



REDBURN THE SAILOR. THE STORY OF HIS CRIME AND OF ITS PUNISHMENT.

A Celebrated Murder Case that Excited Great Interest in St. John—An Execution During Holiday Week—Singular Instance of Calmness on the Brink of Eternity.

While the Mispick tragedy, of which I gave an account some weeks ago, far eclipsed anything in the nature of crime ever known in New Brunswick, there was a case, eleven years previous, which excited a very deep interest in St. John. It was that of Charles Redburn, hanged on the 29th day of December, 1846, for the murder of a shipmate on board a vessel lying at this port. It was a simple enough case of killing, but the subsequent behavior of the condemned man excited a great deal of sympathy on his behalf, and strenuous efforts were made, but in vain, to secure a reprieve. I find among those who were then living and conversant with the facts a strong opinion now that the sentence should have been commuted. Like the case of the boy Patrick Burgen, in 1828, it was an instance where the present generation might be glad to undo the work of the past.

Redburn, as he called himself, though his true name never was known, was cook on board the barque Jane Hammond, of St. John, owned at that time by the estate of William Hammond, deceased. He was a Swede, said to be of very respectable family, and was about 35 years of age. He bore a good character aboard ship, was not quarrelsome in his nature, and seemed in no way a man likely to kill another.

The Jane Hammond, commanded by Captain Oliver Healey, arrived at St. John from Liverpool on Monday, the 2nd of November, 1846. Redburn was ashore on Tuesday and remained ashore all night, making merry after his voyage over the ocean. On Wednesday morning he came aboard, feeling the usual effects of a spree, and bringing with him a bottle of liquor. With this he treated some of the crew, and went to the galley to prepare breakfast. There had been some tricks played on him, and he had been provoked into a state in which a very slight thing would exasperate him. While in the galley, one of the crew, Patrick Carling (or Kerley) went to him and asked for his breakfast. Redburn's reply was, "I have done a damned sight too much for the whole of you already," referring perhaps to the liquor he had given them. Carling, unfortunately for himself in this instance, was a teetotaler; his heart had not been warmed with a libation, and he did not enter into the spirit of the remark. He retorted, "You have not done more for me than anybody else has, and if you do not give me my tea I will take it myself." He then dipped his pot into the boiler, and while he was doing so Redburn said, "If you do not take it, I will throw it over you." Carling got his tea and went forward to the windlass, where he began to eat his breakfast.

Presently Redburn, who had evidently been much annoyed at some remark made by Carling, came out of the galley and went forward to where the sailor was standing. "You do not remember when you were at home eating potatoes, and salt and water?" said Redburn. Another sailor, John Burns, here interposed with the remark that there were better men than Redburn or any of his countrymen, who had been brought up on that kind of food.

"Never mind him, Jack, do not bother him," said Carling, and Redburn returned to the galley. Soon after this, Carling went to the galley, leaned one shoulder against the side of the doorway, and reaching in shook Redburn by the collar of his shirt and said, "If you are a man you will come out and take it up. Wait until after breakfast and we will then see what you have to say." Then Carling walked back to his former position at the windlass.

Redburn then did something which operated very strongly against him on his trial. He went to one of the crew and borrowed a sheath knife, which he had been in the habit of getting for cutting meat and other galley work. He seemed quite calm. Getting the knife he rubbed it up a little on the grindstone, and five minutes or so later he came out of the galley with the knife in his right hand and a tin quart measure of greasy hot water in his left. Approaching Carling, he threw the hot water on his head.

"What was that you did to me in the galley a little while ago?" demanded Redburn.

Carling had turned away his head as he felt the hot water, and he cried out, "I'm scalded!" Redburn immediately plunged the knife into Carling's back, at the right side, penetrating three inches, and completely dividing the lower rib. On feeling the knife, Carling shouted, "I'm stuck! I'm stuck!" Redburn then ran around the deck, falling into the arms of some of his messmates, who supported him.

Redburn, in the meantime, had gone back to the galley, where he laid down the knife and walked to where the sailors were supporting the dying man.

"I did it and I suppose I will be hanged for it," said Redburn. Immediately after this he was seized by Captain Healey and others, put in irons and afterwards sent to the jail.

Carling was removed to the marine hospital, where he died a few hours later. A coroner's jury having found a verdict of wilful murder, it became necessary to call a special session of the supreme court to deal with the case. In the ordinary course of things there would have been no session until the regular circuit in January, but as the witnesses in this affair were seafaring men, and it was not desirable to detain them, the special court was held on Tuesday, the 24th of November, His Honor Geo. F. Street, who had been appointed a judge the previous year, presiding.

The grand jury found a true bill, and the prisoner, when arraigned, pleaded not guilty, and said he would be ready for his trial on the following day. The prosecution, at the trial, was conducted by Hon. W. B. Kinnear, solicitor-general, while Redburn was defended by Robertson Bayard and Hon. John H. Gray. The jury was composed of the following well known citizens: William Hughson, foreman; Henry Hood, James G. Lester, Edward E. Lockhart, Charles J. Melick, William L. Avery, Thomas Crozier, Charles Calkin, Stephen H. Fought, Thomas Gard, Richard Thomson, Henry Vaughan.

The witnesses were few in number, and the principal one was John Burns, who deposed to the facts as already given. This witness, in cross-examination, was asked if he had boasted that Redburn would be hanged and that he would be "the boy to put the nails in his coffin." He denied saying this, but it was afterwards proved, by the evidence of two witnesses not connected with the affair, that he had used these words. In addition to these witnesses for the defence, Captain Healey gave Redburn a good character, while John Willis, keeper of the jail, deposed that when the prisoner was brought there he was much excited and appeared to be under the influence of liquor. Later in the day he seemed much grieved at what he had done, though he did not think the wound would cause Carling's death.

The contention of the counsel for the defence was that the killing amounted to manslaughter, but not to murder. The solicitor-general, while very moderate in his address, pointed out that nothing less than murder could be shown. Judge Street, after reviewing the testimony and pointing out the law as to what constituted murder, felt it his duty to say that, from the evidence before the court, there did not appear such provocation for the act as would reduce the charge below that of murder, as laid on the indictment.

The jury, after an absence of two hours, found the prisoner guilty of murder, recommending him to mercy on account of his previous good conduct. Sentence was deferred until the following Friday, the 27th. While the occurrence has no bearing on the case, it may be here stated that the night following Redburn's conviction was remarkable for one of the most furious storms of wind, snow and rain, which had had nothing to compare with it in the memory of the citizens, except the fearful gale of December 31st, 1819, when the newly erected barrack building at Lower Cove was blown down and the brig May Bell lost, with all her crew, on Partridge Island. Nor does there seem to have been as severe a storm in subsequent years until the Sable gale, on the 4th and 5th of October, 1868. The storm of November 25th and 26th, 1846, did a great deal of damage around the city. Trees were uprooted, chimneys blown down and roofs of houses lifted until the buildings looked like wrecks. During Thursday the shutters were kept on many of the stores to prevent the windows being blown in and smashed by flying slates and other debris blown from the roofs. Ships were driven from their moorings at the wharves, and one new ship all ready for sea was driven ashore on a ledge of Rankin's wharf. Many smaller vessels were much injured, and a fishing schooner was sunk at the end of the North wharf. A schooner was wrecked off St. Martins, with loss of life, and much other damage was done in the Bay and along the coast.

Redburn was brought into court on the morning of Friday, the 27th, when Judge Street, who showed much emotion, passed sentence of death. In doing so, he besought the prisoner to look back and consider how he had sent a fellow creature into eternity with his sins upon his head, with but little time to repent and prepare himself for another world. A greater privilege would be allowed the prisoner, and he would have space for repentance, but his life, which under ordinary circumstances might have lasted long, must be sacrificed, through his own act, by the law. He begged the prisoner to repent of the sin that he could only assist, and you yourself must seek for mercy." The judge added that he saw no point in the evidence which would justify him in an application for a mitigation of the sentence. It would be useless for him to hope for pardon or reprieve. His Honor then concluded: "The sentence of court is that you shall be taken from this place to the jail of the city and county of Saint John, from whence you came; from thence, on Tuesday, the 29th day of December next, you shall be taken to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Redburn bore his sentence manfully, while the judge and the large concourse of spectators were very much affected. When the murder was committed, there had been a popular demand for strict justice, and a fear that the guilty should escape. As soon as Redburn was convicted, the wave began to turn the other way, and many were anxious to see him saved from the gallows. Letters were written to the press and long discussions ensued on the question of capital punishment. The bearing of Redburn during and after the trial impressed many in his favor, but however far allowance for his provocation could be

made by human nature, the evidence clearly made his crime murder. He resigned himself to his fate and welcomed the ministrations of those who sought to bring peace to his mind.

The execution took place at the east end of the present jail building, which was then a new structure, having been occupied only about five years. The style of gallows used was one, I think, which had never been tried here before, and has never been used since. It was designed to be on the same principle as the apparatus which, in recent years, was in favor in New York and other cities of the United States. It was the weight and pulley style. From the east window of what is now the second story of the building, a stationary beam projected, at the outer and inner ends of which were pulleys through which the rope ran. At the end of the rope inside the building was a heavy weight, held in place until the proper moment, when its release and fall would instantly jerk upward the end which held the noose. This, it will be seen, was a different arrangement from the weighted lever, used in later years, though the theory was the same, and the arrangement itself essentially the same as a modern American method. In all these plans, the condemned is supposed to be jerked from the platform so violently that his neck will be dislocated. Where there is any blunder about the adjustment, he is simply strangled, and the thorough efficiency of the old-fashioned drop, properly calculated for the weight of the condemned, is i. contestably demonstrated.

In the instance of Redburn, the blunder was in allowing so very little slack to the rope that, instead of a sudden jerk and dislocation, there was simply a very rapid hoisting. The effect was much the same as in an execution at a yard-arm, which was possibly what a sailor might desire, whatever the public might think. There was another thing in regard to this execution which, as a matter of sentiment, gives one an unpleasant feeling. Of all times of the year, the date fixed was in holiday week, when the world was rejoicing over Christmas and its memories. Perhaps the judge felt that he could not in justice to the prisoner set the time any earlier, and it seems to have been the fashion to allow, in justice to the public, no more than a month between sentence and execution.

The morning of the 29th of December was bitterly cold, but this fact, of itself, would not have prevented a large concourse had not the sheriff, James White, kept the hour he had fixed a secret from the general public. The weather was too severe for many, except a determined few, to be on hand, and prepared to wait several hours, if needful, and as the sheriff had made his calculations to have as little delay as possible, the attendance of the curious was small, as compared with that at executions in previous years. Redburn came upon the temporary platform, which had been laid upon the ground, wearing no coat and having a checked sailor shirt. Attending him were Revs. Robert Irvine, (presbyterian), Samuel Robinson (baptist), and Alexander Stewart, (episcopalian). The condemned man listened attentively to their words, and not only seemed perfectly calm, but proved that he was in a very singular way. The hangman, whose identity was concealed by a mask, was a small-sized fellow who, either from nervousness or stupidity, was unable to properly adjust the noose. Redburn perceived this, and turning to the keeper of the jail, quietly said: "This man does not know how to fix it, Mr. Willis. I wish you would come and see to it."

Thereupon Mr. Willis stepped forward, and, with a smile, said in his own words, "I did the last grim office for the man for whose untimely end he felt such deep regret. A moment later, the signal was given, and the law had satisfied its claim for the murder of Patrick Carling. This incident I have from an eye witness. I do not think it has ever before appeared in print. Redburn was the first hanged at the new jail. Eleven years later he was followed by Slavin, the last man hanged by public execution in St. John. ROSLYNDE.

ONEMEANING FOR "O. K." In Russia it is used to denote a Certain Flery Women Patriot.

"O. K." has another significance than the one usually attached to it. In Russia O. K. used to mean a mysterious brilliant writer who filled columns of the Moscow Gazette and Russia with letters in favor of an Anglo-Russian alliance. The mystic letters meant Olga Kiseff, one of the most prominent of all the fascinating set of social-political Russian luminaries, says the New York World.

She was the only daughter of a distinguished Russian family, and the godchild of Emperor Nicholas, and led the usual life of the upper class Russian girl until her marriage with Gen. Novikoff. She was the typical leader of the social diplomatic set for awhile, but was not seriously interested in politics until one of her brothers was killed in the Russo-Turkish war. Then she awoke suddenly to the fact of political life, and, believing that had England and Russia been on friendly terms such sacrifices would not have been necessary, she became an earnest advocate of an alliance between the two countries.

In England she has many friends of distinction. Kinglake, Hon. C. P. Villiers, Brunel Osborne, Prof. Tyndall, Gladstone, Carlyle, John Bright, Prof. Freeman, and Froude were all personal friends of hers, and a some of them supporters of her views. She always stays at Claridge's when she is in London, and it was to her that Kinglake wrote the well-known nonsense verse:

There is a fair lady at Claridge's Whose smile is more charming to me Than the attraction of ninety-nine marriages Could possibly, possibly be.

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Another George Washington. The tramp knocked softly at the kitchen door, and the nicest, sweetest old lady in the world met him. He chuckled quietly, for he thought he had struck a regular bonanza find.

"Beggins' your pardon, lady, but can I get a bite to eat here?" he asked humbly. "Are you very hungry?" she responded like a mother.

"Yes, lady." "You are out of work, I suppose?" "Yes, lady; I have not done a lick of work since the first day of June."

Something in this statement made him chuckle again, but she did not bear him, as she stepped to the cupboard to get a piece of pie. She came back and stood with it in her hand before him like a Lady Bountiful, and his mouth began to water.

"And how long before that?" she asked, with something in her tone that crushed him. "Lady," he gasped, "I cannot tell a lie. Good morning," and he walked out of the yard while she set the pie back for the next one.

The Ladies Protest. At Batu on the Caspian, a society has been formed to abolish hand shaking and kissing on the ground that bacilli are propagated by such personal contact. The ladies, however, have protested against this to the governor general.

A timid Chinaman dined with the young ladies of a certain seminary a few weeks since. His laconic remark at leaving was—"Too much plenty girl."

