

PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 420.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A PLEASANT SEA TRIP.

Hospitality in the Hub—Three Jolly Contractors Who Make Life Pleasant For Their Frigates—A Trip to Bass Point and Return Home by the Cumberland.

Many visitors leave St. John with a good impression of the place and people, but of all those who have seen this year, few, if any, are in a position to say pleasanter things than those three whole souled jolly contractors, Messrs. Harris, Heron and Briggs of Cambridge, Massachusetts. They came to the province for a good time and a rest. They had a good time and the rest will be theirs in the future. They saw Ben Lomond and saw many attractive suburbs that came in their way; they went to Fredericton and did not forget the outlying hotels at Springhill and Killarney. Proprietor Coleman took good care of them and did not permit them to miss anything worth seeing. In fact their visit to the Larracka will be remembered by those within and without. They brought away remembrances of their visit there, all indicative of soldier's life and soldier's ways. In St. John their headquarters were at the Dufferin but they made many friends wherever they went that it was really a difficult matter for them to reach the hotel again after leaving it in the morning. While here they found an intimate friend and a general spirit in the person of Dr. Mackenzie of the Eye and Ear Infirmary of Boston who joined them on the return trip and added to the enjoyment of a very pleasant journey. A few gentlemen from this city, including a Progress representative, were also on board the steamer St. John and as the Massachusetts Fusiliers with a splendid band boarded the boat at Eastport the trip was one of particular enjoyment, enhanced as it was by good music and the best of good fellowship. The American visitors returning from St. John and the province were all more or less intimately acquainted with the Fusiliers and their lady friends and consequently there was no lack of entertainment or companionship. Music and mirth, wit and repartee were the order of the day and right argument and politics had no place on the programme, as ex-alderman Flood learned to his discomfort when he encountered the witty Heron.

But even the pleasantest trip must end and when at early dusk the steamer glided up Boston harbor, she did so to the music of most appropriate music the band could play. At the wharf the civilians parted from the military in spite of an urgent invitation to join the ranks and go to the love feast at the armory.

If St. John men had assisted at all in entertaining the Boston gentlemen mentioned at the first of the article, certainly they were taken charge of in the hub and used in that hospitable manner which has made the social reputation of Messrs. Harris, Heron and Briggs. These gentlemen have elegant homes in Cambridgeport and all being in the building line are consequently very frequently associated in business as well as pleasure. It is their pride to treat a stranger night, to introduce him to men of their own good sort, wholesome, genial and generous, who are all intent upon keeping him upon the move, seeing the best that is to be seen, enjoying the best that is to be had. Such was the pleasant fortune of the St. John men who fell into their hands. The Bowdoin Square hotel was their headquarters and a pleasant place it would be difficult to find. It is made more so by capable, courteous clerks in the persons of Mr. Myles and his associate as well as the proprietor, Mr. White, who constantly studies the comforts of his guests.

An excursion trip to Bass point and a fish dinner at Durand's was another feature of a programme of entertainment that was as varied as it was full of surprises. It was on this trip that the party enjoyed the company of Mr. Thomas Tape who spent a short time in his native city, St. John, this summer and who vied with everyone else in making things pleasant for the visitors. Mr. Tape has a responsible position in Boston as manager of the establishment of R. G. Brown & Co. on Avery street where he has been for many years. In the busy season no fewer than 700 people are catered to daily in this place. The manager is simply another example of the successful Canadian in Boston.

The opportunity to make a return trip on the Cumberland was not to be missed for a genial, obliging and courteous purser like "Barry" Thompson can make it very pleasant for passengers. In fact the whole company on the Cumberland from the Captain down are deservedly popular with the travelling public. On the State of Maine Steward Bond could not have done more than he did to make everybody comfortable.

Old friends, such as Mr. W. H. Welch of R. H. & Co., and Mr. Mincow of John Carter & Co., gave the party a cordial greeting and devoted much of their time to them. These gentlemen are well known through these provinces where they have done much business in the past and will, no doubt, in the future.

Twenty years ago General Tom Thumb and his diminutive wife visited St. John and attracted crowds of people nightly. They were feted and made much of by St. John people and altogether had a delightful time in this city.

Last week Mrs. Tom Thumb again visited St. John, but without the celebrated partner by whom she was accompanied on her first visit. Thirteen years ago General Tom Thumb joined the silent majority and his present successor is the Count Magri, an Italian. The entertainments at the Opera house were very well attended and the hundreds who were present at the matinee on Wednesday afternoon were glad of an opportunity of shaking hands with the famous little lady at a reception held after the performance. The Countess Magri is just as popular as was Mrs. General Tom Thumb and she was the centre of much attraction and admiration during her stay in St. John. The diminutive Count and his brother the Baron Magri are both bright and interesting and as they have travelled widely are interesting conversationalists.

Mr. and Mrs. George Laible are two other small members of this unique company. Mrs. Laible being particularly dainty and interesting. Her home is in Louisville Kentucky and she has a deep love for the sunny south. The costumes of both ladies are very beautiful, most of them being Paris creations.

On Friday morning the company left by the Prince Rupert for Nova Scotia and it is confidently expected their tour will be a successful one. The programme offers many bright and interesting features. The Countess Magri and her company go to Europe after a short stay in Nova Scotia and it is hardly within the bounds of possibility that she will ever be seen in this part of the world again.

At the Bay Shore a few days ago a life was saved through the bravery of a young man about whose identity there seems to be some doubt. A little girl the daughter of Mrs. E. L. Simonds was being carried by the waves beyond her depth and beyond the reach of her mother who was on the beach. In the vicinity at the time were several young men enjoying a swim, with true St. John pluck hastened at at once to the rescue. The child was speedily restored to the much alarmed mother. Thus far everything is certain enough but when the press made note of the event, a majority of them said the name of the rescuer was Mr. John Lawlor, a popular though modest member of the staff of the C. P. R., Telegraph company, one paper nevertheless asserted with equal positiveness that the hero of the occasion was a Mr. Taylor, a Montreal athlete. Now though, Jack Lawlor is nominated by a majority of the daily papers as the rescuer he has not asserted his claim to the distinction nor has he given any contradiction to the assertion that Mr. Taylor was the favored man. Nor has Mr. Taylor asserted his exclusive claim to the distinction of being a life saver.

Everybody who knows Jack is confident he would not for a moment desire to appear in borrowed plumes or appropriate any honors that rightfully belonged to another man. In respect to Mr. Taylor, who, if one may judge from the tenor of the note connecting him with the occurrence, is favorably known in athletic circles in Montreal, it is only fair to credit him with similar sensibilities. Both these gentlemen have many friends who would like the vexed question settled. In other words to have it determined for all time who saved the child?

AT THE GROCERS PICNIC.

A DESCRIPTION OF HOW THE AFFAIR WAS MANAGED.

The Best Did not Leave on Time and There was an Awful Scarcity of Food—How the Sandwiches Were Bolted—What the Isle of Pines Looks Like.

"Mama if this is a grocers picnic, where are the groceries?" was the question a tired, hot and very hungry little girl asked her mother last Tuesday at the Isle of Pines, in a tone loud enough for every one in any way near her neighborhood to hear. Hundreds of people had asked themselves the same question, in a little different form perhaps, during the day but up to the time the last weary excursionist had been landed in the city in the early hours on Wednesday morning it had remained unanswered. The grocers who bossed the job say there was a big mistake made somewhere, and with this statement all who attended the long talked of grocers picnic on Tuesday last will cordially agree. One of the city papers remarked the other morning that if the picnic had lasted more than one day a famine would have been the result. Only those who went on the big excursion can perhaps fully appreciate the truth of such a statement.

For several days the grocers picnic was anxiously awaited by those who were looking for novelty in that line of amusement and the fact that it was to be held on entirely new grounds added not a little to the general interest. On Tuesday morning crowds lined the wharves at Indian town and goodnaturedly joked and jostled around for some time the chief amusement consisting of anxious enquiries as to the cause of delay in starting. Finally every boat that could possibly hold a man, woman or child was on its way to the Isle of Pines and the grocers and everybody else was happy for the time being.

The second trip was scheduled to leave at 11:30 and all who wanted to take in the trip were on hand long before that time. A few wise ones who knew of the delay in the morning and fully expected a repetition in the afternoon did not show up till after they had partaken of a good dinner.

The faces were not so bland and smiling as those of the morning and as time wore on there seemed no prospect of an immediate start a great deal of impatience was noticeable. In fact several things were very noticeable chief among them being the men who having got left in the morning had managed to have a good time anyway. There were also parties who carried big picnic baskets which called forth many sarcastic remarks upon the smallness of people who ostensibly patronizing a worthy class of citizens, and carried their own lunch. It is hardly necessary to say that before the day ended these astute and wary excursionists were regarded as the embodiment of wisdom. It was nearly two o'clock when the "Aberdeen" came in sight sailing along at a rate that betrayed indifference to the outraged feelings of five or six hundred people. Somebody in the rear of the crowd tried to raise a cheer but it died in its infancy.

In the meantime the committee were having their own troubles in the office of the manager of the line. It is necessary to explain that this important individual was nowhere to be found, so as everybody in authority was trying to get out of everybody else's way the committee took possession of his office and to the numerous enquiries regarding the delay there was but one answer—find the manager and make him explain. The manager could not be found. He appeared simultaneously with the Aberdeen; that is to say when the Aberdeen came in sight the manager came into his office with an air of triumph as though the steamer was away ahead of time.

There was considerable hustling for places and finally the sail up the far famed St. John river began. It might be remarked in passing that the Isle of Pines is fairly too far away for a picnic. A two hours and a half sail to an affair of this kind makes the average individual very weary even on a very fine day and on the St. John River.

The objective point of the merry crowd was reached a little after four o'clock and it was then the picnic may be said to have been inaugurated. The search for dinner or tea tables brought nothing to light and despair settled upon the crowd when it was explained, unofficially of course, that by some mistake only a little of the good eatables prepared had been taken off the steamer and that the rest had made the return trip to the city.

The small refreshment tables of which there were three or four were besieged by hungry crowds and it is only fair to those in attendance to say that they were at least generous in regard to the things dispensed by them. At one table in charge of two or three young men, sandwiches of wonderful build were sold, the bread varying from one and a half to two inches thickness; and for these fearful structures

the sum of five cents was charged, but nobody grumbled at that. Whether by accident or not the table was hemmed in at the back by high rocks while in front of it and almost smothering the waiters from view at least from touch, a great tree had fallen. The table had no cloth and the centre-piece, its only decoration, was a tub of golden butter, ornamented with pine burrs, bits of bark around which ants and spiders sported, in playful glee. As the general crowd did not see this however, the sandwiches were none the less sweet to the taste. A lady who was there with her three little children, one of whom made the remark mentioned above, managed to get a cup of tea but as the tea for the occasion was made of salt water it was undrinkable.

The disappointment in regard to this picnic was very great because having been announced as a grocers picnic everybody expected a magnificent spread. They didn't get it. They only got lots of sand in their shoes and a good healthy appetite for a home supper.

The Isle of Pines is hardly likely to become a popular resort for it is entirely sandy and has one or two other drawbacks. Seen from the river however it is a very pretty place, hence the disappointment on landing. If good beginnings count for anything, the Isle of Pines started out very badly indeed. Aside from the bad management which will make the picnic a memorable one a shooting accident occurred by which a lady was severely injured. No blame is attached to the unfortunate person who proved so bad a marksman.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

ONE OF THE CARNIVALISTS REPORTED MISSING.

Otherwise the Names of Delinquents would have been Published—Trouble over admission Tickets to the Committee boat—No Crew to go in Train.

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There was a nice little row among the collectors in one of the districts, owing to the refusal of those in charge of the committee boat, the government steamer Newfield, to give to them tickets of admission to her dock. These men who had collected subscriptions right and left were refused admission on board along with the newspaper and steamship men and other friends of the executive. They therefore raised their backs very high, and it is not altogether surprising that they did. So now other collectors than those who have to do the work when the next carnival is proposed.

For all that nice discrimination, and that the crowd on the Newfield was kept so select, one hoodlum at least must have been on board, for the captain's marine sneak thief passenger, whoever he was, got in his work, and all the efforts of the committee were unavailing to find a trace of the thief or the valuable property. The glass was taken the night of the harbor illumination which is the nearest approach to the light-figured rascal that the committee has been able to make.

The racing boats are safely housed with the Lorne club, but there is little, if any, hope that the anticipation of the city will be realized in seeing a four in training, this fall for next season's work. The money is not forthcoming. There is no one to go after it, and that kind of cash does not come in un solicited. So people may make up their minds that there will be no would-be Halifax champion four in training this year on our waters.

In connection with the list of delinquents published last week it should be stated that Alderman Geldert, chairman of the carnival executive, all along was strongly of the opinion that they could and should be sued for the amount due. The alderman holds that this can be done, while others claim that no consideration having passed for the money it cannot be collected. But again it is urged that the law provides for the enforcement of such obligations as these delinquent carnival subscribers voluntarily took upon themselves, and accordingly the executive at a meeting on Monday night, decided to give till Thursday night, after which if the money was not forthcoming, writs would be issued. If the money is not paid without the compulsion of this threatened suit PROGRESS may have another interesting little list to print.

THE OFFICIALS ARE DISGUSTED.

At the way the Crooks Were Dealt With by the Judge.

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Two or three Young Men who Helped a Brother to Evade Arrest.

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No Music in the 63rd.

HALIFAX, Aug. 20.—The crack 63rd Rifles now has no band, and it is because the band committee, backed by Colonel Edgar, was determined to make the musicians strictly conform to military regulations. The C. O. came to the conclusion that the "volunteer" element in the band and the regiment must be completely wiped out and the 63rd made a "militia" regiment pure and simple. To an outsider it looks as though this trouble which has destroyed the 63rd band was merely a disagreement between the band and the authorities in the regiment. This is not to a certain extent true, but it is also true that the officers themselves are arrayed in two hostile camps on the question. The feeling between the "volunteer" party among the officers and the "militia" party, headed by Colonel Edgar, is intense and its effects may be far reaching. It may result in the 63rd being kept indefinitely without a band as it has already resulted in annihilating the good one that existed. Colonel Edgar's views on this band question are not new though only now have they been put into effect.

The Steamer Went Without Him.

Among the passengers on the Cumberland, Tuesday, was Mr. F. R. Land, lead accountant of the Chadwick Les 1 works of Boston. Mr. Land usually pays St. John a visit every summer but makes it so brief as to come on one boat and return on the next. He did not manage to do this Tuesday for he liked the town so well that the boat left the wharf at 5:30 without his genial presence. He had a pleasant time until the next afternoon when the St. Croix bore him homeward. While here he was entertained at the Union club by his friends of which he has many in this city.

No Doubt That They Were Found.

The story of the finding of the jewelry on Britain street in Provinces last Saturday was incorrect in many particulars. The police are thoroughly satisfied that the package was picked up in the gutter and moreover that prompt notification was given of the fact. The gentleman who lost the packet has also assured PROGRESS that such was the case. This will leave no doubt whatever upon the point.

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The faces were not so bland and smiling as those of the morning and as time wore on there seemed no prospect of an immediate start a great deal of impatience was noticeable. In fact several things were very noticeable chief among them being the men who having got left in the morning had managed to have a good time anyway. There were also parties who carried big picnic baskets which called forth many sarcastic remarks upon the smallness of people who ostensibly patronizing a worthy class of citizens, and carried their own lunch. It is hardly necessary to say that before the day ended these astute and wary excursionists were regarded as the embodiment of wisdom. It was nearly two o'clock when the "Aberdeen" came in sight sailing along at a rate that betrayed indifference to the outraged feelings of five or six hundred people. Somebody in the rear of the crowd tried to raise a cheer but it died in its infancy.

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THEY TORE UP THE TRACK

THE VARIOUS RAILWAYS HAVE A LITTLE TROUBLE.

The I. C. R. Management Take out the Diamond Crossing to Avoid Trouble—A Dark Night's Work—A Financial Loss to Both Sides.

MONCTON, Aug. 20.—There is trouble over the electric street railway, and the beautiful toy in which we took much innocent delight lies broken under our feet! At least the circuit is broken if the railway is not, and that is just the same, as far as the upper part of the city is concerned; because the cars can no longer cross the I. C. R. tracks, and as Moncton is chiefly composed of railway tracks, the West end no longer rejoices in the merry clang of the gong nor watches spell-bound for the flashing lights as the cars rush past.

The cause of the trouble is the very arbitrary action of the I. C. R. track department, who, acting under instructions from the management of the road, sent men out during the wee small hours of Thursday night, to pry up the Diamond crossings on Main and St. George streets, and thus cut off communication between the upper, and lower ends of the town.

The reason given, for this singularly high handed proceeding is that the I. C. R. authorities do not consider that as the street railway company have provided adequate protection against accidents and collisions, considerable blame would be attached to the railway employees; there is some reason for their contention especially as there was a very narrow escape one day last week, when the incoming C. P. R. train just escaped by a hair's breadth the rear of the street car. Of course as long as everything goes smoothly and there is no accident all is well, but if a train should happen to demolish a street car with all its passengers then the management of the I. C. R. would be compelled to take the consequences and the government would have a suit for heavy damages to settle.

It is asserted that the street railway company were to put in "D" rails at the crossings and so far having failed to do so the I. C. R. authorities took this rather drastic method of compelling them to keep their word in the interests of public safety. It would seem to the disinterested on-looker that the magnates of the people's railway might have taken some other, and less offensive method of enforcing their orders, rather than turning on a force of some fifteen men to spend the hours of darkness like so many highwaymen in destroying valuable property, and if they had any vestige of right on their side they could easily have obtained an injunction to stop the street cars from running, and then taken out the crossings in broad daylight, if they considered such a very radical remedy necessary.

It is perfectly right and fitting that the safety of the public should be properly looked after, but when one considers that there is not one solitary I. C. R. crossing protected in any way, though the track runs literally through the city, and that the lives of the citizens are endangered every time a train comes in or goes out, it looks very much as if the exaggerated solicitude on the part of the powers that be, for the safety of Moncton's citizens, was a case of "Do as I say, but not as I do."

For years past the pressing necessity of gates at the crossings has been urged, and the extreme danger to the public of their unprotected condition has been the theme of many a newspaper article, but so far the I. C. R. management has been of too economical a turn of mind to pay any attention to them. On the side of the company it is only fair to say that the very night the crossings were torn up, the president of the company, Mr. J. L. Harris called on Mr. Pottinger general manager of the I. C. R. and after assuring him that the wishes of the government should be respected, requested a few days time in which to make arrangements, pledging himself meanwhile that the cars should not cross the track in future until some definite settlement had been arrived at. But the deputy minister of railways on being informed of the request, refused to grant it, and the same night the crossings were torn up. Considering that these expensive crossings were put in by the I. C. R. itself at a cost to the street railway company of more than three hundred dollars and as their removal required nearly a whole night's work on the part of quite a large gang of men, and must have cost quite a sum of money; it is the more inexplicable.

The company have taken every precaution possible to ensure the safety of their patrons the conductor having written orders to stop on arriving at a crossing leave his car and assure himself that the I. C. R. track was clear, before proceeding further, and they assert that these orders have been rigidly carried out during the past few days. Today acting under orders from the Minister of Railways, men are at work replacing the crossings, and the circuit will probably be restored to-morrow, but meanwhile the street railway company are out of pocket to the extent of more than half the earnings of the road for four days, and the public have suffered the annoyance of doing without a convenience to which they had already become accustomed, and which they thoroughly appreciated,

while the government would seem to have gone to considerable needless expense first, in tearing out the crossings, and then in replacing them, and all, apparently, for the purpose of showing their authority. It is to be hoped that since the public safety of Moncton people has been shown to be so near to the hearts of those high in authority in the government that august body will now see its way under the new management to protect the lives of our citizens by placing gates at the crossings, and some adequate protection at the approaches to the I. C. R. station which have long been a disgrace to civilization. It is scarcely fair to expect the Street Railway Company to bear all the expense, when, for one life risked by the street cars, a dozen are placed in jeopardy every day by the trains on the I. C. R.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

BEAUTIFUL NOVA SCOTIA.

What a Tourist Says of His Trip Through That Beautiful Land.

TUNBURY, August 19.—During the past two or three years many of the good people of the city of Troy, N. Y., in which I reside have become considerably exercised in their minds as to the advisability of a change from the ordinary routine in regard to methods of avoiding the intense heat of our city during the summer months. We had 'done' about all of the watering places along the seaboard of our own country, and had no especial desire to go over that ground again. Many of them have grown to such an extent that they are but little different from the noisy whirling bustle of the city; and besides we had an intense longing for that ever blessed variety, which is the spice of this road over which the seeker for rest and happiness passes but once. It was while we were in this frame of mind, and gradually becoming more alarmed as the hot weather approached and no prospect of our longing being satisfied, that I accidentally came across a copy of the Yarmouth steamship company's folder issued for the present year. I don't know exactly why it was, but the little pamphlet caught my eye and I hastily summoned a council of my friends and laid the matter before them. Now just let me take poetical or female licence right here and inform the public that this council consisted of four ladies and two gentlemen. I succeeded in impressing my lady friends with some of my enthusiasm regarding a visit to Nova Scotia but the gentlemen were disposed to be sceptical, and also made a feeble attempt to impress us with a little of that male superiority which their grandfathers were deluded into the belief that they actually possessed. They kindly hinted at Labrador or Greenland as a substitute for Nova Scotia. This was throwing ice water upon our proposed trip with a vengeance, but we persevered and carried our point as sensible women should always do, though not without some grumbling from our fancied 'lords of creation.' Following the instructions, of the folder I next sent for their book, entitled 'Beautiful Nova Scotia.' That book swept away the last remaining doubt from the minds of the female portion of our party and even exercised a softening influence upon the somewhat dense craniums of the sterner element that two of the ladies of our band had pledged themselves to 'until death do us part.' Well, to make a long story short, we started.

We lingered on deck during the sail down the beautiful harbor of Boston, until the light was passed, and we were out on the blue waters of Massachusetts Bay. In response to the threats, tears and entreaties of the male charges of our party, we descended to the dining saloon. Whether it was the change, the sea air or the tempting viands spread before us I cannot tell, but it seemed to me that never had food tasted so delicious before. The table was in every respect up to date. Just permit me to inform the traveller right here that for cleanliness, politeness, good fare and kind attention these Yarmouth boats are unsurpassed. Questions are cheerfully answered, too. The officers of these ships do not look at the traveller who ventures a question with an expression of profound contempt, and then turn majestically away. Everybody seems to be fully imbued with the determination to make your trip on their ships a pleasant one. We sat on deck until ten o'clock drinking in the cool bracing air of old ocean and experiencing a sense of rest, quiet and contentment not to be found in the bustle and worry of the life that one must lead at home in order to keep pace with the age in which we live. Then we retired and slept so soundly that nothing but the hoarse notes of the steamer's whistle blowing "good morning" to the light keeper on Yarmouth Cape could have awakened us. In a surprisingly short space of time we were on deck, endeavoring to realize that we were in a foreign country, and amongst a strange people whom we have since found to be the kindest and most hospitable in the world. Yarmouth is an exceedingly pretty little town. We had heard but very little about it; in fact "Beautiful Nova Scotia" is strangely reticent about the headquarters of the Yarmouth steamship company and the gateway of Nova Scotia. After landing and having

our trunks examined we started for the "Grand Hotel." Our gentlemen kindly volunteered us the information that we might possibly find the "Grand" equivalent to a third rate boarding house at home, but even that was doubtful. Well, your should have seen the look upon their faces when our car halted before the large handsome building in which we were to spend a few days. We dragged them up the steps in triumph and astonished the polite and gentlemanly manager, Mr. Ellis, by requesting him to allow them no other diet but a generous allowance of fish until they developed more brains and less conceit. The dining room, parlors and sleeping apartments of the Grand are perfect, and the service is the best that I have seen in any summer resort. Everything is clean as a new pin; everybody is polite and obliging. Surely Yarmouth has not a greater share of patronage by our people is a mystery that I am unable to solve. It is certainly one of the most tastefully laid out little towns, and has one of the most beautiful drives that we have seen even in our own beautiful country. Bay View park is one of the most enchanting spots that it has ever been my fortune to visit. It commands a perfect view of the harbor and bay; while down at the entrance we see the grim outlines of Cape Fortune, on which stands Yarmouth light. The grounds are very tastefully laid out and the air is like a taste of paradise to the inhabitants of one of our hot dusty cities. The park is owned by Hon. L. E. Baker, and judging from the appearance of things we should say he does nothing by halves. We had some clam chowder over there, and straight way concluded that it beat anything that we had ever tasted. But I must reserve the rest of our visit along the shore and to the beautiful city of Halifax for another time, as this may be wearisome except to those who are as enthusiastic as ourselves over "beautiful Nova Scotia."—M. L. J. in Halifax Herald.

SLAVE SALES IN MOROCCO.

Why Auctions Take Place After Evening Shades Have Fallen Around.

There has just returned to London a gentleman, Mr. G. Herbert Phillips, who, in the course of ten months' wandering, spent nine or ten weeks in the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco. Adapting himself to the Arab life, he bade adieu to civilization at Tangier, and with his caravan of about 1,200 miles into the interior. This expedition was undertaken with neither commercial, scientific, political, nor geographical object. Deciding to winter abroad, Mr. Phillips left England last October, and having completed a tour in Italy, the Riviera, and Spain, it occurred to him to run across to Tangier, where, his interest being excited, he determined to see what Moorish life was like in the districts where European influence is not strictly felt. He fitted out a caravan, and, passing with his interpreters and attendants from place to place, visited every town of importance in the northern half of Morocco, including Fez, Mekinez, and Morocco city. He even penetrated into some of the little-known Sus country, and passed through the territory of the Beni Hasan tribe, one of the most dangerous in Morocco, or even in the continent of Africa.

The house in which Mr. Phillips stayed at Fez was the same as that which Sir Euan Smith occupied when he made his memorable visit there, some few years back.

