rev. K. C. Hild, Thomas L. Harvey to Susan Sherwood. Truro, Oct. 13, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Howard A. Cadner to Mianne B. Bancroft. Shaw Harbor, Oct. 2, by Rev. W. Miller, Erasmus Nickerson to Alice Sears. Ardoule, Oct. 7, by Rev. E. Parr, Amos T. Fitch to Miss M. A. Robinson. Baddeck, Oct. 6, by Rev. R. T. Gwiltin, Colin Inarham to Annie K. Tremaine. Annapolis, Oct. 12, by Rev. G. J. C. White, Hugh A. Cadner to Mianne B. Bancroft. Upper Merquodobolt, Oct. 12, by F. W. Thompson, Samuel U. Cox to Anna M. Dean. Digby, Oct. 6, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Frederick Stephenson to Florence Br-dley. Centerville, Oct. 9, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, William M. Hunt to Fannie Quidley. Parker's Cove Oct. 11, by Rev. H. Achilles, John B. Kay to Marianne Haldiday. Baddeck, Oct. 6, by Rev. A. Kinsey, E. Ernest Foster to Florence Beatrice Hill. Lormay Mines, Sept. 28, by Rev. J. A. McGlashen, J. McDonald to Catherine McLean. Cheveris, Sept. 26, by Rev. G. W. Whitman, Edward J. Palmer to Flora McDonald. West Brook, Oct. 6, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Charles Pettigrew to Margaret Rector. Hawkebury, C. L. O., Oct. 3, by Rev. John Calder, Norma Macneip to Hannah Campbell. Oxford, Oct. 14, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Edward Binney Fairbanks to Mary Matilda Orley. Florenceville, Oct. 6, by Rev. A. E. Hayward, George Edward Brooks to Lillian Mable Bigger. Halifax, Oct. 13, by Rev. N. LeMoine, William Twining to Alice E. widow of the late Joseph Bier. British Columbia, Sept. 21, by Rev. R. Newton Powell Rev. Albert M. Bancroft to Jennie Lillian Barnes. Pictou, Oct. 6, by Rev. A. Campbell, assisted by McKinnon, Walker Robertson to Margaret Ross. Canisling, Oct. 6, by Rev. W. H. Hutchins, assisted by Rev. J. Trotter, Rev. C. B. Freeman to Aylee A. Eaton.

Fredericton, Oct. 6, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale assisted by Rev. H. Starr, Alice A. Teasdale to Frederick M. LeMay. Annapolis, Oct. 12, by Rev. G. J. White assisted by Rev. E. S. Whidden and Jas. W. Bancroft, Hugh A. Cadner to Mianne Bancroft.