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This is of Deep Interest

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Advertisement for T. McAVITY & SONS, featuring an illustration of a rifle and text describing their sporting goods, including guns, rifles, shells, shot, powder, wads, game bags, loading tools, duck decoys, and ammunition.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Judging from the statements of persons of acknowledged musical taste the violin playing of Professor Heine and the piano playing of Madame Heine must have been musical treats, and of rare excellence. I regret very much having missed them. The attendance was all too light in view of the real merit of these performers. Professor Heine, I am informed, was a violinist of more than average talent when he played here some twenty years ago. Twenty years is a long interval it is true; a new generation has grown up in that time, but while this fact exists there exists also the fact that twenty years practice must have made its improving mark upon the work of one who, even twenty years ago, was a clever performer. Some cause must have operated—it might have been mismanagement—in the failure to secure large business. Such a well-known and capable musician as Mr. George Wilson, organist of the Mission church, bestows what I believe to be due meed of praise, when, in referring to the concert of Sunday night last, he says, "It was the greatest musical treat I have had for years. I certainly never heard a violinist I enjoyed so much. He is not only a magnificent violinist, but he is a composer of a very high order, as shown by some of the compositions he played. His wonderful extempore playing on any given subject, in any form, either fugue or otherwise, astonished the audience, at least, it did me."

Of Madame Heine's piano playing, although the instrument she used was not perhaps the best obtainable for concert purposes, the same gentleman says, "Her repertoire is tremendous, embracing the whole range of classical music. As an accompanist she is exquisite." Certainly in view of the musical skill thus spoken of by a thoroughly capable musician, it is indeed a matter of regret that so many of our citizens have lost the opportunity of so much delight and real satisfaction. How a recurrence of this withheld patronage which later causes disappointment to the withholders can be avoided—in cases where real talent exists although we are unfamiliar with it—is not so easy to determine; but there ought to be some way found in the nature of a remedy.

It is a pleasure to know that the membership of the Oratorio society is steadily increasing and that practical interest is being taken in the rehearsals by the active members, of whom there were about 75 present on Monday evening. The annual conversation of the society—the arrangements for which are all in the hands of the Ladies auxiliary—will be held in the practice room of the society on the 2nd of October. The patrons of the society, the honorary and active members, will be recipients of the politeness of the ladies comprising the auxiliary. No better time than the present could be had for identification with this excellent Society which has already been the means of doing so much good to the community in a musical regard, and which it is hoped will effect still greater good in the line of its fundamental objects, as the years roll on. The winter rehearsals are now on and honorary members, who have the right to attend the practices—would enjoy them just as much as active members. The fees for membership are light being only \$2 for gentlemen, \$1 for ladies and \$1 for honorary members. I certainly think the society has well earned the right to public patronage and liberal consideration.

Mr. James S. Ford, organist of St. John's (stone) church is again in our midst, having returned a few days ago from his holiday trip to England. Musical distinction has been conferred on him during his absence, in his appointment as local secretary of his Alma Mater, that is, Trinity College, London.

Tones and Undertones.

There will be no Bayreuth performance in 1895.

Camille D'Arville has a breach of contract suit on hand.

Maria Tempest says "woman's greatest blessing is healthful ancestry."

W. S. Gilbert's new opera will be produced in London October 13th.

The 1000th performance of Gounod's "Faust" will take place next November at the Paris grand opera.

It is said that Adele Ritchie, who has left the Francis Wilson Opera company, has "an enlarged eranium."

Queen Margherita of Italy has composed a "Hymn on Death." "Not a lively subject," says a Boston paper.

Juliette Cordon has been engaged to create the role of Janet in DeKoven and Smith's new opera, "Rob Roy."

"Navarraise" will not be heard in Paris until October, 1895, by which time it is likely Massenet will have completed his new opera "Griseldis."

During the coming season of the Symphony Concerts in Boston among the novelties will be Svendsen's "Carnival at Paris" and Anber's overture "La Part du Diable."

A musical organization is about being formed in Boston for the exclusive produc-

tion of one act operettas. These works have heretofore been much neglected by managers.

The librettist of the opera "Athena" is John O'Keefe, a Boston man, who at an early age became a protegee of the late John Boyle O'Reilly. The opera was produced in Chicago on the 11th inst.

Whitney Mockridge, the American tenor, has been engaged to create a part in Dvorok's "Spectre Bride," at the Crystal Palace, November 10th. Mr. Mockridge has sung this part in America.

Mlle. Jadu, the famous French comic opera singer, who now-a-days bathes in a solid silver bath-tub, was born in 1859, and began life as a washerwoman. Her rival, Mlle. Theo, was born in 1849.

A Mr. William Warren who recently made his debut as tenor with the Travary opera company, in "I Pagliacci" is really Mr. William Warren Shaw, a Harvard graduate, and a native of Providence, R. I.

The difference between Germany and Italy is illustrated by the fact that while Germans hear every Italian opera of merit, the musical centre of Italy has never yet heard a performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio."

From the latest advices it appears that Madame Calve, the famous prima donna, is suffering from a grievous malady—said to be cancer—and though several operations have recently been performed the surgeons hold out little hope that the life of the famous singer can be spared for any length of time.

During the season of 1894-95 the Handel and Haydn society, of Boston, will sing "The Messiah" (twice), Bach's "Passion according to Matthew," "Israel in Egypt," and a new oratorio entitled "The Life of Man." This latter is by J. C. D. Parker. The libretto starts with the Creation and winds up with the Resurrection, covering the whole biblical story. This will be given on Easter Sunday and will occupy about two hours.

Madame Fursch Madi, the prima donna, and one of the best among the dramatic singers of the day, died at Warrenton, N. J., on the 21st inst. Mme. Madi was a native of France and 45 years of age. Her death which was somewhat unexpected, was caused by cancer of the stomach. She made her first appearance in America at the Academy of Music, New York, about 14 years ago and under the management of Col. Mapleson.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mlle. Rhea and her excellent company who closed their engagement here last Saturday evening, it is stated, had an unremunerative season in this city. While there are many causes which suggest themselves to the mind in the endeavor to account for this, the engagement of this very clever actress Mlle. Rhea is not the first or only time a competent company has played here to indifferent business, nor will it be the last time either, nor is it any indication that St. John is a poor show town.

There are many persons who appreciate none but the very best works of the best dramatic authors and they resent what they often designate, and not incorrectly either, "trashy" plays; but the fact remains that the public will have what the public wants and there is no use in fighting against it. If the public wants farce comedy then that is just the material that must be supplied. The sad will cure itself in due course and already there seems to be a revival of the old time and standard plays and a desire for them manifesting itself throughout the land. There is no doubt whatever that Mlle. Rhea is the most capable actress that has appeared in this city since the Opera house was opened. Her talent is admitted and her supporting company is also beyond the average company selected for support by a star. Mlle. Rhea is herself different from the generality of star actresses inasmuch as she evidently delights in the success of any of her company and they individually reciprocate and esteem her most highly. Those who had the good fortune to witness any of the plays she gave while here will remember with pleasure her artistic work. Her "Galatea" was a beautiful conception and her "Camille," great impersonation that it was, not only will be always remembered but it will be the standard by which the work of any other essaying that role in this city will hereafter be measured. Mlle. Rhea justly merited every word of praise bestowed on her work. She is an artiste.

Sardou has an annual income of nearly \$150,000.

Jeanette St. Henry has been engaged for the Pauline Hall Opera company. She has been with DeWolf Hopper for a couple of years.

James O'Neill will appear principally in a great scenic production of "Virginius" this season. He will retain "Monte Christo" in which he made much success.

During the coming winter Miss Ada Rehan will play the leading part in a new play entitled "Gossip" recently purchased by Augustin Daly from Clyde Fitch.

Oscar Wilde has just finished a new play. He says it concerns itself with no social

problem; that it is simply a play in a light vein and that he has put into it all of his best work.

The production of "Clanarchy" by the Kendalls this season will be an exact replica of the way the play was mounted at the St. James theatre, London. They will produce also a new comedy called "A Political Woman."

W. S. Harkins is specially mentioned for excellent work in the leading role in "Darkest Russia," at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston. Miss Selma Herman, the leading lady of the company, is also highly complimented.

Sarah Bernhardt and her company are enthusiastic over Sardou's new play "La Duchesse d'Athenes." Sarah's part is that of a regent finally put to death by her nephew and it is said to rival in dramatic scope and power the best of her other roles.

Miss Georgia Cayvan, it is reported, will star next season under the management of Daniel Frohman. She is at present with the Lyceum Company at St. Louis. It is also said she is anxious to appear in several pieces which are unsuitable for production upon the stage at the Lyceum theatre, New York.

Augustin Daly will fight the case of Henry W. Elliott, the English property man who was arrested in New York last week, for breach of the alien labor laws. Messrs. Foster and Steiner are Mr. Daly's lawyers. Mr. Daly claims that Elliott was in the United States a fortnight before he was engaged for Daly's theatre.

Miss Ada Rehan's appearance as a "star" began most auspiciously at the Hollis street theatre, Boston, last Monday evening. The opening play of her season was "The Last Word." During this first week she also appears in "School for Scandal" and "Twelfth Night." Next week the plays will be "Love on Crutches," "As You Like It," and "Taming the Shrew." Mr. Augustin Daly is giving the venture his personal management.

Miss Madeline Shirley, a very shapely young woman, who came to the United States about a year ago and was then under study for Lillian Russell, was recently concerned in an unique exhibition in the civil court at 23rd street and 2nd avenue, New York. She was sued for the price of two pairs of theatrical boots, which did not fit, and, to exhibit the fact of their being badly made, she put them on and exhibited their defects in court. She insisted they spoiled "the shape of her leg and that they were big enough for an elephant." The justice made a sure examination and said to her, "they are very plainly too large for you."

A GRATEFUL GIRL.

The Experience of a Young Lady in Montreal who Expected to Die—How her Life Was Saved.

(From La Patrie, Montreal.)

The full duty of a newspaper is not simply to convey news to its readers, but to give such information as will be of value to them in all walks of life, and this, we take it, includes the publication of such evidence as will warn those who may unfortunately be in poor health giving a fair trial to the remedy that has proved of lasting benefit to others. La Patrie having heard of the cure of a young lady living at 147 St. Charles Borromeo Street, of more than ordinary interest, determined to make an investigation of the case with a view to giving its readers the particulars. The reporter's knock at the door was answered by a young person neatly dressed, and showing all the appearance of good health.

"I came to enquire," said the reporter, "concerning the young lady cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"In that case it must be myself," said the young girl smiling, "for I have been very sick and laid up with heart disease, and some months ago thought I would soon sleep in Cote des Neiges cemetery. Won't you come in and sit down and I will tell you all about it?"

The young girl, whose name is Adrienne Sauve, is about 19 years of age. She stated that some years ago she became ill, and gradually the disease took an alarming character. She was pale and listless, her blood was thin and watery, she could not walk fast, could not climb a stair, or do in fact any work requiring exertion. Her heart troubled her so much and the palpitations were so violent as to frequently prevent her from sleeping at night, her lips were blue and bloodless, and she was subject to extremely severe headaches. Her condition made her very unhappy, for, being an orphan, she wanted to be of help to the relations with whom she lived, but instead was becoming an incubation. Having read of the wonders worked by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Sauve determined to give them a trial. After using one or two boxes she began to revive somewhat and felt stronger than before. She slept better, the color began to return to her cheeks, and a new light shone in her eyes.

This encouraged her so much that she determined to continue the treatment, and soon the heart palpitations and spasms which had made her life miserable passed away, and she was able to assist once more in the household labor. Today she feels as young and as cheerful as any other young and healthy girl of her age. She is very thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her, and feels that she cannot too highly praise that marvellous remedy. Indeed her case points a means of rescue to all other young girls who find that health's roses have flown from their cheeks, or who are tired on slight exertion, subject to fits of nervousness, headaches and palpitation of the heart. In all such cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Rose might smell as sweet, but a definition would be more heavy.

What is in a name? asked the poet of old. A name could have enlighten'd him. They say that the goods sold by a house with an established name are infinitely less deteriorated than those nameless articles bought in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.



This illustration represents a very attractive pocket pin cushion. Ask your grocer for one.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

FALL AND WINTER Millinery Opening



Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th, when we will show the latest novelties in

Trimmed Hats Toques and Bonnets, from Paris, London and New York. Ladies are cordially invited.

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

A Cruel Surprise.

When the gentleman at the desk had attended to the cases of various applicants, he turned to a pleasant faced, well dressed man who was patiently awaiting his chance to get in.

"Well," he said to him, with a smile, "what can I do for you to-day?"

"Nothing," was the quiet response. "Ah, that's pleasant; everybody seems to want some sort of a favor. Come in and sit down; you are a relief."

The pleasant faced man bowed and accepted the invitation. "On the other hand," he said, when he was comfortably fixed, "I want to give you something."

"That's nicer than ever," smiled the host. "I've heard that it was better to give than to receive; but I've never had much chance to try both."

The visitor took a book out of his pocket. "I want to give you," he said, bowing again, "an opportunity to put your name down for the finest work ever sent out by any publishing firm in— But he never finished the sentence.

A BIG CHANCE.

For Some Years Back John Riley Didn't Work on his Farm—He Does Now—The Reason why.

MILVERTON, Sept. 24.—John Riley, a farmer living near here, is able to do his farm work right along now, something he could not do for years. The reason was he had had a bad form of kidney disease which set in about ten years ago and gradually grew worse. Lately Mr. Riley was at times unable to lie in bed or to stoop to the ground because of his kidney troubles. Now he can rake hay in the meadows, follow a plough or handle a reaper with any man in the country. The cause of the wonderful change is nothing more than Dodd's Kidney Pills. Four boxes effected a complete cure of Mr. Riley's kidney disease. These pills always cure.

It Counted Six Runs.

One of the best hits with a cricket bat was that recently made at Thornton Heath, Eng. During a match a batsman struck a ball a fair smasher—over the railway line it flew, watched by all eyes, and "boundary" was shouted. The ball could not be found, although the whole field hunted for an hour. Eventually it was discovered at Brighton forty-four miles away. During the passing of a train the hit was made, and the ball fell into a truck, and was thus conveyed to the seaside.