"I asked my host," said Mr. Phillips whether there was a slave market at Fez, as I was curious, if such were the case, to visit it. He told me there was, and that he would inquire when there would be a sale. The result of the inquiry was that on the evening of Sunday, May 31 last, I was conducted to what had the appearance of an old-fashioned market place. There was an open square, and round was a kind of arcade, in which the people sat. The slaves, who were Soudanese negroes, brought up from the Soudan through the desert in caravans, were ranged in a recess in the corner. The slave sales are invariably held in the evening, the idea being that if there are any imprecations in face or figure they are less likely to be noticed in the twilight. Eight women and two girls were offered for sale, and before the actual bidding commenced the intending purchasers went up to the recess in which the slaves were waiting and examined them closely. The first woman brought out was one apparently about twenty-two years of age, although she might of been less, as they age very quickly. She was dressed in a kind of calico covering with a girdle. There was bidding in the usual auction way, the dealers

going round and shouting out the offers as they were made. The bidding was, of course, in Moorish money, and the first woman was bought for a sum equivalent in English money to nearly £10. Then a young girl of perhaps ten years was sold, the price in her case being about £11. During all this I was standing under the arcade, but, being dressed in an ordinary English tourist suit, I kept behind the Moors who accompanied me, and, so far had been unobserved. I was aware that the Moors object to any stranger being present at these sales, as they do not wish information about the traffic to get abroad. I had seen the two sold, and in the case of the girl the scene was heartrending, as she cried bitterly and was greatly distressed. I could stand it no longer and walked out into the middle of the square, and the large attendance of Moors present then saw that a European was there. They gathered together in little groups, there was a hurried whispering among them, the unsold slaves were formally marched off, and the moors dispersed, most of those present proceeding to the great mosque near by."

Mr. Phillips proceeded to point out that it would have been useless for him to purchase any of the slaves and set them free. Besides giving an encouragement to slave dealing, it would be mistaken philanthropy. About two years ago a European, acting from the best motives, purchased through a Moor at this same slave market one of these Soudanese girls and gave her her liberty, but as she could not provide for her permanently, and she could not get back to her own country, the result was deplorable.

Mr. Phillips has a profound belief in the resources of Morocco, but a very poor opinion of the people. Its mineral wealth is absolutely unbounded, gold, silver, antimony, coals, marble, slate, salt—all available for our needs—almost within a fortnight of London. Enough grain could be grown in Morocco to feed Great Britain, and there are enormous numbers of bullocks and sheep. As to the Moors, this matter of slavery is not the only reproach which is to be laid against them. However, slavery is recognized by the law of Morocco. The sale of a slave is accompanied by the exchange of a legal document, and these slave markets—although that at Fez was in a secluded place, being reached through narrow lanes and private paths—are regularly maintained as such, and are so called. Mr. Phillips saw much of Sheriff Muleid Hadj, a relative of the present Sultan, and the most influential man in southern Morocco, who is a British subject. He, as the title Sheriff implies, is a direct descendant of Mohammed. When the present Sultan, a young man of about 19, was placed upon the throne the Sheriff was probably regarded as a dangerous person, and, as there were plots against him, he came down to Tangier and put himself under British protection.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Gentle Dove and the Self-assertive Bumble Bee.

"It isn't the size of a creature that influences our feeling toward it," said Mr. Billtops, "so much as its disposition." The other day, for instance, when a tame pigeon lighted on the lowered sash of a window, the whole household stood and looked at it, delighted, surprised; but when a much smaller creature, a bumble bee, flew in, the whole household fled in terror."

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A HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Church of England lines. For calendar, etc., apply to Mrs. J. EMBERTON ARMSTRONG, Principal.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a busier about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAVEN 29, Bradford, Ont.

TO BE SOLD AT A BARGAIN, VERY cheap, a Square Rosewood Piano (lately made), in good order. A splendid chance for the country. Apply at the office of this paper.

WANTED Our White Enamel Let- ters make elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter since 1851. ROBERTSON SHARP AND LAYTON WORKS, St. John, N. B.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay, full and complete training. "Tour France in Lim." free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED Outside and materials from \$5 to \$100. Fractional information ensuring success. Free. Have time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON FR. 20 BURGESS CO., Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Entry dollars weekly. Send for patterns and particulars. BARNARD BROS. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our Water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million gallons sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPOLD, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. The premises situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence River, and a half mile from the city, and within two minutes walk of the Kamouriscan Rest reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fournier, Barrister-at-Law, Piquety Buildings. 24-25

We Make a Specialty of Lanterns.

WE HAVE 26 DIFFERENT STYLES.
LANTERNS
For Steamboats, Vessels, Barns, Railroads, Express Wagons, Farmers, Streets, Carriages, Mills, Fishermen, Conductors, Firemen, etc.
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Rifles, Revolvers, Cartridges, Shells, Powder Shot, Wads, and everything in the Sporting Line.

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DO YOU WANT A Second-Hand Bicycle?
We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from \$35 to \$65.
LOOK AT THE LIST.
Singers, Raleighs, Betlsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents.
ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER.
QUICK REPAIR SHOP
THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.
MARCH BROS.,
BICYCLE ACADEMY, SINGER RINK.

10c. ADAMS' LIQUID 10c. ROOT BEER!
THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

From recent developments there is now much improbability that the anticipated concert wherewith Mrs. Hagerty of Halifax was to sing, and wherewith the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Spencer also, was hoped for, will not materialize. This is not a little to be regretted, because there is no room for doubt that had these ladies appeared in the same programme and as suggested in this department some weeks since, in a duet, it would have been an occasion of much delight to all lovers of good singing. The reason of the uncertainty is due, I believe, to an misunderstanding on the subject of dates between the Opera House management and the projector of the concert.

Mention of the Opera house management in connection with music, reminds me that the present orchestra in that house does not appear to be making a very pronounced hit in the work they do. I have no reference to their entré, acce music, but I refer directly to the music in connection with scenes in the dramatic productions put on there, and for which proper ones are usually supplied. There has been a musical director with each of the two companies playing there up to last week, which removes the probability of trouble, but it is the easiest thing in the world to "quess" the work of a singer or the effect of a scene, by faulty or inefficient orchestration. This hint may be adequate for the present. I hope it will be attended with better work hereafter.

Tones and Under-ones.

Mrs. Richard Blackmore jr. (Louise Laine) who has returned to Boston much improved in health by her European trip received much praise and social attention when she sang in London. Bandegger especially complimented her, pronouncing her voice unusually beautiful and predicting for her success as a prima donna.

Arrangements for the Covent Garden (London) opera company next year by Maurice Grau, have been completed.

Paderevski kept his recent visit to London a secret as he did not wish to play in public. He was there it is said, to consult with an English physician, who it is hoped will cure the pianist's only child—a cripple.

Miss Inez Sprague, a daughter of Rhode Island's ex-governor, will shortly appear on

the operatic and concert stage. She has recently returned from Europe where she has been studying music.

John Philip Sousa, has written an oratorio dealing with Christ's crucifixion and His command to His disciples to preach the Gospel to all nations.

Rubinstein is said to have left a voluminous work containing not only his opinions on musical subjects but also reminiscences of the more important events in his life.

The famous pianiste, Teresa Carreno, it is announced by Rudolph Aronson will make a tour of the United States, beginning in January 1897.

Further performances of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" will be given at Bayreuth in the early autumn of 1897. "Parsifal" will also then be revived.

Tamagno, the tenor, is now filling an engagement in South America. He sang in Monte Carlo last winter.

One of the earliest novelties of the season at Munich will be Humperdinck's new opera "Die Koenigskinder."

A new operetta by Louis Roth, is entitled "Der Polengraf." It has been successfully produced in Germany. The opening scene is laid in the citadel of a Russian fortress in 1786, just before the invasion of Poland by the armies of Queen Catherine.

In the new operetta "An American Beauty," by Messrs. Morton and Kerker, one scene represents what is designated a "Circus hall" and Lillian Russell will ride an elephant.

Martinus Sievekink, the Dutch pianist, will make his first appearance, for this season, with the Boston Symphony orchestra, October 21, 23 and 24 next.

Says the Paris correspondent of the "Musical Courier": When a patriotic Frenchman asked Calvé, with a falling inflection, if it were possible she meant to return to America again this year, she replied: "They put me there, you could me here; why shouldn't I?"

The new operatic works produced in London by Sir Augustus Harris in his seven years of opera management are listed as follows: "Le Reve" and "L'Attaque du Moulin" (Bruneau) "Djameleh" (Bizet), "L'Amico Fritz" and "I Rantzau"

(Mascagni), "I Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo), "Mannon Lescaut," "Werther" and "La Navarraise" (Massenet), "Irmengarda" and "The Lady of Longford" (Emil Bach), "Elaïne" (Bombardieri), "La Luca d'Asia" and "Amy Robart" (Isidore de Lara), "The Veiled Prophet" (Villiers Stanford), "Harold" and "Signa" (Frederik Cowen). The only ones of these that were successful were "I Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo) "La Navarraise" and "L'Attaque du Moulin" (Bruneau)—the "Pagliacci" being pre-eminently so; indeed, its only rival in popularity having been Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Miss Lulu Glaser, the pretty and petite, who has sung leading roles in opera, will be a member of Francis Wilson's company next season. The season will begin as previously stated, on the 17th prox. at the Knickerbocker theatre New York, with the production of a new opera entitled "Hail a King."

Miss Antonette Sterling has returned to London after a short visit to Brooklyn New York, which is the scene of her first triumph. It is twenty years since she was in America before. She used to sing in Plymouth church. She is much esteemed in England.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Lewis Morrison with his famous production of "Faust" comes to the Opera house next week. His stay is limited to two nights, I believe, and on the second evening he will present his new play entitled "The Indian." He tried it on the "Halleonians" last Tuesday evening, but with what effect I have not, at this writing, learned.

St. John has been visited this week by one of the most unique personalities at present before the public. I refer to the lady once known as Mrs. Tom Thumb, and with whom marriage evidently is not a failure because, after remaining a widow for some time, she permitted herself to be bound in Hyman's sweet fetters a second time. Her present husband is Count Magri—a miniature man, like his predecessor. Their exhibition was as unique as the performers, who are all diminutive people, with one exception. The matinee so crowded the Opera house and so many who wanted to see the little people were unable to gain admission, that the management decided on giving a matinee on Thursday also. The attendance in the evenings however was rather light, except the opening night when there was a fair house.

A company presenting a piece entitled "On Southern Soil" with a brass band as

an adjunct, occupied the Opera House last night, they have a matinee today and close their engagement tonight. This play was so badly put on in Halifax, it is said the manager of the academy there closed the house to them. Whether it was the play itself or the inferior presentation that caused this shut out, does not appear. I presume however it was chiefly the latter for the reason that they have good paper, indicating that some one at some time had faith in it. It is not possible this week to deal with the production in this city.

McAuliffe and Green closed their first engagement here last Saturday evening. Apropos of this company, the production of "The Great Train Robbery" the latest piece in the "repertoire" and the first production of the pen of Mr. E. E. Rose, who superintended the rehearsals, is not in any way flattering to that gentleman.

In the cast of the new romantic melodrama, "Under the Polar Star," which was produced last Thursday night, at the Academy of Music, New York, is found the name of "Neil Warner" an actor, who, at one period, was a pronounced favorite in this city. The new play deals with the exciting vicissitudes attending an expedition in search of the North pole.

Daly's theatre in New York will open on the 3rd September with a production of "The Geisha."

Fritz Williams, who recently married Katherine Florence of "The Amazon's" fame, has returned from his bridal trip and will be seen in "Thoroughbred" which was resumed at the Garrick theatre, N. Y., last Monday evening.

Miss Olga Netherole will soon go to Paris to see the rehearsals of Bernhard's new play, of which she has the English rights, Miss Netherole has been resting and recruiting in Suffolk, Eng.

Miss Virginia Harrod has just returned from Europe. She was the original "Tribby."

Roland Red has changed the play with which he intended opening the season at the Boston Museum on the 24th inst. He has decided to put on a comedy entitled "The wrong Mr. Wright."

Mr. and Mrs. Kenial have a new piece entitled "A flash in the pan" which they may bring to the United States next season. It is by Allen Upward, an Australian novelist, who is now living in London, Eng.

A portrait of that clever actress, Katharine Robet, adorns the front page of last week's New York dramatic mirror.

Isabel Penya of Boston, an actress, is said to be exceptionally strong in the role of "Camille."

Negotiations are being had with Rose Elyng to play the role of a grande dame in the new play "The daughter of Paul Romaine."

Henry Irving carries with him on his tours his own tea—a fine Chinese variety that comes in silk sacks. He has his own tea-kettle, and, after ordering hot water, sugar and rolls, he attends to the making of the tea himself. Ellen Terry is very fond of cocoa.

An English melodrama entitled "When London sleeps" will be produced for the first time in America, on the reopening of the 14th street theatre, New York on the 31st, inst.

George Barnum, who was here with Harkins last year, is a member of May Irwin's company for next season. Miss Irwin will play "The widow Jones" at the Boston Museum on the 7th, September. Her regular New York season will begin 28th, December next, at the Bijou theatre.

Salvini, jr., will shortly return from Europe and will be seen next season in a production of "Romeo and Juliet." He will also play "Hamlet" and "Othello" as well as "The Three Guardsmen" and "Don Caesar de Bazan."

William Archer who is an evident admirer of Miss Ada Rehan's voice in speaking of the first performance of "Love on Crutch's" in London, England, says: "I was more than ever beset on the first night by a desire to analyze, or find an image to represent, the peculiar charm of Miss Rehan's voice. We speak loosely of a 'harmonious' voice—I wonder whether Miss Rehan's does not literally deserve that epithet! In all that she says, I seem to detect two or even more strains of sounds, concurrent and complementary, forming in the extra sense of the word a harmony. One of these strains is thinly metallic, vibrant, almost sharp; the other, (or others) soft, mellifluous, almost luscious. The image suggested to me, that of a silver zither string muffled in deep-plum iridescent velvet. To many people this may sound meaningless; indeed, all attempts to interpret one sense in terms of another assume an identity of perception and association, as the part of writer and reader, which very rarely exists as a matter of fact. Still, it gives me a certain satisfaction to have found a visual symbol for this haunting voice, and others may be interested if only in noting how their own sensations differ from mine."

Miss Elizabeth Marbury will be the business representative of Beerbehn Trees, in the United States.

W. S. Hart, who was leading man with Madame Rhea when she last appeared here, is cast for the role of "a heroic westerner" in "The great Northwest." A New York paper commenting on this fact says he will act the part "presumably with more aptitude than he did Leicester to Mme. Modjeska's Mary Stuart."

In the drama "When London Sleeps" Miss Perdita Hudspeth will have an important and acrobatic role. She will be the heroine who escapes from a burning dwelling carrying a child, by walking on a telegraph wire.

"The Reds of the Midi" a powerful story of the French revolution by Felix Gras the Provençal novelist, has already been dramatized and the play was performed for copyright purposes on August 6th at the Royalty theatre, London, England.

Robert Mantell is said to have great opportunities in the leading role of his new play "King Solomon's Mines."

Otis Skinner, before opening his regular season in Chicago, on the 23rd, September next, will play a round of Shakespearean characters such as Hamlet, Romeo, Richard III, in St. Paul and Minneapolis. His regular season will open in the Grand Opera House, Chicago with a production of "A Soldier of Fortune" a new play of which he is the author.



A full assortment of the above CELEBRATED CORSETS in stock, just opened MADAM WARNER'S Dress Form CORSETS. THE WATCHSPRING CORSETS. DR. WARNER'S ABDOMINAL CORSETS. CROMPTON'S CELEBRATED CORSETS. Also a job lot of Corsets at less than half price.

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BERCEUSE.

G. DUPROUT

Lento con espreso. *la melodia ben marcata.*

pp *ritard.* *a tempo.* *piu mosso.* *p il basso marcato.* *a largando.* *rall.* *a tempo.* *ppp*

a largando. *rall.* *1. tempo.* *pp* *ritard.* *a tempo.* *poco a poco* *rall.* *dim.* *morendo.* *ppp*

"Here is Something as Good,"

Said the clerk in the store. The lady replied, "I've heard that before; Thanks for suggestion you'll allow me, I hope, To buy what I want, That fine FAIRY SOAP."

Best for Bath and Toilet.

IT FLOATS

WELCOME SOAP CO. ST. JOHN, N. B.



Every Lady....

would rather wear... NEW CORDED WAKEFIELD PROTECTOR

than have the edges of her skirt frayed and ragged.

"Wakefield" does what no other Skirt Binding can do. It saves your dress, and makes it stand out stylishly.

All Fall dresses are bound with it. It is patented, and no one can make or sell other than the real "Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding."

Every yard is marked. Get what you pay for, by seeing the name on every yard.

"Wakefield" Specially Prepared Leather.



Ready for Use...

STOWER'S

Lime Juice Cordial

Is Sweetened to Suit Most Palates.

NO HUNTING FOR SUGAR.

Add water, and you have the Best and Most Delicious of Summer Drinks.

"STOWER'S" HAS NO MUSTY FLAVOR



It's Your Fault

if your skin is cracked, broken, chapped and sore. You should use a soap that heals, not wounds; strengthens, not destroys; that makes the skin soft, smooth and sweet.

For sale by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

GEORGE P. McLAUGHLIN,

Wines, Liquors, and Cigars,

11 and 13 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agent for LOCHLEANA SCOTCH WHISKY, our special brand. Try it

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USE ONLY

Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CAWABA, SWEET CAWABA, CHAMPAGNE, etc.

E. G. SOOVIK, 63 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

On Friday Mr. Peter Clinch entertained a number of friends at a picnic that proved to be very enjoyable. The party drove to Rothesay, and from there canoed over to that spot known as the Ministers Face, where a luncheon was served; the return to the city was made in the moonlight. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Busby and Mrs. McLeod, and among the guests were, Miss White, Quebec, Miss Jones, Mr. Geo. Jones, Miss Louise Burpe, Miss Nan Burpe, Miss D. V. Burpe, Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Mr. West Winslow, Mr. Bert Gordon, Mr. Hansard, Dr. Walker, Mr. F. P. and Mr. Hamilton.

Capt. McDonald of Fredericton who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sturdee of Elliot Row for a few days returned home last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Usher spent a delightful time in Newport until Wednesday of this week when they sailed from New York for Scotland.

Mrs. (General) Downie left St. John for York, Prince street for a few weeks.

Miss Beatrice Hathaway left Friday for British Columbia on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Peters.

A number of young men gave a pleasant dance at Rothesay on evening of this week under the graceful chaperonage of Mrs. Charles Skinner. Despite the warm weather dancing was carried vigorously until very late, or rather early.

Miss D. V. gave a small and informal tea one afternoon recently to a number of friends, the presence of several guests making the occasion and pleasantly breaking the monotony. Among those present were, Mrs. Busby, Miss Louise Burpe, Mr. Hansard, Misses Furlong, Miss Keator, Mr. Pope, Miss White, Miss Jones, Mr. George Jones, Mr. George Hart, Mr. Keator, Miss deBary, Miss Marie deBary, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harrison, Capt. McDonald, Mr. Teddy Jones, Miss Mabel Thompson gave a river picnic last Friday that under happier circumstances would not doubt have been very enjoyable, but even the most inveterate pleasure seeker to be sure, stuck hard and fast in the mud, a trifle wearying even with so pleasant and congenial a party as that which was on board the "Graying." Owing to want of wind it was impossible to return or proceed. Very late in the evening some of the party returned home in boats.

Mr. Gordon who spent his holidays in Nova Scotia returned to the city last week.

Mr. A. Jones Dever is spending a week at Rothesay.

Miss Lottie Harrison entertained several friends at a picnic at Duck Cove, on Wednesday afternoon. The party went out in buses and had luncheon on the shore and among them were Mrs. Wm. Harrison, Messrs Harrison, Mrs. Charles Harrison, Mr. Pope, Miss Jones, Mr. George Jones, Mr. Teddy Jones, Mr. George Hart, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Miss Dever, Miss Lottie Stevens, Miss Keator, Mrs. E. L. Simonds, Misses Teak, Misses May and Amy Blair, Dr. Walker, Scotland, Miss Robinson, Columbus, Mr. Gerald, Dr. Skinner, Mr. Davidson.

Miss Thomson of Rockland road gave a small dance last night for the entertainment of a cousin who is staying with her for a few weeks.

Mr. George Jones gave a picnic to Westfield beach on Tuesday afternoon and as the day was delightfully fine an enjoyable time was spent. The party went up in the Tourist, and was entertained by music, on the band, by Mr. Whetzel who also entertained the party at the supper, the guests singing to his accompaniment. Among those present were: Mrs. Kettle Jones, Miss Edna Jones, Miss White, Mrs. Charles Harrison, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Busby, Miss Burpee, Miss Louise Burpee, Misses Furlong, Miss E. Furlong, Miss L. L. Harrison, Miss Dever, Miss Mabel Thomson, Mr. K. Jones, Mr. George Jones, Mr. Hart, Mr. A. W. Adams, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. Hansard, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. Pope, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pitt of Des Moines, Iowa, spent a few days here lately.

A party of Americans who visited St. John lately included C. W. Ross, Mrs. F. E. Ross, Mrs. D. I. Poyt of Chicago, Mr. F. B. Williams of Malden, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hutchings and Mrs. A. M. Rodford of Boston.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at 5:30 Wednesday morning in north street George McConnell, fourth son of Robert McConnell, was married to Miss Mabel Brown, daughter of Thomas Brown, at the residence of the bride's father, Adelaide street. The wedding ceremony was witnessed by the relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties. Rev. George Bruce of St. David's Presbyterian church performed the ceremony, after which a wedding breakfast was partaken of. The bride was attended by her friend Miss Phillips, while Herbert Green supported the bridegroom. The bride wore a travelling suit of blue and looked very neat and graceful. After breakfast the newly married couple left on the bay route steamer Prince Rupert for a Nova Scotia tour. Upon their return to the city Mr. and Mrs. McConnell will take up their residence on Main street. Many gifts were received attesting the popularity of the bride and groom.

At Holy Trinity church Wednesday morning Miss Josie Murphy was married to Simon Crowley of Sandy Point. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. T. Murphy, B. A., and was attended by her cousin, Miss Mary McLennan, while C. J. Crowley of Boston, brother of the groom, acted as best man. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. J. J. Walsh, the party assembled at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. D. Lawler, where breakfast was served. The high esteem in which the bride was held was attested by the numerous and beautiful presents of which she was the recipient.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Fay and James L. Fay of Lowell, Mass., and Mr. James Fay are in the city.

Dr. Dawson, Messrs. Dawson and Miss Florence Dawson of Amherst spent a few days here.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Todd and son of St. Stephen were here on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Taylor of Beesport paid a brief visit to St. John this week.

Mr. Hans J. Logan, Mr. F. J. of Amherst was in the city for the first of the week on his way to Georgetown.

Mr. Walter H. Taylor, Mr. J. J. of St. John, spent Monday day in town.

Dr. Col. Mansell and Miss Mansell of Fredericton spent a few hours in the city, Wednesday, on their way to Beesport.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Taylor of Beesport, Mass., are staying here for a few days.

Mr. John M. Smith and Miss Smith of Windsor spent Thursday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Usher Smith and Miss Spaulding of New Haven were among the city's recent visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hyde and Miss Hyde of Baltimore are spending a short time in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Finlay of Ebbets N. Y. are in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Knight and Mr. F. M. Zagar of Cleveland Ohio are visiting St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Kinnon of Boston are here on a visit.

Mr. S. J. McEwan spent Thursday in St. John, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Gilchrist of Boston are enjoying a brief trip to this city and other parts of the province.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Raymond and Miss Raymond of New York are visiting St. John.

His Honor the Lord Mayor and Mrs. Fraser arrived from the North Shore a few days ago and after a few hours stay in the city proceeded to Fredericton.

Miss E. H. Dryden of Sussex is spending a few days in the city with relatives.

Mrs. Wallace spent a day lately in Sussex as a guest of Mrs. Gordon Mills.

Mrs. James Pulee of Sussex is visiting the city. Donald de Bury spent Wednesday in Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. DuLieu are in Wilmington Del. are spending a week or two in St. John.

Mr. Frederick Jones was in St. Stephen for a day or two lately.

Lady Tillotson went to St. Stephen this week to visit her mother, Madame Chapman Hall.

Miss Florence Mitchell has returned to St. Stephen after a delightful visit to her friend, Miss Beattie Blair, at Hon. A. G. Blair's cottage at McLaren's beach.

Messrs. Wm. Goddard and Charles Baillie have been visiting St. Stephen and Charlotte lately.

Miss Alice Rippy has returned to Moncton after a pleasant visit of several weeks to city friends.

Miss Goddard of Crown street is in Moncton visiting Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Crisp.

Mrs. E. H. Jones and Misses Marion and Maggie Le Lachar returned home on Tuesday, after a visit to Andover.

Miss Ida Douglas of Malind is spending a few weeks in the city as a guest of her aunt Mrs. D. C. Clark.

Mrs. John Loan of Woodstock who had been visiting the city has returned home.

Miss Mabel Tapley returned this week to her home in Woodstock after a pleasant visit to city relatives.

Master Garnet Baird of Woodstock is visiting St. John friends.

Mr. J. F. Merritt spent a short time lately in Digby.

Miss Arnold who has been visiting in Digby has returned home.

Miss Mand Goding has returned home from Windsor where she has been visiting as a guest of Miss Madeline Black.

Mrs. C. E. Everett is occupying "Rosebank" cottage at St. Anns for a few weeks.

Mrs. E. S. Carter and Misses are visiting Mrs. Carter's parents at Fredericton.

Hon. Wm. Dobell of Quebec was here for a short time the first of the week.

Mrs. T. B. Milne of Fredericton is visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Fenwick at Linden Hill.

Miss Bonnell gave a pleasant evening party on Lily lake one evening this week. Among those present were Miss Fowler, Misses Bonnell, Mr. F. W. Moore, Mr. W. Turnbull, Mr. Clarence Bonnell, Mr. W. E. Macdonald, Mr. George Bonnell, Boston.

Prof. and Mrs. Wright of Cambridge, Mass., were here for a day or two this week. From here they went to the White Mountains, N. H.

Miss Clara Wood of Boston is visiting city friends.

Mr. W. E. Macdonald of New York city is at Tangle cottage, Riverside, a guest of Mr. A. A. Watson.

Miss Flood has been in Fredericton visiting Miss Edith Bilyard.

Mr. Geo. Robinson of Moncton spent a day in the city this week.

Miss Bessie Irvine's friends are glad to hear that she has arrived safely at Nelson B. C. after a delightful trip across the continent.

Prof. C. B. and Mrs. Borden of Sackville spent a day or two lately in the city.

Rev. W. H. Watson and Mrs. Watson of Hamilton Ont. visited the city this week.

Miss Stephenson who has been ill lately, at the residence of her brother-in-law Dr. James Christie is reported as improving.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hood of Charlottetown were here for a day or two on their way to Boston.

