

**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The summer season of rest is rapidly passing and approaching no less rapidly is the period when it will be in order for the St. John Oratorio Society to resume rehearsals. Refreshed and invigorated by the perhaps somewhat needed suspension of effort during the summer, this society should effect some good work during the coming season and later towards the end of public concert later on that would surpass in anything and everything yet achieved by in any public appearance of the society. The President of the society at the present time is Mr. G. S. Mayes—a man of much discrimination in matters musical himself among the best of our local vocalists and not without expression in musical circles abroad—a man young and energetic, and therefore from the society, under his administration of its affairs, much greater effort and better results might reasonably be expected than probably ought to be, were the president less in actual touch with music. I trust that President Mayes will use his best energies in the direction of advancement and development and that the society will have a prosperous season.

A rumor of dissection among the members of the male quartette of St. Andrew's church choir has reached me during the week. It appears the quartette now comprises two parties somewhat unevenly distributed as to number three being on one side and one on the other. The one I understand up to the present has been merely passive. This active belongs to the three who are united in their opposition of the one. I do not propose saying anything more about the difference just at present.

Local Amateurs are now rehearsing for another operatic performance to be given later on. The work selected for production is that known as "The Pirates of Penzance." If given as successfully as was "The Mikado" Every one concerned will be entitled to congratulation.

The interest of musical circles in the approaching dates of the concerts to be given here by the truly great alto Mary Louise Clary, is growing steadily day by day. Every one who has heard her sing here is determined to hear her again while those who were prevented from hearing her before and who thereby missed a musical treat of the greatest excellence will be sure not to let pass the opportunity that will be given for a musical delight that will never be forgotten, when she appears here next month.

Tones and Undertones.

Miss Sadie Estelle Kaiser, is the name of the lady selected as soprano soloist with Sousa's band, when that organization starts on a short tour in October next. This lady is a favorite in London society and has sung before the Prince and Princess of Wales. She is a native of Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Camille D'Arville will begin her season at the Tremont theatre, Boston in Victor Herbert's "Peg Woffington." Miss D'Arville will afterwards go to New York where the work will be put on for a run.

Joseph O'Meara, an Irish tenor, has been engaged to sing the chief role of "The Highwayman" the new opera by DeKeven and Smith. It will be given at the Broadway theatre New York. Mr. O'Meara formerly sang the role of the informer in the opera "Shamus O'Brien."

Speaking of Miss Minnie Kellogg a young New York lady who recently sang at Nice, at a soiree given in honor of La Belle Americaine, a newspaper of that city says, "A brilliant future is certainly open before this young foreigner, who is endowed with an extremely agreeable voice and who has had already many successes in Europe. The timbre of her voice is sweet, large and has a sure quality."

Cleopatra Marode, the famous French beauty is coming to the United States. It is said of her "She can't act, she can't sing, she can only be beautiful."

Engene Sibley, a native of Memphis, Tenn., has written an oratorio entitled "The Resurrection" which is shortly to be produced. It will be first heard at the Nashville exposition on 28th and 29th, September inst., and the soloists will be Emma Juch, Mary Louise Clary, W. J. Rieger and Carl E. Duff. There will be a chorus of 800 voices and an orchestra of forty pieces. Mr. Sibley is an organist and a pupil of Alexandre Guilmant. The oratorio will be given in New York during October when either Nordica or Clemencia de Vera Sapia will be soprano soloist.

August Van Biens, the noted cello player arrived in New York last week. He will appear in "A Wandering Minstrel."



IN THE MEADOWS—HOLLAND.

A grand concert was recently given at Spa in aid of the Vieuxtemps monument fund. One of the lady soloists was Miss Dyna Beumer, who has "a pleasing and sympathetic voice." She has a wonderful soft voice and she has a way of connecting the full tone and the echo without the slightest pause so that she produces the most grateful effects. The echo sounded for all the world as if it came from the far away hills. Many could not believe at first that it was the same voice and in the hall. This power was illustrated in Eckert's Ecolied. (This lady is coming to the United States early in the season. The Bostonians were singing "Robin Hood" in Brooklyn last week.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

On Monday afternoon next, (Labor Day) the Miles Ideal Stock Company will begin a return engagement at the Opera House and will remain throughout the week. This announcement will give general satisfaction and genuine pleasure to all theatre goers because the impression made by Mr. John C. Miles and other members of the Company on their first visit was very favorable and the recollection of their excellent work is yet quite distinct. In fact since they appeared here other visiting companies have been measured by the standard of the Miles Ideal Stock Company and always to the advantage of the latter. Some changes I understand have taken place in the personnel of the company, but of the effect of the changes I have no knowledge. One specialty artist, however, they have with them is Baby Vavone, the clever little child singer and dancer who was seen here with another company this summer.