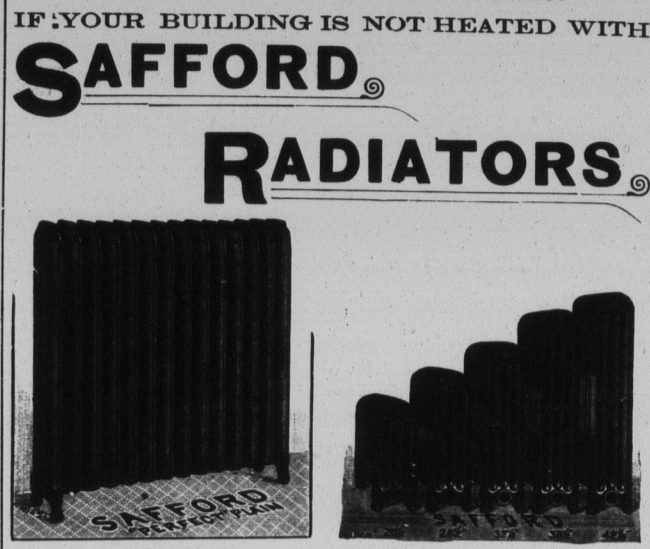
Forrestalled.

Mrs. Cowhigger: "I bought a necktie here yesterday, and the one you sent home wasn't anything like it." Haberdasher: "The one we sent, madam, was picked out by your husband a month ago in case you ever bought him one."

German Friend.—"De picture you haf just bainted as most pitiful; dere is only von vord in the English language vich describes it, and I haf forgotten it."

YOU Don't know anything about a case!

Home Comforts in Cold Weather IF YOUR BUILDING IS NOT HEATED WITH SAFFORD RADIATORS.



NO Bolts, Packing, Leaky Joints. ALL Tested to 160 lbs Fully Guaranteed. Made by Intelligent Labor.

Use these RADIATORS and save your Carpets and Ceilings. The Highest Award at the Toronto Exhibition, 1894.

For sale to the trade only by

W. A. MACLAUGHLAN, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces: 51 Dock Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

Two Great Shows

—IN—

Halifax

—AND—

Charlottetown

Will be seen by tens of thousands of people next week. Do not fail to inspect the splendid exhibit of Carriages in both places that will be made by JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS.



ENGRAVING. "PROGRES" ENGRAVING BUREAU ST. JOHN, N. B.



Social and Personal.

"MEAT AND MORALS."

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Only One Dollar. BEST FOUNTAIN SYRINGE. WORTH \$1.75 EACH.

Rubber Sheeting. All Widths, Best Quality, Lowest Price.

American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, South Side King Square, North End.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. G. SCOVILL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

E. G. SCOVILL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John.

Just Received. Granite and White Agate Ware. A fine assortment of GRANITE and WHITE AGATE WARE.

Preserve Kettles, Tea Kettles, Saucepans, Tea and Coffee Pots, And many other useful articles too numerous to mention.

Sheraton & Whittaker. P. S. Call and see "OUR OWN" Cook Stove for \$14.00.

LADIES Living out of the City should send to us for Samples of our NEW AUTUMN AND WINTER Dress Materials and Jacket Cloths

WE ARE ALSO SHOWING SPECIAL VALUES IN Navy Blue and Black Wool Storm Serges.

These goods are warranted to hold their color and withstand the rain and fog.

S.C. PORTER, 11 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Mr. George Sanderson and family have removed to Woodstock, where they will make their future home.

A quiet wedding took place in Trinity church on Wednesday morning, when Mr. James Eaton and Miss E. Wilson, daughter of Mr. William Wilson, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Mrs. H. C. Lawton, of Washington, D. C., is here on a visit to friends.

Mrs. J. E. E. Dickson, who has been in the city for a few days, returned to Montreal on Tuesday.

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Day by day it is becoming more apparent that improperly prepared food has a pernicious influence upon all classes through all the various relations of life, and that good cookery is a power which should be recognized and acknowledged by all, for we believe in the intimate relation between what a bright woman called "Meat and Morals."

But it is impossible to have good cookery without good and pure materials. If Spices or Flavoring are required in any of your cookery use only our Absolutely Pure Spices, C. Tartar and Flavorings. They are the purest and strongest, and will give you the best possible results.

Ask your Grocer for them and insist upon having them. DEARBORN & CO.

PERFUMES. HAIR GOODS. TOILET WATERS. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

VISIT

J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

HOT or CLOD, WHICH?

If YOU want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety of Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

ADVERTISE IN "PROGRESS." IT BRINGS RESULTS. IT REACHES THE HOMES.

FRUIT. CHOICE PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS AND GRAPES AT BONNELL'S GROCERY, 200 UNION ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

New Dress Materials. Covert Cloths, Heather Suitings, Tweed Mixtures, Mixed Cheviots, Satin Cloths, Amazon Cloths, Shot Serges, Trimmings. Im. Beaver Edgings, 1 and 2 inch. Narrow Jet Insertions, Mohair Braids, Shot Felvets, Velveteens, Moire Silks, Moire Velvets.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON'S, Cor. Charlotte & Union Sts.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



ST. STEPHEN AND CALLIERS.

[P]rogress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Percy Lord on Saturday invited a party of ladies and gentlemen to enjoy a boat-ride to Oak Haven...

Sept. 26.—The moonlight excursion took place on Tuesday evening...

Sept. 26.—The children's dance at Mrs. Frederic Hamm's, on Thursday evening...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. E. Blair gave one of her enjoyable whist parties on Monday evening...

Sept. 26.—Miss Isobel King has gone to Boston to enter upon a course of kindergarten training...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. R. D. Ross and Mrs. James McWha have returned from their vacation...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Frank Gray and Miss Jennie Clark, of Hamilton, are visiting their friends...

Sept. 26.—Lady Tilly went to day here to visit her sister, Mrs. Howland...

Sept. 26.—Miss Beattie Newbath spent a few days here, the guest of Mrs. Newbath...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Waterbury spent Sunday in St. Andrews, with her sister, Mrs. Dorell Grimmer...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Henry D. Pike has gone to Baltimore, Md., to visit relatives for several weeks...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Chas. of Indian Island, in the guest of her friend, Mrs. John Smith...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Frederick T. Pote has gone to Boston and New York for a fortnight's visit...

Sept. 26.—Miss Gertrude Eaton is in Fredericton, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Fred E. Edgewood...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Irene Nickerson left on Monday for Boston, where she will spend several weeks...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Fred March, Mrs. Ted and Mrs. Carrie Porter have returned from a delightful visit in Woodstock...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. James Mitchell is this evening entertaining a party of friends at her residence...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. and Mr. W. F. Todd are visiting St. John this week...

Sept. 26.—Miss Waters, who has been the guest of her friend, Miss May Quinn, has returned to her home in St. John...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Albert Sawyer has returned from a short but pleasant visit in St. John...

MONROE.

[P]rogress is for sale in Monroeton at the Monroeton Bookstore...

Sept. 26.—The banter held in the Metropolitan Hotel by the ladies of the St. Bernard's Roman Catholic church closed last evening after a most successful two weeks...

Sept. 26.—Miss Fleming, of Newcastle, who has been spending the greater part of the summer with friends in St. John...

Sept. 26.—Miss Thomson, of Sussex, spent a few days this week with Mrs. Frank McCully, Bonassord street...

Sept. 26.—Miss Currie, of St. John, is in town visiting Miss Ada Milliken...

Sept. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Thorne, of St. John, spent Sunday in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Marini...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Harry DeForest and baby, of St. John, who have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. John Harris, Alms street...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. J. A. Wright and children, of Salisbury, are in town the guests of Mrs. Elliot, Botsford street...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Osgood, accompanied by Miss Thomson, left last week for New York, where they will spend the winter...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Holman, of St. John, spent a few days in town with Mrs. T. P. Williams, Harris Avenue...

Sept. 26.—Miss Merrill, of Minneapolis, is in the city, the guest of her cousin, Miss Emma Marks, Botsford street...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Williston, of Halifax, was in town last week, visiting her brother, Mr. Harry Williams, Fleet street...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Dore, of Windsor, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Waits, Alms street...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Lindsey, of the Victoria Hotel, is in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ernest Givan, King street...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. C. J. Richter is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. C. Patterson, at Truro...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. W. F. Hicks and Miss Kate Lawrence, are visiting friends in Halifax...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. J. P. McLaughlin, of Fairville, St. John, is visiting Miss Sefton, Bonassord street...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. E. C. Jones and Miss Mabel are in Charlottetown, visiting Mrs. W. T. Huggan...

Sept. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. James McKenzie crossed on Monday to P. E. I., to attend the exhibition...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. Simpson McGee, of Dalhousie, spent a day in town last week, the guest of Mrs. T. Connacher...

Sept. 26.—Mrs. C. Robinson, who spent part of the summer in Campbellton, returned last week to her home in Brampton, Ont.

Sept. 26.—Mrs. E. A. Smith, of St. John, was in town for several days, and stayed at the Lansdowne...

MOYTON.

[P]rogress is for sale in Moyton at the Moyton Bookstore...

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, REFINED FINISH and moderate prices, combine to make these PHOTOS the most satisfactory in St. John today.

HAROLD CLIMO, 85 Germain Street.

SACKVILLE. [P]rogress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Bookstore...

Sept. 26.—A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday morning last at the residence of Mr. J. R. Ayer...

Sept. 26.—The bride and groom were Mr. Fred Gavin Ralston. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Wm. Harrison...

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J. T. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER, 20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

Puttner's Emulsion PREVENTS CONSUMPTION. Cures Consumption in its early stages. Prolongs life in the advanced stages of Consumption.

Lorimer's Pepsin Sauce. For use with Chops, Steaks, Fish Cutlets, Gravies, &c., &c.

M. F. EAGAR, HALIFAX, N. S. Mortgagee's Sale. There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner...

ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 15 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel. Thursday Excursions.

THE STEAMER 'CLIFTON' Will leave on Wednesday every THURSDAY morning at 9 o'clock (weather permitting) for Hampton.

CONSUMPTION. Valuable treatment and two bottles of medicine sent free to any sufferer.

T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE. CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

PHOTODUPLICATIONS. A new process of photographic reproduction...

HARBOUR.

SEPT. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey left on Friday on a short visit to Nova Scotia.

CAMPBELLTON.

[P]rogress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesaler and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.

FREDERICTON.

[P]rogress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Feeney and J. H. Hawthorne.

SALISBURY.

SEPT. 26.—The Misses Troy and Miss Alma Wilson of St. John are visiting Miss Laura Cranall...







A TOLL-BRIDGE TALE.

"Abigail, thy father's joy," my mother said one morning, smoothing my hair that vexes me so sorely, for it will never lie smooth as a decorous maiden's should. I felt a bitter pang in my heart when she repeated the meaning of my name, for I knew full well that between my father and me a coldness was growing. Sad that it should be so in such troublous times, and after all my fifteen years of love and reverence. Yet, even my mother, though she always saith women should only think as the men folk direct, is in sympathy with our adopted country. Not my adopted country, for I was born in this dear land, and every breath I draw now is a prayer for her safety and triumph. Freedom is in the air here in this refuge for oppressed people. Have I not heard of Polish exiles in Dresden, and of French protestants seeking refuge in the same quaint town, and I am not so young but that I can see far ahead in the coming years and know that people from every country will turn their weary feet to this safe asylum.

I am old beyond my years, and I listen to the passers on the bridge when they talk to father or mother, when they take the toll, and I know these are dangerous days. I think long thoughts that keep me awake till cockcrow many a morning.

My father looked at me keenly the other day and saith I am so quiet and sad I have lost all my childhood.

So this year of our Lord 1775, in the fair month of June, even our quiet town is bewildered and terrified by strange news from Boston, brought by the ships that sail up the wide Sheepscot to beautiful Westport, ten miles away. Our river, known as the Nequasset, is divided from the Sheepscot by a long island running away to the sea, but in places the land is low, and from our bridge I can see the masts of the ships and their white topsails, as they glide onward to the town. It seems a link to me with that mysterious world outside. When the tide runs up the Sheepscot, it runs down our river, that is navigable only for small boats, skows, or moving lumber rafts, and is beset with eddies and whirlpools. Our home is in a slightly place, surrounded by fair, green woods, close to the rippling stream, and on either side, the winding road goes into a forest that seemeth to me a very path into fairyland. It is shady and still, except for the song of birds, the murmur of the brooks, and the soft sigh of the pines. Ferns grow high all around, wild flowers nod in the breeze, and long rows of golden-rod bend their soldierly heads before the sun. Over our cottage a woodbine grows that almost covereth our porch, and through my father is never tired of telling of that beautiful England, I know my home is dearer to me. Once in unseemly anger I said to my father:

"If England be so much fairer and more glorious than our land why came you here at all?" To turn his hot, quick anger, my mother saith, "My child, that was not courteous," and (with a sigh) "one must live, and it is over-crowded there."

"Then," persisted I, "surely to the country that gives so dear a home as ours and room to live and be happy, should not my father give his strength and arm?" should he not become one of her defenders, keeping her freedom, helping to relieve her from previous tax and the rule of a king who only wants our gold?"

And for that speech was I forbid to go to Westport again, or to the village, and my father said sternly:

"Thou hast traitor blood in thy veins; well for thee thou art not a lad."

"If I were," I cried, "I would be a soldier, and fight for our land. I would be in Boston now, eager to show I was an American, not a Britisher."

Verily but for mother's interference my father would have boxed my ears, but from that time his love for me is changed. He looks at me darkly, seldom ventures a caress, and my mother weeps often.

On the 20th of June my father and mother were summoned some fifteen miles down the island, to my Cousin Richard's home. He came from England with my father, and is now on his death-bed. He too, is a Tory, and is greatly attached to my father. I have been often left alone and I fear not. My mother kissed me tenderly when she stepped in the shay; how fair and sweet she is, nothing will change her love, but my father looked at me coldly.

"You will remain in the house, Abigail," he saith, "nor spend your time in idle converse with other silly maids. Thy mother has set thee tasks, see to it that thou art not idle."

He kissed me, but without affection, and mine eyes were so dim with tears I could not see his face. As I turned to go he called me back. He held my arm in so tight a grasp I must have screamed with pain, had I not been full of the spirit of our age, when even maids were possessed to be brave.