Mr. (Rev) Bruce was called to Ontario this week on a sad mission, the death of a sister to whom he was devotedly attached.

Miss Evenden who has been visiting in city friends left this week for her home in Niagara accompanied by Miss Sutherland who will pay her a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Foss of Bridgewater has spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. George McLeod spent a few days in St. Stephen lately.

Miss E. E. Cannon has returned to St. Stephen after a visit to St. John friends.

Mrs. Beverly Stevens who spent some time with city friends, has returned to her home in St. Stephen.

Mr. J. E. Ganong spent part of last week in St. John.

Kennedy's, St. Andrews, had the following St. John people on their register this week, Messrs J. A. Stevenson, Rupert Pratt, B. H. Foster, Fred W. Hugginson, Fred Jones, and W. V. Varbon.

Miss Mary Clark of St. Andrews is visiting city friends.

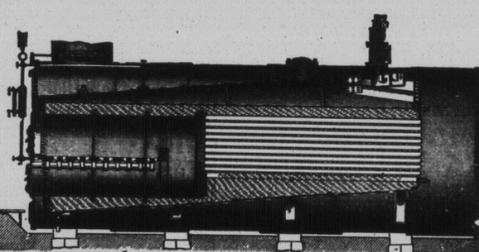
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wade and Mrs. Cougle and family have lately been guests of Mrs. John Wade at St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Blarke of Somerville, Mass., are here on a visit.

Dr. J. E. Twichell and Mr. F. F. Andrews of New Haven were here for a few days lately.

WHETHER YOU BUY...

"TETLEY'S" 40c., 50c., 60c., or 70c. blend. You are getting the best value for your money.



The Monarch Economic Boiler.

IS PORTABLE—Has an outer casing and requires no brickwork. Leaves our shop mounted on skids, ready for use.

SAVES FUEL—Some tests show a saving of 30 per cent, over a common brickset boiler. We guarantee at least 10 per cent.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Ltd., - Amherst, N. S.

J. S. CURRIE, Agent, Water street, cor. Walker's Wharf, ST. JOHN, N. B.



INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

Sleep, Sound and Refreshing visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the way by a at the following news stands and offices.

There were two dances at Admiralty House on Friday, 8th, and Wednesday, 14th, respectively.

Mr. Walter Grant and Mrs. Campbell Grant, of Antigonish, Mass., formerly Halifax county people, are visiting the province again.

Messrs. James and William Crutchank, barristers of Montreal, who have been visiting their native place in Halifax county, have returned to Montreal.

Mrs. Yeates, widow of Mayor Yeates, late of Bath, England, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Silvery, Brightwood, Dartmouth, has left for home.

Miss Ethel Fields, of New York is visiting Mrs. Creighton, South street. Miss Fields is shortly to be married to James Lyman, barrister, New York.

Arthur Marshall book-keeper for Maling & Co., Barrington street, and Miss Clara Henry, daughter of G. P. Henry, are to be married next month.

Miss Bessie Hamilton, of Kentville, is the guest of Mrs. Mosher, wife of Alderman Mosher, Young street. She is also to visit Mrs. Black, daughter of Mrs. Mosher.

T. C. McKay, son of Supervisor McKay, will attend Dalhousie lectures in Honor Mathematics and Physics this winter. He has severed his connection with the Parsons school.

Mr. Ackerman, a member of the firm of J. H. Pugham, Printing company, 121 Fulton street, New York, who has been the guest of George Wright for the past week, leaves Tuesday for home.

Charles Fraser (brother of John and Robert Fraser of this city) wife and child, who have been in Halifax for three weeks, left last week to return to Boston. Mr. Fraser is foreman of the Boston Rubber works.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Childs, of Newport, B. I. are visiting Halifax. Mr. Childs is the owner of one of the finest residences in Newport and is a brother of George Childs, of New York, the wealthy broker.

Arthur Sklener, merchant tailor, Grandville street, and Mrs. Draper, daughter of Mr. Draper, formerly governor of Maine, are to be married next month. Mr. Sklener has leased the Book property, corner South and Edward streets.

WINDSOR.

Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles book store and by F. W. Dakin.

Aug. 19.—The annual picnic of Christ church Sunday school was held at Parrboro on Tuesday where the "Hiawatha" was crowded with the members of the congregation and their friends.

Mr. Harry Zwickler of Lunenburg spent a day in town this week.

Miss Annie Aulow is making a visit among friends in Newscastle, N. B.

Miss Maude Golding who has been visiting Miss Madeline Black for the last month returned to her home in St. John, N. B., on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowe of Annapolis were in town over Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Clark, who has spent part of the summer in Windsor, returned to his charge at Alken, South Carolina, on Monday.

Dr. Haley left on Saturday for Ottawa to be present at the opening of the House of Commons.

The Misses Peck and Miss Haley have gone to Shelburne to visit their sister, Mrs. Bill.

Rev. Mr. Amor returned on Saturday to St. Margaret's by after a fortnight's stay in town.

Mr. Duncan of Halifax spent Sunday in Windsor with his family who are summering at "Fairfield."

Miss Stubbing of Halifax is in Fairfield.

Mr. E. O'Brien has gone to Fredericton for a few weeks.

Miss Nora Hensley of New York has been spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Wiggins.

Mrs. Lewis Rice of Truro is visiting her parents Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Black.

Mrs. Alex. Forsyth and Miss Payne of Halifax, spent last week at Annapolis.

Mrs. George Wilcox has returned from a visit of several weeks with her mother in Wolfville, Miss Pratt came with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Goldert of Boston are in town, the guest of Mr. F. W. Dinick.

Miss Berly presided at the organ in Christ Church on Sunday evening, in the absence of Mr. Eddie. At the close of the service she gave a short recital which was much enjoyed by a number of the congregation who remained to listen.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over."

Hood's Pills

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest

Carriages

PRIGE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DR. FOWLERS EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY HAS A RECORD OF 40 YEARS OF SUCCESS IT IS A SURE CURE FOR DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CHOLERA INFANTUM, and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS in Children or Adults.

Pan Drying... In Pan-dried Rolled Oats imparts keeping qualities that the weather does not affect. The sour, musty, bitter taste of the ordinary oatmeal, after keeping a while, is never found in Pan-dried. Of groceries everywhere.

Her Expression Alone Tells That... A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST. Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are not "just as good" as the famous HIRE'S.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. All a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when they were less and tidier only clothed.

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

Rev. and Mrs. F. Gibbons will here. He took his letters on Thursday.

Mrs. Robert Adams gave a progressive supper party last evening the guests were, Mrs. Taylor, St. John, Miss Upham, Miss Maud Corbett, Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Eville, Misses J. Altkam, Miss Woodworth, Doctors Smith, Holmes and Corbett, Miss Messrs. Eville, Woodworth, Reddick, George Johnson, Huxley Johnson, Aubrey Upham, and George Upham.

Col. and Mrs. Bolter of Ojawa were in town for a part of last week.

Misses Crisp of Halifax arrived on Wednesday and are staying at Mr. Geo. Corbett's.

Mr. Geo. of Kansas is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. McLeod.

Dr. Newcomb and Miss Newcomb of Boston are guests of Capt. and Mrs. D. S. Howard.

Miss Hattie Spencer is at home from Halifax.

Mrs. Woodworth entertained a party at progress-letters on Thursday evening, six tables, Mrs. Erville, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Taylor, Misses Nellie and Alice Gillespie, Miss Ella Corbett, Miss Mc Dougal, Miss O'Donnell, Miss Ibbotson, Miss Smith, Miss Upham, Misses Altkam, Messrs F. Eaton, O'Donnell, Eville, Aubrey Upham, George Johnson, Huxley Johnson, George Upham, Dr. Holmes. The King card booty being won by Mr. George Johnson and Harry Woodworth respectively.

The Hawatha brought a large picnic party from Windsor on Friday, about two hundred and fifty. Mr. Robert Cowans who has been at the Island for a short time left for Montreal on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gullford have returned from a fortnight's stay at Five Islands.

Mrs. W. Fraser and little son of Springhill are visiting in town.

Mr. George McKean of St. John is in town. Miss Smith and Mr. Aubrey Upham left this morning to return to St. Stephen.

Miss Altkam is at home from Montreal for a while.

Mr. Creighton of Halifax was lately the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth for a short time.

Mrs. B. Parsons and Miss Fraser of Springhill are guests of Mr. J. B. Cowan.

Mrs. Charbonnel of Ottawa, Miss Rose of Boston Miss Bates of Chelsea and Miss Winnie Crowe of Springhill have been spending some time with the Misses Hatfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth went to Windsor yesterday.

Mr. Clyde Davison of Halifax was here for a day or two last week, also Mr. Harry Hillcoat of Amherst.

Ten Americans, part of the Palmer party came over from Wolfville on Wednesday returning on Friday. Thursday was spent puncturing on Fair Isle Island.

Mr. Cecil Townshend went to Halifax on Friday to resume his duties.

Miss Eston of Cornwallis is visiting Mrs. C. S. Muir.

Mr. Jones of Wolfville is in town.

TRURO.

Progress is for sale in Truro by G. O. Fulton & D. H. Smith & Co.

Aug. 19.—Miss Emma Snook is spending a week or two at Truro, with her sister, Mrs. J. H. McKay. Miss Nellie Dennis, Cobourg Road, Halifax, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Miller, Queen street.

Senator McKay and W. D. Dimock, M. S. left on Monday for the Federal capital.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLeod and family, Sherbrooke, were guests at the "Stanley" for a few days this week.

Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, E. down, spent a day or two in town this week a guest of his brother, Hugh McKay.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crown and family arrived home on Monday night from their outing in Picton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Fulton who arrived home last week from their bridal tour appeared out last Sunday attending service at St. Andrews and at the Immanuel. Mrs. Fulton is receiving her friends at the week-end.

The guests were: Mrs. Danck, Miss W. Moore, Miss May Crowe, Miss Jean Crowe, Miss Butcherd, Miss Kitty Butcherd, Miss Helena Lawrence, Miss Mary Sutherland, Rev. E. Underwood, Messrs F. S. Yorston, B. Black, W. R. Vincent, J. E. Don, Boston; W. McKenna, F. W. Cullen, J. Colwell.

We are to have two weddings next Tuesday evening the twenty-fifth, one to be solemnized in St. John's, the other at the home of the bride Halifax Road.

Mr. A. C. Black will be one of the principals on the same day in a like affair in Halifax, Mr. Black and his bride will enjoy the honeymoon abroad.

Miss Lydia McCully is visiting friends in Picton. Miss Clara King is enjoying a well earned vacation with friends in Annapolis and Kings county.

Mr. A. S. Yell, New York, has returned from a short outing with home friends in Wallace.

Miss Jennie Somerville and Miss Shadner leave on Saturday to take charge of schools, in Springhill and Kentville respectively.

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

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

was a victim of consumption, and had been ill for some months past. By a large circle of acquaintances the deceased was greatly liked and highly respected, kind and charitable to the needy poor ever willing to assist in any public undertaking, her death will be deeply regretted through the end has not been unexpected. To her husband and family is extended the deep sympathy of all a family of three daughters also survive.

Mr. W. F. Moohan and wife of New York have been visiting friends here.

Miss Alice is visiting her sister Mrs. Kinsman. Mrs. (Dr.) Moody and family have returned to Windsor.

The Baptist Sunday school children held their annual picnic on Tuesday. They went over to Grandville, the tug Clipper conveying the party. The outing was a delightful one.

Miss O'Brien and Miss Emily Dakin gave a church party at Lower Lodge on Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. L. returned to her home in St. John on Monday.

MAITLAND.

Aug. 18.—The many friends of the McCurdy family were delighted to welcome Seldon McCurdy, B. A., late of Lynn, Mass., who with bicycle and kodak is making a tour of the province, catching glimpses of the "dear Homeland." Mr. McCurdy presided with much acceptance in the Baptist church in Truro on Sunday last. He is the guest of Mr. William Putnam while in town.

Miss Ida Douglas is spending a few weeks in St. John, N. B., the guest of her aunt Mrs. D. C. Clinch.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Drillis of Parrboro are in town the guests of Mrs. Drillis's parents Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Eaton.

Mrs. H. F. McKenzie of Truro is in the town the guest of her mother Mrs. Isaac Douglas.

Mr. M. Dickie and boys who have been spending the greater part of the summer with relatives at an Annapolis Royal returned home last week.

Miss Anna Marr who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Marr of Halifax returned home last Tuesday.

The many friends of Mr. George C. Peters who met with such a severe accident at the power house of the electric street railway last week, will be glad to hear that he is recovering as rapidly as can well be expected, considering the nature of his injuries which are painful in the extreme. It will be remembered that Mr. Peters tripped over a loose plank, and fell heavily to the ground breaking his right arm in two places between the elbow and the shoulder besides receiving a very severe shaking up.

Miss Margaret Stewart of Woodstock who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. James of Highfield street for the past few weeks returned home last week.

Mr. W. C. With is to return on Saturday to attend the Campbell-Tremaine wedding.

ANAGANIS.

Mrs. Helen Storrie and Miss Bessie Davidson, who were visiting friends in St. John have returned home.

Miss Katie Fairweather of Pettitville is visiting her cousin, Miss Smith on Pine avenue, this week. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Stockford spent Sunday in Newfield in New Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. James Blackney of Pettitville are in town today the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Kincaid.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson have returned home after a delightful visit to various villages on the St. John river. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson wheeled from St. John home in six hours, the distance being about 63 miles.

Mrs. Elizabeth McAness's home at Portage was the scene of a very pretty but quiet wedding on Wednesday evening last week when her eldest daughter Miss Annie McAness was united in the holy bonds of matrimony with Mr. A. Heber Colpitts of Salisbury, Rev. G. Simm of Pettitville performing the ceremony, the many friends of the happy couple in this village join in wishing them a happy voyage through life.

Mr. G. O. Sinder of Sussex is visiting relatives in Portage at present.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ballard of Boston are spending a few days with friends and relatives in Portage.

Miss Iva O'Leary of Boston arrived in town on Friday last to visit her mother Mrs. G. G. O'Leary for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cain and little daughter Miss Leah of Boston spent part of the summer with relatives in the village returned to their home last week.

WOODSTOCK.

Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan & Co.

Mr. E. E. Guy Smith, returned last week from a very pleasant visit at St. Mary's and Fredericton.

Mrs. Edward Williams spent part of last week at Northampton.

Rev. Dr. Chapman returned Wednesday from his holiday trip.

Rev. James Whiteside and Mrs. Whiteside are spending a few weeks in St. Andrews.

Rev. Mr. Mahon of St. Andrews occupied the pulpit at St. Paul's Sunday.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield, S. T. Hall and M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Aug. 19.—The calm surface of society has been very pleasantly ruffled last Tuesday evening by a little dance, given by Miss Urquhart niece of Mr. F. J. Hunter, manager of the Bank of Montreal. The guests were few, numbering only about twenty but a very enjoyable evening was spent in the best, which was rather oppressive for dancing.

Mrs. C. T. Purdy left town last week to spend a few weeks in Amherst visiting relatives.

Miss Alice Blypper returned on Saturday from St. John where she has been visiting friends for the past three weeks.

Mr. A. D. Cotter of Kingston, Ont., arrived in town last week to join the staff of the Bank of Montreal, having been transferred from the Cornwall to the Moncton branch of that institution. Mr. Cotter will doubtless prove a welcome addition to our not over large stock of desirable youths.

Mrs. J. M. Lyons and children returned last week from Sheldale where they have been spending some weeks.

Mrs. A. J. Clarke left town on Thursday to spend some weeks visiting friends at Bedouque, P. E. I.

Mr. E. C. Jones manager of the Bank of Montreal at St. John, who has been visiting Mr. F. J. Hunter of church street, returned home on Thursday.

Miss Jessie Barlett left town on Friday afternoon for Cape Tormentine to spend a few weeks, vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harris and family returned last week from Sheldale Cape, having closed their summer cottage for the season, and decided to spend the rest of the summer in town.

Miss Alice, Les daughter of Mr. Paul Lea is visiting friends in Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Miss Grace Busby who has been spending the greater part of the summer with relatives at an Annapolis Royal returned home last week.

Miss Anna Marr who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Marr of Halifax returned home last Tuesday.

The many friends of Mr. George C. Peters who met with such a severe accident at the power house of the electric street railway last week, will be glad to hear that he is recovering as rapidly as can well be expected, considering the nature of his injuries which are painful in the extreme. It will be remembered that Mr. Peters tripped over a loose plank, and fell heavily to the ground breaking his right arm in two places between the elbow and the shoulder besides receiving a very severe shaking up.

Miss Margaret Stewart of Woodstock who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. James of Highfield street for the past few weeks returned home last week.

Mr. W. C. With is to return on Saturday to attend the Campbell-Tremaine wedding.

ANAGANIS.

Mrs. Helen Storrie and Miss Bessie Davidson, who were visiting friends in St. John have returned home.

Miss Katie Fairweather of Pettitville is visiting her cousin, Miss Smith on Pine avenue, this week. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Stockford spent Sunday in Newfield in New Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. James Blackney of Pettitville are in town today the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Kincaid.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson have returned home after a delightful visit to various villages on the St. John river. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson wheeled from St. John home in six hours, the distance being about 63 miles.

Mrs. Elizabeth McAness's home at Portage was the scene of a very pretty but quiet wedding on Wednesday evening last week when her eldest daughter Miss Annie McAness was united in the holy bonds of matrimony with Mr. A. Heber Colpitts of Salisbury, Rev. G. Simm of Pettitville performing the ceremony, the many friends of the happy couple in this village join in wishing them a happy voyage through life.

Mr. G. O. Sinder of Sussex is visiting relatives in Portage at present.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ballard of Boston are spending a few days with friends and relatives in Portage.

Miss Iva O'Leary of Boston arrived in town on Friday last to visit her mother Mrs. G. G. O'Leary for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cain and little daughter Miss Leah of Boston spent part of the summer with relatives in the village returned to their home last week.

WOODSTOCK.

Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan & Co.

Mr. E. E. Guy Smith, returned last week from a very pleasant visit at St. Mary's and Fredericton.

Mrs. Edward Williams spent part of last week at Northampton.

Rev. Dr. Chapman returned Wednesday from his holiday trip.

Rev. James Whiteside and Mrs. Whiteside are spending a few weeks in St. Andrews.

Rev. Mr. Mahon of St. Andrews occupied the pulpit at St. Paul's Sunday.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT.

For the year ending December 31, 1895.

Table with financial data: Assets, Liabilities, Total Income, Total Paid Policyholders, etc.

Special Agents: J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent, Halifax, N. B.

For Your Health DRINK REAL FRUIT SYRUPS

Strawberry, Raspberry, Gingerette, Lemon, Lime Fruit. MADE ONLY BY BROWN & WEBB HALIFAX, N. S.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH CLEANSSES FROM ALL IMPURITIES

ARRESTS DECAY - PLEASANT TO USE ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS - ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT - ZEPHORA, N. B.

FLORENCE Hair Brushes

A good one for 25 cents. A better one for 50 cents. The Best one for 75 cents and \$1. These HAIR BRUSHES are special value and cannot be excelled.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 25 King St.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer), all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It consists of a fine press, a galley, a hot lead, a mangle, a sheet, a set of the Adams Power Press, Motor and driving M. sold press is capable in its old days of producing the best work, while the Waterbury is perfect in every respect. As this plant has been used in all its appointments, to be sold on accommodating terms, and the building will be put up to the best of the Queen's Printer's building at the book store of W. T. H. PERREY, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton, N. B.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Williams of Boston were here for a day or two last week. Mrs. John and Miss Stratton of Halifax are here on a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knex of Glasgow are visiting St. John. Mrs. W. T. Grell of Rockport, and three children are visiting Mrs. W. A. McGinley of Broad street. Mrs. J. Halsey of North, Conn., spent last Saturday in town. Dr. C. E. Ougly and Mrs. Ougly of New York were here for a short stay last week. Mr. George H. Fraser of Turcoosh, Iddis, who has been visiting his uncle, Sten Sturde and other relatives here, left this week on his return to Iddis. Miss Sophia L. Lord of Pictou is visiting St. John. Rev. C. M. Felden and Mrs. Belden of New York are in the city. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Eumer of Halifax spent several days in the city lately. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bellinger, Miss E. L. Lord and Mr. B. E. Bellinger of Riverside, Conn.; were a party who spent part of this week here. The Misses With, Miss Cullen and Miss Hayes of Pictou, Mass., are in the city. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Pitts of Exeter spent a day or two in the city lately. Mrs. Fred Richardson of Ever Island visited city friends recently.

AMHERST.

[Proceeds is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.] AUG. 19—The marriage of Miss Estelle Elvik to Mr. Henry Fride which takes place at four o'clock this afternoon at the residence of the bride's father. The bride will wear a gown of pale yellow silk. Miss Margie Christie will be bridesmaid and Mr. E. Black, brother of the bride will support the groom. A large number of guests are invited and we join in wishing the happy young couple a life as bright and cheery as their wedding day has turned out to be. Mrs. F. B. Roth has disposed of her business on Victoria street to Mr. Watt. Mrs. J. Jedyr came home on Tuesday from a trip to Pugwash. Mrs. C. B. Smith was in town on Tuesday. Miss Helen Gass has gone to Tatamouche. Miss Hiltout is in Pictou, the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. McManus. The driving party to Esplanade farm last Wednesday evening included Mrs. A. T. McKinnon, Mrs. A. D. Munroe, Misses Grace Piper, Alice Skipp, Lena Welby, Estelle and Jean Estelle, Rachel and Mary Love, Lottie Munroe, Helen Gass, Lucy McKinnon, and Helen Chapman, Messrs G. Douglas, D. Sloop, K. Fowler, H. Bell, B. Davidson, H. Morse, W. Murray, S. Allen, and G. Chapman. I understand another drive has been planned for this evening to the same beautiful spot. Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Chapman have returned from a driving tour along the shore of Miramichi. Mrs. A. D. Taylor, who has been spending a few weeks with her parents in Halifax, returned home on Friday afternoon by her brother Mr. Macdonald. Mr. B. D. Best and family, Miss McEwen and Messrs. McEwen of Ottawa, drove to Truro on Friday for a day's outing. Mrs. B. B. Barshill, Two Rivers, was in town on Friday. Miss Mills, who has been visiting friends in Amherst this week, left for her home in Parrabro on Monday. Mr. H. W. McKinnon and bride of Parrabro were guests at the Terrace a few days this week, en route for Cape Breton. Mrs. Clifford of Landriver was among the visitors of the past week. Miss Lizette McKinnon who has been visiting relatives in Wallace and Amherst left on Thursday for her home in St. John. Miss Stevens is the guest of Miss Clarke, Havelock street. Miss Bliss of Westmorland was visiting friends in town for a few days. Mrs. Stanley Eutherford who has been spending a couple of months at her home at Bale Verte, returned home the first of the week. Mr. Albert Hodgson received a telegram on Friday stating that Mr. Hodgson was quite ill with fever so he hurriedly left for home in Port William on Saturday to the regret of his friends in town. Her mother Mrs. James McEwen went with her a part of the way. Miss Alice S. C. gave a small but very delightful bouquet party on Christie's pond on Thursday evening. I am told it was given for her friend Miss Chapman of Boston. Miss Aggie Munro has returned from a long stay in St. John. Miss Frieda McKinnon came home on Tuesday from Halifax. Mr. W. D. Morris and children are among the many visitors at Tidnish shore. Mr. Morrison of Reading Pa., is the guest of her brother, Mr. N. T. Campbell. A large number of visitors interested in their horse meet see in town now and the opening day is very favorable to the Amherst horsemen are happy.

SACKVILLE.

[Proceeds is for sale in Sackville at William I. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by F. Meritt.] AUG. 19—Senator and Mrs. Hood who with their family have been spending the summer at Cape Tormentine returned on Saturday last. Mr. H. A. Powell and children are visiting friends in Bale Verte. The Misses Colwell of St. John are visiting their sister Mrs. W. C. Vincent at the parsonage. Dr. L. F. Cahill and friend Mrs. Crumley have returned to their home in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Joyce of St. John spent last Sunday with Mrs. Joyce's father Mr. Walter Cahill esq. Miss Agnes Smith has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Halifax. The Misses Anderson, Middle Sackville, gave a very enjoyable boating party to their friends on Monday evening. Mr. Robb and daughter of Amherst visited Mrs. John Baird on Tuesday last. Rev. and Mrs. Vincent were at home to a large number of their friends on Saturday afternoon from five to seven. Among those present were, Senator and Mrs. Hood, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Rev. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ogden, Mr. Chas. Christie, Amherst, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Peters, St. John, Dr. Cahill and Mrs. Crumby, Boston, Misses Flo Anderson, Mand Beale, L. Phinney Bangster, Carrie Athinson, Fall River, Quebec Estabrooks, St. John, Messrs. Harbison, Blackmore, Lord, Dr. Sprague and others. Miss Kath of Halifax is visiting Mrs. C. B. Forrest York St. Judge Richardson of Dorchester was in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart gave a delightful lawn party on Sunday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Stewart's niece Mrs. Roberts of St. John. Mrs. C. H. Ford and family have returned from the Cape. Miss Dimmock of Buffalo is visiting Miss McEwen.

Ivory.....



Several grades of it, and only one grade is the best—that's the kind we use. The excellence of ivory is in its whiteness, fineness of grain, the absence of streaks and its ability to retain color. The poorer grades of elephants' ivory come from high and dry regions, where the ivory has bluish streaks and turns yellow with age, while the best grades come from the hot, low, damp districts, where the effect of environment is to produce ivory of very fine grain, of pure white, and which grows whiter with time. The latter is the only kind used in the Pratte Pianos. Come into our waterworks and you can see samples of various grades of ivory. The handsome ivory keys of the Pratte Piano are in keeping with the excellency of its finish in every part.

Pratte Pianos 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Represented in Halifax by THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., Corner Granville and Buckingham Streets.

SUSSEX.