Arrangements are being made whereby the California theatre, San Francisco will

Windsor Salt
Parasit and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

hereafter be exclusively devoted to musical and platform attractions.

The stock company in San Francisco, at the head of which is Mr. "Ted" Frawley (well known in this city) is said to have averaged nearly \$6000 per week since the beginning of the summer season.

Dan Frohman's Lyceum Company played to upwards of \$3000 in three performances in Oakland, Cal. a few weeks ago. Predictions are made that there will be unusually large business for all who go to the coast this season.

The Frawley company of San Francisco will start on their annual tour on 6th of September and there is a probability they will play at some New York theatre during the season.

Eugene Jepsen an actor of merit, and known and popular in this city where he appeared as a member of the Summer Stock company of a few years ago at the Opera House, has been engaged as one of the company selected by Charles Frohman to support Maudie Adams who will star this season in "The Little Minister."

George Fawcett, a popular member of the Lansdowne theatre company in this city some few years back, is also this season a member of the company supporting Maudie Adams.

Cecile Rash, a once well known actress, who was celebrated in youth for her beauty did recently at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson where she had been living for some years. Towards the close of her career she appeared in old women's roles and was still a handsome woman. Her debut was made on March 17, 1856 at the Walnut street theatre, Philadelphia, in which city she was born. Her illness puzzled her physicians and she directed that a post mortem examination be made. She married the late Charles W. Brooke and afterwards separated from him. A married daughter survives her.

Miss Blanche Walsh did not return from London, Eng. with the "Secret Service" company. Her mother's illness in that city caused the detention.

A good story is told of Harry Dixey. He was standing at the corner of 14th street on Broadway New York the other day when he was approached by a grave, genteel old gentleman who asked, "young

man, I want to go to University place." The importunate Dixey took out his watch and looking at it said in a polite but warning tone "you may go; but, remember you must return here in twenty minutes." The rage of the elderly party can be imagined. Dixey moved away.

Mirie Seebach, one of the best known of German actresses did at St. Mortiz recently. She had retired from the stage three years since. She was born at Riga 1834 and had played successful engagements in the United States. Four years ago she founded at Weimar a home for the needy members of her profession and endowed it with \$30,000.

Thomas E. Shea's regular season opened at Bruckton, Mass. on Monday evening last.

Katherine Rober and company during next week will present a piece entitled "Miss Dixey" at the Grand Opera House, Boston. It is a new comedy drama.

Miss Rose Stahl who will be remembered as leading lady with Thomas E. Shea a few seasons ago, scored an individual success in a new piece entitled "Captain of Nonesuch" which was recently produced at New London, Conn.

"The Cherry Pickers" will be put on at the Boston theatre on next Monday evening and Jennie Satterlee who is admittedly one of the most versatile actresses on the stage, will play the role of the Irish widow of an Indian Rajah.

Miss Ethel Knight Mollison a member of "The Cherry Pickers" company of last season and who has been spending part of her vacation in this city has gone to Boston.

Do Ladies Like Small Feet?

Of course they do; who'd imagine anything else? Often in the hot weather, though the feet swell and ache and compel them to wear a size larger shoe. Those who use Foot Elm are not inconvenienced that way. It's a sensible foot remedy, keeps the feet cool and comfortable, prevents swelling and aching, and makes shoe wearing a delight. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of 25c., silver or stamps. STOTT & JONES, Bowmanville, Ont.

Feminine Sharpness.
The author of "A Letter to Posterity" tells the following story of Mrs. Ashley, a beautiful Southern woman, who was afterward the wife of the Hon. J. J. Crittenden. She was a belle in society, and was dowered with unusual tact and charm.