"Hast thou ever heard at night passers on the bridge, the clatter of many hoofs?" "I am not deaf, father, and surely so good a company of cavaliers passing would awake any one."

"Hast thou told of their coming?" "You forbid me to go to the village, father; who indeed should I tell?" "See that thou art silent for thy life," he said sternly, "and tell them I was summoned out to my cousin's death-bed, or I

would have kept at my post. Be prudent, for a prattling maid is a scourge to any respectable household."

They drove on, leaving me with flushed cheeks and rebellious eyes. As I went back I lifted the cat and held her to my face; there were tears on her grey fur.

"Maltese Matty," I cried, "because your ancestors came from England, do you love the bad King George? Are you not an American cat?"

I laid her on the cushion and went within, where the cool, dark room soothed me. Over our home is the spell of my mother's exquisite neatness. Our floors fairly shine, our mahogany furniture, brought from England, has a bright polish, and our windows are full of flowers, while folks say our mother's china is among the rarest in America. I tiptoed to the high mantel, to the long mirror, and pushing aside the brass candle-sticks, saw a round, rosy face, bright brown eyes, a pouting mouth and curly, rebellious hair.

"For a traitor maid you are rather well favored, Abigail," I said aloud, and then I blushed guiltily at my vanity and put the candlesticks back. Never until a month gone had I thought of my looks at all, and why I did now was that our nearest neighbor's son, John Gardiner Todd, the big, ungainly boy of Captain Todd, went on a voyage to Boston with his father, and told when he returned that I was as fair as Boston girls.

I put on my pink and blue flowered gown—and my mother fashions my clothing so neatly I am the best gowned of all the maids in the village, nor does it vex me to know it. Though my father says I gawk at the other maids all the time in church, how can he see when my bonnet hides my face? The world is so beautiful, why should not we who are made to love color and brightness have it about us?

I took my wheel and went out on the porch under the vines where Maltese Matty lay at my feet. Whir, whir, whir, went my wheel and twitter, twitter, echoed the birds in the old elm by the roadside, while the river danced and murmured in the sunlight. Now and then a passer called me to the bridge to gather toll, which I carefully hid away for fear of thieves. As I there heard a strange shadow darkened the door, and then there came John Gardiner Todd, the ungainly son of our neighbor.

"Well, Miss Tory, you seem to be all alone," he said, picking up the cat and sitting down on the step. "I did not ask you in," I cried angrily.

"No; but this is a free country," he answered. I saw that his voyage had bronzed him greatly, making a strange contrast with his fair hair and blue eyes. He is so big he seems to dwarf our very house. He hath outgrown his strength, his mother saith, for he is only in his eighteenth birthday.

"I must work," I said ungraciously. "The proper thing for silly maids."

So my wheel goes with a whirr, and the birds and the river sounds not an unpleasant rhyme as he sings.

Suddenly he stops and looks tame. "If you were not a Tory maid," then checks himself.

"Why?" I asked quickly. "You might help the country that gave you a home. For whatever your father saith, he ill-fared in England, where some great lord cheated him out of all his property. Surely he should have no love for kings."

"You know I told thy mother how my heart is," I said anxiously. "Oh, forget my father, my idle talk. John let me, a weak maid, if I may, help my dear land. I never had ambition to be great and beautiful as noble ladies are, but when I read of Joan of Arc my cheeks burn, my heart beats fast, and I cry if only like her I could do something to help a mighty cause."

"Women and girls cannot be trusted," he sighed; "it is not their nature."

Again I grew angry and would not speak. "But," he said slowly, as he rose to his full height and laid his great hand on my wheel to stop its noise, "there is a story that the Britishers have been landing arms on the island, and the cavaliers that gallop across the bridge of nights go to meetings there, and now this very night they are to move the ammunition and arms inland to secure hiding places. At 12, under a strong guard, the wagons will cross this bridge, and we cannot prevent, for they outnumber us three to one, and have all roads well patrolled."

"Well, what can I do?" "Nothing, if thy father is at home, for he is a Tory. If he were one of us we would cut the draw before they pass. Couldst thou persuade him?"

"As well move that old boulder in the river."

"There is naught, then, but patience," he said sadly, and went away, not knowing my father was from home and should tell me I being at home, and should talk to my gentle and kind in his speech that I could not resist saying:

"You are very careful of a Tory maid, John."

"A Whig heroine," he answered; "and some day that deed will be known, and people will praise you far and near. I being so delighted with his praise alone, said nothing at all."

At me, what dreary days followed, for though my father proved his innocence that night and his absence, Tory influence took the place of toll-keeper away and we lost our happy home. He suspected me, though he said naught, but often looked at me with frowning brow. When war was upon us he went and joined the British army to fight against the land that treated him so well, yet as I grow older I can understand his loyalty to the king. It was early taught him, and there was something brave and honorable in his faith to his home country in the face of the bitter hatred of his neighbors and friends.

When he was gone Mrs. Todd was very good to my mother and me, but her neighbors disliking my father so intensely—we should have gone hungry many a day. There was one Sabbath at out that was a great pleasure to me to have done a brave deed for we were almost persecuted by our neighbors then, for the Americans were victorious. It was after the service, as the folks were about to go, when Mrs. Todd rose in her place, a most uncommon thing for a lady to do, and she told in a meeting. She said would they listen a few moments to the story of a noble maid, and then went on and told how I opened the draw-bridge that night, and all the events

were impossible; the watcher beyond the bridge would stop my path. I sat down helplessly, my heart beating fast.

How still the night was and so dark. It seems some rode on the bridge and the draw lay open, would be not down in the deep black water between where the tide swirled and roared?

Would I not be a murderer? But, cried my heart, horses see in the night. I have been told in the French and Indian wars the sagacity of these noble beasts saved many lives by knowing the presence of lurking foes in the forests.

I am so weak, I said, and if the draw lay open would the Whigs know enough to seize the arms on the island? But again my heart said, they are eagerly watching for some ray of hope, and they would value the arms in their impoverished condition. Can they not cross the river first, having the boats and knowing its dangers best, and be safe with their prizes before the Tories can prevent? While I thought I struggled with the machinery and there was a strange fascination in it. The sense of danger it discovered, the joy it I succeeded; the feeling that grown men would praise me, and John be sorry he had called me a Tory maid.

Oh, these heavy bolts, the crank that turned so hard and the creaking sound that might tell the watcher beyond the bridge and make him send a bullet at any moment. Suddenly, with a quick snap, I put on my pink and blue flowered gown—and my mother fashions my clothing so neatly I am the best gowned of all the maids in the village, nor does it vex me to know it. Though my father says I gawk at the other maids all the time in church, how can he see when my bonnet hides my face? The world is so beautiful, why should not we who are made to love color and brightness have it about us?

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of my escape from death. I had hardened my heart from pride, and bore our neighbors' coldness in silence, carrying my head very high, but now as on each face came an expression of tender pity and praise, my heart softened and my lips trembled.

"See, on her hands are the scars yet," cried Mrs. Todd, drawing me to her, and of a truth they were and will be all my life, but the one who loves me best says they are noble wounds, like a soldier's in battle, and I am so glad time has not erased them.

Down the pulpit stairs came the old minister and blessed me, kindly patting my shoulder, while my mother wept, and the people cheered me. There were many soldiers present that night I remember, and Captain Todd, looking very grand in his uniform, gave me his arm. I was glad John was not there, for he was away fighting for his country. I should have died of shame under his eyes. As I left the church an aged man, too old for war, and he was very old, for men needed no urging to obey the battle call in those days, came to me and took my hand.

"Let me kiss the hand of a brave woman," he said, "I am glad I have lived this long—90 years—for I have seen a true daughter of America."

Then I too wept, and leaning on the captain's arm, went to our home, where never again poverty threatened us or unknown shames awaited our days.

Soon, however, grief came, for my father returned sorely wounded, and died in my mother's arms, his hand in mine, forgiving me all, even though I told him tearfully of the bridge.

"Thou art a brave maid," he said, "of the new generation. I am of the old. I only knew but to fight for my king in blind faith. I could not learn the lesson of freedom, but I am glad others can, and that thou and thy children will live in a happier world than mine has been."

Such dear lovers had they been, my father and mother, that she followed him in a week, dying so painlessly, so happily, that I thought her only asleep.

"Peop'le do die of broken hearts," said Mrs. Todd at my mother's coffin. "Abigail, do not wish her back. They are together."

How dreary my home was now, and the time so long. I tried to keep things as they would have had them, and taught a little school in our sitting room where our old furniture was. Round childish faces saw themselves mirrored in the shining mahogany dresser, bright young eyes gazed in awe at the pretty china, or watched with eagerness the solemn-faced old clock that pointed to the hour to escape from tasks, and dimpled childish lips rippled into decorous laughter when Maltese Matty, such an old, old cat, crept slyly into the forbidden precincts of the old school-room.

As time went on the Todds moved to Boston and I heard seldom from them, but the noble old John, that he was winning his way to a high position, well liked by our great Washington and the other generals. As I grew older, and folks set me down as one who would not marry, for I had refused some offers that meant good homes, they gave me the toll-bridge. Once again I returned to the dear old home, where all grew to look as it did in my childhood. I only missed my mother's soft step and her gentle presence. And my father's chair stood empty. How often I knelt by it and prayed him to forgive me, and rejoiced that at the last he had smiled on me as he had when I was a little child.

So years passed and I was twenty-five, ten years from the time I had opened the bridge and saved the arms to the Whigs. I often thought of it when I walked out to the draw at night and listened to the rippling water, or watched the old man hired to tend it, slowly let the sluggishly-moving rafts go through. I seldom heard from the Todds now, for they were grown old and their children married and gone, and even the little ones I had taught were young men and maidens.

One day, thinking of the past, I strolled to the old mirror over the mantel, remembering my girlish vanity that day so long ago. I was taller now, and could see myself better as I pushed the candlesticks aside. My face was no longer round and rosy, but pale and grave. There were shadows in my eyes, but my hair was rebellious yet and my lips had smiles. Though there had not been much sunshine in my life, I would not let myself grow sad.

I sighed at the change and took my wheel out on the vine-shaded porch. I had recalled old times as I looked at a demure descendant of Maltese Matty playing with my yarn. Mingling with the rippling of the river, the song of birds, the whir of the wheels, I heard the sound of coming horse's hoofs. I waited until the traveller should reach the bridge, but no, he stopped his horse on the turf. Then there was a firm step on the gravel walk, a shadow the glitter of a uniform, a strange, bearded face with a familiar eye. I heard a voice that had been ringing in my heart all the long, long time, say:

"These weary years I have worked to be worthy of you, Abigail; am I too late?" I stammered and blushed, but soon he knew he was not too late and I was proud and glad he had tried for me a high position, not for liking for that, but that he so loved and respected me. Perhaps I wished I had donned a prettier gown or was a fairer woman, but now I know I was the only one he ever thought beautiful, and as his memory had always been in my heart so had my image been in his. It seemed to me as we walked on the old bridge at twilight that the river rippled a benediction on the future that lay before us.

The Abode of a Minor Prophet. The new minister had arrived at Deacon Clover's house and was to remain a few days. When the evening was far spent, the dominie was escorted to his bedroom by the deacon, who said as he opened the door to the rather small apartment:

"This, Dr. Fourthly, is the prophet's chamber."

"A" replied the clergyman as he surveyed its circumscribed dimensions. "It must have been one of the minor prophets."

Gipsies Should Study Law. Burglar Bill—"These gipsies don't know anything. One of 'em told Gory Gus that he'd die in the gallows."

Dynamite Dan—"Well, didn't he?" Burglar Bill—"Naw. He died of old age while waiting for a new trial."

USE SURPRISE SOAP on Wash Day. Follow the Directions on the Wrapper.

COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL. Prints, Etc., at Great Reductions.

French Dress Sateen, 17c. per yard; Scotch Crepon Zephyr, (Gingham) 25c.; French Colored Lawn for Blouses and Dresses at 25c. per yard. Large assortment of Striped and Checked Gingham for Dresses, 27c. to 40c. French Washing Cretonne from 25c. per yard. Butcher's Linen for Ladies' Costumes (all shades) \$1.25 Cotton Fills for Dresses (all shades) 28c. Light Cotton Challis, 15c. to 18c. per yard. Remnants of Dress Sateen, Gingham and Print, 20 per cent. off and 5 per cent. off for cash.

Hardware Dep't—Novelties, Etc. Granite Ware, Aspinall's Enamel, Wooden " Water Coolers, Iron " Top Filters, Wire Screens for Windows, Wire Dish Covers, Magic Ice Cream Freezers. Complete Stock of Kitchen Utensils, 5 per cent. Discount for Cash.

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

WE LEAD OTHERS TO FOLLOW. TRADE ONLY SUPPLIED. MENZIE TURNER & CO. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS.

YES, I Tell you, Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin, if they use BABY'S OWN SOAP, and don't you forget it and get some cheap substitute.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. STEAMER CLIFTON will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

STEAMERS. Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. Until further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lethbride, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 12 (standard). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. and Portland at 5 p. m. for Eastport and St. John.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock. MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 9 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John. Steamer Albert will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a. m. for Woodstock and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Sunday Reading.

JOE ROGERS' DEATH.

A Tale of the Passing Away of a "Rough Diamond."

"Joe Rogers is dyin'!"

It was near the close of a bright summer's day, the golden sun hung just above the horizon and our long wagon train crept wearily forward, winding like a serpent to avoid some slough or lake.

"Joe Rogers is dyin'!"

Joe Rogers dying? Surely there must be some mistake? we asked of our companions more with our eyes than words.

"Don't worry, ole chap," said Daddy Morrison in a shaking voice, as Joe gasped and struggled for breath.

"Can't I raise ye up a little higher?"

The sick man shook his head. Some one thrust a flask of liquor through the side of the wagon where the canvas had been tied up to enhance the supply of fresh air.

"Not now, not now, Daddy; I've got ter go an' that stuff can't keep me."

He closed his eyes and remained still a short time, so still that Daddy Morrison looked up at the boys with fearful eyes and they asked him quickly: "Is he dead?"

"Not yet," said Joe himself, opening his eyes and smiling a little. "I hain't gone yet. I smell the flowers, an' grasses, an' the perfume of the perary, an' I hear the wild rice a rustlin'—this is the place fur to bury Joe."