[Proceeds is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin R. D. Boel and S. H. White & Co.] AUG. 20—Mrs. C. D. Davis and family are spending a few weeks at Point Wolfe. Mrs. H. E. Dryden is spending a few days in St. John. Mrs. S. A. McLeod and Mrs. Roach are over in St. Martins. Miss Young, New York, is sojourning at the Knoll. Mrs. Gass and Mrs. McLachlin of Hampton and Mrs. Wallace of St. John, spent Thursday with Mrs. Gordon Mills. Mr. John McCashey student at McGill, Montreal is visiting his mother here. Miss Gertrude MacDonaid is visiting friends here. Mr. C. E. White and Miss May White is enjoying a few days at St. Martins. Mr. A. E. Gorman and little daughter of Moncton is visiting relatives here. Mr. W. B. McKay and family Mrs. Dr. White and family are in St. Martins for a few days. Miss Gorman is in St. Martins. Mr. Sam Hoyt St. John is visiting his mother Mrs. Myles Fairweather. Mrs. McEwen, Shediac, spent Monday here. Mrs. Forde, Moncton, who has been visiting her friend Mrs. McKay, returned home on Saturday. Mr. Fred Ryan of Eoston is on a visit to his mother. Mrs. Chas. Pickett of Sackville is visiting relatives here. Mrs. Jas. Parlee is in St. John. The Misses McLeod and Harrison and Miss Nellie Dobson, who has been in St. Martins for a couple of weeks, returned home on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldrick of New York are at the Knoll. Count DeBury of St. John was here on Wednesday.

PUGWASH.

AUG. 19—Mr. and Mrs. B. Peel of Oxford were in town last week. Misses McLeod and Miss Hannah Gillis were at Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Peel of Springhill are spending a few weeks in town. Miss Pagsley who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Maria Campbell returned to her home at River Herbert on Thursday. Miss Thompson, having spent a few days here the guest of (Rev.) Mrs. C. H. Haverstock, returned to her home in Halifax on Thursday. Mrs. E. J. Embree was at Charlottetown on Monday. Miss Minerva McIntosh of New Glasgow is visiting Mrs. D. McIntosh. Miss F. Purdy and Miss M. Purdy returned to their home in Little River on Thursday. There was an excursion to Charlottetown, P. E. I. on Monday, under the management of Mr. C. E. Reib. A large number of the citizens of this town and visitors took advantage of the day, by taking a trip across the water. The day all through was a very pleasant one, but I must say, it was much more pleasant on our return for a young couple, who had been united in the bonds of matrimony, but it was not known to any on board until the next morning. When it was made known by Capt. J. O. Reid that he had wedded Miss Louise Elliott of this town, it was found out to be a fact. The excursionists wish Mr. and Mrs. Reid much joy and a happy prolonged life. Mr. and Mrs. Primrose of Pictou were in town this week. Miss Goodwin of Springhill spent a few days in town this week. Messrs. Trelice of Leicester are visiting friends here. Miss M. Chabon of River John is visiting the Misses Gillis. Mr. and Mrs. Conroy of Winchester Ont., who has been visiting Mr. Martin Campbell returned to their home on Saturday. Mr. Lawrence of Truro is spending a few days in town. Miss Humphries of Springhill and Mrs. J. Ledden, Boston were at Cape Tormentine on Monday. Miss Cora DeWolfe is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. F. DeWolfe. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Thompson and Miss Annie Thompson of Oxford, accompanied by Mrs. Hedley Thompson and Mrs. Newton of Chicago were in town last Saturday. Miss Jolie Treza, of Oxford, returned home on Saturday.

CONSIDERATE.

A gentleman was assisting at a bazaar last winter by reciting new and again during the evening. He had recited once or twice, and the people were sitting about chaffing when he heard one of the committee go up to the chairman and whisper: 'Haden't Mr. — better give us another recitation?' Whereupon the chairman replied: 'No, not yet; let them enjoy themselves a bit longer.'—Tud-Bits.

HAPPY COMPANIONSHIP.

VISITING IN INDIA.

The Maiden Sojourning in That Country May Count a Having a Good Time. "Missy Sahib, cho' lazri 'ayar hai" (breakfast is ready), and the daughter, who has just come home to join her father or mother in the far East realizes that at last the long sea voyage and land journey are over and her first day in India has really begun. A dusky, white-robed ayah has brought a tray, with tea, toast, and fruit to the bedside, and pulled up the white net curtains that protect the sleeper from the blood-thirsty mosquito, and now wants to assist at her mistress' toilet. It is 6 o'clock and



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time to begin the day. Unused to the services of a maid at home, the girl experiences a sense of luxury in having her stockings put on her—even though one is sure to be inside out. She also begins to realize a sense of her own importance, for in India she is distinctly a personage, and women are probably at a higher premium there than in any other civilized country. The arrival of a new "spin" (as the unmarried girl is colloquially termed) is the cause of much excitement in an Indian station, and everybody is on the alert to see the latest addition to feminine society. The day usually begins with a visit to the badminton courts, and there the girl will run the gamut of criticism from a large portion of her neighbors, for it is a favorite meeting place. The ladies eagerly scan every detail of her dress; being fresh from home she must, of course, have the newest fashions, and later on they will ask her for blouses, &c., as patterns. There are also plenty of candidates of the opposite sex eager to teach her badminton, and every one's racket is at her disposal. At 9 o'clock it is too hot for further play, and they drive home for bath and breakfast. The bath, with its water cooled in large earthenware jars, is delightfully refreshing, and the thin mug where with to bale it over one's person is a distinct novelty. Breakfast is a meal of many courses, commencing with fruit. After breakfast the householding has to be seen to, and this seems an easy matter to the girl accustomed to that duty at home, for it simply consists of giving orders to the numerous servants and dealing out the timed "Europe" storeroom. Then there are flowers to be arranged, and at 12 o'clock callers begin to arrive. The servant on the veranda inquires if the mem sahib be 'at home' and brings up a pile of cards on a salver. Carriage follows carriage in quick succession for everybody in the station is anxious to make the new arrival's acquaintance. Only the Governor's wife and the General's do not come, for it will be the girl's duty to leave cards upon these important personages. The bachelors of the station arrive in groups of two and three, there by lending each other their moral support should they feel nervous, but they are all eager to meet and converse on current topics with the "spin." They inquire whether the dances or is fond of riding, and if the answer be affirmative beg for a place on her card at the first ball and put their ponies at her disposal. By 2 o'clock tiffin, a repast of breakfast, is ready, and after this meal people retire to their rooms to read and a siesta is generally indulged in. After tea everybody goes out. They drive to the band stand, where the regimental band plays; there is lawn tennis for the energetic or garden parties at the club or mess house, and the new arrival will be struck by the all-pervading air of luxury. Servants are in constant attendance, the carriages are filled with comfortable cushions, and every tennis player has a small dark boy at his elbow ready to hand him balls. At 8 o'clock dinner takes place, and when there are no dances or evening entertainments everybody goes to bed early. Certainly the daughter of India has a really good time. Invitations to dances, dinners, and entertainments come rapidly for acceptance, and if she can sing or act she will be in great demand. Everywhere the preponderance of men strikes her and they vie with each other in providing her with amusements. At the races and shooting matches they ask her to "nominate" them, when if her nominee wins, she will receive the prize. The constant balls and dances are rendered gay by innumerable uniforms, and the large proportion of men makes that hardy perennial, the wallflower, an impossibility, and every girl with the faintest idea of dancing has her card filled to the twentieth extra. Before the hot season with its scorching winds makes an exodus to the hills she will have had several proposals to exchange her position of daughter for that of wife, for though "spins" on their first season are plentiful, those in their second are rarer and those in their third are hardly to be met with. Marriage is thriving in India in spite of the washing rappee. Although the life of a girl in India is frequently a round of pleasures and little else it need not be so, and though there be not much in housekeeping to occupy her energies, there is a vast amount of other work to be done. She will win the heartfelt gratitude of the chaplain's wife by interesting herself in the Sunday school for soldiers' children and visiting their mothers in the regimental lines. Then, again, if she takes the trouble to study the language and learn more than the few sentences required for such things as servants it opens up a world of interest too little known to Europeans. Hidden behind the purdah for whose houses of well-to-do natives are women whose lives are spent enclosed between four walls, and they gladly welcome any one who will devote a little of her time to visiting them and taking an interest in their affairs, and the daughter will find the

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Mr. Jacob Wilcox of St. Thomas, Ontario, is one of the best known men in that vicinity. He is now, he says, an old man, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has made him feel young again. "About a year ago I had a very serious attack of the grip, which resulted in my not having a well day for several months afterwards. I was completely run down, and my system was in a terrible condition. I lost flesh and became depressed in spirits. Finally a friend who had been benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla advised me to try it and I did so. I continued taking it until I used twelve bottles and today I can honestly say Hood's Sarsaparilla has restored me to my former health." JACOB WILCOX, St. Thomas, Ontario. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Buy when all other preparations fail. Hood's Pills the other-day pill and family cathartic.

time to begin the day. Unused to the services of a maid at home, the girl experiences a sense of luxury in having her stockings put on her—even though one is sure to be inside out. She also begins to realize a sense of her own importance, for in India she is distinctly a personage, and women are probably at a higher premium there than in any other civilized country. The arrival of a new "spin" (as the unmarried girl is colloquially termed) is the cause of much excitement in an Indian station, and everybody is on the alert to see the latest addition to feminine society. The day usually begins with a visit to the badminton courts, and there the girl will run the gamut of criticism from a large portion of her neighbors, for it is a favorite meeting place. The ladies eagerly scan every detail of her dress; being fresh from home she must, of course, have the newest fashions, and later on they will ask her for blouses, &c., as patterns. There are also plenty of candidates of the opposite sex eager to teach her badminton, and every one's racket is at her disposal. At 9 o'clock it is too hot for further play, and they drive home for bath and breakfast. The bath, with its water cooled in large earthenware jars, is delightfully refreshing, and the thin mug where with to bale it over one's person is a distinct novelty. Breakfast is a meal of many courses, commencing with fruit. After breakfast the householding has to be seen to, and this seems an easy matter to the girl accustomed to that duty at home, for it simply consists of giving orders to the numerous servants and dealing out the timed "Europe" storeroom. Then there are flowers to be arranged, and at 12 o'clock callers begin to arrive. The servant on the veranda inquires if the mem sahib be 'at home' and brings up a pile of cards on a salver. Carriage follows carriage in quick succession for everybody in the station is anxious to make the new arrival's acquaintance. Only the Governor's wife and the General's do not come, for it will be the girl's duty to leave cards upon these important personages. The bachelors of the station arrive in groups of two and three, there by lending each other their moral support should they feel nervous, but they are all eager to meet and converse on current topics with the "spin." They inquire whether the dances or is fond of riding, and if the answer be affirmative beg for a place on her card at the first ball and put their ponies at her disposal. By 2 o'clock tiffin, a repast of breakfast, is ready, and after this meal people retire to their rooms to read and a siesta is generally indulged in. After tea everybody goes out. They drive to the band stand, where the regimental band plays; there is lawn tennis for the energetic or garden parties at the club or mess house, and the new arrival will be struck by the all-pervading air of luxury. Servants are in constant attendance, the carriages are filled with comfortable cushions, and every tennis player has a small dark boy at his elbow ready to hand him balls. At 8 o'clock dinner takes place, and when there are no dances or evening entertainments everybody goes to bed early. Certainly the daughter of India has a really good time. Invitations to dances, dinners, and entertainments come rapidly for acceptance, and if she can sing or act she will be in great demand. Everywhere the preponderance of men strikes her and they vie with each other in providing her with amusements. At the races and shooting matches they ask her to "nominate" them, when if her nominee wins, she will receive the prize. The constant balls and dances are rendered gay by innumerable uniforms, and the large proportion of men makes that hardy perennial, the wallflower, an impossibility, and every girl with the faintest idea of dancing has her card filled to the twentieth extra. Before the hot season with its scorching winds makes an exodus to the hills she will have had several proposals to exchange her position of daughter for that of wife, for though "spins" on their first season are plentiful, those in their second are rarer and those in their third are hardly to be met with. Marriage is thriving in India in spite of the washing rappee. Although the life of a girl in India is frequently a round of pleasures and little else it need not be so, and though there be not much in housekeeping to occupy her energies, there is a vast amount of other work to be done. She will win the heartfelt gratitude of the chaplain's wife by interesting herself in the Sunday school for soldiers' children and visiting their mothers in the regimental lines. Then, again, if she takes the trouble to study the language and learn more than the few sentences required for such things as servants it opens up a world of interest too little known to Europeans. Hidden behind the purdah for whose houses of well-to-do natives are women whose lives are spent enclosed between four walls, and they gladly welcome any one who will devote a little of her time to visiting them and taking an interest in their affairs, and the daughter will find the

TAR M...

The Pin... The tar... The pin... thing of b... and fragr... much mor... laborious... away the... the small... and batter... the axe... beautiful... of desolat... and left t... The tar... has no lon... picturesqu... make life a... always in... every winte... trees add... object to... brings it o... and every t... labor in ch... the trees, c... tracts as m... and get the... trees are g... it was befor... would be wo... without such... fuel if they... generally th... available. T... is not worth... to get it m... one might a... market gar... country when... pine lots. Up in Nor... is a standar... larger scale... side issue—t... wood lot in... aged can bes... individual ca... man, a crack... muscle and g... pork and corn... fate may crin... and his wife... children were... are all satisfie... the pork and t... Largely thr... towns and stor... to spend the... working for... tainers, Bill... to buy two or... woods, which... three hundred... for he is sur... that the land... week's work... builds his cabin... pan and a bit... for a bed, it is... is a fixture, f... of his own c... times does not... him; it means... a little less meal... is well enough... pork and meal... no difference... out as the bigge... not because h... he needs so little... Once settled i... problem that r... than Bill's accu... cob pipe of to... thinks it over... way to turn his... to go out with... In a few month... a few more month... fall, and the land... him to cultivate b... the spawpod... hard hearts of... stamps, will stand... will look as if... companies had pla... it. This is the... a clearing, and... tions. But there... more labor and giv... If by good luck... that way, he may... of his land, enou... \$50 for the four... trees will yield... 100 acres for his... support his fam... \$50 he will re... of the benefit to... pentiner will clear... protect himself ag... pine needles and l... where he found a... pentiner appears... goes into turpentin...

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1896.

TAR MAKING IN GEORGIA.

WINTER WORK IN THE BACKWOODS, NOT PROFITABLE.

The Pine Trees Have to Give Up Their Last Drop of Sap Before They Are Destroyed—The Turpentine Bleeds Them, then the Tar Maker Distills Them.

The pine forest in its native state is a thing of beauty, redolent of the piney odors and fragrant with wild flowers; but it is much more attractive after man has worked laboriously through it with his axe, clearing away the underbrush, and leaving down the small trees that have no chance of reaching maturity in the shade of their elders and betters. It takes but a few strokes of the axe, however, to turn the most beautiful grove of giant pines into a scene of desolation. There is nothing more dismal than a tract of pine trees killed and left to decay.

The tar maker of Georgia fortunately has no longings for the artistic and picturesque, or his surroundings would make life a burden; for his cabin stands always in or near a dead forest. Where in every winter's storm the crash of falling trees adds to the commotion. He cannot object to this destruction, for he brings it on himself by killing the trees, and every tree that falls saves him so much labor in chopping. He has no love for the trees, cares nothing for them but to extract as much money as he can for them, and get them out of the way. After the trees are gone his land is worth more than it was before; but he does not let them go without sucking the honey from them. They would be worth something for lumber or fuel if they stood in the right place, but generally they are two far away to be available. Twenty dollars worth of lumber is not worth much when it would cost \$25 to get it to market, and to cord wood, one might as well try to sell turpentine to a market gardener as to try to sell fuel in a country where most people own their own pine lots.

Up in North Carolina, where tar making is a standard industry, they do it on a larger scale; but here in Georgia it is a side issue—the last step toward turning a wood lot into a clearing. How it is managed can best be illustrated by taking an individual case. Here is Bill Jones, a white man, a cracker of course, with abundant muscle and great capacity for living on pork and corn meal, or anything else that fate may bring. He was born in a cabin, and his wife was born in a cabin, and his children were born in a cabin, and they are all satisfied with the world as long as the pork and the meal hold out.

and on a small scale. He has no \$5,000 to invest in a still and the rest of the necessary plant; but he has an axe with which he can cut "boxes" in the trees and for four years he gathers crude resin and gets it to market the best way he can in barrels made with his own hands. Meanwhile he has girdled and killed the trees on a third of his land, and is raising scanty crops of corn and perhaps a little cotton, and his hogs are running wild in the woods—his own woods and his neighbors. Throughout this process, it must be borne in mind, he is not making as much out of his resin as he would receive for his daily labor if he went out to work on a plantation; but he is gradually improving his place, and has the satisfaction of being thoroughly his own master.

It is at the end of his four years of turpentine that our business properly begins with Mr. Bill Jones, if we would see him develop into a tar maker. By this time he has a hundred acres of land that he calls cleared, though every acre of it is detached with forty or fifty tall, thin poles and as many stumps. The trees on the 200 acres of land that he has "turpented" look as well as ever, but they are no longer of any use as yielders of resin. Lumbermen would not buy them now at any price, for lumbermen look askance at trees that have been turpented. They have given up every cent they will in the way of resin, but they are still full of tar, and when the tar is extracted from them that is the end of them. The oldest boy by this time is big enough to swing an axe, but the boy has by hook or crook become the owner of a gun, and his preference lies rather toward roaming the woods for game than toward laboring with an axe. But Mr. Jones is the master of his premises and of his family, in a wild region where there is no law but muscle. He knows from long experience what small trees furnish the most lites and lasting switches, and having found one to his mind he brings such powerful arguments to bear upon the boy that in a day or two, or as soon as he is able to walk comfortably, the youngster shoulders his axe with great cheerfulness and follows his father into the woods.

To see this pine forest in all its beauty we must see it now, for it will never be beautiful again. To girdle a pine tree requires only a few easy strokes with the axe, for it involves only cutting through the soft bark and the almost equally soft sapwood. In a week or two the entire tree is girdled, and then nature begins her work. The needles begin to drop, and turn brown. In a few weeks they fall, and the ground is covered with a thick and fragrant brown carpet. The shade is gone; instead of the beautiful green canopy overhead, there remain only the dead limbs and branches, too thin and sparse to shut out the sunlight. Weeds begin to grow that never grew there before, and the forest is doomed. This girdling is done in the early spring, before the sap begins to flow, and before summer comes what is once a handsome forest is nothing but a tract covered with gaunt dead trees.

The soaking rains and burning suns of summer do the work quickly on the dead trees. Decay soon sets to work upon the bark and soft sapwood that envelop the heart of the tree. That is precisely what the tar maker wants. The bark and sapwood are only in the way. It is not well now to walk through the forest on a windy day, for limbs are constantly falling. The ground is soon littered with them, and they are gathered up and burned, for it is only the heart-wood that dries "on the stump" that is worth distilling for tar.

By fall one who saw the forest in its prime would hardly know it. The largest trees have changed into spindling poles by the rapid decay and falling off of bark and sapwood. Sometimes a tree has fallen and carried away two or three trees in its descent. There is enough bark and slabs of half-rotten wood on the ground to support a family for years; but the family has more firewood than anything else and takes little account of the surplus. When summer and fall are gone, the corn hedges, the cotton patches, and enough hogs killed to insure a supply of bacon for the winter, begin the process of converting the spindling poles into tar. Father and son go out into the wilderness of dead sticks and chop and chop till everything within reach is down. There is little harder work than "chopping down" the hoards of dead pine trees, as the wood is almost as tough as iron, and it goes slowly. Presently a few acres are cleared in this way, and the fallen logs are chopped up into short lengths. If there is a male on the premises, as there generally is, he is kept at work drawing the short sticks to a central point, where the first kiln is to be made—or the first series of kilns, for a dozen kilns can be operated simultaneously as well as one. In the absence of a mule the children carry the sticks, which are full of resin and heavy. Every stick is what the Georgians call "lightwood," perhaps because it is the heaviest part of the tree. It is so full of resin that a fire may be kind-

led by touching a match to any splintered part of a log.

The coldest days of the short Georgia winter have come by the time everything is ready for actually making the tar. Then Mr. Jones looks about his property for a bed of solid clay, which he can generally find without difficulty, and draws a few loads of it to the spot where he intends to make his kiln directly over a clay bed, which is not often the case. He begins operations by raising a small hillock two or three feet high, composed entirely of clay, and a trifle larger in diameter than six feet to ten feet. The top of this elevation is at first flat, but he hollows it out till it becomes a basin, with the lowest point in the center, and he makes a hole in the middle to communicate with a gutter which runs underneath to carry off his tar to the receiver. The receiver four or five feet from the kiln, is simply a hole dug in the ground and lined with clay. The base of the kiln is well pounded down with the back of a spade, and after being thoroughly wetted it is left to stand exposed for a few days to harden, and the receiver is treated in the same way. If there comes a hard rain meantime, the work has to be done over again.

When the base is ready for use he begins to pile on wood, much in the fashion that the charcoal burner builds his kiln, the object being to lay the sticks as closely as possible, receding toward the top to make a secure and shapely cone. Near the bottom he puts some small split sticks to kindle readily, and when he finishes the stack is higher than his head, and so well put together that the hardest wind cannot blow it over. The next step is to cover the heap of wood with clay and suds, leaving a small vent-hole here and there for the smoke to escape through. The clay is put on damp and makes a hard casing which is necessary to prevent the sides from bursting into a blaze. The object of course is to burn it slowly.

When the cone is finished it looks like an immense beehive, and the little apertures that are made at the base through which to apply the fire look like doorways for the bees. As soon as the casing is hard and dry enough not to crack from sudden heat and fire is started in a dozen different places, and from every opening near the top come streams of smoke. For a short time the fire is allowed to burn freely, to spread through all the pile, and then most of the little holes at the bottom are stopped with wet clay to shut off the draught. For the next nine or ten days the tar maker sees no results beyond the smoke pouring out at every opening; but he knows that the fire is doing its work, for the cone is too hot to be touched safely with the hand. Still he must keep a close watch upon the kiln, now opening a crack, now closing one, stopping up the vents that come, and occasionally piling on more suds or clay. The fire must not be neglected, for a big crack is liable to appear at any moment, and if that should be left open and the air allowed to enter too freely the kiln would turn into ashes in a few minutes.

For nine days at least, often for ten, there is nothing to be done with the kiln but to watch it and keep down the flame by shutting out the air. But in those days Mr. Jones and his boys are not idle. They know that the tar is sure to flow in time, and they must have vessels to store it in. To buy casks for this purpose would cost more than the tar will be worth, and the only recourse is to make barrels on the spot. There is plenty of wood about, because a few trees are reserved for that purpose; and with no tools but their axes and a hammer and drawing-knife they hew out the hoops and staves and make barrels that are crude in appearance, but strong and tight enough to hold the tar and bear handling. This is the custom not only in the home-made tar factories of Georgia, but in the larger works in North Carolina; all barrels are made on the spot. It would be useless to repeat to Mr. Jones the old couplet:

Tar, pitch, and turpentine, All begins with A.

because he has no idea whether tar begins with a t or a q; but he knows just how long he must cut his staves to make a barrel that will hold the 320 pounds net of a standard tar barrel.

After the fire has been smouldering for ten days a delicate little stream of tar begins to trickle through the gutter under the kiln. It is only a thread at first, for the tar we are accustomed to seeing; but its appearance is sure to be the signal for a shout, whether it is discovered by Mr. Jones himself or by Mrs. Jones, who sits watching while she smokes her pipe, or by the children. Down the soft tar runs through the hole in the bottom of the kiln, down through the gutter, down into the receiver a few feet away; and there it remains and accumulates until there is enough of it to be dipped out and poured into the barrels. Within twenty-four hours after its first appearance the stream is in full flow, and the flow continues for about three weeks.

For Driving, Walking or Travelling. "HEPTONETTE" GUARANTEED RAIN-CLOAKS. Supersede all other makes for the triple purpose of a Dust Cloak, Rain Cloak, or Travelling Garment. Navy Blue, Black, and Fancies—54 to 62 inch lengths.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

There is very little guesswork about the quality of tar to be obtained. Mr. Jones very likely does not know the name of the country he lives in, but he can tell to a fraction how many cords of wood he has piled in the kiln, and from the condition of the wood he can judge closely whether he may expect only forty gallons of tar to the cord, which is about the best. That a cord of this wood will yield fifty gallons of liquid is the strongest evidence of the large percentage of resin it contains.

At the beginning this operation is conducted near the cabin, or so near that it is within walking distance for meals and sleep. But one kiln is only a drop in the bucket of the winter's work, and each succeeding one must be a little further away. No matter how near the house, a small shelter is built for the watcher, for the fire must be watched by night as well as by day; and as the distance from the cabin increases, the shelter is made larger, and becomes for the time the headquarters of the family. Two forked sticks are set in the ground and a crosspiece is laid in the forks, and upon this long sticks are laid, with the lower end resting upon the ground, and the whole is covered with bows, or sometimes with clay, till it is waterproof. The drying pan and the moss beds are carried over, and the Jones family occupy a new and thoroughly ventilated residence for a few weeks. When there are animals to be taken care of, or more especially a cat, the house to be watched, some of the family must remain at home but this is easily managed in a country where the children number anywhere from twelve to eighteen. There is no hesitation about leaving two or three little girls alone about leaving two as a girl is big enough to walk and eat pork the size of a pig of telling any unwelcome stranger: "You g'long outen this; g'long, or I'll git' dad's gun."

The watching of a cabin is almost wholly on account of the adjacent smokehouse. In the cabin there is nothing to steal and often there is nobody within five miles to take what little there is. But let a smokehouse stand unguarded over night, and prowlers drop down from the trees, or come up from the ground, and the precious pork disappears.

White pine kiln is burning another may be building, or if there are enough adults in the family a series of kilns may be kept going simultaneously. There is no hurry about the work, but it requires constant vigilance. If the wood is not distilled this winter, the remainder stand till next winter without injury. After Mrs. Jones has first turpented his pine trees, and then converted their hearts into tar, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has extracted every possible cent from them. It is not worth while to tell him that with the same amount of labor on somebody's plantation, he and his boys would have made out of the resin and tar.

He knows that very well; but he knows, too, that he has been his own boss the while, to work when he suited him or to go fishing if the spirit so moved him. He knows also that he has brought his land into what he considers tillable condition, though a Northern farmer would hardly think so. The trees are gone, but the stumps remain; and no aching tooth-stump holds on more persistently than a pine tree stump in a Georgia field.

It is entirely out of the question for a man of Mr. Jones's financial caliber to remove the stumps by any mechanical process. He could not afford to buy or rent a stump-extractor, and he has neither the skill nor the inclination to make one. The very best he can do is to save the brush-wood and build fires over the stumps, by which he is eventually lowered to the level of the ground and the appearance of the field is improved, although the roots will still last for years, as he finds out when he tries to run the plough through them.

TO CURE HEADACHE.

Simple Remedies That Will Bring Speedy Relief to Sufferers.