DIED. Liverpool, Oct. 4, Peter Hunt, 78. Boston, Sept. George Holmes, 86. Dorchester, Oct. 14, Mrs. Peck, 51. Bear Point, Oct. 5, Jane Shand, 82. Haifax, Oct. 14, Mrs. T. Leahy, 80. Barrington, Oct. 4, Isaac Hopkins 71. A. A. Burns, 70. Liverpool, N. S., Oct. 5, Peter Hunt, 78. Fort Williams, Oct. 11, Daniel Rafuse, 72. Barrington, Oct. 5, Mrs. Ella Hopking, 80. Weymouth, Oct. 9, Charlton Newcombe, 67. Halifax Oct. 11, Robert McFatridge, M. D. New Minas, Oct. 5, Mrs. Charles Turner, 80. St. John, Oct. 17, Robert W. Crookshank, 74. River John, Sept. 9, Alexander Langille, 12. West Frasnville, Oct. 16, Isabella Kehoe, 74. West Frasnville Oct. 3, Norman McDonald, 59. Halifax, Oct. 14, beloved wife of T. F. Leahy 39. Amherst Islands, Magdalen, Oct. 5, Mrs. Shea. Beaver Brook, Colchester, Oct. 11, Mrs. Job Creel 88. Mill Pond, Oct. 3, Margaret, widow of John McLeod, 90. St. John, Sept. 17, Emma, widow of the late Otis Small, 74. Long Island, Oct. 9, Kachael E. wife of Edward L. Gault, 46. Colorado, Aug. 14 Angeline, wife of Henry E. G. Edwards. Cornwallis, Oct. 8, Laura daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Harvey, 29. Woodstock, Oct. 13, Emily, wife of Arthur J. Raymond, 35. Lower Burlington, Oct. 6, Charles, son of Henry F. Sanford, 29. Low Point, Sept. 19, Margaret H. Petrie, wife of Francis Daley. Pictou, Sept. 18, John son of Daniel and Lydia McKinnon, 29. Lunenburg, Oct. 2, B. Sept. 29, Margaret H. wife of Francis Daley. Lower Point, Oct. 5 Fanny daughter of Nathan and Irene Lantz, 2. Zealand Station N. B. Oct. 2, Sarah Ann wife of Halifax, Oct. 13, Susan, only daughter of Mrs. B. Maxwell, 18. Moncton, Oct. 16, Harry T. child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Duncan. Portland, Oregon, U. S., D. C. Perley son of Hon. W. K. Perley, 47. Little Lorraine, C. B. Oct. 1, Elizabeth, wife of John Kennedy, 25. Milton Oct. 11, Thomas P. infant son of James and Mary Wash Bros. St. John, Oct. 17, Mrs. Emma Small widow of the late Otis Small, 74. Boston, Oct. 16, Philip, eldest son of Philip and Elizabeth Sherman, 25. Avondale, Oct. 3, Lettie Beatrice, infant daughter of S. G. Barter, 3 months. Cornwallis, Oct. 8, Agnes Laura, daughter of Iphedusa and Mrs. W. K. Perley, 13 months. Halifax, Oct. 11, Lena Blanche child of Wm. and Mary McArthur 13 mos. Halifax, Oct. 18, Arthur Ernest eldest son of James W. and Rosetta Curry, 25. Halifax, Oct. 1, John William Bishop child of Thomas and Ellen Bishop, 1. Halifax, Oct. 13, Arthur Ernest, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Curry, 25. South Mountain, Oct. 1, Mary Roy, widow of the late Capt. Alex. McDougall, 60. Liverpool, Oct. 8, Percy Carroll, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kilcup, 11 months. Annapolis, Oct. 7, Adèle Prudence, eldest daughter of Mrs. Long Wharf, Boston. Baccaro, Oct. 2, Clara Wilfred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grosswell, 2 months. Pleasantville, Lunenburg, Oct. 4, P. Nancy C. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Lantz, 2. Acadia Mines, Oct. 8, William Arthur, child of Mr. and Mrs. Howard McLean, 3 mos. Newton, Bridgewater, Sept. 29, Sibyl Marion, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Rafuse, 2 months.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....1:40 Express for Halifax.....12:10 Express for Sussex.....12:30 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17:30

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20:10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8:30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10:30 Express from Moncton(daily)..... 10:30 Express from Halifax..... 15:00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 15:30 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24:20

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. FORTINGHAM, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

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The Short Line

.....TO.....

Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, etc.

Fast Express train, leaves St. John, week days at 4:10 p. m. for and arrives in Sherbrooke 6:30 a. m. Montreal 1:45 a. m. Montreal 9:00 a. m. making close connections with train for Toronto, Ottawa and all ports West, and North West, and on the Pacific Coast.

Second class Pacific Coast passengers leaving on Wednesday's train connect Thursday with Weekly Tourist sleeping Car Montreal to Seattle. For rates of fare and other particulars, apply at ticket office, Chubb's Corner and at station. D. McNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 4th Oct. 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 1:15 p. m., ar. Digby 10:00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1:00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3:45 p. m. S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parrboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6:20 a. m., ar. Digby 12:45 p. m. Lve. Digby 6:20 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3:35 p. m. Lve. Halifax 7:45 a. m., ar. Digby 12:30 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 7:45 a. m., ar. Digby 11:10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11:25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5:45 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8:00 a. m., ar. Digby 10:50 a. m. Lve. Digby 10:14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3:30 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7:30 a. m., ar. Digby 5:40 p. m. Lve. Digby 8:20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose Monday and Thursday. Other days on Express Trains between Halifax and Yarmouth and Yarmouth and Annapolis.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Thursday immediately after arrival of the Express Train and "Flying Bluenose" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Friday and Wednesday at 4:30 p. m. Usual dined cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

For close connections with trains at Digby, tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom rates and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

STEAMBOATS. COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's coach line, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John, Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Sheburne, Locke, Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

Steamer Alpha, Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon, returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from W. A. CHASE, President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston. Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

On and after Monday, Sept. 27th, The Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton for Indiantown..... Mondays Wednesdays and Saturday at 5:30 a. m.

Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 3 p. m. instead of 4 p. m. as formerly. CAPT. R. G. EABLE, Manager.

STAR LINE STEAMERS For Fredericton (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 10 a. m. for St. John. A steamer of this line will leave Indiantown every Saturday night at 6:30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate landings, returning Monday morning leaving Wickham at 8 a. m., arriving at Indiantown at 8 a. m., until further notice; one fare. Returns Monday, good for morning or afternoon boat on Tuesday. No return tickets less than 40c.

On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

International S. S. Co. THREE TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON

COMMENCING SEPT. 20th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock (standard) returning leave Boston same days.

On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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