"An' the sun's just droppin' down behind the perary swell, hain't it, daddy?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Then take me outen the wagon, boys. I want ter be where I kin see 'em fur the last time. It'll git dark purty soon—yes, awful dark fur me, an' I love the buttes, an' sky, an' birds—the birds is gone now, I 'pose. Hain't none of 'em singin' now round here, is they, boys? Say!"

"Yes, I'll see 'em to-morrow; I'll see 'em an' they'll sing fur Joe. Take me out, boys."

"No. Open that book, Daddy."

Daddy Morrison opened the book unhesitatingly and it parted just at the place a lock of yellow hair was pressed between the leaves.

"What's that, Joe?"

"It was the kid's, Daddy—Joe's kid everybody called her. Ye know I told ye the story. There, let me take it in my hand? Now put the book back an' lay me down an' I'll sleep a little. I'm tired an' my head's all burnin' up. That'll do. Yer awful good ter me, Daddy. I want yer to take my horse an' saddle—only be good ter Prince—mind, Daddy, be good ter him. Good night, ole man."

He fell back on his ruder bed and seemed to doze off into a soft sleep, and Daddy, after covering him with a blanket to ward off the night dews, drew a little to one side where he could watch and be at hand when needed.

After supper one or two of the boys approached noiselessly and lifted the blanket, but Joe appeared to be resting so comfortably they did not arouse him.

The night passed. The gray dawn was filling the east when Daddy Morrison went to Joe's side and raised the covering. Ah, the early morning showed him what the night had failed to disclose—

Joe Rogers was dead.

His face was peaceful, nay, almost smiling, and his cold hands pressed the yellow curl to his silent breast.

IDEALISM.

There Are Far Too Many Gradgrinds in this World.

What is an ideal? I hear asked, while scorn dwells in the eye, and a sneer on the lip of the speaker.

Practical living is enough for me. I don't want anything higher than there is in the bible. I have never found it fail me, never. Anything more is too much. I want nothing ideal. I want the actual, the practical. All right. That is precisely what I want, too. But may I ask, which comes first, the idea, or the act? Which is therefore most important? If we wish to become anything, we form an ideal of what we may be, and strive to make our thoughts suit this ideal, and our acts to be such as will not rouse discord between our ideal self, known only to ourselves, and the actual self, known to others.

We talk of what the 'world will be when the years have died away.' We often look back to the achievement of the past, as only the earnest of what will be in the future, clearly showing we are striving, unconsciously perhaps, to reach an ideal higher than any actual yet attained. Poets speak of 'dreams of what is in store for the race, which is the crown of this material world.'

Pardon my next remark if it seem severe on part of the race. Not all of those who share the human have enough spiritual to form a clear, consistent ideal of conduct, and of those who can, not a few fall through weakness of concentration of purpose and will to embody the ideal which they know, in the actual which others may know. May I go still further, and ask those who are satisfied with the rules of life and living as given in the bible, and of which they think they make so much, if they are content to go through life with knowledge of only part of what is in the bible. Do they realize the fact that the whole race, of which they are only one atom, one unit, is striving to attain to the beauty of ideal human life, as lived by Christ? All the leading thinkers of today recognize the importance of an ideal to which we must attain. One of these thought-chiefs makes the following remark in regard to man's present position in creation:—"No longer driven from below by animal struggle, they are drawn upward from above; no longer compelled by hate or hunger, by rivalry or fear, they feel impelled by love; they realize the dignity reserved for man alone in evolving through ideals."

In studying the above remark we are compelled to note the unnatural position held by many members of the race towards other members, and we are almost overwhelmed with despair as to whether the 'consummation so devoutly to be wished,' can ever be realized. There is so much out of place, and which it seems impossible to 'round into calm,' we may be forgiven for thinking that the closing acts of man will be prolonged for an indefinite period until the wrongs which retard him in his upward strivings are completely eliminated.

"The sense of the whole comes first." Some great thinker made the above profound remark, and I think it most beautifully appropriate here. To those with high ideals of living 'the sense of the whole has come, to be followed by the realization in actual life. That which is best can only be secured by steady effort; if one attempts fails, try again even if along different lines. Every failure brings us just so much nearer success. All the problems now before the people of this time and country will secure solution some day, and I am sure that some of the attempted solutions will fail to 'materialize' because those who attempt, to 'set wrong right proceed in ignorance, willful or otherwise, of most important data. I think it is Lowell who says: 'He's true to God, who's true to

man," and the more I study the sentiment the more heartily do I endorse it. If success does not come, social reformer, see it you yourself are right. "That which is true, followed truly, cannot lead into error," but a half truth in social questions is frequently as pernicious in its effects as a lie.

"LIVING PICTURES."

Their Origin was a Parisian Religious Ceremony.

In the Fall Mall Gazette there recently appeared an article on the historical origin of the "living pictures" which are now all the rage. It isn't likely that the women who get them up, or very many of the persons who go to see them have any idea how extremely illustrious and moral was their beginning.

They were a fourteenth century scheme of decoration, a Paris street adornment in the pageantry that marked the progress of the kings, and usually represented biblical stories, or scenes from the lives of the saints. The Gazette's writer describes their origin to the invention of the duke of Bedford during his regency of France, but they continued in use long after his day.

On a platform one hundred feet long, placed in the street opposite the royal palace, the duke represented with living figures the passion as it is shown on the stone portours of the choir of Notre Dame.

In the reign of the later kings, we are told, the living pictures were the most popular street adornment, and it became customary to build booths for their representation all along the routes of the processions. These pictures, says the writer, would form either a series of scenes telling one story, or the subjects composed would make detached and independent allegories. Sometimes—as in the crucifixion, where a given attitude would be too difficult of performance—wax figures were added to the living groups.

"Every quarter of the town and each corporation was intrusted with the invention and the getting up of some picture," and from the ensuing rivalry most excellent results were obtained. To the sightseer the effect was as if he were passing through a gallery of paintings. Froissart, for instance, tells of a street representation with a blue background constellated with golden stars, and with the Virgin and the Divine Child in the centre surrounded by a choir of angels. Even the Trinity was sometimes shown, and at the entry of Charles VII., in 1437, we are told that the pictures included representations of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles, and, on a two story platform, of the angels' announcement of the nativity to the shepherds of Bethlehem. Opposite this was represented the last judgment, with heaven and hell, and St. Michael in the center weighing souls.

A Native Missionary.

There are numberless faithful and heroic souls who have given or are giving their lives to Christian service, but whose names are not likely to be known in the world save in very narrow circles. Of one such person we have a very brief record from the Marquesas Islands. Mrs. L. Kauwealoa, the wife of the Rev. S. Kauwealoa, both of them native Hawaiians, went with their husband in 1843 to the Marquesas Islands as missionary under the Hawaiian Board to the natives on those cannibal islands, where she labored with her husband for forty years without ever returning to her native land to visit parents or relatives. Part of the time she lived almost alone, separated from her missionary families. Her hands and her heart were occupied with labors for the natives, by whom she was greatly honored and loved. This record of a Hawaiian missionary is to her credit, and not to her only, but also to the race to which she belonged.

Medical Missions and Chinese Women.

Mrs. Van Someren Taylor, who has charge of the women's hospital at Fuh-ning in the Fuh-king province, writes: "Medical missionary work just meets the needs of the women of China—it raises them

up from the level of the brute to that of the human. In studying the above remark we are compelled to note the unnatural position held by many members of the race towards other members, and we are almost overwhelmed with despair as to whether the 'consummation so devoutly to be wished,' can ever be realized. There is so much out of place, and which it seems impossible to 'round into calm,' we may be forgiven for thinking that the closing acts of man will be prolonged for an indefinite period until the wrongs which retard him in his upward strivings are completely eliminated.

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spiritually, physically and morally. How many hearts have been reached through caring for the bodies, how many souls have been won through medical missions, no one will ever know; but the Saviour knew how far-reaching, how great would be the ingathering when he said: "Heal the sick, and say unto them, The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

Messages of Help for the Week.

"This is a day of good tidings." "He that hath an ear let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches."—2 Kings, 7: 9; Rev., 2: 7.

"Denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity." Titus, 2: 12, 13, 14.

"O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God; for our iniquities are increased over our head and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens."—Ezra, 9: 6.

"Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me, and I know that thou hearest me always."—John, 11: 41, 42.

"I have been young and now I am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."—Psalms, 37: 25.

"God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." Psalms, 73: 26.

"Quench not the spirit."—1 Thessalonians, 5: 19.

An Allusion of the Psalmist.

The custom of bottling tears is peculiar to the people of Persia. There it constitutes an important part of the obsequies of the dead. As the mourners are sitting round and weeping the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool or sponge with which to wipe away the tears. The cotton wool or sponge is afterward squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious restorative for those whom every other medicine has failed to revive. It is to this custom that allusion is made in Psalms lvi., 8: "Put thou thy tears into thy bottle."

DIAMOND DYES

Have Established a Wonderful Fame.

AIR: RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

O, dyes, used from ocean to ocean, Ye Diamond Dyes, pure, fast and true! No wonder that female devotion And first thoughts are centred in you. Ye bring, to each home, joy and pleasure, And many a dollar ye save; To every good housewife a treasure, A friend, a companion and slave.

CHORUS: A friend, a companion and slave. A friend, a companion and slave. Diamond Dyes bring to all joy and pleasure, And many a dollar they save.

Diamond Dyes always ready for duty, Working merrily, never tiring; Ye restore to brightness and beauty Each garment soiled, faded and worn. Throughout this extended Dominion, All people have heard of your name, And critics are all of opinion That ye are entitled to fame.

CHORUS: All people have heard of your name, All people have heard of your name, Diamond Dyes in this fair young Dominion, Have established a wonderful fame.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

Has proved by its enormous sale that it is The best value for the Consumer of any soap in the market. Millions of women throughout the world can vouch for this, as it is they who have proved its value. It brings them less labor, greater comfort.

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CHOCOLATES



WORK STARTS AT THE FOUNDATION.

Does Not Give Temporary Relief, But is an Assured System Builder.

Indigestion and All Nervous Disorders Lastingly Cured

Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., Cured by South American Nervine When Everything Else Had Failed.



MR. W. F. BOLGER, RENFREW, ONT.

Many of the remedies now administered are simply appetizers. They are stimulants for the time being. They give temporary strength possibly, but are not system-builders. The constitution that has become run down through trouble, overwork, disease, or from whatever cause, cannot become itself again except where the system of building-up is begun at the foundation. Here it is that marvelous results come from the use of South American Nervine Tonic. Starting from the established scientific fact that the life and healthfulness of every part and organ of the body has its origin in the nerve centers, which are located in the base of the brain, this great discovery, South American Nervine, acts at once upon the nerve centers. It does not serve simply as a soothing draught, or a temporary stimulus to the injured and diseased organs. It gives the needed strength at the nerve centers, and this done, the whole system is toned and built up. Evidence on this point might be presented by the volume. The subjects of such a cure are found all over this fair Dominion. Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., tells us in a letter over his own signature, and dated May 10, that he has been troubled with indigestion of a most aggravated character. Terrible weakness, as well as agonizing suffering followed. South American Nervine was brought under his notice, and he decided on giving it a trial. The result in his own words is this: "I found very great relief from the first couple of bottles; my appetite came back and I soon became strong. I can honestly say that I consider South American Nervine a remarkable medicine. It cured me of my suffering, which seemed incurable, and had baffled all former methods and efforts." Language cannot be too strong or positive when used in setting forth the merits of this remarkable scientific remedy. It has cured many of the most desperate cases of indigestion and nervous diseases in the Dominion. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 1100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St. E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St. A. C. Smith & Co.; 41 Charlotte St.

Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Ext. Cures Colic, Cholera, Cholera-morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and all Summer Complaints of Children or Adults. Price 35 Cts. Beware of Imitations.

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

A FRIEND. Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good." For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take AYER'S PILLS. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective.

REAL. tions. Regular price 25c. Regular price 45c. to 40c. \$1.25 25c. to 18c. per yard. cent. for cash. Etc. Enamel, rollers, Covers, out for Cash. Montreal.

DE ONLY SUPPLIED TO ALL RELIABLE WHOLESALE DEALERS.

Children have a y skin, AP, and get

Manufacturers, MONTREAL.

CLIFTON. Indiantown. Y and SATURDAY. pel Grove, Meas'Glea. Leading, Hampton. Will leave Hampton. for St. John and EARLE, Captain.

Ship Co. counts between Nova ed States. t Time! to 17 Hours.

WEEK. eamers Yarmouth. ill leave Yarmouth riday and Saturday from Halifax. Re- art, Boston, every d Friday at noon. will leave Yar- for Halifax, calling selburne, Lockport, ave Halifax every h and intermediate rmouth for Boston.

ohn every Tuesday outh. aging Director. EAMERS. Woodstock

Weston and Olivette, (except Sunday) at intermediate land- every day (except Summer Abord on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY alternate days at 8 a.

HAIRD, Manager.

CHEERFULNESS IN ART. CHEERFUL PICTURES AS GOOD AS CHEERFUL CARPETS.

How People Who Like Light Colors in Tapestry and Furniture are the Very People Who are On the Lookout for Gloomy Pictures of Death and Dying.

Nothing surprises me more, amongst the many puzzling things in this world, than the extraordinary taste displayed by many people in choosing the pictures which are to adorn their homes, and keep them company for the greater part of their lives!

One would imagine that in selecting such constant companions, any man or woman in their senses would try to secure as cheerful subjects as possible, so as to be surrounded by objects which will help them to feel happy instead of mournful, and serve to dispel, rather than encourage, that most miserable of all ailments, a fit of the blues.

People nearly always choose their carpets with great care, and are particular that the colors shall not only be harmonious, and the design artistic, but that the whole effect shall be attractive and above all cheerful.

In a furniture shop it is the same and one frequently hears the same remark. "I prefer light colors and light wood, they make a room so much more pleasant to sit in, and they are so cheerful," the intending purchaser says.