A hot bath, a stroll in the fresh air, shampooing the head in weak sodawater, or a timely nap in a cool, quiet room will sometimes stop a nervous headache, writes Dr. B. F. Herrick in August Ladies' Home Journal. "When overfatigued from shopping or sightseeing a sponge dipped in very hot water and pressed repeatedly over the back of the neck between the ears will be found exceedingly refreshing, especially if the face and temples are afterward subjected to the same treatment. Neuralgia is caused not only by cold air but acidity of the stomach, starved nerves, imperfect teeth, or by indolence combined with a too generous diet. Heat is the best and quickest cure for this distressing pain. A hot flannel, passed rapidly and deftly over several folds of flannel laid on the affected spot, will often give relief in less than ten minutes, without the aid of medicine. Hot fomentations are of equal value; though when the skin is very tender it is more advisable to use dry heat, nothing being better for the purpose than hot resin warmth for the finger tips to the nerves in front of the ear, has been known to dispel neuralgic pains like magic. When caused by acidity a corrector. Sick headache is accompanied by bilious symptoms, and attacks usually come on when the person is over-tired or below par physically. This is a disease of the first half of life, and often follows its own accord after middle age. A careful diet is imperative in every case, sweetmeats and pastry being especially pernicious.

"Eating heartily when very tired, late dinners, eating irregularly, insufficient mastication or too much animal food, especially in the spring or during the hot weather, are a frequent cause of indigestion, causing headaches by reflex action."

LEW WALLACE'S IDEAL.

His Stepmother is the Original of a Character in Ben Hur.

One of the greatest of America's women orators is Mrs. Zerilda Wallace, the stepmother of Gen. Lew Wallace, and the original of one of the most beautiful characters in "Ben Hur," says the New York Mail and Express.

Mrs. Wallace has been a temperance worker and a woman suffragist for many years. She thus relates the circumstances of her conversion to the cause of woman's rights:

"At 17 I had been in religious reform work for a little while I took up the cause of woman suffrage. It happened this way. A number of us women went to Indianapolis to work for the retention of the Baxter local option law when the question of its repeal was up before the Indiana legislature. During the vote on the question a Dr. Thompson, an elder in the Presbyterian church and a member of the Senate, rose in his place to explain his vote. He said that, although personally opposed to the liquor traffic, he must, as the representative of his constituency and the taxpayers cast his ballot in favor of the repeal of the local option law.

"Then I thought to myself, who compose his constituency and the taxpayers whom he represents? I was then a widow with six little children, and I had my taxes to pay, and we all had to obey the laws. A light broke over me, and I came to the conclusion that I was a part of that constituency of which the Senator spoke, and so was every other woman in the district. After the session I went up to Senator Thompson, and, shaking hands with him, thanked him for that speech, and told him that his speech had made a woman suffragist of me."

THE EDISON HOME.

The Lighting Arrangements Make It a Palace of Beauty.

Glenmont, the home of Mr. Edison at Llewellyn Park, N. J., is a fairy palace as regards the lighting of the place. Pressing a button in the hall lights the place from basement to turret, says the New York Journal. Aside from its electrical novelties and conveniences, Glenmont is a most

charming place. The drawing room, in crimson and gold, has many pictures by celebrated artists and several pieces of marble statuary; the two rooms are separated by an arch, supported by onyx pillars; a conservatory filled with choice flowers opens from one room. The dining room has a highly polished floor, nearly covered with a Persian rug; the furniture is massive and sombre, as befits a dining room, with wainscoting of oak and a handsome

A large screen, with Japanese figures, stands before the door leading into the billiard room, billiards being the only game Mr. Edison is ever known to indulge in, and that only upon rare occasions. Mrs. Edison's boudoir, on the second floor, is a pretty room, with a view from the windows of the Orange Mountains in a distance. All the beds are the double French beds, with draperies at the head of fine muslin or dimity. Altogether, Glenmont is an ideal home, presided over by an agreeable and beautiful mistress.

EFFECTIVE MATCHMAKING.

The Simple Method Employed by the Nez Percés Indians.

An old custom was revived by the Nez Percés Indians and their visitors during the celebration on the last Fourth of July. The natives of the local tribe are very wealthy people, and there are designing mothers among the aborigines as well as in the different cases of civilized society. The young backs of the Nez Percés tribe are regarded somewhat like the scions of royalty in matrimonial circles. The maidens from all visiting tribes were brought to Lapwai to find husbands. The customs of the tribes, which were revived for the occasion, were more effective than the Boston man's way.

The marriageable maidens were by common accord quartered in a selected spot in the valley of the Lapwai. At an appointed hour the young men who wanted wives to share their annuities, their homesteads, and the affections of their hearts appeared in procession on the hallowed campground. The hour was midnight, and the scene was in a grove of trees made fragrant by the wild flowers, and every heart danced to the music of the rippling waters. The young men marched forth, and none but candidates for matrimony joined the march. They were dressed in their bright colors, and each carried a white willow cane. As they approached the tents they chanted an Indian chorus that was delightful as the song of the owl, and kept time by beating upon the tents with their canes. The drumming was deafening to the distant spectator and must have been distracting to the waiting maidens in the tents. At last the singing and the drumming had the desired effect.

The maidens came forth, after a delay just long enough to satisfy that universal passion of the mind of a woman to drive a lover mad with doubt. There were more men than maidens. The former kept up the march and the music without. The march countermarched on the line of the same circle, each selecting a husband from the line. The chosen ones hastened to follow their brides away into the darkness. The unfortunate suitors were left to despair.—Oregonian.

Its \$'s and Cts.

Money makes the margin. It's all for money. It takes lots of money to buy new clothing, and it takes but little money to make the old clothing as good as new. Send them to UNGAR to be cleaned and dyed at a small cost.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, 23 Broadway, N. Y. We pay expressage.

Sunday Reading.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We Criticize our Neighbors Acts and Cond...
'If people could only see themselves as others see them,' is a wail that often goes up from some would-be-reformer.

But surely, we who are really behind the scenes must know ourselves better than they who judge only from appearances. We know our motives for our actions, and though we may be doing our best that seems possible to our fallible judgment, our motives are often misconstrued by others.

We often see things done by our neighbors which we feel prone to criticize, when if we had done these same things ourselves they would have appeared all right to us. And since we know this to be true, why can we not be charitable enough to give other people the benefit of the doubt and suppose they do in good faith what seems best to them?

Not to know our own characteristics can only be possible because of a lack of self-analysis. It is not a great deal of trouble to put ourselves through a course of rigid self-examination; and if we are fair-minded, we will do this. Surely we all have a desire to know ourselves as we are, and it seems that none of us need be in ignorance of our faults and foibles. If we would take an inventory of these frequently we should doubtless grow dissatisfied with our narrow soul, and be led to aspire to greater magnanimity.

But the trouble is, we don't do this often enough—we don't take that rigid self-examination. We all, doubtless, have a vague, ever-present knowledge of our temperament; but we don't examine deep enough. If we did we couldn't be satisfied with ourselves, but would strive to be something nobler—to overcome selfishness, to conquer the brute in us, to subdue sensuality, to be more generous and kindly to others—and, in earnestly striving, we would eventually become so.

No one can know us so well as we might if we would but take the trouble to become acquainted with our own characteristics. If we don't do this it is our own fault; but we can do it only by putting ourselves through a course of self-analysis.

An Easy Task.

'Make the best of one another.' It we choose, make the worst of one another. Everyone has his weak point; everyone has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. It is a very easy task; and by so doing we shall make the burden of life unendurable, and turn friends into enemies, and provoke strife, hatred and heart burnings, wherever we go, and cut off from ourselves one of the chief sources of happiness and goodness and usefulness. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By fixing our attention on their good qualities, we shall rise to their level as surely as by fixing our attention on their bad qualities, we shall sink below their level. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven; and we, if God so please, shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.—Dean Stanley.

The Uses of Responsibility.

Every mother should remember that the making of her daughter is of far greater importance than the administration of things in her house, and every daughter should realize that she can learn to avoid mistakes only when she sees them. She enjoys most seeing her mother's mistakes and resolving that when she has a house she will "never do so." A beginning may be made with a small and comparatively unimportant responsibility, and not mere work, is the great thing. The very little girl may have the care of one plant, a hardy one to begin with, but system and neatness may be practiced in its care to great advantage. If the plant should be a blooming one a small vase for the breakfast table would give an additional bit of care and pleasure to both child and parents. Regularity, thoroughness, quietness in labor may be practiced under a wise mother's influence till they become a part of her daughter's character.—Mrs. Lyman Abbott in August Ladies' Home Journal.

What True Friendship Means.

Between friends there must be close sympathy, and one must be able to give to the other what she lacks, but even between those friends who are nearest and dearest it is not necessary to lay bare one's heart. Such confidences too apt to be greeted with a cautious satisfaction, and even with a friend this gratification makes one feel as if one's bruises had been touched

ed with a vitriol. A real friend asks no questions. She takes the best that comes. That best that is in you, the best that you care to offer her, and demands nothing more. She has long ago learned being wise, that to all of us there comes a time when nothing should be said; it is true there is a time when something should be said, but there is never a time when everything should be said. There is often a silence between two women friends that means rest, and she is unwise who breaks that silence.—Ruth Ashmore in July Ladies' Home Journal.

Be Careful How You Judge.

A man went into a church to worship. He was seated in the pew beside a man whose clothes were poor, whose face was scarred, and whose arms and hands were constantly in motion—together a queer man. 'I think I must change my seat,' said the man to himself. 'This person is very disagreeable to me.' Just then the minister gave out the sweet old hymn: 'Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, and the queer-looking man began to sing. Such sounds! Then it was time for the second verse, and the strange-looking man leaped over and asked for the first line: 'Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind.' 'Yes,' he said, 'that's for me. I'm blind and paralyzed,' and then he began again. All was changed. The voice seemed no longer harsh. 'Should I ever again complain,' thought I, 'when this poor, unfortunate man, blind and paralytic, can sing: 'Yes, all I need in Thee I find, Sight, riches, healing for the blind.'

Throw Open the Windows of Your Soul.

The fountain of peace and joy is in the heart. If you would throw open your heart's window to the sunshine of Christ's love, it would soon scatter the chilling mists, and even turn tears into rainbows. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the heart's windows to the promise of the Master, a few words of honest prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the next person whom you meet, will do more to brighten your countenance and help your digestion than all the drugs of the doctors. If you want to get your aches and trials out of sight, hide them under your mercies. Bear in mind, my friends, that your happiness and your misery is very much of your own making. You cannot create spiritual sunshine any more than you can create the morning star, but you can put your soul where the sun is shining.—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

For the Uneducated.

Schools and academies are not opened for the well educated; they are opened for the ignorant who are desirous to learn. Christ's church is not an assemblage of matured believers; it is a school for souls, and the best requisites for admission are an honest, humble, teachable spirit, a hunger after Christ, and a sincere desire to do His will. Whatever the Holy Spirit presses upon you to do, promptly do it. A sincere, heartfelt promise to serve Christ is always conditioned on His infinitely greater promise to help you. I admit that you are not strong enough in yourself to keep the solemn vows involved in a public confession of Christ. But that loving Shepherd who knoweth His humblest sheep by name, when He saith 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'—Dr. Cuyler.

Meekness.

Meekness is love at school; love at the Saviour's feet. It is Christian brotherhood. It is the disciple learning to know himself; learning to fear and distrust and abhor himself. It is the disciple practicing the sweet, but self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus Christ. It is the disciple learning the defects of his own character. It is the disciple praying and watching for the mellowing of his temper and the amelioration of his character. It is the living Christian at his Saviour's feet, learning of Him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his soul.—Dr. James Hamilton.

Anxiety Hurtful.

And what does your anxiety do? It does not empty tomorrow, brother, of its sorrow; but, ah! it empties today of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil, it makes you unfit to cope with it when it comes. It does not bless tomorrow, and it robs today. For every day has its own burden. God give us power to bear all the sorrows of His making; but He does not give us the power to bear the sorrows of our own making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is.—Ian MacLaren.

Appeal to God.

It is related of Whitefield that being repeatedly urged to cross the Atlantic to preach in a place where a revival was urgently needed, he replied: 'It is useless to urge me; I am on my Father's business. Appeal to him. If you are in such earnest as you say, you should pray to God and he would send me. I am in his hands; wherever he sends me I will go. Do not importune me; plead with my Master; he never refuses an earnest seeker.'

Little Things.

Little things are often the hardest things. It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day unheeded by all and unthoing all. Perhaps you are not called to do the great deed. But you are called every day to do the little deeds, which more surely wear our life and strength in the long run. Be glad that you were called to this, for this is the harder task and he who is faithful here will not be unfaithful in the easier great things.

The Heavenly Visitant.

Every fact is a heavenly visitant. Welcomed, and fed on the bread of a holy contemplation, it shows its divineness as truth, spiritual, nourishing, upbuilding; for in a loving mind and heart an earthly fact is always a heavenly truth, seen such as it lifts into its bloom of a quickened mind and heart.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

The Three Great South American Remedies Always Cure—Mrs. Edward Parr of Surrey Centre, B. C., Once Paralyzed on One Side, Is Now "As Well as Ever" Because of South American Remedies. W. W. Brownell, of Avonmore, Ont., Thought He Would Die From Rheumatism and Neuralgia, Cured by South American Remedies. W. W. Brownell, of Avonmore, Ont., Thought He Would Die From Rheumatism and Neuralgia, Cured by South American Remedies. W. W. Brownell, of Avonmore, Ont., Thought He Would Die From Rheumatism and Neuralgia, Cured by South American Remedies.

To do all that one undertakes to do is commendable in these days of broken promises. The application is apt in the case of proprietary medicines. In the three great South American Remedies, however, are found specifics that square up to every claim and promise. The wife of Edward Parr of Surrey Centre, B. C., was taken bad last August with nervous prostration, which later developed into paralysis of one side. Her husband writes: "She tried many remedies, but only in vain. South American Nerve Tonic was recommended, and I am glad to say the result, after taking three bottles, was astonishing to myself and family. We believed it worked a wonder for Mrs. Parr, and we cannot speak too highly of the remedy."

As an aftermath from an attack of typhoid fever W. W. Brownell, of Avonmore, Ont., became a victim of most painful rheumatism and neuralgia. He called in the best medical aid, but got no relief. His words are: "I thought I must die and many nights thought I could not live till morning. The pain was so severe. The doctor said I must go to the hospital, but I refused a bottle of South American Nerve Tonic Cure from Mr. E. H. Brown, druggist, of Cornwall. The first dose gave relief and after taking two and a half bottles the pain all left me and now I am as well as ever."

There is no experiment in the use of South American Kidney Cure. It is not a pill nor powder, but a liquid, that immediately dissolves the hard stonelike substances, that constitute kidney disease, and doing this it becomes an absolute cure. D. J. Locke of Sherbrooke, Que., says he spent \$100 in treatment for a complicated case of kidney disease, but recovered no permanent cure until, to his own words: "I began to use South American Kidney Cure, when four bottles completely cured me."

BY ROYAL AUTHORITY.

The Law Regarding the Tradesmen's Display of the Arms.

Every Canadian who has visited Europe will recall to mind the fact that a large number of the shops in the leading thoroughfares of the various cities are adorned with coats of arms of royal personages. Thus, in London there are at least sixty of the stores in bond that have either the three feathers of the Prince of Wales or the armorial bearing of Queen Victoria emblazoned on their windows and on their billboards, while the same coats of arms are to be found over the entrances of the principal stores of Unter den Linden, at Berlin, and on the Graben at Vienna. A very widespread impression prevails even in Europe that any tradesman who pleases may ornament his shop and his billboards in this fashion, while there are others who imagine that a mere chance visit and a single purchase on the part of a royal personage is sufficient to authorize the shopkeeper to assume the coat of arms of the illustrious customer in question, and to entitle himself "purveyor to his or her royal highness."

This belief has been rudely dispelled in London by the arrest of a large number of tradesmen for having assumed and used the belief that the businesses were carried on under royal authority. The magistrate let them off with a fine of \$100 apiece and costs, intimating to them that on the next offense of the same kind the penalty would mean imprisonment. In Berlin and in

Vienna the authorities are even still more severe and the fines, which are much heavier, are invariably accompanied by a sentence of imprisonment.

The only people in trade who have the right to use the royal arms are those who have received from the chief of a royal household a duly stamped and sealed warrant appointing them purveyors to the royal personage in question. Thus, all the shopkeepers who are authorized to use the crest and armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales have warrant's signed and sealed by the comptroller of his household, Gen. Sir Dighton Probyn. In the same way the warrants of purveyors to Emperor William are signed and sealed by Count Eulenterg. These warrants are usually framed and hung up in the shop windows, and whenever the royal or imperial arms are used without the display of the warrant, it may be taken for granted on general principles that the shopkeeper is intentionally deceiving his customers, and as such is unworthy of confidence.

GUNS LOADED WITH FOOD.

Why an Old Negro Thought His End Had Come

Maj. Thomas Q. Farquhar of Anniston, Ala., on a visit to Buffalo recently told a Buffalo Express reporter a humorous story of the war. During the siege of Vicksburg he was in command of a Confederate regiment outside of Gen. Grant's lines. "We had plenty of food," he said. "It was a fertile territory that we had to draw from and there was no difficulty in getting enough to eat. We intercepted a poorly-guarded supply train of the Yanks and had enough to feed a regiment for a month stored right in our little camp. In spite of Yankee vigilance spies would now and then steal out of the city and we saw and talked with several of them. Each had a pitiful story to tell of how the inhabitants of Vicksburg suffered for food, and we ransacked our brains to devise some means of sending them a portion of our plenty. "An old negro who was acting as a gunner under me was the one to suggest what I looked at first like a feasible plan. His idea was to load supplies into the four cannon which we had and fire them boldly over the heads of the Yanks into the city itself. It was a great idea, and after some study we decided that it was worth while making the experiment. The supplies which we had captured consisted of hard-tack in tin, that would go into the guns like grape shot, and we calculated that by giving them plenty of elevation we could send the food directly into the city, where even such morsels would be welcome. I was in command of the detachment, and gave my consent to what an older and more experienced officer would probably have frowned upon as being contrary to all rules of war.

"Next morning at sunrise we loaded the guns. We put a plentiful charge of powder in each and then rammed home as many cans of hard-tack as would equal in weight an ordinary cannon ball, and that was a great many, I assure you. In one of the guns we put four cans of tomatoes. This we considered an experiment, as we had little hopes that such fluid stuff would survive the impact of falling in the city, but it was worth trying. We pointed the guns and just before the lanyard of the first was pulled the old negro gunner ran a few rods down the hill, where he would be below the line of smoke and able to see where our novel shot struck.

"The first gun fired happened to be the one we had loaded with tomatoes. The gunner pulled the lanyard, there was a puff of smoke that obscured our sight for an instant; then it blew away and we saw running up the hill toward our old negro, covered from head to foot with what looked like blood, while he waved his arms wildly and shrieked, 'I'm killed! I'm killed! O Lord have mercy on my soul!'"

"We were alarmed and ran down toward him. He still screamed and shrieked and fell down in a faint as he saw us. We rushed up to him and then every man of us burst into a laugh that would have waked the dead.

"If you could see the look on his face and the sound of his voice when he saw us, you would be able to speak or move we picked the old negro up, stood him on his feet to assure him that he was still alive, and then ordered him to scrape the tomatoes off himself. He was the most thoroughly bedaubed specimen I ever saw. You see the heat of the discharge of the cannon melted the soldier in the tomato cans and they had simply dropped to pieces on leaving the gun, while their contents had been propelled just far enough down the hill to spatter all over the old negro." The major paused and chuckled again.

"How did the hard-tack work?" asked the reporter.

"I found Rome built of brick; I left it marble," said Caesar.

"I found people ill; I leave them well," says Mother Seigel.

Took Care of Itself.

"Mary, I hope you took good care of my animals while I was away."

"Indeed I did; only once I forgot to feed the cat."

"I hope she didn't suffer."

"Oh, no! She ate the canary and the parrot."—Fliegende Blätter.

Why Some People Fail.

The world is full of people who have failed because of Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Constipation, which are responsible for nine-tenths of life's miseries. Burdock Blood Bitters cures these diseases as well as all other diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood in 99 cases out of 100. The population of Liverpool is a little over 116 persons to the acre.

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

A Recount Not Needed

'We didn't get a chance to try it,' was the reply. 'The Yanks thinking that we were about to bombard them from the rear, started up the hill after us, and as there would have been no use in making any resistance against so superior a force, we spiked the guns and retreated. What they thought when they found the hard-tack in them I never learned, but I suppose it only confirmed their idea that we were going to attack them.'

BRICK AND MARBLE.

"I FOUND Rome built of brick; I left it built of marble," said Augustus Caesar. Which is something to boast of. Who- ever turns a sheep pasture into a corn-field, or makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is so far a benefactor to his race. And who ever finds the world cursed by pain and disease, and leaves behind him the knowledge how to overcome it—at least in part—is worthy of a better guard than this. A few have done, and their crowns of blessing will remain bright ages after the Roman emperors have been utterly forgotten.

Here is a short story in that line. Mrs. Monica Barrett works in a mill, and does yet. She belongs to the great multitude in England who depend on their labor for a living. The question with her is, What can my two hands do? Not how shall I spend my income? Her husband (who will pardon us for mentioning it) is a shoemaker, and a good one. He hammers away at his bench, and his wife toils at the mill—as we said. It takes both to keep the pot boiling, and to find meat to put in that same pot. Early hours and late, so matter how backs may ache and eyelids grow heavy with sleep; that's the way it goes.

Well, some time in 1885, this woman began to lose her power to work. You who (like the writer of these lines) must work, or have no money for the butcher, the baker, or the landlord, understand what it means to have to knock off work. Yet we stick as long as we can. To be sure, who consents to drown so long as there is a straw to clutch at? She held on when she ought to have taken to her bed at home.

"I could hardly stand at the loom," she says. "I was so weak, I had been ill ever since the spring. It was then I first felt languid, tired, and weary. Everything was a trouble to me, I was so discouraged and depressed. I couldn't eat; my appetite was almost gone. When I did eat a little of something, it hurt me at the chest and in the pit of the stomach. There was a bitter, sourish taste in my mouth, and a sickening wind or gas came up. My strength gave out more and more, and one cannot work when the body trembles with weakness. What ailed me I couldn't tell.

"From time to time I was obliged to leave my work at the mill, and stay at home. Occasionally I would be laid up two or three weeks in this way. I was anxious to get well; who wouldn't be? I consulted two doctors, one after the other, in hopes they could help me. They gave me medicines, but I was none the better. One of the doctors said my complaint was constitutional weakness. Besides the doctors' medicines I took others, but they didn't reach my trouble. Year after year I suffered thus, sometimes feeling a bit better, and then again worse. It was a sad and miserable time, and so long—from the spring of 1885 to the spring of this year, 1893.

"Last March I read in a little book about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got a bottle from Mr. Watkinson, chemist, Fyde Road, after I had taken it for fourteen days I felt wonderfully relieved; my food agreed with me; I relaxed it and gained strength. Cheered up by this I kept on taking it, and it wasn't long before all the pain and distress were gone like a bad dream, and I was a new woman. Since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. (signed) Monica Barrett, 11, Mandland Road, Preston, October 10th, 1893.

"Saved for the happy ending what a sad story this is. The worst part is that she should have suffered eight years with indigestion and dyspepsia (the bane and blight of women) when she might have been cured in eight days had she known of the Syrup, and used it in the spring of 1885. There is no measuring or figuring on an expense like this. It is death in life. Yet hundreds of thousands of English women are going through it all the time—yes, even now. Well, we can only say, try the medicine that cured Mrs. Barrett. If it cured her, why not you?"

"I found Rome built of brick; I left it marble," said Caesar.

"I found people ill; I leave them well," says Mother Seigel.

"I found Rome built of brick; I left it marble," said Caesar.

"I found people ill; I leave them well," says Mother Seigel.

Wins in Every Contest—This is the Record of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Mrs. W. T. Rundie, of Dundalk, Ont., Cured in One Day—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder the Only Remedy to do Sylvester Lawrence of Wyndham Centre, Ont., Any Good—Dr. Agnew's Ointment a Certain Cure for Piles—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills Cure Constipation and Headache.

Continued experiments are needed to test the certainty of some things, but this has no application in the case of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. No matter how severe the pain, it will immediately relieve. Relief comes within one-half hour. The disease may be of years' standing, this specific will remove it. Mrs. W. T. Rundie, who suffered severely for a considerable time from heart disease. As he says: 'I was for some time unable to attend to my household duties. No remedies did me any good. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain left me after the first day and I have had no trouble since.'

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is recommended by all classes of people. The leading clergymen of the country, over their own signatures, have borne testimony to its efficacy. Nearly 100 members of the late House of commons have done the same service. It has cured the worst cases of deafness, an outcome of catarrh. Sylvester Lawrence of Wyndham Centre, Ont., says that this remedy is the only thing that he can use with ease and comfort. His words are: "It is the best remedy I have ever tried and I have used a good many."

The very best thing that can be said of Dr. Agnew's Ointment is that in the case of piles it will cure in from three to six nights. It is a certain cure for tetter, salt rheum and all eruptions of the skin.

Simple and yet most effective are the Little Liver Pills of Dr. Agnew. They are easy to take and cure sick headache, constipation, biliousness and indigestion as by magic. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

PROVISIONING NEW YORK.

About \$100,000,000 worth of Dairy Products and Meats Consumed Annually.

"Feeding a City Like New York," an article by John Gilmer Speed in July Ladies' Home Journal, presents some interesting and astonishing statistics. For instance, Mr. Speed declares that New Yorkers consume 80,000,000 dozen eggs per year, for which they pay \$14,400,000; 290,800 pounds of butter per day, costing \$18,200,000 per year; 297,000 gallons of milk, 5,600 gallons of cream and 1,200 gallons of condensed milk daily, at a yearly outlay of \$16,250,000. Including cheese, for which \$10,000,000 per year is paid, the aggregate value of the dairy products consumed in New York City is \$44,450,000. Mr. Speed fixes the valuation of the meats of various kinds sold to New Yorkers each year at about \$55,000,000. This does not include poultry, from 200,000 to 400,000 head of which are sold weekly. Upon a conservative estimate Mr. Speed places the quantity of fish consumed yearly in New York at 45,000,000 pounds, not including oysters, clams, crabs and other shell fish. There are 24,000 bushels of potatoes sold in New York daily, the yield of a 90,000-acre farm per year, the aggregate value of the tubers being \$13,000,000. Other vegetables are consumed in like proportions. There are 70,000 bushels of wheat (fourteen every week besides large quantities of oatmeal, buckwheat flour and cornmeal. The quantities of provender always on hand (the perishable goods being kept in cold-storage warehouses) leads Mr. Speed to conclude that were New York cut off from all the points from whence her food supplies are drawn her people could live in plenty for four months, and even manage to get along for half a year, without emulating the Chinese appetite for rats.