But when it comes to pictures the difference is surprising and it really seems as if the preference was for the most gloomy specimens of art that could be obtained. Battle pieces, dying gladiators, "Night before the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots," "Death of Early Christian Martyrs," "Hero's Torches," "Lost in the Snow," "Death Scene of Napoleon," signing of numerous death warrants, farewell scenes of every description, and various people's last night on earth, are considered appropriate for the drawing room and general sitting room. For the library, or smoking room, bull fights, hunting scenes, in which the luckless quarry is either just bounding into the air as the bullet strikes it, or else writhing in its last agonies, are chosen, with perhaps a scene in Siberia where one wolf is springing on the back of the leading horse, while the driver is cutting the reins and leaving him to his bitter fate and another occupant of the sledge is in the act of firing on half a score of other wolves that snarl and growl around the terror-stricken women who cower beside him.

In the past, thousands have publicly declared that Paine's Celery Compound delivered them from the terrors and pains of rheumatism and terrible sciatica.

The same work is being done to-day on a vastly more extended scale. Martyrs to rheumatism are throwing aside the deceptive and worthless medicines that have no merit, honesty, or solid standing, and are demanding Paine's Celery Compound from their druggists and dealers.

They see the wonderful results that have come from the use of Paine's Celery Compound to friends, neighbors, and relatives; they also are aware of the encouragement of the sick and suffering comes from some responsible resident of Canada, who can be interviewed or written to.

To-day we give another strong and mighty proof of the never-failing power of Paine's Celery Compound. The letter comes from Mrs. Mary McKillop, of Campbellford, Ont.; she says: "After using your Paine's Celery Compound I am of opinion that I should say something in its favor for the benefit of all who have not given it a trial."

"I was a sufferer from rheumatism for a long time and endured great pain. The cords in the palms of my hands were drawn up in knots and I despaired of getting relief. However, after using Paine's Celery Compound, I have banished all my pains and troubles and find myself strengthened in every way."

"I think Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine in the world for rheumatism and all nervous complaints, and I will always recommend it strongly. I particularly recommend your medicine to all weak and delicate women."

the heartrending scenes many of us actually seek out, and purchase not because we really admire them, but merely because we think they are the proper thing, and show that the person who possesses them has a highly cultivated artistic taste.

There is so much sorrow and suffering in the world, and most of us get a full share of it, that it is a great mistake to surround ourselves with more sad and glooming things than we need. Surely a group of angels or of dancing nymphs is a more cheering sight than a battle scene and a cherub's head by Raphael more elevating than the realism and poor humanity has little enough that is cheerful in its daily outlook, without adding a deeper shade, by feeding the sight with pictured horrors, and images of woe. Of course we must have pictures, but for our own sakes let us have them of a "cheerful pattern."

Constrained to Speak

CONSIDERS IT A DUTY

The Glad Intelligence May Save Many Lives.

Paine's Celery Compound Delivers Mrs. McKillop from the Terrors and Pains of Rheumatism.

The Disease Caused Terrible Agony.

Cords in the Palms of the Hands Drawn up in Knots.

Sufferings and Tortures Ended After the Great Medicine was Used.

Years ago, when a low standard of morals prevailed, the epithet "great" was bestowed upon any monarch who won battles and enlarged the territory and resources of his kingdom. It mattered little then to the historian what might be a king's private character, provided he made his nation formidable by his brute strength and full treasury.

Even if he was a bad man, they eulogized him as a good ruler. Peter I. of Russia is called "Peter the Great," because he transformed a barbarous into a semi-barbarous nation. But no one can now read the following summary of his character without a feeling of disgust.

Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," says that "Peter was half bear and half tiger." Macaulay declares that "to the end of his life he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty, and when he was entertained by other sovereigns never failed to leave unequivocal proof that a savage had been there."

Peter, when the fit was on him, literally camed everybody—from his cook to his counsellor, from the meanest peasant to the highest noble—sparing neither age nor sex. He would get up from the table and flog the host that was entertaining him. He would stand at the door of the senate house and flog each senator that went in. Letort was an intimate and trusted friend, yet on slight provocation he was knocked down and brutally kicked by his imperial master. But all this flogging was in the way of recreation. When Peter "meant business," it was a more serious matter. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless well authenticated that one of his own sisters—it is said more than one—received 100 strokes of the whip on her back in the presence of the whole court.

In 1713 Alexis, his only son who outlived infancy, was for some offense of no great seriousness several times tortured in the presence of the diabolical father and in the end died either from the effect of the torture or by assassination. For sympathizing with Alexis, the Princess Goltzyna, the bosom companion of the Empress Catherine, was publicly whipped by soldiers. For the same reason the brother of his first wife, Eudoxia—who he had thrown into prison—was tortured and then torn in pieces on the wheel. Nothing ever told of Nero is more horribly grotesque than this, yet this man, or monster rather, is paraded before the world as Peter the Great.

"Well, Sam Wing," asked the reporter, "what is your opinion concerning the Chinese-Japanese war?" "Two centee collar, six centee cuff, ten centee shirt," said Sam Wing. Then the reporter went back to the office and wrote up a column interview "with a prominent Chinese citizen."

A RUN ON A BANK. How it was Effectually Stopped by a Well-Planned Bluff.

A man whose hair is now snow-white, and whose activity long ago gave place to the slowness and feebleness of old age, tells a story of how, over thirty years, in fact in fact nearly forty years ago, in the days of the gold fever on the Pacific coast, he stopped a run on a bank by quick-wittedness, nerve and boldness.

"The bank was perfectly solvent," he says, "but one of those wild rumors that used to float over mining towns insisted that I had no gold, and that the deposits could never be made good. The run started one afternoon just before the hour for closing, and it was pretty exciting, I tell you. Those miners were all armed, and they swarmed around the house, swearing, shouting and howling desperately. We continued to pay out money up to the usual hour for closing, and then we stopped. It was just about time to stop, too, for our gold was nearly exhausted."

"We drove the people out of the bank and posted a big notice on the door:—'This bank will open at the usual hour in the morning.' "They cheered at that, but they did not disperse, and leaving an armed guard in the bank I went home to think over some possible way of avoiding a collapse. This was the plan I had to follow: It was a slim chance but my only one. Over in S—, another town, I had another bank, no better off for ready gold than this one. I was interested in a stage line, and among the property which I had acquired in a 'dicker' once was a load of wagon-washers. They were stored over in S—, I set out on horseback at a gallop for S—, had four horses hitched to a stage-coach, filled several gunny-bags with washers and loaded them on the coach. The bluff did not stop there. Inside and on top of the coach I piled half a dozen men armed to the teeth, to guard the immense treasure.

"We went out of S— at a sharp trot before daylight, and arrived at my besieged bank shortly before the time for opening. When the crowd saw the well-filled sacks they cheered like mad, but I did not say a word. I had half the guards clear a passage-way, and then, while the armed men carefully watched the crowd, the sacks of washers were transferred to the vault—it was a brick and sheet-iron affair, on the same floor with the desks—while the crew cheered and cheered.

A MERRY MONARCH. The Cheerful Little Eccentricities of Peter the Great.

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however, he dropped off, and Sir Andrew was asked how he got rid of him. "Oh," said he, "I gave him a broad hint." "A broad hint?" repeated the inquirer. "I thought he was one of those who never could be induced to take one."

"Oh," said Sir Andrew, "he was obliged to take it." For as the chief wadma gang out at the door, I just threw him out of the window!"

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is AYER'S Sarsaparilla Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

THE TOPIC Of the Day! The Exquisite Flavor Of the BLUE CROSS TEA. Note the Blue Cross on every package.

Nerves REGULATE and CONTROL the Brain, the Stomach, the Heart, the Lungs, the Muscles, the Intestines, the Liver and Kidneys. WEAK NERVES ARE MADE STRONG BY HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC. It gives new strength and vigor to Nerves, Brain, Stomach, and Blood, and all weakened organs.

EVERY MOTHER WISHES Her children to be strong and healthy. All doctors agree that the "HEALTH BRAND" Combinations do more than anything else to insure this. Lady Aberdeen writes to us strongly in favor of the Health Brand. Ask your dealer to show you these goods. You will never buy any other after seeing them. THE MONTREAL SILK MILLS CO., Ltd., MONTREAL.

THE YOST WRITING MACHINE. The following are a few of the users of the "Yost" machines, (in the Maritime Provinces) both OLD STYLE, and also No. 1, No. 2 New "Yosts" as well as the No. 4, to any of whom we are pleased to refer as to the satisfaction given by both OLD and new machines:— Manchester, Robertson & Allison, St. John, N. B. J. & A. McMillan, Bookbinders and Publishers, " " Board of Trade, " " Macaulay Bros. & Co., " " Daily "Globe", " " Daily "Record", " " Baker & Belyea, Barristers, " " E. T. C. Knowles, Barrister, " " C. A. Palmer, Barrister, " " Exhibition Association, " " Ruel & Milligan, Barristers, " " E. R. Machum, Insurance Agent, " " Collier & Co., Publishers, " " J. J. McGaffigan, wholesale teas, " " Morley & Haydon, College, " " "Progress", " " Whittaker & Co., Insurance Agents, " " Jas. Domville, Ins. Agent, " " W. D. McAvity, Typewriter & Stenographer, St. John, N. B. Jardine & Co., Grocers, " " Hon. A. G. Blair, Attorney General, " " A. H. Chipman, Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., " " Imperial Trnsts Co., " " Merritt Bros. & Co., Wholesale Grocers, " " T. S. Simms & Co., Broom and Brush Mfrs., " " Hurd Peters, City Engineer, " " Halifax Banking Co., " " H. Chubb & Co., Ins. Agts., " " Cornwall & Tilley, Ins. and Gen. Agents, " " Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, " " "Daily Gazette", " " Municipality of York, " " Fredericton, N. B. Attorney General's Office, " " Provincial Secretary's office, " " Board of Works Office, " " Black & Bliss, " " Queen Hotel, " " City of Fredericton, " " "Herald" Office, " " Wesley VanWart, Q. C., Barrister, " " Geo. F. & A. J. Gregory, Barristers, " " Geo. A. Hughes, " " Chas. E. Duffy, " " Keeley Institute, " " N. B. Telephone Co., " " A. S. Murray, " " L. G. Fenety, " " Wm. Law & Co., " " Yarmouth, N. S. Parker, Eakins & Co., " " E. K. Spinney, " " E. N. Clements, " " T. V. B. Bingay, " " W. F. Kempton, " " Harrington & Chisholm, " " Halifax, N. S. S. E. Whiston (Commercial College), " " J. P. C. Frazee (Commercial College), " " Miss Redman (Mines Office), " " Halifax, N. S. A. M. Hoare, Knowles' Book Store, " " Intercolonial Railway, " " Moncton, N. B. Van Meter, Butcher & Co., " " Clifford W. Robinson, " " R. Barry Smith, " " Allen & Co., " " Dr. F. L. Pedolin, " " Newcastle, N. B. W. S. Loggie, " " Chatham, N. B. J. Fred Benson, " " Hotel Dieu, " " Maritime Sulphite Fibre Co., " " W. A. Russell, " " Shediac, N. B. Miss Keith, (Post office) " " Haveloek, N. B. White, Allison & King, " " Sussex, N. B. George W. Fowler, " " Hillsborough, N. B. Albert Manufacturing Co., " " St. Stephen, N. B. J. T. Whitlock, " " Fred La Forest, Barrister, " " Edmundston, N. B. M. N. Cockburn, Judge of Probate, " " St. Andrews, N. B. Hartley & Carvel, " " Woodstock, N. B. Charles R. Smith & Co., " " Amherst, N. S. Logan & Casey, " " S. D. McLellan, " " Truro, N. S. Snell's Business College, " " C. A. Kent, " " R. B. Murray, " " Springhill, N. S. Gillis & McEachen, " " Sydney, C. B. Dominion Coal Co., " " D. B. Stewart, Ins. Agent, " " Charlottetown, P. E. I. McLeod & McLeod, Barristers, etc, " " Daily "Examiner", " " W. M. Christie, " " Windsor, N. S. Windsor & Annapolis Ry., " " Kentville, N. S. Hon. H. R. Emmerson, " " Dorchester, N. S. And many others. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Building, St. John, N. B. OR THE FOLLOWING AGENTS: Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; VanMeter & Butcher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hoare, Knowles' Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dimsars, Clements-Port, N. S.; D. J. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office, Sidney, C. B.; J. Bryson, Amherst; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Charles Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

If we really must be in the fashion and wear overskirts on our gowns, let us, my dear young friends, consider this question carefully, as the clergymen say, and select the overskirt, which is the least ungraceful of all the very unattractive models which

teries, and making one speculate as to how they can possibly be fastened on. These heavy jewels are seen in all shapes, flat, round, triangular, oval, or in sharply pointed diamond shapes, and they are not only very effective, but also very much



FOR AFTERNOONS AT HOME.

The figure on the right represents a tea jacket of white Japanese crepe with a yoke of lace insertion set over blue silk. The front hangs loose like the back. The central figure is a waist of checked surah in light colors over a black faille skirt. The left figure shows a tea jacket of white pongee with white lace trimming. It is shirred front and back to make it fit the figure. The small figure in the background shows the back of the figure on the left.

have so far been submitted for my approval. I have only seen two overskirts which were at all tolerable and one which was really pretty, and of these the first was the model which is slightly fitted on each hip to show a few inches of the skirt beneath, and the other, the pretty one, was a newer shape, which fell to the foot of the skirt in front and back and is rounded high on the hips, where front and back are joined by a short seam, and gathered nearly to the top of it under a large ornamental buckle. These gathers have the effect of wrinkling the front of the drapery slightly across the top and drawing it well up at the sides in a very graceful manner. Such a model would be very suitable for making up a costume in two different materials, as the sleeves and overskirt could be of some mixed goods and the underskirt and bodice plain.

For the trimmings of all the handsomer autumn fabrics, jet holds as popular a

more durable than the finer trimmings. Deep Vandykes of jet trimmings are greatly used and they come in detachable patterns so as to be suitable for sleeve, cuff, and bodice trimmings, one very fashionable garniture for a handsome bodice being three or four upward turning Vandykes of jet, forming a web of corset around the waist. Sometimes similar Vandykes form a yoke, only in this case they turn down instead of up, and are perhaps of a smaller size than those at the waist. Another effective decoration in jet is a charming little Figaro, or Zouave jacket, formed entirely of jet passmenterie and sparkling with the large jewels I have already described. The jacket seldom extends to the back, forming merely a jacket decoration for the front of the bodice.

A pretty silk blouse for dressy wear, is made of any pretty figured, or even plain silk, and is quite full across the bust with a plain pointed yoke, and trimmed from the



FOR HOME AND VISITING.

The gown on the right is of ivory camel's hair, trimmed on bertha and skirt by black jetted passmenterie. The figure at the left represents a white china silk and lace morning gown, richly trimmed with lace and blue ribbons. The child's frock is of dark blue surah, with white hand embroidery.

place as lace held during the summer; in fact jet is seen everywhere, and sometimes even upon materials to which it scarcely seems suited. The tendency seems to be rather towards large jewel-like effects in the jet garnitures, than [the fine] embroideries of jet beads, so fashionable a few years ago, quite solid, heavy looking stones showing on many of the new passmen-

teries, and making one speculate as to how they can possibly be fastened on. These heavy jewels are seen in all shapes, flat, round, triangular, oval, or in sharply pointed diamond shapes, and they are not only very effective, but also very much

upward turning Vandykes, sewed down closely to keep the fullness in place; deep Vandykes of jet trim the cuffs.

White and yellow, and black and green, are spoken of as the two coming combinations for evening wear this winter; the yellow will be a bright golden, or buttercup, which will show quite clearly beside white, or cream, and the green a bright vivid color slightly darker than pea green, which is always charming with black. Black chiffon with trimmings of green silk will make a most effective combination, and buttercup crepe, or chiffon, will be lovely with white satin.

Black and white will also be used a great deal, partly because it is so economical, and so universally becoming that it can scarcely be dispensed with, and partly because it is still really fashionable.

Turquoise blue and white is another popular combination which is an unmixt blessing for all fair girls, and deep rose pink and black is a boon to the brunette who has not much color. It seems strange to speak of crocheted silk trimmings now-a-days, but it is really "in" again, and a very handsome and rich looking trimming, it is, though it will always be too expensive to be very generally used, but still its extraordinary durability is a great recommendation.

I saw "a symphony in black and white," the other day, in the shape of an evening or dinner dress, and it possessed the advantage of being suitable for the girl who hasn't a pretty neck, since it was high-necked. The skirt was of finely plaited—according to plait I think—black tulle, and over it was a decoration which could scarcely be called an overskirt, of white satin. The front breadth was a sort of panel which extended from the waist to

with a dainty crimped frill of lisse, or some such filmy material, to stand up around the throat, and two rosettes on the same trailing, about the size of a small rose or dahlia, set in front about two inches apart, so that they come one on each side of the chin, and fastening at the back under a similar rosette. Of course the ribbon may be of any color preferred, but it is especially becoming in cream color or white, when worn with a dark dress.

Parrots' wings are a new fad in millinery, and a decidedly expensive one I should fancy, since the parrot is not a sufficiently common bird for its plumage to be within the reach of all, and it is so valuable as a pet that I should imagine its life would be comparatively safe amongst these votaries of fashion who think nothing of slaughtering innocent birds, to decorate their own shallow heads, but then there are people in this world who would think nothing of



NEW IDEAS IN MOURNING.

The upper pictures represent mourning bonnets with short crape veils for sisters or mothers, or widows in second mourning. The bonnet and hat below are of Court-tail crape, the bonnet being for an elderly lady. The cape is of Endora cloth with crape and dull gimp trimming.

the foot, something in the shape of a long narrow apron; at each side of this panel was a deep sharp Vandyke which reached to within ten or twelve inches of the foot of the skirt, and was attached to the apron front by means of a rosette of black satin on each side, placed about twelve inches from the waist. The back was quite plain, and entirely of the tulle. The bodice and sleeves were of the white satin, the sleeves reaching the elbow in a huge puff finished by a band of jet. Two immense cape like trills of the tulle starting from a tiny pointed yoke of jet formed the bertha, and a high close collar of jet finished the bodice.

A very old, but stylish gown seen lately, was of black crepe—and by the way how very seldom one sees black crepe—with a curious ground lace coarsely woven mohair, and a raised stripe of silk. It was made up with chiffon of a pinkish cherry color, the skirt which was closely gored to the figure at the top flared slightly at the bottom, and the stripes in the material went around, instead of up and down the skirt. The bodice was of the chiffon arranged in folds from the throat to the waist and trimmed with heavily jetted lace to form a Venetian corset. Huge puffed sleeves of accordion plaited chiffon had cuffs of the jetted lace reaching from the wrist to above the elbow, and odd as it sounds the dress was a lovely one.

It is strange, but true, that the whole style of a costume seems to depend upon the sleeves now-a-days, and if they are out of fashion the whole dress is a back number, as it were. Indeed the date of a dress can now be determined by a glance at the sleeves, so in remodeling a garment the sleeves must receive the most careful revision of all.

One of the newest decorations for the neck, and the one which bids fair to rival the long-popular crush collar, consists of a satin ribbon shaped to fit the high collar,

# WHERE SHOES ARE CHEAP.

**LADIES** Who require a **DONGCLA KID BUTTON** **\$1.25**  
**BOOT** at a Low Price, should not fail to see the line of Plain and  
Tipped Genuine Dongola Boots we are selling at **PER PAIR.**

**WATERBURY & RISING,** 61 NORTH SIDE KING STREET AND 212 UNION STREET.



# Modern!

Featherbone Corsets must not be confounded with those which were made five or six years ago. The Featherbone Corset of to-day is as far removed from the old style, as black is from white. **BUY A PAIR AND YOU WILL BE PLEASED.**

# The "RIDER" Compression Improved "HOT-AIR PUMPING ENGINE."

These Engines are Used for Pumping Water for a Great Variety of Purposes. For CITY HOMES, where the water from the mains does not rise sufficiently high to supply the upper floors. For this purpose the Engine is placed in the cellar and the tank of Engine and pump can be examined without difficulty. Can replenish the fire without stopping the Engine. Can be arranged to pump out of deep wells either dug or artesian, or driven wells.

For SEASONAL RESIDENCES they are invaluable from a sanitary point of view alone and the luxury of having plenty of pure running water on the several floors of a country home cannot be over-estimated, and is a very great protection in case of fire.

Absolute safety. No steam. Valveless. Practically noiseless. No exhaust. Economical. No licensed or experienced engineer required—gardeners and ordinary domestic help can regulate them. Do not affect insurance. Extremely simple. Can be used where steam would be objectionable. All parts of Engine and pump can be examined without difficulty. Can replenish the fire without stopping the Engine. Can be arranged to pump out of deep wells either dug or artesian, or driven wells.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

**J. S. CURRIE, - - 41 Dock St.**

**Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols.**  
Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.  
Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain price is usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

# THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter,



This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

- Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes.
- Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable.
- No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room.
- Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.
- Printing always in sight. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered.
- Corrections and insertions easily made. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work.
- Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies

Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

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Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg., St. John, N. B., or from the following agents: R. Ward Thorne, St. John, N. B.; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews, N. B.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock, N. B.; VanLester, Bathurst & Co., Moncton, N. B.; J. Fred. Benson, Chatham, N. B.; H. A. White, Sussex, N. B.; A. H. Lewis, Kentville; Book Store, Halifax, N. S.; J. Bryanton, Amherst, N. S.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; D. E. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**AGENTS WANTED.**



"FOR GOD AND HOME."

THE W. C. T. U. AND ITS FREDERICTON BRANCH.

The Affairs of the Association in a Most Satisfactory Condition—The Report that Miss Willard is no longer a Prohibitionist Contradicted—List of Officers, etc.

The W. C. T. U. convention held a very successful session at Fredericton, and the reports presented and considered show the affairs of the association are in the most satisfactory condition.

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The following is a list of officers, superintendents of departments, county superintendents and delegates:

- Officers—President, Mrs. Archibald, Cape Breton; corp. secy., Mrs. Atkinson; Moncton; treasurer, Miss Lockhart, St. John; auditor, Mrs. McFarlane, St. John.

The following committees were appointed:

THE DAYS OF THE STAGE COACH.

An Old Time Trip from St. John to Nova Scotia's Capital.

A New Brunswick thus describes a journey to Halifax from St. John, in 1842. The passengers were not very numerous, but those who did compose the party, were particularly jovial and entertaining.

The school book question is being pretty thoroughly ventilated and it does appear possible that something can be done by the province in the way of providing the books required in our schools.

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CHASE'S CHAPTER.

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only be an infallible remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also to the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: "I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day; Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good night sleep; they cured me."

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

4. The coming of the head and founder of the Salvation Army will be celebrated with great ceremony by the corps in the city.

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WOMAN'S NEED

Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood.

Uric Kidney acid poison, unperceived, weakens the nerves and poisons the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes prostrata, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how much their blood is free from the poisonous ferments of the Kidneys and Liver, they will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source of the life of the system, and if it cannot be kept pure, health of the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something is needed to insure free and natural action of these organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to women, can be used with perfect confidence by those of delicate constitution.

One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectually neutralize the formation of Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

For purifying the Blood and renovating the system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

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HAMILTON'S Biscuits ARE MADE FROM THE VERY FINEST MATERIALS

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THE WEIRD RIDER.

The following strange story is from the Boston Galaxy of June, 1838: Business called me from New York to Boston in 1830. I sailed in the packet Providence; and when I arrived there, I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours, or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative. When we had travelled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a surtout with you?"

Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man I had seen more than three years before. "Peter Rugg" said I; "and who is Peter Rugg?" "That," said the stranger, "is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveller, held in light esteem by all innholders, for he never stops to eat, drink or sleep. I wonder why the government does not employ him to carry the mail." "Ay," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side; how long would it take to send a letter to Boston? or Peter his, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years travelling to that place."

following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle Street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. She said: "The last summer, a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft, on coming to the door, perceived a stranger, with a child by his side, in an old weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died more than twenty years ago. "The stranger replied, 'How can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door.' " "Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years."

ply, his temper at times was altogether ungovernable; and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way, he would never do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle; and thus in a rage he was the first to perform a somewhat learned to do for movement and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a tenpenny nail in halves. In those days everybody, both men and boys, wore wig; and Peter at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language; others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp, as violent passion, we know, will lay the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of man. "It was late in autumn one morning, that Rugg, in his own chair, with a fine large black horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return a violent storm overtook him. He stopped in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry the night. On Rugg's declining to stop, Mr. Cutter, very reluctantly, 'Why, Mr. Rugg,' said Cutter, 'the night is dark; your little daughter will perish; you are in an open chair and the tempest is increasing.' " "Let it increase," said Rugg, with a fearful oath; 'I will see home tonight, in spite of the tempest, or may I never see it!' " At these words he gave the whip to his high-spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, or the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced. "For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises; and they were convinced that Rugg was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, after his long absence, and his head turned toward his house, and making every effort to stop, but in vain. "The next day the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and inn in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's carriage over the pavement marked the houses on both sides of the streets. "Thus Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten, and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject. "There was indeed a rumor that Rugg afterwards was seen in Connecticut, through the country with Hartford, passing through the hills in a carriage, and making further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut, the next they heard of him winding round the hills in a chair, with a small child, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston. "But that which chiefly gave a color to the story of Peter Rugg was the affair at Charlestown Bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel-carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently, that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown. The toll-gatherer prepared, took his stand at the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As the apparition passed he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing, except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer, on the next day asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse; and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell. "And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse, and carriage, remains a mystery to this day."