DEAR SIR,—I was very bad last summer with colic and a few doses of Wild Strawberry cured me. I am safe in recommending it as the best remedy ever used. I cannot speak too highly of it. MRS. ALFRED VICE, Berlin, Ont.

Freecosity. A Maine school teacher, much disturbed in mind, reports that one of her pupils, a small boy of no particular distinction, when asked recently to define the word 'man,' retired into his inner consciousness for a moment and then spoke these words, 'man—a living being, unfortunate enough to whence he had plucked a carnation so peculiarly, arsenically green, failed to elicit any other response than 'I just made it up.' If he told the truth, and did 'just make it up,' the teacher is right in thinking the event a portentous one; perhaps, it is portentous even if the little boy lied. Investigated or stolen, the phrase had impressed him as meaning something and that fact is very terrible.—White Mountain Echo.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1870. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

AT THE SUMMIT OF FAME.

PASTOR FELIX TELLS MORE ABOUT THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

His Fame Had Not Reached Him From the Warm Atmosphere of General Affection—Interesting Facts About His Children—The Friends in his Immediate Circle.

Did Watty Scott, who could speak, The Latin well he knew, an' Greek, When but a Clerk o' Session, Dream o' the rare transcendent power, Behold that forehead's beaming tower, His grandeur o' expression?

THOMAS LATTO.

The magnificent baronial castle arose at Abbotsford, beside the Tweed, as fanciful a mass of brick-a-brac as ever entered into one composition. His creation it was by whose will it was reared, full as surely as 'Marmion' or 'Waverley.' The poet's daughter, Sophia, was married to John Gibson Lockhart; a man whose disagreeableness of temper and aspect almost every one who alludes to him thinks fit to mention. 'Lockhart was a most ungenial man,' writes an author in an article now before me. 'How Sophia Scott ever came to love him puzzled all her friends. He was a man of undoubted ability, of varied and catholic culture, but there was a cross-grained element in his nature. He was never pleased; his humor was coarse, and spoiled with personalities. This may be overdone; and it is better to admit that in the deep heart of the man was something that man might praise and woman might love. To admire is difficult, where faults, especially faults of temper, are paraded; but one may be just, honorable, faithful, and even generous, with a degree of the crabbed and the sardonic in his disposition. Many a shallow rogue can be 'aesthetes and light' to his victims. Charlotte Sophia Scott, her father's first and favorite, is warmly commended for her amiability, and her gentle enthusiasm. Of all his children she resembled him most in her temper and taste. She was an excellent musician, and sang very sweetly the old Scottish songs and Border Ballads. By her marriage with Lockhart she had three children, the eldest being John Hugh—The famous 'Hugh Little-John' of Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather.' He died in his early boyhood. A daughter Janet, and a son there was beside, who proved a rotten and treacherous pillar in the support of his house. Lockhart, his son, has written, respecting the sons of eminent men,— 'The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle.' Alas! but all he has mentioned here is better to be born than that which befell his own house, in the possession of a priggish, who, fortunately, died his best issue.

Mention my name properly be made of others in his immediate circle. There was a sister, Ann, in his father's household, a girl of 'flighty temperament,' whose brief life was a chapter of accidents. She seemed in the constant peril of one who was the spite of the elements, whom fire was determined to burn, or water to drown. She was the fourth child, and died in 1801. Thomas, the next in the family, who was a man of good parts and character, and of an excellent humor died in Canada, while paymaster of the Seventieth Regiment. Robert, the first surviving son in his father's family group, (for there was an earlier Walter who died in infancy), went to India as an officer in the service of the East India company, and fell a victim to an uncongenial climate. John lived long on his hall pay, as a major in the army, at Edinburgh. Next on the family list came the name of the great poet. The sixth, and youngest, was the black sheep or scapegrace of the family. He was a child whose conduct was in the 1st degree imprudent, and whose fate was disastrous. He had in the West Indies disgraced himself by cowardice, and died on his return in 1806. Sir Walter disowned him, and put on no mourning at the news of his death—conduct which he afterward thought harsh and unfeeling, and bitterly regretted. Consular in the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' is believed to contain 'some traits of this poor unfortunate.'

Of Scott's own children there were three, after Sophia, Walter was his eldest son, and heir to the baronetcy. He is described as having charms of person, but entirely devoid of intellectual strength and brilliancy, even to the taste by which he might have appreciated the powers which distinguished his father. He entered the army as cornet in 'a crack hussar regiment' married a Miss Jobson, an heiress, but died without issue, so that Sir Walter's title perished with him. Though with ample time and opportunity he never attained any distinction as commander of the Fifteenth Lancers, a post to which he was promoted more on his father's account than on his own. His brother, Charles, had died before him, and he was never married. 'Ann, the second daughter, was the wag of the

He has written nothing that remains to the present day reader, except his life of Scott, and some translations from The Spanish Ballads. In his day he was well known, and much feared, as a critic, and the author of 'Reginald Dalton' and other novels. He is also author of a popular 'Life of Burns.' It is needless to remark that he was a 'writer of marked ability; some passages mark him a master of elegant prose.—P. F.

family, with a tart sardonic humor, which repelled rather than attracted.' She too, died unmarried. So the 'sole heir of the family which the Wizard fought so long and manfully to found,' was, after all, 'a girl, who married Mr. Hope, an eminent and wealthy English barrister, a Roman Catholic. Mrs. Hope died young, leaving again only a daughter, the Miss Hope-Scott of Abbotsford; her father having assumed the name and arms of Scott by royal sign manual.' O! the sons of Scott, Lockhart observes, that it was fortunate for them that the day of their father 'darkened in the morning of theirs. The sudden calamity anticipated the natural effect of observation and the collisions of society and business. All weak, unmanly folly was nipped in the bud, and soon withered to the root. They were both remarkably modest men, but in neither had the better stimulus of the blood been arrested.'

Scott was now at the summit of his influence, and the time had seen no literary career at once so well approved and so brilliant. The heights of praise and dignity he had attained had not removed him from the warm atmosphere of the general affection. His name had everywhere a talismanic power, and the ear that heard it spoken was glad. The Caledonian abroad was already proud when he remembered that Walter Scott was his countryman; and more than any other, living or dead, except Robert Burns, he stood for Scotland as if he had been the very Genius of the land. Hearing it, the loneliest and most romantic regions of that haunted country were vividly before him. There were their native heaths; the lochs, half in gleam, half in shadow. They saw the craggy pass, the pine hung mountain, the shepherd's shieling; they heard the roar of the cataract, and the eagle's cry, mingling with the rattle of the distant pibroch. Remembering him, they 'amid the green, naked mountains and islands of the west,' while around them were 'thundering seas and the cry of sea birds,' and the cathedral music of the waves in St. Abbs. Thinking of him, they saw Bannockburn and Flodden, and heard the voice of Bruce and Montrose speaking to them. They closed their eyes, and lo! the Ettrick and the Tweed, and all the romance and glory of the Borden! If ever mortal drank the full intoxicating cup of praise, that man was Sir Walter. From the monarch to the meanest reader; from Edinburgh, to the farthest wilds of Russia and America, the enthusiastic admiration of 'the great Northern Magician,' as he was called, was one universal sentiment. Wherever his woe he was made to feel it; and from every quarter streamed crowds on crowds to Abbotsford to see him. He was on the kindest terms of friendship with almost every known writer; to his most distinguished contemporaries, especially Byron, Miss Edgeworth, and Joanna Baillie, he seemed as though he could not testify sufficient honor; and, on the other hand, the highest nobility, nay, royalty itself felt the pride of his presence and acquaintance. Never had the glory of any literary man, not even of those who, like Petrarch, had been crowned publicly as the monarchs of the age, reached such a pitch of intense and universal splendor. The field of this glory was not one country—it was the vast civilized world, in which almost every man was a reader. No evidences more striking of this were ever given than on his tour in Ireland, where the play was not allowed to go on in Dublin till he had stowed himself to the eager people; and on his return from whence, he declared that his whole journey had been an ovation. It was the same on his last journey on the continent. But the fact mentioned by Lockhart as occurring during his attendance in London, at the coronation of George IV in 1821, is worth a thousand others, as it shows how truly he was held in honor by the common people. He had missed his carriage and had to return on foot between two or three in the morning, when he and a young gentleman, his companion, found themselves locked in the crowd some where near Whitehall; and the bustle and tumult were such that his friend was afraid some accident might happen to the lame limb. A space for the dignitaries was kept clear at that point by the Scots Greys. Sir Walter addressed a sergeant of this celebrated regiment, begging to be allowed to pass by him into the open ground in the middle of the street. The man answered shortly that his orders were strict—that the thing was impossible, while he was endeavoring to persuade the sergeant to relent, some new wave of turbulence approached from behind, and his young companion exclaimed, in a loud voice—'Take care, Sir Walter Scott, take care!' The stalwart dragoon hearing the name, said,— 'What! Sir Walter Scott? He shall get through anyhow.' He then addressed the soldiers near him,— 'Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!' The man answered,— 'Sir Walter Scott! God bless him! and he was in a moment within the guarded line of safety.'

His fame had not always so cordial a manifestation, in that it made him the prey of the mendicants of all the world, and the

children of vanity generally. Such generosity as his is rarely found, and even when it may be rare. Had he possessed the pangs of Fortunatus he could scarcely have answered all the demands made upon it, and the solicitations from near and afar. A notable example of this species of annoyance,—having in it a smack of humor, which was the only circumstance about it which Scott could relish,—was the case of the American lady (I) who sent him a manuscript through the mails at the then ruinous rate of \$25, which was collected of himself! The manuscript, as one might suspect, was entirely worthless; but sorely he had the natural irritation this impudence occasioned subsided in his mind, when he was astounded by a duplicate of the work, entailing the same expenditure, for fear the original might miscarry! Scott, in such cases, was said to have been an easy critic, where there was any thing at all to commend; and he often interwove with Constable, and other publishers or authors who might have had a slim chance without him. This occasioned Constable's quietly humorous remark, that 'the laced Scott's ain bairns, but not those of his fostering.'

At last, 'Waverley' was discovered, without a veil. The novel had been ascribed to this one and to that, even to one of the Minister's own brothers. Yet nobody of discernment could long have been in doubt about the matter. 'What were they but prose amplification of his 'Lady of the Isles,' his 'Marmion' and his 'Lord of the Isles?' So early as 1820, rambling on for William Howitt and his gifted wife came to Aberroil, in the Highlands. There the minister, Mr. Graham, 'who had written 'Sketches of the Scenery of Perthshire, accompanied us to the spots in that neighborhood which are marked ones in the novel of 'Rob Roy.' It was he who had first turned the attention of Scott to the Scenes of Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. 'Can there be a doubt,' we asked, 'that Scott is the author of 'Waverley?' 'Could it be anybody else?' he replied. 'If the whole spirit and essence of those stories did not show it, his visits here during the writing of 'Rob Roy' would have been decisive enough. He came here, and inquired out all the extraordinary haunts of Rob. I accompanied him upon Loch Ard, and at a particular spot I saw his attention fixed; he observed my notice, but desired his daughter to say something to divert it; but I felt assured that before long I should see the spot described,—and there, indeed, was Helen Macgregor made to give her celebrated breakfast.' Long before the formal acknowledgment, our author continues, 'few, in fact, were they who were not fully satisfied of the identity of Walter Scott and the author of 'Waverley,' as was the strict Ettrick Shepherd, who from the first had the 'Waverley novels' bound and labelled, 'Scott's novels.' No one could have seen Abbotsford itself without being at once convinced of it, if he had never been so before. Without, the very stones of the old gateway of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh stared the fact in his face; within, it was a perfect collection of testimonies to the fact. The gun of Rob Roy; the pistols of Claverhouse; the Thumbkins which had tortured the Covenanters; nay, a whole host of things cried out:—'We belong to the author of 'Waverley.''

We have spoken hitherto of Scott's love of his home river, and the surrounding scenes, as well as his passion for hunting and wild sports. Perhaps no piece of writing puts it all more expressly than the following song:

On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun,
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequent brood
Far through the noon-day solitude;
By many a cairn and trenched mound
Where chiefs of yore deep lone and sound,
And springs where grey hair'd shepherds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.
Along the river streams of Tweed
'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs;
And the line whistles through the rings;
The bolting eel see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eyes and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.
'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,
With stalwart arm the boat to guide;
On high the dizzling blade to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
Lock, wood, and scum, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genb, arm'd with fiery spears.
'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed, and how we fail,
Whether at Alwyn's lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Achesell;
While the gay tars cheerily shine,
Bickers the fire and sows the wine,
Days free from thought, and nights from care,
My blessing on the Forest lair.

Let the reader as a supplement to these verses, turn to Irving's account of Abbots-

ford, and the country life of Scott, for something as heartsome and bracing as our literature affords. An elaborate cumbrous affair to Sir Walter was the entertainment proffered to his sovereign, George IV., on occasion of his visit to Edinburgh and to Abbotsford in 1822. Much display there was, and much glory there might have been in it of the pyrotechnic and fanfare kind; but in the end, it was ruinously expensive, and generally disheartening and unsatisfactory. When subjects entertain kings the kings have usually the best of it. This devotion of the poet to 'a gouty old debauchee,'—whose unclean, dishonorable years had disgraced the already tarnished name of king, beyond the ordinary habits of such incumbents of an office in itself questionable,—is something difficult for us to relish. Yet we are prepared to excuse this, in some measure. All was generous on Scott's part, as his acts and the movements of his heart ever were. He saw the representative and head of a great people, and refused to look at the blotches and stains we are fain to investigate. So his was the first and most cordial hand extended to welcome the man born to the purple, when he entered Edinburgh. He was the foremost, in devising plans for the royal entertainment, and projecting the parades by which the gaping public should be made aware of his magnificence. Yet we learn that 'his loyalty was sorely tried before the visit concluded; the selfish almost brutal nature of the royal robe was too apparent, and it greatly grieved and mortified Scott. It is said, and probably with truth, that the poet's devotion was not appreciated, and that the king spoke of him and his everlasting class and tartans as a bore. At any rate, Scott's exertions on this occasion nearly cost him his life, and but for the safety-valve of a prickly eruption he would have fallen a victim to his sincere but shortsighted loyalty.'

The star of Byron had now arisen, a red, resplendent Mars of song, darting its angry splendors afar; and in its beams the orb of the Northern Minister began to grow pale. Darker than the front of Rhoderick Dhu gloomed the front of his Laras and Gisors and Corsairs; more thrilling than the best of the Border Lays, came the impassioned, lyrical cry of this Behebian peer;—and England and the world could not be at the feet of Scott and of Byron, too. So Scott claims the world's attention and admiration by fresh manifestations of his astonishing genius. He admitted that he had relinquished poetry because Byron had excelled him 'in the description of the strong passions, and in deep-seated knowledge of the human heart.' Yet must the poems of Scott remain among the imperishables equally with those of Byron. With the romances, they have been an actual infusion of life-blood into the public. They were the opening up of a totally new world, fresh and beautiful as the imagination could conceive. They actually seem to smell of the heather. Every rock hung with its dark pines, or g acetel birches; every romantic lake, bottomed in its lovely mountains; the hunt careering along its richly-colored glens; the warrior, full of a martial and chivalrous spirit; the little highlander, with dirk and philibeg, crouching in the heath, like the iridian in his forest, or speeding from clan to clan with the fiery cross of war,—every one of these images was [when first produced] as new to the English public as if they had been brought from the farthest region of Japan. And still they subsist in that perpetual freshness and newness which genius ever gives, for the charm of future generations.

As long as a flour barrel. It is probable that at first thought most persons would be inclined to doubt the accuracy of the old saying that a horse's head is as long as a flour barrel. Flour barrels vary somewhat in length. Some are made stouter and shorter, some slender and a little higher. An average flour barrel is about twenty-nine inches in height. A man to whom the old saying was familiar made up his mind the other day to see for himself just how near right it was, and he measured the heads of three horses.

One of these horses was said to have rather a large head for its size; it wasn't a very big horse. This horse's head, exclusive of the ears, measured 28 inches in length. The heads of the two other horses, which were horses of fair average size, with average heads, measured, one, 27 inches, the other 27 1/2 inches. So that this investigator discovered that the old saying was substantially true.

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A Sure and Simple Protection From Cold. Good meals and warm clothing are of more value—if you haven't got them—than anything else. World wide fame accrues of small account if you are hungry or the wind is whistling through your body. So any new feature which makes comfortable clothing possible for every one is of more real importance to us than the discovery of a new planet. This explains the great popularity of Fibre Chamois, an interlining made from pure spruce fibre, which gives a perfect healthful warmth without adding weight or bulk. The reason is that it is an absolute non-conductor of either heat or cold. The reason is that it is an absolute non-conductor of either heat or cold. The rawest winds can't get through the clothing lined with it, nor will it let the natural heat of the body escape. So that it insures comfort in all weather, for a trifling expense.

A Pleasant Surprise is in store for the house-wife who has never kept Johnston's Fluid Beef on hand ready for immediate use, for making Beef Tea, Gravies and Soups.

Johnston's Fluid Beef. Convenient. Economical. 16 oz. Bottle, \$1.00.

On the 19th of July he was again in London, present at what one calls the 'contemplative mummery of a coronation,' never so contemptible in the eyes of the public as when George IV. was the king crowned, although to Scott it seemed a personal triumph.

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1820. You can safely trust what time has indorsed for nearly a century. There is not a medicine in use today which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For more than eighty years it has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it. The best evidence of its value is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale of it is steadily increasing.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

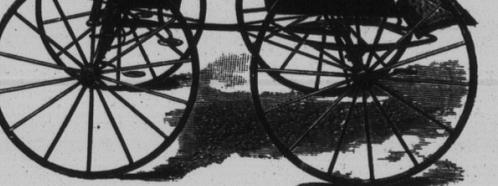
L. S. JOHNSON, Esq. My Dear Sir—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this. JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, Jan., 1896.

Parsons' Pills

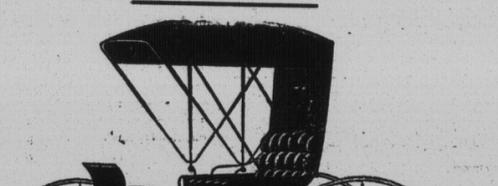
Best Liver Pill Made. This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is signed to every genuine bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, in the month of Jan., 1846, first left at my store some of the same. I have supplied my customers with it ever since, (over fifty years) with increasing success. JAMES KNOWLTON, Newburg, Maine. Our Book 'Treatment for Diseases' Mailed Free. All Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished. HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



A Stylish Dog Cart. Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy. Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

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KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS

STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDIAN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

Here is a trifling incident which goes a long way towards determining the exact amount of intelligence possessed by the average independent voter who is supposed to represent the bone and sinew of the country.

The hero was a young farmer who does us the honor of looking after our wants in the vegetable, and—to quote himself—"garden truck" line. He was an ardent liberal and so enthusiastic in the cause he had espoused and withal so thoroughly posted on the policy of his party and its general tactics that he could not refrain from talking politics on all occasions, especially after the elections when victory had perched on the liberal banners. With the exuberance of youth he burned to make converts that he was never weary of trying to show me the error of my ways, and the absolute correctness of his own.

"Yes man," he remarked, last week "I voted gilt, straight gilt, and I'm proud to say it. Jest you wait till next year an' I guess you'll be glad enough the gilt's got in; they know what's good for the country I tell you, an' I'm going to support 'em every time! Home protection, that's what we farmers want, an' I voted for home protection, an' now we've got it fast an' sure! Did I deceive that guileless youth? Well no, I didn't, partly because I was sure he was so convinced of his own statures and sagacity that he would not believe me, and partly because I really had not the heart to spoil such an excellent joke, for I was sure he would give his opinions to others who perhaps would enjoy them as much as I did. But I said to myself "O! such is the mind of many an intelligent elector, who expounds his views to a select audience assembled round the counter of the chief grocery at Wayback corners, and of just so much value are his opinions."

Her Royal Highness the Princess Maud of Wales seems to have had some very nice dresses in her trousseau! Of course every one expected that she should have a princess usually does go to her husband pretty well provided with clothes; but then we all take an especial interest in this fair young bride partly because she looks so sweet in all the photographs we see of her, and partly because we are assured that she has always held pronounced views of her own on the subject of marriage and always declared nothing could induce her to marry any man she did not really love, so her marriage with handsome Prince Charlie of Denmark is really a love match, and her chances of happiness would seem rather better than that of most princesses, who, poor things, are so often compelled to marry from reasons of state and give their hands to one man while their hearts belong to another.

Therefore we have been eagerly snapping up details about the wedding and are loyally discussing the number of stockings, handkerchiefs and gloves possessed by the youthful bride, not to mention her gowns, hats and parasols. Of course we have all read descriptions of the wedding gown itself with its sleeves of puffed chiffon separated by little garlands of orange blossoms, and its train which hung from the shoulders, and was five yards long. Just think of it, fifteen feet of richly lined and heavy satin depending from one's shoulders! Some of the minor costumes are lovely, noticeably one teagown of yellow velvet with a front of mousseline de voile and a collar of velvet embroidered in silver, and another of cream colored satin brocade, the square bodice of which is bordered with passanterie, and the vest and sleeves of acordon plaited chiffon. The girdle to be worn with this charming gown, is of gold studded with jewels. Another beautiful dress is of pale pink satin trimmed with insertion bands of the new black valencienne lace. The bodice is of pink chiffon, and a narrow belt of black finishes it. A gown of grass lawn is embroidered with blue flowers all over the surface, lined with blue and white shot silk and has a vest of blue chiffon striped with lace. In contrast to these dainty creations is a Redfern gown of pale blue cheviot made with a double breasted coat, and a perfectly plain skirt.

An odd gown is of dark green and black shot silk spotted with black. It is made with a "pouched" bodice outlined with iridescent sequins, and vest and sleeves of striped black chiffon mounted on plain green silk.

One of the Princess's capes is of drab cloth with a deep collar piped with sapphire blue velvet and lined with striped shot silk in pale blue, pink and green. Another is of black cloth lined with violet, made with three plaits hanging from each side of the neck striped with silk gimpure. By the way—was it not this fortunate young bride who received amongst her wedding presents no less than 48 bicycles all of the newest and best makes? Rather an embarrassment of riches one would think.

Strange to say the most fashionable ornament for the coming season is to be the bracelet, that long despised piece of jewelry. It has emerged from its seclusion in more brilliant form than ever, and is to be seen in all the leading jeweller shops in the greatest variety. It really seems as if it

were impossible to make the bracelets of the season sufficiently beautiful or expensive for they are simply encrusted with jewels and made of the costliest gold large diamonds, joined together by scroll work of gold encrusted with diamonds, turquoise surrounded by diamonds alternating on heavy chains of gold, rubies and emeralds set in gold, and small slender chains of gold with clasps of one large pearl. In fact nothing is too rich or too extravagant for the daughters of wealth to lavish on the ornament of the hour.

Another new fancy in jewelry is the banquet ring, which consists of a huge band of gold which nearly covers one joint of the finger, frequently reaching from the knuckle up to the second joint and literally loaded with precious stones. Uncomfortable as it looks the banquet ring is really not so bad, as it is so fitted to the finger as to be worn with perfect ease.

Imagine a shirt waist made of white satin! Not a blouse, or a bodice of any kind but a genuine shirt waist with a stiff bosom like a man's shirt and stiff collar and cuffs. It sounds impossible, but it is a fact though one which I fancy would scarcely wash. It was fastened with little gold buttons and the satin on each side of the stiff front is laid in tucks, the sleeves being full bishop shape. A gold belt finished it, and it was worn with a skirt of white serge trimmed almost to the knee with five broad bands of gold braid.

HARA-KIRI IN JAPAN.

The Occasion Upon Which Foreigners Have Seen the Act.

The Japanese samurai, from earliest childhood, was trained in the most elaborate code of honor of mind ever devised, and which to him represented the law. Common people might be punished for infractions against property or person; for the samurai there was but one termination for a stain upon his reputation or that of his clan; self-immolation by hara-kiri, as the act was termed; seppuku, as the ceremony of disemboweling was styled. We cannot survive our duties, said the confidential adviser to Keiki Tokugawa, the last shogun when they had retired to the castle of Osaka, after the disastrous battle of Fushimi, and he advised seppuku. But Keiki did not see it, and survivors to-day in his castle at Shimada, although the man who proposed the suicide, true to his principles, carried out his intention. A samurai, to-day, cannot be put to death as a common criminal. If he should fail to despatch himself, he must first be reduced to the class of heimin, common people, after which the law may take its course.

When the first deliberative assembly of united Japan met in 1869 one of its members, Ono Seigoro, proposed to abolish the custom. Out of a total of 209 there were 200 votes recorded against this innovation, and the debate demonstrated the popularity of this institution. It was designated as the "very shrine of the Japanese national spirit, and the embodiment in practice of devotion to principle"—"a great ornament to the empire"—"a pillar of the constitution"—"a valuable instrument tending to the honor of the nobles, and based on a compassionate feeling toward the official caste," a pillar of religion and a spur to virtue, &c. It was remarkable, to say the least, that Ono Seigoro, the proposer, was shortly afterward found murdered, and that no clue to the assassin was found. Saigo Takumori, who led the dangerous Satsuma rebellion in 1878, with many of his principal followers, chose this method of vindicting a lost cause. And it was rumored openly, although the Government suppressed the publication, that a number of army and navy officers committed hara-kiri only a year ago, when the retrocession of the Liao-tung peninsula had been confirmed.

Although no longer a recognized institution, there is little doubt it is occasionally resorted to, even while being discountenanced by the enlightened members of the Government. But it is safe to predict that this method of suicide will continue to exist as long as the Yamato Damashii (literary spirit of Old Japan) is guarded by the samurai, although it will be concealed from foreign observers, who have but little sympathy with this mode of evincing contrition or making reparation. The act of hara-kiri was witnessed only once, by foreigners. It was in February, 1868. The port of Hiogo (Kobe) had been opened to foreigners, when a party of

Hiogo troops passing through on their way to Kioto. One of the Captains, Taki Zensaburo, gave orders to fire on the foreigners, and although very little damage was done, the act was so wanton and unprovoked that prompt and proportionate punishment of the offender was demanded, so that these promiscuous attacks upon peaceable foreigners might cease. The Government assented and Taki was ordered to commit seppuku by the Emperor's command, and that there might be no mistake, representatives of the foreign powers were invited to be present at the sickening drama.

The time was set at 10:30 p. m., the place, the "honde" or main hall of the Soffuknji temple of Hiogo. [To] Shirobumi, now his Excellency Marquis Ito Hirobumi, Premier of the cabinet, but then Provisional Governor of Hiogo, had been ordered to witness the punishment on the part of the government. Altogether there were seven kenshi, or witnesses, probably to correspond in number with the foreigners detailed to witness the act.

The general opinion prevails that the man about to commit hara-kiri dies by his own hand. This is not so. He is accompanied by a kaishaku, a second frequently selected by himself for his skill with the sword.

Taki entered, calmly and steadily, but without any bravado, dressed in his robes of ceremony, and after bowing respectfully to the kenshi and foreign witnesses, proceeded to the mats covered with a rug of scarlet felt, upon which he squatted in a respectful attitude, the knees and toes touching the ground, but the body resting upon the knees, and slightly bending forward. He now declared that he alone was responsible for the firing, speaking in a steady tone. An assistant now brought a tray upon which rested a wakizashi or pointed 9 1/2 inches long, pointed and sharp as a razor. The condemned man took the weapon, after causing his clothes to drop to his waist, and said as an eyewitness, "stabbing deeply below the waist on the left-hand side, drew the dirk slowly across to the right side, and turning it in the wound, gave a slight cut upward." He now drew the dirk out, and bent his head forward, whereupon the kaishaku, or second, who had been crouching on his left hand, brandished his sword, and at one blow severed the head from the body. It was then certified to by the kenshi or witnesses, and the horrible drama closed.

This peculiar mode of atonement became part of the Japanese judicial system under the Ashikaga rule, the third dynasty of shoguns (1396-1603 A. D.). It was a privilege reserved strictly for the daimio and armed retainers, the samurai, and generally took place at night, the place of execution being either the yashiki (baronial residence) or, the adjoining garden, according to the rank, of the sufferer. When Iyeyasu founded the last dynasty of shoguns, the house of Tokugawa, a ponderous code of ceremonial was instituted, and as the young samurai grew up it was an essential part of their education to become familiar with a ceremony in which at any time they might be called upon to take a leading part. This accounts for the courage and contempt of death which characterizes the official class of Japanese today, and which evoked the admiration of the world in the China-Japanese war, especially at the siege and capture of Wei-Hai-Wei.

A daimio (feudal lord) was guilty of conspiracy or rebellion, seppuku was the only means to avert confiscation and loss of honor. If a samurai were guilty of a crime he was condemned to hara-kiri, and his clan might be punished unless he forestalled his doom by the ultimate ceremony. If a samurai had been condemned, he was delivered to one of the feudal lords, who had been previously requested to see that the execution should take place with due decorum. Two tatami, thick mats about eight by four feet, bound with white silk, were placed in the garden, one lengthwise and the other at right angles, in the form of a hammer. They were then covered with white silk, six feet long and four feet broad, white bamboo poles were stuck in the ground, also wrapped in white silk, from which curtains would be hung, so as to screen the condemned man from uninvited eyes. In front of the mats was a bamboo portal, framed somewhat after the entrance to a temple. The whole was surrounded by a picket fence, in which two openings had been left. This fence was thirty-six feet square.

The condemned man entered by the opening at the north, called urban moon, or "door of the warm basin," and after bowing seated himself upon the mat placed crosswise and facing north. There were usually three kaishaku (seconds) who entered by

We Study the Foot.....



And the result is a perfect fit with all that the words imply. Its a situation, not a theory, that confronts you in the Shoe question, and the situation can't be made too pleasant for what's inside of your shoes.

We also make a study of prices, and beyond a doubt the LOWEST PRICES being quoted in St. John for GOOD SHOES is at our store.

61 King and 212 Union St.

WATERBURY & RISING,

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

the entrance on the south side, called shugyo moon, or "door of the practice of virtue." The first of these kaishaku crouched at the culprit's left hand, prepared to decapitate the man who had called upon him for this last act of kindness. And it shows the nerve of the Japanese that in almost every case this man was found by ties of kindred or friendship to him who was about to die. The duty of the second kaishaku was less ominous; he had to bring the tray with the dirk to be used in the dreadful act. The third kaishaku was to pick up the head after it had been severed from the body, and to show it to the officials representing the Government for identification.

BOSTON'S WOMEN ORCHESTRA.

Physic Well, Makes Money, and Does Business on the Masculine Plan. One of the latest ventures into what has been regarded as a purely masculine realm is the formation of the women's orchestra on a business basis. The best known of such feminine combinations is the Fadettes, whose headquarters are in Boston. It numbers twenty young, and well-dressed, and attractive girls, thorough musicians and thoroughly in earnest in their chosen pursuit. The leader and manager of this novel band is Mrs. Caroline B. Nichols, a young woman of surprising ability as a business director.

Though youthful, this feminine orchestra has made an entire success of its undertaking, having gained the confidence and approval of the Boston public and that of all the neighboring districts. The players do all the musical entertaining of the representative clubs of Yanketoom, and enjoy the good will and good opinion of their fellow-masculine rivals. They bear the reputation of doing work of the highest order and of always looking upward toward musical success.

A short time since, within two weeks they played for four of the largest and most influential clubs in or about Boston, namely, the Arlington Woman's Club, reception; the Revere Woman's Club, dance; the Boston Press Club, theatre benefit, and the 99th Artillery's ladies' night, besides supplying the musical portion of the programme at the dramatic entertainment of the Woman's Charity Club, the reception of the Daughters of New Hampshire, and numerous weddings and evening parties.

During Lent, when the season grows dull at the Hub, these energetic young women go for a tour through the adjacent States, always meeting with encouragement and success. They declare their profession to be lucrative, and recommend it as delightful in all respects.

The Fadettes have a pretty office on Tremont street, in Boston, and a club room which they use as a resting place, and where they can entertain their friends, feeling entirely at home in their own special sanctum.

When the large hotels open at the fashionable resorts for warm weather the Fadettes hire themselves out as a summer orchestra, quite eclipsing the sterner sex, as they are a novelty, and, besides, they look so pretty in their dainty frocks for, be it understood, they are a very well dressed and altogether fine de nicole young company of musicians. They are favorites with the guests of the hotel at which they are engaged, and when not occupied with their playing or practicing they enjoy the pleasures of hotel life.

The Convent at Farnham, P. Q., has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

Mowing Down Whiskers.

"Did you ever stop to think," said a barber the other day to a reporter, "how much surface a man shaves over in his lifetime, it he shaves every day?"

"No," replied the lathered face. "Well, I never did (either until a friend of mine with a perfect mania for figures came here a few days ago to get a hair cut. We got to talking about the troubles of shaving every day, and the first thing I knew he had his hands out from under the apron and was figuring away at a great rate. He had me take the time to make a half dozen measurements on his face. When he got through I was astonished to find that the man who shaves himself every morning has mowed down a big field of whiskers at the end of his lifetime. He announced his result about like this:—

"The average man has twenty square inches of beard on his face—a large face, well covered with bristles, will figure twenty-five or thirty inches. If a man with twenty square inches of face shaves every morning, he will escape over 7,500 square inches in a year. Now, if he shaves from the time he is 20 until he is 70 years old, he will have shaved, 365,000 square inches of beard. This, reduced to feet, is 2,634 square feet, or more than one-twentieth of an acre. A pretty good path of whisker."

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

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

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

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

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

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. O. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

Price 75 cents. Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Escholtzky Method," also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

The Manufacturers of the Victoria Crochet Thread, fully appreciating the fact that a large amount of their thread is being used in Canada and hoping for an increase of same, offer One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in premiums (as shown). Lady returning the largest number of spool labels \$20.00, lady returning next largest number \$17.25, \$15.00, \$12.50, \$10.00, \$7.50, \$5.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, next eight ladies, each \$1.00. The spool must be used between May 1st, 1896 and Jan. 1st, 1897 and labels sent to R. Hooper and Jan. 1st, 1897 and labels sent to R. Hooper and Jan. 1st, 1897. If your dealer does not keep this line of goods send direct care to stamps to R. Hooper & Co., Montreal, P. Q., and they will provide you a sample spool.

ENAMEL STARCH

Goes farthest. Can be mixed with hot or cold water. GIVES AN IDEAL FINISH. Smooth and lasting TO SHIRT FRONTS COLLARS & CUFFS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co. Mfgs. WORKS, CARDINAL, ONT. OFFICE, MONTREAL, P. Q.

Millinery, Dress Making.

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

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Beef, 1 LAMB, MUTTON, VEAL, Ham, Bacon and Lard, Turkeys, Chickens and Fowls, Vegetables. THOMAS DEAN 13 and 14 City, Montreal.

PICTURES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

A Pretty Colored Picture for every 12 "SUNLIGHT" or every 6 "LIFEBOY" Soap wrappers. These Pictures are well worth getting. Address LEVER BROS. Ltd., 23 Scott Street, TORONTO.

H. D. HOOPER, Sole Agent for New Brunswick.

THE CAT WAS FAITHFUL.

Laid Down its Life to Avenge the Death of a Bird Friend.

Some time ago, in a quiet little corner way down on the Rue Royale, I chanced upon a queer little Creole creature, whom the neighbors called "Mam'zelle." If there was ever any name attached, it must have been in prehistoric times, for now there is not even a sign upon the door of the little hake-shop where Mam'zelle sells bread and cakes to the neighborhood. Very good bread and cakes they are, too, as I can testify, for recently I have found Mam'zelle's cozy shop a very comfortable resting place after a morning's tramp in quest of news. In this way I have come to be pretty well acquainted with Mam'zelle and Pierre, the cat, and Jeanne, the bird.

Pierre is a handsome black and white fellow, with a noble head, and he and the little canary, Jeanne, were about the same age. Mam'zelle told me in her pretty Creole patois how devoted the two pets were to each other, and I myself saw frequent evidences of their kindly relationship. In a quiet corner of the little shop I have seen Pierre and Jeanne taking their breakfast together from the same plate, and by and by, when the cat would hop about him, or cuddle up snug and comfortable between his outstretched paws. When Mam'zelle was busy so that she could not keep an eye on the little bird's safety he would swing the cage in the doorway, while Pierre would stretch himself on the floor beneath, keeping guard over his friend. And woe betide the stray cat that wandered that way. Pierre was always on the alert for squalls, and if a cat came too near to suit him he would send Jeanne hustling into her cage while he chased the offending feline off the street. Just this very thing happened yesterday for the 100th time, probably, but for the first time on record grief followed the move. Pierre and Jeanne were taking their usual morning game in the sunshine of the little shop door, when a big brindle stranger appeared on the banquet without. Straight as a die Jeanne was in her cage and Pierre had gone in not pursuit of the brindle. The chase was a hard one, and Mam'zelle says Pierre must have been gone a long time, but she was busy serving customers and by and by noticed Jeanne hopping about the counter. Thinking, of course that Pierre had returned, she took no further notice of the bird. A little later, however, hearing a dreadful commotion on the banquet she ran out to witness the sad little tragedy which I, too, arrived just in time to see, but too late to prevent. Taking advantage of Pierre's protracted absence an ugly-looking fellow from the next block strolled to the little shop in search of Jeanne. Finding her out hopping about unprotected, he began siege at once, no doubt. Mam'zelle and I arrived just in time to see the tortoise-shell pounce on poor Jeanne as she sat perched on the top of the swinging cage and bear her with him to the pavement. Before either of us could interpose the deed was done, and then in a moment there came Pierre rushing round the corner, and as quick as a flash he had taken in the situation. With one fierce bound he sprang upon the tortoise-shell and swept poor Jeanne from his clutches. For a brief moment he sat guarding her, but that moment was long enough to tell him he was too late.

Then letting Mam'zelle take the little corpse from under his paw, he swooped down upon the tortoise-shell. It was only for a little while, when the battle was over both cats lay dead on the pavement. Pierre had laid down his life to avenge Jeanne's death, and the little Mam'zelle mourns both her pets.—New Orleans Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

Light in Asia—It Shines Clearly.

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO. DEAR SIRS,—There is light in Asia after all, and the man that advised me to try your Heart and Nerve Pills was a friend indeed and truly a friend in need. Before I started to take them I was languid, weak, sleepless and nervous. My brain was beclouded and I could not collect my thoughts, I had gone through an operation in the hope of relief but still remained generally broken up, my appetite was gone and I was almost without hope or ambition. Now I feel thoroughly rebuilt through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and it took only three or four weeks to do the work.

I often think of the years of suffering I might have escaped had I only known of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in time; but I am grateful to be restored to health at last, and gladly recommend the medicine that cured me.

ANTONE WALTERS, Artist, Pasadena, Cal.

Lightning's Preference.

Dr. Carl Muller writing in Himmel and Erde, declares that in Germany from 1879 to 1890, 56 oaks, 20 firs and three or four pines were struck by lightning, but no beeches. Yet 70 per cent. of the forest trees of Germany are beeches, 11 per cent. oaks, 13 per cent. pines, and 6 per cent. firs. In other words there are nearly seven times as many beeches as oaks. The beech seems, to the doctor, "immune" from lightning effects. Also, he says, trees standing in the wet ground are more liable to be struck than those in dry, that trees with dead limbs are more liable than those without, and that trees which are rich in fatty matter and resin are more liable than those which are not.

Things to Remember.

A cold in the head is the first cause of catarrh. Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often followed by consumption.

Hawker's eastern cure positively cures catarrh, cold in the head and all catarrhal troubles.

Cause and effect: constipation is the cause of a head of catarrh. Hawker's liver pills cure constipation, thereby preventing its consequences.

For children's coughs and colds Hawker's balsam of wild cherry is unequalled. It is the children's favorite.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. Unlocks all the clogged channels of the bowels, kidneys and liver, carrying off gradually, without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all Druggists. T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO.

TURKISH DYES. EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make.

MENTAL FATIGUE. relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

"SANITAS" NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT. Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain Linen. FLUID, OIL, POWDER, & CO. HOW TO DISINFECT. A valuable right look giving. How to Disinfect. A pushing Agent wanted in each Canadian City.

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DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in any form without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will give permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues. At 19 and 20 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Cafe Royal, DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets. Meals Served at all Hours. Dinner a Specialty. WILLIAM CLARK, Proprietor.

EDUCATING MONKEYS.

A School Where They Are Taught to Spell English Words and Recognize Objects. There has been founded at Calcutta an institution for the education of monkeys. Probably the prime mover of the affair never heard of Professor Garner, the celebrated American zoologist, who has again gone to Africa to make an exhaustive study of the language of the monkeys than to learn from them in simian tongue. At any rate, one of the methods employed in this strange educational institution is the following:—

A young monkey is taken and before him is placed a set of blocks on which are painted in capitals the letters of the alphabet. These blocks are, in fact, exactly similar to those which children play with in every civilized country in the world, and they are used in precisely the same way as if the monkey were a young specimen of the human race. There is one professor for each monkey, and the monkeys taught by means of the blocks to spell certain words. If the word is 'fruit' for example, the monkey after having been taught to arrange the blocks so as to spell the word quickly and without error, received a bit of fruit as his reward. The same exercise is repeated with other words, and it is hoped in time to spell and understand any English they cannot speak it. Only young monkeys are taken, for they learn more quickly than old ones. There is no danger of this queer school lacking scholars, for there are thousands of monkeys to be found in that part of India where Calcutta is situated. An effort will also be made, it is said, to educate these beasts so that they may become fairly efficient domestic servants. The school, so young as yet, however that what it will accomplish is entirely a matter of speculation. The 'professors' are enthusiastic about their novel work, and seem to think that a new field of usefulness will soon be opened up for these chattering little beasts.

Hints to Wives. If you wish to make life agreeable for yourself and husband remember:— That he is entitled by law to your company and society. The first is the principal thing. That he would enjoy an occasional outing with you without the presence of the children. That you are welcome to the bills, but let the silver be brought home over night alone. That you can never make him believe that your torn gloves or shabby shoes are true economy. That there are occasions when the lack of clean shirt excuses a small explosion of temper. That it is no part of his duty to push the baby carriage or to take the children for an airing. That your taste in the matter of men's neckties may be artistic and still fail to please him. That you should cultivate a good taste for good food and drink, which few women possess naturally. That the accomplishment you aired during the courship days will be no less appreciated now. That the baby is sure to break the set if you give him the dominos or chessmen to play with. That he thinks he can cook, encourage him in his delusion. You don't have to eat his production. That it is cruelly to a noble animal to insist that he trail through the dry goods stores with you. That a proper Christmas present for your husband is not a Louis' Quinze clock for your own boudoir. That you should pay as much attention to the care of his linen, clothes, and so forth, as to your own. That a man is as likely to have a genuine disposition on the night of a social engagement as a lady. That his 'liveliness' in the presence of a lady caller is intended as a compliment and duty towards you. That it is by some considered a reproach to wives that bachelors are better dressed than married men. That he does not expect you to immerse yourself in a domestic cloister simply because children have come. That there is a good deal of force lurking behind the old adage of 'heaping coals of fire upon his head.' That very few women have eight hours steady hard work a day and that their husbands usually have more.

Queen Anne Steel Slatings and Brick Siding. are the best, handsomest, most durable and secure roofing and siding material offered to the building trade. The peculiar interlocking device in these slates gives them greater resistance to wind and weather than any other. Simple and easily laid; cost no more than inferior slates. If your nearest hardware dealer can't supply you drop a postal card to The Thos. Davidson Mfg. Co., Ltd., Manufacturers, Montreal. Wholesale only.

HOTEL ABERDEEN. ST. JOHN, N. B. New Office, Prince William Street. Near Post Office. Passenger Elevator and all modern improvements, including ordinary and therapeutic baths. Rooms all large and airy. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Jersey dairy supplies. Germ proof water and drinking water. Convenient sample rooms for commercial travellers. Terms, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day. G. R. FUGLEY, Proprietor. E. M. TERRE, Manager.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing the sea 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. LABOIR 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. I. HILBE, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICKTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine stable rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. PROFESSIONAL. A. G. ELAIR, G. G. RUEL, A. G. ELAIR, JR.

Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B. GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, COMMISSIONER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made. Resolutions Prompts. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

Choicest Liquors. The very best brands on the market can always be obtained from the undersigned. The finest wines and good imported Cigars. For Sale at Reasonable Prices by THOMAS L. BOURKE, Water Street.

conditions

In some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is rapid. For this reason we put up a 50c. size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children.

In other conditions gain must be slow, sometimes almost imperceptible, health can't be built up in a day. For this Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment, food rather than medicine, food prepared for tired and weak digestions.

TRAFALGAR INSTITUTE (Affiliated to McGill University), Simpson Street, Montreal, FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN. President: REV. JAS. BARCLAY, D. D. Vice-President: A. T. DUMMOND, LL.D. Principal: MISS GRACE FAIRLEY, M. A., Edinburgh. The Institute will re-open on Tuesday, 15th September. For Prospectus and other information apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, 22 St. John Street, Montreal.

DOG CATCHER FISH. Has the Reputation of Having Never Lost Its Prey. William Clawson, a fisherman of South Plainfield, N. J., is the owner of a dog of which he may well be proud. The animal, which looks like an ordinary cur, is possessed of an intelligence far above that of other animals of his species. The dog has become one of the most expert fishermen in the vicinity, and has the reputation of having never lost a fish. Mr. Clawson and the dog work in company. Arriving at the stream, his owner will get the lines ready, the dog watching with more than ordinary interest, and when every thing has been arranged to the mutual satisfaction of the two the dog will watch the water until he sees that a fish has taken hold of the line, and then he will assist in landing it. But it is when his master goes gigging that the dog is in his element. Nearby Mr. Clawson's place is a bridge over a small stream in which are a number of carp. It is Mr. Clawson's habit to stand on the bridge and let down a line into the water, which is so arranged that a fish in passing will run his head into the loop prepared to receive him, and so get caught. The moment that the fish is caught the dog does his work. Leaping into the water, he grabs the struggling fish and brings it in safely to the shore, and he has never been known to lose a fish caught by him in this manner.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First in the Estimation of Canadian Women. Diamond Dyes the World's Leaders. The woman of Canada many years ago selected the Diamond Dyes as the standard dyes for home dyeing. This selection has proved a wise one. The quality of Diamond Dyes has never deteriorated; they still stand first as the brightest, strongest and fastest colors, and never fail to do what is promised for them. Many inexperienced buyers are put to great loss and inconvenience by using the crude and imitation dyes. If every buyer insisted upon having the "Diamond," profit and pleasure would always result from the dyeing operation. Beware of imitations; ask for the Diamond dyes; take no other.

ELDER BAKER. Elder Baker, who flourished in a rural district of New England, a good many years ago, was a strictly honest but painfully frank old man. one day he was approached by old Zeke Bill, a man of doubtful reputation, who said:—"Looker here, elder, I want to make a request of you, an' it's this: I want you to promise that you'll preach my funeral sermon if you outlive me. Will you?" "Why, certainly, Zeke, certainly." "An' I want you to preach it from the text: 'An' honest man is the noblest work of God.'" "I'll do it, Zeke, I'll do it, and I'll add that I'm sorry there's such a poor specimen in the coffin."—N. Y. World.

Watts—I wonder if the water is fit to drink yet? Potts—Guess it is. An tel came through our hydrant this morning, and it seemed to be in good health.—Indianapolis Journal.

I WAS CURED of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Oshawa, N. B. R. W. HUNTER. I WAS CURED of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. FRED COLEMAN, Yarmouth, N. S. I WAS CURED of Black Bruises by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Oshawa, N. B. J. W. ROGERS.

WONDERFUL HORSE.

Plays the Harmonium and Also Acts as a Nursemaid. The horse Alpha has astonished London theater goers with his intelligence. A blackboard is brought upon the stage, and he is asked to show his arithmetical power. The animal turns to the figures, thinks a moment, apparently, and then paws out on the floor figures after figure, till his subtraction or addition or multiplication sum is correctly done. Sometimes he makes a mistake, and with an impatient shake of his mane and a vicious fight in his eyes, he begins again and rights the wrong. Somehow, the British mind refuses to believe that a horse, even of the Alpha breed, actually "does sums;" one suspects some hidden trick by which the trainer causes his horse to make certain signs that look like the result of thought. But whether or not his trainer employs these "artistic" means, the result is certainly most striking, and it trick there be, it is concealed in a most marvelous manner.

Alpha also plays the harmonium, and his rendering of "God Save the Queen" on an enormous keyboard is a startling performance, and a more correct one than in many other cases. The clever creature also selects letters from the alphabet, tells the time, plays a game of nap, and fires a gun, for which latter feat, strange to say, he shows a decided predilection. The performance ends with a grotesque transformation of the beautiful horse into a nurse in skirts, white apron, tartan shawl and gorgeous poke bonnet. Little Beta, a fat two-year old pony, which is only just being trained for an artistic career, is caused to sit on its haunches in a perambulator, and the nurse Alpha wheels him across the stage.—New York Herald.

Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue E.

STEARNS. 1896 1896 The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED), For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth. The Shortest and Best Route Between Nova Scotia and the United States. The quickest steamer, 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. COMMENCING June the 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening. After arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

STEAMER "ALPHA" Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday Afternoon. Returns, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, at 8 o'clock p. m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from L. E. Baker, President and Managing Director. W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston Yarmouth N. S. June, 22nd 1896.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. DAILY LINE (EXCEPT SUNDAY) TO BOSTON. COMMENCING June 29th to Sept. 21st, Steamers of the Company will leave St. John every day for Boston via Yarmouth. TUESDAY, 9 a. m. for Boston direct. WEDNESDAY, 9 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec and Boston. THURSDAY, 9 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec and Boston. FRIDAY, 9 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec and Boston. SATURDAY, 9 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec and Boston. Through tickets on sale at all Railway Stations and B-ages checked through. For further information apply to C. E. LAZELLER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS FOR Fredericton AND Woodstock. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. MAIL Steamer "DAVID WESTON" and "OLIVETTE" leave St. John every day (Sunday excepted) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings. Will leave Fredericton every day (Sunday excepted) at 7 a. m. Will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 10 a. m. In order to better accommodate citizens having summer residences along the river and to give fare-stewards a full day in the city—On and after June 29th steamer "Olivette" will leave St. John EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, at 6:30 o'clock, for Fredericton and intermediate landings. Returning on Monday morning, leave Fredericton at 8 o'clock, for St. John at 2:30. G. F. BAIRD, Manager.

STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after MONDAY, July 21st, the steamer Clifton will leave for what is Hampton at 9:30 a. m. for St. John. Returning will leave Hampton on Tuesday at 9 a. m. for Hampton. Will return every day leaving Fredericton at 1:30 p. m. On Wednesday she will make round trip to Fredericton at 9 a. m. and returning will leave Fredericton at 9 a. m. for Hampton and will return at 1:30 p. m. On Saturday she will make round trip to St. John, leaving Fredericton at 6 p. m.



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DR. RUMSEY'S PATIENT: A VERY STRANGE STORY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND DR. HALIFAX.

Joint authors of "Stories from a Doctor."

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I & II.—Pretty Hetty Armitage, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Armitage, bankers at the village of Grandcourt, is admired by two young undergraduates named Horace Frere and Everett, and the first named elicits a promise from her to become his wife. Nevertheless, she remembers her betrothal to a man named Robert Frere, who is a born Brit. In love with Mr. Robert Armitage, the son of the Squire, upon whom, however, it is thought to rest the care of his race, a total absence of memory of the most important events of his life, whilst less significant matters are remembered. Armitage is passing a brook side when Frere calls her to give him a kiss as his 18th wedding anniversary. She refuses, and he strikes her. Armitage in terror and takes the girl home, the Squire, who she has given any reason to suppose is her betrothed, and visiting the inn again asks Hetty for her decision between Armitage and himself. She speedily declares for Armitage, much to Frere's chagrin.

CHAPTER III & IV.—Frere, after this interview with Hetty, rushes out into the night, followed at a distance by Everett, who cannot understand the cause of his agitation. Frere, on Salisbury Plain, meets Armitage, and she tells him that she has decided to marry him. They fight, and Armitage prods Frere through the eye with a short stick which he carries, and which he afterwards buries when he finds that Frere is dead. He reaches home and finds a note waiting for him inviting him to a morning picnic on Salisbury Plain to join a young lady, Margaret Douglas, whom he much admires. He returns to rest, and next morning a carter with his man carries a blank with regard to his encounter with Frere—the cure of his race has come upon him. He is in the picnic, and chins about his past life, and Frere's identity and wonders if the charges made against Everett, who has been accused of the murder, will be proved. At the conclusion of the picnic he declares his love for Margaret, and is accepted.