truro, Sept. 18, to the wife of Hugh Sutherland, a daughter. Windsor, Sept. 19, to the wife of G. B. Dakin, a daughter. Windsor, Sept. 17, to the wife of Peter Jada, a daughter. New Glasgow, Sept. 15, to the wife of J. P. McLean, a daughter. Dalton, Sept. 17, to the wife of Andrew Hedges, a daughter. Cape Negro, Sept. 11, to the wife of William Smith, a daughter. Halifax, Sept. 19, to the wife of D. M. A. M. 10007, a daughter. Amherst, Sept. 17, to the wife of Robert Pugsley, a daughter. Kentville, Sept. 17, to the wife of John W. McLeod, a daughter. Yarmouth, Sept. 10, to the wife of J. D. Chambers, a daughter. Newcastle, Sept. 18, to the wife of Dr. W. I. Cates, a daughter. Lunenburg, Sept. 12, to the wife of George Thomas, a daughter. Woodville, N. S., Sept. 11, to the wife of Thomas Fryer, a son. Gloucester, Sept. 20, to the wife of David McClelland, N. B., Sept. 18, to the wife of Fred Ewell, a son. Cape Negro, Sept. 12, to the wife of James H. Lawrence, a son. Upper Grandville, Sept. 10, to the wife of William Crowe, a daughter. Upper Grandville, Sept. 18, to the wife of Albert J. Foster, a daughter. Fredericton, Sept. 24, to the wife of Percy Canfield Powsy, a daughter. New Carlisle, Sept. 18, to the wife of R. V. J. M. Sutherland, a daughter. Summerville, N. S., Sept. 11, to the wife of James B. Mober, a daughter. West Head, C. S., Sept. 16, to the wife of Thomas W. Renschan, a daughter. Galloway, N. B., Sept. 17, to the wife of Robert McLellan, two sons and a daughter. MARRIED. Halifax, Sept. 10, Douglas McLennan to Johanna Masey. Bridgewater, Sept. 20, A. F. Fuller to Ellen A. Dauphin. Pleasant River, Sept. 10, George H. Wentzell to Mrs. Ida Hirtle. Truro, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. F. Parker, David Hay to Hattie M. Henkle. Hampton, Sept. 8, by Rev. E. Fraser, Colin Nodden to Agnes Hamneron. St. John, Sept. 18, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, F. Archibald to Jennie G. Douglas. Pictou, Sept. 11, by Rev. W. G. Lane, William Gould to Florence Gillespie. Pictou, Sept. 22, by Rev. Ronald E. Smith, Enoch Justison to Mary Sayer. Chatham, Sept. 10, by Rev. Neil McKay, James Gaynor to Ida Blake. Gagetown, Sept. 10, by Rev. W. Purvis, William D. Myers to Hattie Martyn. Truro, Sept. 10, by Rev. T. Cumming, James S. Halifax, Sept. 17, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, John Forsyth to Mary Donald. Halifax, Sept. 17, by Rev. Father Foley, Matthew O'Toole to Mary Wilson. Truro, Sept. 20, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, W. H. Bell to Marguerite Blanchard. Parrsboro, Sept. 12, by Rev. James Sharp, James Jeffers to Mary A. Smith. Halifax, Sept. 19, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, Robert C. Partridge to Mary Crocker. Parrsboro, Sept. 7, by Rev. James Sharp, Albert E. Fulton to Millie Jeffers. Sackville, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. Harrison, Fred G. Kinsland to Mabel C. Ayer. Halifax, Sept. 13, by Rev. N. Lemoine, Charles Roberts to Maggie DeBay. Marystown, Sept. 19, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, James Burpee to Bertha L. Scott. Manchester, Sept. 10, by Rev. Mr. McNeil, James W. Fyfe to Louisa G. Bruce. St. John, Sept. 21, by Rev. O. Raymond, H. O. Couston to Etta McDermott. Jacksonville, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. G. Corey, Isaac N. Schuman to Clara Good. Halifax, Sept. 20, by Rev. Irving Perry, James E. Croucher to Minnie Mitchell. River John, by Rev. A. Lawson Gordon, Albert W. Mingo to Jazelle McComb. Newcastle, Sept. 17, by Rev. William Atkin, Richard Boyd to Elizabeth Craig. Fredericton, Sept. 20, by Rev. Mr. Steeves, Elbridge S. to Della Perkins. Windsor, Sept. 10, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Alfred D. Faxon to Elizabeth McNeil. Woodstock, Sept. 19, by Rev. Thomas Todd, McLeod Mill to Nora Merrithew. Halifax, Sept. 21, by Rev. E. G. Murray, John P. Curran to Elizabeth McNeil. Parrsboro, Sept. 12, by Rev. James Sharp, Willard E. Roscoe to Carrie B. Sprout. Berwick, Sept. 13, by Rev. F. S. McGregor, Harry W. Davidson to Nina E. Reed. Parrsboro, Sept. 10, by Rev. James Sharp, Fred Gillan to Maggie M. Dalton. St. Martins, Sept. 5, by Rev. W. Weeks, H. G. Collins to Emma E. Bradshaw. Upper Sackville, Sept. 17, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, William Dickie to Elizabeth Cox. Middle Southampten, Sept. 12, by J. Gravinor, John P. Grant to Ada G. Brown. River John, Sept. 12, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Angus McKay to Mianie Matro. Upper Sackville, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. D. Hart, George Gentry to Lillian M. Allen. Halifax, Sept. 19, by Rev. John McMillan, Oliver H. Sargeant to Sarah McKinnon. Bathurst, Sept. 18, by Rev. A. F. Thompson, James E. Arastrot to Ella M. Lamsey. St. Stephen, Sept. 4, by Rev. Edward Sprague, St. George F. Deacon to Lettie Black. Scotch Village, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. W. Chesley, Francis Dearman to Ellen Hart. Sussex, Sept. 19, by Rev. William Mages, Chesley D. Faxon to Elizabeth Richardson. Halifax, Sept. 17, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Nelson Lively to Mrs. Bessie Embling. Shubenacadie, Sept. 18, by Rev. John Murray, Andrew Halliday to Mary E. Parker. Great Village, Sept. 19, by Rev. James McClean, Fowler Fletcher to Lottie J. Spencer. New Germany, Sept. 15, by Rev. E. D. P. Parry, George F. Stuart to George E. Fanny. Woodstock, Sept. 13, by Rev. James Whiteside, Byron D. McNeil to Nettie A. Gillie. Sky Glen, C. B., Sept. 18, by Rev. E. S. Bayne, Daniel H. McDonald to Jessie A. Gillie. St. John, Sept. 19, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, William W. Macaulay to Elizabeth French. Bale Verte, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Edwin A. Goodwin to Frances Goodwin. Fredericton, Sept. 20, by Rev. George B. Payson, George E. Clark to Hannah McManman. New Carlisle, Sept. 3, by Rev. J. M. Sutherland, John Billingsley to Mrs. Mary Wellman. Liverpool, N. S., Sept. 18, by Rev. G. W. Ball, Ellison Whitmore to Isabella Wharton. Little River, N. S., Sept. 18, by Rev. Wm. M. Melvers Square, Sept. 12, by Rev. J. S. Collins, Abner Phinney to Annie M. VanBaskirk. Scotch Village, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. W. Rees, William L. Whitmore to Mabel R. Dexter. St. Marys, Sept. 10, by Rev. William McDonald, Robert B. Adams to Sarah H. McFarlane. Judique, C. B., Sept. 9, by Rev. C. A. Chisholm, Roderick J. McLennan to Mary H. Wall. Lower Newcastle, Sept. 15, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, William Giguere to Maud E. McCrury. Grand Manan, Sept. 15, by Rev. W. S. Covert, Aiden M. Griffin to Amanda V. Inerrenol. Campbellton, Sept. 12, by Rev. C. W. Sackie, Alexander McDavid to Maggie McNiel. Millford, N. S., Sept. 18, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John A. Dalrymple to Maggie Woodworth. Salmon Falls, Sept. 3, by Rev. C. P. Hamilton, George H. Harding to Mirra T. Bennett. Strathmore, C. B., Sept. 12, by Rev. D. McDonald, Middle Musquodoboit, Sept. 19, by Rev. Edwin Smith, William C. Dickie to Fannie Layton. Gaway's River, Sept. 20, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Arthur G. Anand to Sarah M. Woodworth. Advocate Harbor, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. W. Dea Yarmouth, Sept. 10, by Rev. J. M. Withycombe, Prof. J. A. F. Ableson to Anna B. Balfour. West Pubnico, N. S., Sept. 17, by Rev. Father Sullivan, Joseph D'Entremont to Mary D'Entremont.

DEAD. Hillsboro, Sept. 23, R. S. Gross. Bedford, Sept. 20, Rufus Page, 50. Walsford, Sept. 17, William Bell, 73. Kentville, Sept. 16, Annie Silver, 71. Jolicure, Sept. 14, Samuel Oakes, 82. Gore, N. S., Sept. 17, Oliver Bode, 80. Truro, Sept. 17, Frederick Wright, 76. Shelville, Sept. 17, Samuel Brown, 58. Halifax, Sept. 17, John K. Gilbert, 68. Sheffield, Sept. 14, Lawrence Parren, 52. St. John, Sept. 15, Charles A. Tarr, 74. St. John, Sept. 21, John E. Turnbull, 76. St. James, Sept. 13, Eliza A. Buntin, 47. Halifax, Sept. 22, Patrick J. Sullivan, 39. St. John, Sept. 23, George T. Grah, 44. St. John, Sept. 23, Charles A. Tarr, 74. Fairville, Sept. 18, Michael G. Byers, 74. Digby, Sept. 18, Mrs. Rebecca White, 80. Upper Economy, Sept. 12, John Hill, 71. Robbison, Sept. 11, Frederick McDonald, 82. Moncton, Sept. 19, Catherine Somers, 87. Halifax, Sept. 19, Roderick McDonald, 17. Upper Mills, Sept. 17, William Gahan, 47. Yarmouth, Sept. 15, Alexander Magee, 50. Lake George, Sept. 14, Charles Mosher, 70. Liverpool, N. S., Sept. 15, James Scouler, 81. New Mills, N. B., Sept. 15, Samuel McLean, 83. Millstream, Sept. 14, Caroline Raymond, 88. Fredericton, Sept. 17, James Toner, 80. Campbellton, Sept. 6, Mrs. Peter Adams, 79. Athol, N. S., Mary, wife of William Ross, 65. Lincoln, Sept. 16, Mrs. Samuel Hayward, 65. Renfrew, N. S., Sept. 12, James C. Davis, 72. Grand Pre, N. S., Sept. 13, John H. Farra, 47. Gasperwick Station, Sept. 22, Joseph B. Perkins, 84. Sunnyside, Sept. 18, Mrs. William McLean, 82. Lowry Mines, N. S., Sept. 13, Eva M. Bowen, 61. East New Annap, Sept. 10, Bessie A. White, 10. Chatham, Sept. 17, Celia, wife of Henry Hickey, 28. Northwick, Sept. 2, Walter, son of Joseph Johnston, Halifax, Sept. 20, Jessie, widow of the late James Keys. Halifax, Sept. 17, Susan, wife of Philip E. Bremner, 64. Bangor, Sept. 10, Mabel C. Whelpley, of Fredericton, 37. Canada Creek, Sept. 14, Walter, son of Henry Dickie, 5. St. John, Sept. 21, John, son of John and Ellen Cople, 11. Hampton, Sept. 12, Albert N., son of Newton Smith, 25. Boston, Mass., Sept. 15, Daniel Symonds, of Halifax, N. S. Yarmouth, Sept. 17, Annie, wife of George W. Smith, 20. Millerton, Sept. 15, Ann, widow of the late Jared Betts, 77. Halifax, Sept. 19, Allan C., son of Rev. John B. Strong, 42. St. John, Sept. 22, Eliza, widow of the late Edward Carvell, 65. Gagetown, Sept. 17, Katie, widow of the late J. Watson, 92. Moncton, Sept. 17, William, son of the late A. O. Tuttle, 68. St. John, Sept. 21, Mary, widow of the late Reuben Higgins, 69. Halifax, Sept. 21, Melissa, daughter of I. A. R. and Janet Wier, 10. Glen Road, C. B., Sept. 10, Flora, widow of Donald McPherson, 64. Lower Grandville, Sept. 13, Celeste, wife of Captain Isaac Cooke, 46. Kingston, Sept. 12, Janet, widow of the late John Glendenning, 61. Yarmouth, Sept. 13, Percy L., son of Stephen R. Crosby, 8 months. Boston, Sept. 15, Mafae, daughter of John Sterling, of Fredericton, 15. Halifax, Sept. 17, John, son of Arthur and Deborah Bouillier, 17 weeks. Halifax, Sept. 15, Eliza F., daughter of Thomas and Johanna Keating, 5. Milton, N. S., Sept. 15, Eugene, daughter of the late Dr. Bloomburg, 24. Fredericton, Sept. 15, Francis, daughter of Lewis M. and Sophia Burns, 2. Fredericton, Sept. 15, Dora, daughter of Daniel and Catherine Campbellton, Sept. 12, Catherine, widow of the late John McAllister, 80. Yarmouth, Sept. 10, Henry, son of William and Jennie Walters, 13 months. Halifax, Sept. 17, R. J. Phin, son of William and Annie Wainwright, 10 weeks. Wolfville, Sept. 15, Arthur B., son of C. B. and C. E. K. Munro, 5 months. St. John, Sept. 22, Francis, widow of the late George Fairweather, 69. Sable River, Sept. 17, Sophia, widow of the late Alexander Buchanan, 92. Mallard, Sept. 18, of aliphtha, Helen, daughter of the late Isaac Miller, 13 months. Yarmouth, Sept. 17, Annie, wife of George W. Smith, of Barrington, 20. Amherst, Sept. 16, Edward, son of Lawrence and Annie Goggin, 4 months. Milford, Sept. 20, Clarence, son of James and Matilda King, 14 months. Halifax, Sept. 21, Nellie, daughter of James and Mary E. Rider, 2 months. Liverpool, N. S., Sept. 18, Randall, son of John E. and Susie Smith, 7 weeks. Kingston, Sept. 6, Edward, son of Rev. L. A. and Ada M. Cosman, 6 months. Lower Sackville, Sept. 20, Libbie Chipman, daughter of the late William Chipman. Halifax, Sept. 19, Frederick, son of W. W. and Sadie W. Lownds, 4 months. Matland, Sept. 13, Lucinda, daughter of Josiah and Katie Foley. Matland, Sept. 14, of aliphtha, Elsie May, daughter of Josiah and Katie Foley. Fredericton, Sept. 18, David Jullian, son of David and Mary Withrow, 9 months. Dartmouth, Sept. 21, Elsie, daughter of Leonard and Selma W. White, 10 months. Liverpool, Sept. 14, Clarence, son of Thomas and Augusta Clattonburg, 9 weeks. New Glasgow, Sept. 14, Frederick, son of James G. and Cassie A. Mason, 4 months. Wolfville, Sept. 18, Robert Wellington, son of F. H. and Christina Christie, 5 months. West Kattero, N. S., Sept. 14, of scarlet fever, Katie, daughter of Samuel and Acadia Nickerson, 6. WANTED! - People to Understand That - BASS'S ALE, GUINNESS'S STOUT are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensable that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured. Messrs. W. Edmunds Jr. & Co., Liverpool, who bottle under the label of PIG BRAND turn out the finest bottling of Bass and Guinness in the world. Try it and be convinced. Ask for PIG BRAND.

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BORN. Lunenburg, Sept. 13, to the wife of B. Russell, a son. Truro, Sept. 16, to the wife of James Duthie, a son. Windsor, Sept. 19, to the wife of C. M. Dawson, a son. Dartmouth, Sept. 19, to the wife of Dr. Reid, a daughter. Hantsport, Sept. 8, to the wife of Charles Grey, a son. Parrsboro, Sept. 14, to the wife of David Layton, a son. Parrsboro, Sept. 14, to the wife of Charles Morris, a son. Parrsboro, Sept. 10, to the wife of Isaac Morrison, a son. St. John, Sept. 21, to the wife of Charles Mages, a son. Point de Bute, Sept. 8, to the wife of T. W. Carter, a son. Lunenburg, Sept. 17, to the wife of W. McLaughlin, a son. Parrsboro, Sept. 12, to the wife of Robert Manning, a son. Truro, Sept. 14, to the wife of Duncan McDonald, a daughter. Lower LaHave, Sept. 14, to the wife of G. A. Leck, a daughter. Amherst, Sept. 13, to the wife of William Mason, Jr., a daughter. Wolfville, Sept. 17, to the wife of Walter Brown, a daughter. Halifax, Sept. 21, to the wife of W. E. McCardy, a daughter. Halifax, Sept. 21, to the wife of R. P. O'Ryan, a daughter. Liverpool, Sept. 18, to the wife of I. V. Dexter, a daughter.

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DEAD. (Continued from previous page) ...