CHAPTER V.

Margaret Douglas lived with her cousin, the Cutberts. Sir John Cutbert was the Squire of Grandcourt. He was a wealthy man and was much thought of in his neighbourhood. Margaret was the daughter of a sister who had died many years ago—she was poor, but this fact did not prevent the young man from loving her. He had spent a long time at the village of Grandcourt, and had grown up with the attachment between the pair had been the growth of years. They had spent their holidays together, and had grown up to a great extent in each other's company—it had never entered into the thoughts of either to love anyone else. Armitage, true to his promise to Margaret, had been waiting for her engagement, but the secret was after all an open one. When the young couple appeared again amongst the rest of Sir John Cutbert's guests, they encountered more than one significant glance, and Lady Cutbert even went to the length of kissing Margaret with much favour in Armitage's presence.

"You must come back with us to Cutberts' town to supper," she said to the young Squire. "Yes, come, Robert," said Margaret, with a smile. He said it impossible to resist the invitation in her eyes. It was late in the evening, and he started to walk back to Grandcourt. He felt intensely happy as he walked. He had much reason for this happiness—had he not just won the greatest desire of his life? There was nothing to prevent the wedding taking place almost immediately. As he strode quickly over the beautiful summer landscape he was already planning the golden future which lay before him. He would live in London he would cultivate the considerable abilities which he undoubtedly possessed. He would lead an active, energetic and worthy life. Margaret already shared all his ambitions. She would encourage him to be a man in every sense of the word. How lucky he was—how kind fate was to him! Why were the things of life so unevenly divided? Why was one man lifted to a giddy pinnacle of joy and another hurled into a dreary vale of despair? How happy he was that evening—whereas Everett—had he not just won the greatest desire of his life? He didn't know the unfortunate man who was now awaiting the coroner's inquest, charged with the terrible crime of murder, but he had seen him twenty-four hours ago. Everett had looked jolly and good-tempered, handsome and strong, as he stood in the porch of the pretty little inn, and smoked his pipe and looked at Hetty when Armitage brought her home. Now a terrible and black doom was overshadowing him. Armitage could not help feeling that the innocent and the unfortunate man. He was young like himself. Perhaps, he, too, had dreamed dreams, and been full of ambition, and perhaps he loved a girl, and thought of making her his wife. Perhaps Hetty was the girl—Armitage stamped his foot with impatience.

"What mischief some women do," he muttered; "what a difference there is between one woman and another. Who would suppose that Margaret Douglas and Hetty Armitage belonged to the same race? Poor Frere, how madly in love he was with that handsome little creature! How little she cared for the passion which she had evoked. I hope she won't come in my path; I should like to give her a piece of my mind."

This thought had scarcely rushed through Armitage's brain before he was attracted by a sound in the hedge close by, and Hetty herself stood before him. "I thought you would come back this way, Mr. Robert," she said. "I've waited here by the hedge for a long time on purpose to see you."

The Squire looked down a sound of indignation—his face flushed to his cheeks—it was with difficulty he could keep back his angry words. One glance, however, at Hetty's face caused his anger to subside. The lovely little face was so completely changed that he found some difficulty in recognizing it. Kitty's pretty figure had always been the perfection of trim neatness. No London belle could wear her expensive dresses more neatly nor more becomingly. Her simple print frocks fitted her rounded figure like a glove. The roses on her cheeks spoke the perfection of perfect health; her clear dark eyes were wont to be open, and unobscured as children's. Her wealth of coal black hair was always neatly coiled round her shapely head. Now, all was changed, the pretty eyes were scarcely visible between their swollen lids—the face was ghastly pale in parts—blotched with ugly red

marks in others; there were great black shadows under the eyes, the lips were parched and dry, they drooped wearily as if in utter despair. The hair was untidy, and one great coil had altogether escaped its bondage, and hung recklessly over the girl's neck and bosom. Her cotton dress was rumpled and stained, and the belt which she had hastily fastened it together, was kept in its place by a large pin.

Being a man, Armitage did not notice all these details, but the "tout ensemble" of the subject depression of intense grief, struck him with a sudden pang. "After all the little things I loved that fellow," he said to himself, "she was a little fool to marry with him, but the fact that she loved him alters the complexion of affairs."

"What can I do for you?" he said, speaking in a gentle and compassionate voice. "I have waited to tell you something for nearly two hours, Mr. Robert." "Why did you do it?" "If you wanted to say anything to me, you could have come to the Court, or I'd have called at the Inn."

"I could not come to the Court, sir, and I could not send you a message, because no one must know that we have met. I came out here unknown to anyone; I saw you go home from Cuthberts with Miss Douglas. Here Hetty choked down a great sob. I waited by the hedge, for I knew you must pass back this way. I wished to say, Mr. Robert, to tell you, sir, that whatever happens, however matters turn out, I'll be true to you. No one shall get a word out of me. They say it's awful to be cross-examined, but I'll be true. I thought I'd let you know, Mr. Armitage. To my dying day I'll never let out a word—you need have no fear."

"I never had any fear," said Armitage, in absolute astonishment. "What in the world do you mean? What are you talking about?" Hetty looked full up into the Squire's face. The unconscious and unembarrassed gaze with which he returned her look struck her to the heart. "I made a mistake," she said in a whisper. "I see that I made a mistake. I'd rather not say what I came to say."

"But you must say it, Hetty; you have something more to tell me, or you wouldn't have taken all this trouble to wait by the roadside on a chance of my passing. What is it? I walk with you now, like a good girl."

"May I walk along a little bit with you, Mr. Robert?" "You may as far as the next corner. These roads part, and you must go home."

He shivered. She gave the Squire another furtive and undecided glance. "Shall I tell him?" she whispered to herself. Armitage glanced at her, and spoke impatiently. "Remember I am waiting to hear your story. Out with it now, be quick about it."

"I was out last night, sir." "You were out—when? Not after I saw you home?" "Yes, sir, Hetty choked again. "It was after ten o'clock."

"You did very wrong. Were you out alone?" "Yes, sir. I—I followed Mr. Frere on to the plain."

"You did?" said Armitage. "Is that fact known? Did you see anything?" "Yes, sir. In the name of Heaven didn't you come up to the Court this morning and tell my father. Your testimony may be the most important. Think of the position of that poor unfortunate young Everett."

"No, sir, I don't mean it." "What do you mean, girl?" "Let me tell you my story, Mr. Armitage. It is nothing to you—it is nothing to me, but I will soon know if it is nothing or not. I had a quarrel with Mr. Frere last night, nobody was with me; Mr. Frere came into my parlour and he spoke to me very angrily, and I—I told him something which made him wild."

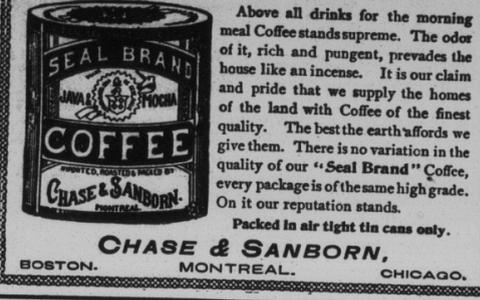
"What was that?" "Hetty gave a shy glance up at the young Squire; his face looked hard, his lips were firmly set. He and she were walking on the same road, but he kept as far from her side as possible. "I will not tell him—at least I will not tell him why," she said to herself. "I think I won't say, sir," she replied.

"What we talked about was Mr. Frere's business and mine. He asked me if I loved another man better than him, and I—I said that I did, sir."

"I thought as much," reflected Armitage, "Everett is the favored one. If this fact is known it will go against the poor fellow."

"Well, Hetty," he interrupted, "it's my duty to tell you that you have behaved very badly, and are in a great measure responsible for the awful tragedy that has occurred. There, poor child, don't cry, Heaven knows, don't wish to add to your trouble, but see we have reached the cross roads where we are to part, and you have not yet told me what you saw when you went out."

It Makes a Good Breakfast.



Above all drinks for the morning meal Coffee stands supreme. The odor of it, rich and pungent, prevades the house like an incense. It is our claim and pride that we supply the homes of the land with Coffee of the finest quality. The best the earth affords we give them. There is no variation in the quality of our "Seal Brand" Coffee, every package is of the same high grade. On its reputation stands. Packed in air tight tin cans only. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

A wrestle which had followed by a sudden cry behind the fruze bush. I was quite stunned. After a long time—at least it seemed a long time to the other man lay on his back with his face turned up to the sky. The man who had killed him turned in the direction of—

"In what direction?" asked Armitage. "In the direction of—" Hetty looked up at the Squire; the Squire's eyes met hers. "The town, sir."

"Oh, the town," said Armitage, giving vent to a short laugh. "From this way you looked at me, I thought you were going to look at the Court."

"Mr. Robert, do you think it is Mr. Everett?" "Who else could it have been?" replied Armitage. "Very well, sir, I'll hold to that. Who else could it have been? I thought I'd tell you, Mr. Armitage. I thought you'd like to know that I'd hold to that. When the Squire died, I stole back to Mr. Frere's and tried to bring him back to life, but he was as dead as a stone. I left him and I went home. I got back to my room about four in the morning. Not a soul knew I was out; no one knew it now but you, sir. I thought I'd come and tell you, Mr. Robert, that I'd hold to the story I told you, and I'm waiting to hear your account of that awful tragedy."

"Good night, Hetty. You'll have to tell my father what you have told me in this morning."

"Very well, sir, if you wish it." He turned and walked slowly back towards the village. Armitage stood where the four roads met and was lost in anxious thought—then he turned quickly and walked home. He entered the house by the same side entrance by which he had come in on the previous night. He walked down a long passage, crossed the wide front hall and entered the drawing-room where his sister Ann was seated. "Is that you, Bob?" she said, jumping up when she saw him. "I'm so glad to have you all to myself. Of course, you were too busy with Margaret to take us of all day, but I've come to hear your account of that awful tragedy."

"Talk of women and their tender hearts," said Armitage, with irritation. "Then the memory of Margaret came over him and his face softened. Margaret, he thought, was quite the most interesting girl in all the world, had also wished to hear of that tragedy. "To tell the truth, Ann," he said, "sinking into a chair by his sister's side, "you can scarcely ask me to discuss a more unoon genial theme. Of course, the whole thing will be thoroughly investigated, and the local papers will be filled with news of the work of my men. Won't that content you? Must I, too, go into this painful subject?"

"You won't tell a soul what I am going to say to you." "I have no making promises of that sort, Hetty."

"Never mind whether you hate it or not. Promise or I shall go mad."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Armitage, "why should a poor woman be bothered in this way, and you neither kith nor kin to me. Don't you forget that it's Armitage you belong to. You've no blood of mine, thank goodness, in your veins."

"What does that matter? You're a woman, and I'm another. I'm just in the most awful position a girl could be in. But whatever happens, I'll be true to him. Yes, Aunt Fanny, I'll be true to him. I'm nothing to him, no more than if I were a weed, but I love him madly, deeply, desperately. He is all the world to me. He is my master, and I am his slave. Of course, I'm nothing to him, but he's everything to me, and he shan't die. Aunt Fanny, you and I have got to be true to him. We must share the thing together, for I can't keep the secret by myself. You must share it with me, Aunt Fanny."

Up to this point, Mrs. Armitage had regarded Hetty's words as merely those of a hysterical and overwrought girl. Now, however, she began to perceive method in her madness. "Look here, child," she said, "if you've anything to say, say it, and have done with it. I'm not blessed with over much patience, and I can't stand beating round the bush. If you have a secret, out with it, you silly thing. Oh, yes, of course I won't betray you. I expect it's just this, you've gone and done something you oughtn't to. Oh, what have I done to be blessed with a niece-in-law like you?"

"It's nothing of that sort. Aunt Fanny. It is this—I don't mind telling you now, now that you have promised not to betray me. Aunt Fanny, I was out last night—I saw the murderer committed."

Mrs. Armitage suppressed a sharp scream. "Heaven preserve us!" she said in a choking voice. "Were you not in bed, you wicked girl?"

"No, I was out, I had quarrelled with Mr. Frere in the parlour, and I thought I'd follow him and make it up. I went straight on to the plain—I saw him running. I hid behind a furz' bush and I saw the quarrel, and I heard the words—I saw the awful struggle, and I heard the blows. I heard the fall, too—and I saw the man who had killed Mr. Frere run away."

"I wonder you never told all this today, Hetty Armitage. Well, I'm sorry for that poor Mr. Everett. Oh, dear, what will not our passions lead us to; to think that two young gentlemen should come to this respectable use, and that it should be the case of Cain and Abel over again—rising up and slaying the other."

Hetty, who had been kneeling all this time, now rose. Her face was ghastly—her words came out in strange pauses. "It wasn't Mr. Everett," she said. "God Heaven, Hetty," exclaimed her aunt, springing also to her feet, and catching the girl's two hands within her own—"It wasn't Mr. Everett!—what in the world do you mean?"

A Montreal Business Man Won the Battle Through His Wife's Advice.

A short time ago a Montreal business man returned from a New York private hospital, to which institution, he had gone last February for treatment. The case was a serious one—kidney disease—had had the skill of the local doctors. The New York specialists after a month's close attention could not hold out very strong hopes of a complete cure, but advised patience and continued treatment.

The sick man, hoping for better results, remained for some weeks longer, but finally left for home sick, unappy and dependent. Upon his arrival in Montreal, friends were alarmed when they saw his condition, and not improved, and some recommended a sea voyage.

The sick man's wife having heard of the wonders accomplished by Paine's Celery Compound in case of kidney disease, urged her husband to give it a trial. A supply of the medicine was procured and used faithfully, and the diet list—prepared specially for the afflicted with kidney troubles—was closely followed.

After three weeks' use of Paine's Celery Compound, a blessed and happy change was observed. The patient was brighter and stronger, no constipation, no back aches, urine was more natural in color, and appetite was healthy and established. After due care and attention, and the use of Paine's Celery Compound, this Montreal merchant is well and attending to business today. Poor sufferer from kidney trouble, what thanks you of this Montreal case? Will not the same treatment bring you the health and freedom from disease that you so much desire? Yes, we are certain it will. Paine's Celery Compound will quite renew your life, and give you a long lease of happy days. Use the kind that cured the Montreal merchant; remember there are imitations, and very worthless ones too. The "Paine's" that makes people well. Fifty years of success in curing Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Colic, Cramps, Stomach Complaints of summer and fall, etc., Stomach Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best remedy in the market. It saves children's lives.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL.

It was quite by chance that I happened to drop into that particular establishment. I had been spending a considerable part of the afternoon in the reference department of the British Museum, in connection with some literary work I had at that time in hand, and was feeling somewhat exhausted after the labor entailed in poring over the numerous tomes I had found it necessary to consult for my purpose.

I stepped into the first cafe that I came across on leaving the museum, in order to obtain what I considered necessary.

The room in which I found myself was a dreary little department, dimly lighted, with some too cleanly a look about it, and at the time I entered was entirely devoid of customers. The cup of coffee that I got proved a capital one, and I sipped it with a relish.

Having in due course finished my little repast, I was about departing, when the attendant, who had, as I thought, more than once eyed me rather closely, placed a small card on the table to front of me, and without any accompanying remark walked away.

It was about the size of a gentleman's visiting card, and peering at it in the uncertain light, I saw inscribed in small characters upon its surface the words, arranged just as I notice them:

LEAGUE OF THE LIFELESS MEN. 64 Delamore Street. To-night, 8.30. "Progress."

The affair afforded matter for more than a little speculation on my way home, and, impelled by a growing desire to know what it meant, I resolved to visit Delamore street at the hour named, and try to find out.

I knew nothing of the "League of the Lifeless Men," had, in reality, never heard the strange name before—but that fact only served to make my curiosity all the greater.

I happened to know the direction in which Delamore street lay, and therefore experienced no difficulty in finding my way there. It wanted five minutes to the time specified on the card when I arrived at No. 64, and not having quite made up my mind as to the precise line of action to adopt, I stepped aside a moment to consider.

It was a rather large apartment, hung with heavy draperies, and in the centre stood a table upon which burned a couple of candles. Several chairs were arranged around the central article of furniture, one at the extreme end standing on a slight elevation above the rest.

At the moment of my appearance the chamber was quite empty, but the sound of approaching footsteps reached my ear almost directly. I had only just time to conceal myself in the folds of one of the curtains when several individuals entered and took their seats at the table. From my position it was impossible to see who they were or what they were like, but I listened intently in order to get some idea of them and their doings from their conversation.

In this I was only partially successful, for, speaking in low tones, the greater part of their utterances became inaudible to me. But what I did hear was sufficient to convince me that the "League of the Lifeless Men" was no trifle more or less than a secret assassination society and the present meeting was one called for the purpose of reporting on the details of their work.

As I did so a man, closely muffled came up, and without appearing to notice me, gave three sharp raps on the door. In response to his summons a query was uttered from within, which I failed to catch.

The answer to it, however, did not escape me. It was the word "Progress," the same which figure in quotation marks at the bottom of the card inadvertently given me at the cafe shop, and this demonstrated to me the fact—that I had indeed before me a man of some importance, for upon it being pronounced the portal immediately swung open and the stranger entered.

He came in, taking my cue from what I had witnessed, I too, knocked three times, and uttering in reply to the challenge from within the mystic word, was admitted without a word.

On entering I found myself in a kind of corridor, at the further end of which was a door opening on a room, in which I straightway entered.

As far as I was able to judge (for the indistinctness left a good deal to be imagined), each member was interrogated as to his work by an individual who, occupying the post at the head of the table, seemed to act as president of the murderous gang.

Each man's account of his doings was evidently listened to with brutal interest by his companions, and the substance of the various narrations I took it to be being jotted down in a book kept for the purpose.

Although I could not catch anything like a connected account of what was said in these ghastly recitals, such expressions as "Unhappy victim!" "Desperate defence!" "Frenzied struggle!" were sufficient to make me understand the nature of the terrible details.

When apparently all the members of this atrocious league had rendered accounts of their strictest stewardships, the blood well high curdled in my veins on hearing the question coolly asked, "Who is next on the list?" for I knew that it meant one more life for those refuse to take away.

"Colonel Crawley, 21 Rubicon street, W." And the announcement of it was followed by the words "To-morrow night at 9!"

The meeting subsequently breaking up and the members dispersing, I was enabled to take my own departure unobserved.

It was little I slept that night, the events of the evening keeping my brain far too actively employed to allow of any real rest, and it was a relief when daylight came and it was time to rise.

tone, "papa allows me to transact almost all his affairs for him."

"What I have to say affects Colonel Crawley so intimately," I answered firmly, but with all necessary politeness, "that it is essential that he should hear it himself."

"Is it so imperative?" queried the girl. "It is a matter of life and death!" I answered gravely.

Evidently impressed by my manner, the young lady left the room, and shortly afterward returned with an elderly gentleman, whom I rightly guessed to be Colonel Crawley himself.

"My daughter tells me you have something important to communicate," said the officer on his entry, motioning me back to the seat from which I had risen on his approach.

"Colonel," I said, as calmly as the seriousness of the case would allow, "it is my duty to tell you plainly, without mincing words, that your life is in danger!"

"My life in danger!" echoed the officer, with a tinge of derision in his tone, "impossible! I have carried it unscathed through half a dozen campaigns, and it cannot be menaced now! Besides, he added, with a cheery laugh, 'who cares for the life of a worn-out soldier?'"

"I can tell you of one who does," whispered the young lady on his arm, looking lovingly into her father's face.

"Now tell me, my dear sir, what you mean," said the old gentleman, "for you seem to be terribly in earnest."

"Sir," I replied, "I happen to know that a conspiracy is on foot to take your life and that the assassins mean to make the attempt this very night. For some reason of which I am quite ignorant you have incurred the hatred of a secret assassination society and the members of it have decreed your doom."

It is in order to warn you and prevent the execution of their foul designs that I have come here this afternoon."

I related the adventure which has formed the subject of my narrative, explaining everything in its minutest detail. As I proceeded I noticed the veteran's features gradually relaxing, and directly I had finished, to my intense chagrin, he burst into a fit of laughter that lasted several minutes.

"Excuse my rudeness," he said at the end of it, "but nobody enjoys a joke more than a soldier, and this is the best that I have heard for a long time. My dear sir, he went on, 'you have stumbled across a monstrous man's nest!'"

"The 'League of the lifeless men' is no more an assassination society than the Salvation Army, or any other similar confederation. It is simply a social organization charged with the primary object of playing chess, and the only people its members are in the habit of slaughtering are the opponents against whom they happen to be pitted, for I give you my word as an investor chess player, that they are the most skillful manipulators of the 'lifeless men' I have ever seen."

"They are now about to play a series of games with a kindred club to which I have the honor to belong, and a meeting is arranged for at my house this evening at seven, when I anticipate we shall get a decisive beating. Their headquarters are at 64 Delamore street, and the meeting at which you so romantically assisted was doubtless one called to report on their last tournament."

"Now that I have explained it all to you and you see there is no cause for alarm," concluded the Colonel, good-humoredly, "I must insist that you do me the honor of staying to dinner with us and smoking a cigar with me afterward. The man who is anxious to save the life of a fellow creature is entitled to know something of the person that life belongs to."

Stupid, however, as was the mistake into which I had fallen, I never regretted it for, by my acquaintance with Colonel Crawley and his charming daughter led to an engagement which ultimately resulted in a happy marriage.—Tit-Bits.

THE SWEET BYE AND BYE. Its First Publication by Men Who Scored The Popular Hymn.

There recently appeared in a Western newspaper an article regarding "The Sweet Bye and Bye," containing many absurd statements. Now the interest in this song is awakened. I wish to make public the circumstances of its inception and subsequent publication and the way in which it became popular.

A. P. Webster, the composer of the music, was by no means unknown to the public at the time the song was published. He had won great popularity with his "Lorens," "Paul Vane," "Little Maud."

These had been published at Chicago by H. M. Higgins, who, with the writer, then a boy of twelve years, created a sale for them by singing them to acquaintances and customers who came to purchase music. At that time, in the early sixties, Webster lived at the little town of Elkhorn, Wis., and about twice each year he would come to Chicago with a roll of manuscript songs. These were usually written with a pencil, and in a hasty, scrawling manner, though the notes were always legible. The songs he offered for sale at 25c each, and the publisher would select what he thought would sell, and either pay him or agree to pay royalty. My recollection is that "Paul Vane," "Lorens," and "Little Maud" were published on the royalty plan.

Webster's appearance as he came into the store was most uncommon. He wore his hair hanging to the shoulders. It was light brown, and his complexion was florid. He had clear blue eyes and heavy eyelashes. He was of medium height, rather slender, and walked with a gait that suggested humility. It has been said that Webster was temperate, and that he used to drink heavily, but I never saw him under the influence of liquor.

In 1866 or 1867 a young physician, Samuel Ellmore Bennett, then lately graduated from Ann Arbor University, had become an intimate friend of Webster. They were in fact almost inseparable. One day Webster came into his office in a most despondent frame of mind.

"What is the trouble now?" his friend asked.

"It is no matter," Webster answered with a sigh. "It will be all right by and by." Like an inspiration the idea flashed upon Bennett, who had written several war poems, to write some verses, and he said; "Why not make a song of the sweet bye and bye?"

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Poor Webster! The song he had counted upon was rejected! He could not go to Higgins again, for Higgins had had his feelings hurt and had refused to publish any more of his songs. He finally thought of a new firm of young men lately from Boston, Lyon and Healy. They had treated him courteously, though they had published nothing of his. Thus he came to Lyon & Healy's store, where it was then in charge of the retail department. Having known him for several years, I greeted him warmly and at once took him out to Mr. Healy, who gave him his immediate attention. I remember so well the whole attitude of the man as he came in and approached Mr. Healy. He awakened a keen sense of pity for he was as it had lost all hope; and I think it was this feeling which moved Mr. Healy, after listening to the song on the piano, to offer him \$20 for it. This Webster accepted, and seemed thankful for. Little interest was shown toward the song. Webster's popularity had waned greatly and had been overshadowed by the enormous success of George F. Root's war songs. "The composer of 'Little Maud' and 'Lorens' was no longer sought and little attention given him. After Webster had gone Mr. Healy turned the manuscript of the song over to me, and I played it and hummed it with perfect indifference, not to say contempt, for its simplicity offended the little knowledge I had acquired by studying Johnson's 'Harmony and Thorough Bass.' Mr. Healy said with a sigh:

"Oh, yes! we'll have to get it out," and then added, "Poor fellow! I didn't have the heart to send him away without taking it."

So we got the song out with the least expense possible, the cheapest little page we could get made, and lettering so bad that we all felt ashamed to show it. I placed it upon the counter, and there it was permitted to lie friendless, for I never

recommended it, telling its poverty and insignificance in comparison with the gorgeous lithograph title pages and elegantly colored lettering of the other sheet music by which it was surrounded. Finally, without the sale of a dozen copies, it was consigned to the wholesale shelves, where Mr. Healy and myself mentally erected a tombstone inscribed "Sacred to memory of a poor musician." About a year past, when a Mr. Whitmore, a music teacher in the public schools of Chicago, came in and asked me if I thought Mr. Healy would let him use "The Sweet Bye and Bye" in a Sunday school book he was then compiling. I said:

"Certainly, without doubt for the song is of no use to us. It has no sale whatever."

He went out to the office and presently Mr. Healy called to me to give Mr. Whitmore a copy of the song. Nothing more was thought of the matter until nearly a year afterward, when we began to have calls for "The Sweet Bye and Bye." I remember my surprise the first time it was asked for. A little schoolgirl, not more than 12 or 15 years old, came in very timidly, evidently unused to trading "heretofore," and standing off from the counter as if afraid to come nearer, said: "Have you a piece of music called 'The Sweet Bye and Bye?' It's in Mr. Whitmore's book."

It is thus fair to state that to Mr. Healy's tender nature and to Mr. Whitmore's recognition of the merits of the song the world owes its knowledge of Webster's inspiration. Mr. Healy's and my own utter failure to see anything in it is only another instance of how human judgment errs, and this was, in my own case, most keenly emphasized when, after having passed four years abroad studying, I returned to be greeted in New York on the ferryboats, steamboats, and railway trains with the strains of "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

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