"Always give men brevet rank," said she to a young girl who had just come out. "If they are colonels, call them general. If they are captains, call them colonel. They will forgive you."

But she could say sharp things when occasion demanded. A certain lady who had always been envious of her, once bought from her a French toilette, which Mrs. Ashley, who was going into mourning, could not wear. But the purchaser, after having worn the slippers, brought them back with the remark:

"They are too big. I could swim in them."
Mrs. Ashley took them, and answered quietly:
"My dear, I am a larger woman than you are in every respect."

Evading the Law.

The London Telegraph tells a story of a collier who amused himself with flying pigeons. He had occasion to go to town recently, and took with him a bird in a bag. He was about to toss up the pigeon in the town hall square when a policeman came up and told him that he must not fly the bird there.

"Why not?" asked the collier.
"Because it is forbidden, and I shall have to lock you up if you do."
The collier, with the usual sharpness of his kind, thereupon took the pigeon out of the bag, set it on the ground, stroked its wings and said to it: "Aw corn'd toss thee up here, so thou mun walk whoam; dost yer? thou mun walk whoam."
The bird, of course, rose in the air, leaving the policeman petrified with astonishment.

Ready to Work.

It is refreshing to hear of an aspirant for public office who frankly admits his ambition, yet disdains to seek a position in which he will have nothing to do but to draw his salary.

Two wayside pilgrims were discussing the corrupt practices of modern politicians. "Raggy," said one of them, "you don't banker after a gov'ment job, do ye?" "I don't mind sayin' I'd take one of I could git it. Shabbalong," responded the other, "but I don't want no job that's all fat. I'm willin' to earn my wages." "An' wot sort o' job would be about your size?" "Well, I'd like to fill fountain pens for some assistant secretary o' the treasury."

Sunlight Soap

WRAPPER COMPETITION.
JULY, 1897.

The following are the Winners in District No. 4, Province of New Brunswick:

Winners of Stearns' Bicycles.
Mrs. W. W. Stockton, Sussex, Kings Co. Mr. Frank Estey, 198 St. James street, St. John.

Winners of Gold Watches.
Master Roy D. Grimmer, St. Andrews. Master Ray Bray, Campbellton. Mr. Wm. F. Smith, 49 St. David street. Mr. R. J. Humphrey, Hampton. Mr. Gerald W. Colwell, St. Marys, York Co.

The above competition will be continued each month of 1897.

LEVER BROS., Limited TORONTO.

The Genuine...

Jackson Corset Waist



HAS NO EQUAL.

The JACKSON CORSET WAIST is the most sensible garment worn. As a Health Corset it is unrivalled. Artistic, perfect fitting, the most natural, and gives complete support to the back. Recommended by physicians generally. Try them—you will wear no other. For sale by

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



der of the Royal Berkshire regiment made great pretensions to... the Berkshire man "was hors de combat"...

the fight opened well but lasted only... "only a bit of sport" say the... "only a bit of sport" say the...

DONOR'S MEMORIAL

est Mr. Lamphair for non-payment of dog taxes.

Sept. 2.—A case was to have... postponed till Tuesday of next... "only a bit of sport" say the...

Labor Day

above the Intercolonial Railway excursion return tickets at first...



One of the most charming social functions that has been given here for a long time was the water party given by Mr. Arthur Thorne Saturday afternoon...

Another evening of the week was an informal reception by Mrs. Whitcomb at her residence... the gathering was bright and enjoyable.

Mrs. F. C. Peters of Germain street was another hostess of the week who pleasantly entertained a party of guests on Tuesday evening...

On Wednesday evening the flower show was formally opened with much gusto by His Honor the Mayor...

On Thursday evening the decorated bicycle parade was held and although not more than a dozen young ladies participated in the event...

Mr. G. A. Hartley and Mrs. Hartley who have been for the past month visiting Mr. and Mrs. (Haskell) Dunfield at Corn Hill Annapolis returned home last Saturday...

Miss Mary McElroy of Lower Grandville made a short visit to city friends lately... Mrs. W. E. Fenney of Fredericton who has been visiting Mrs. M. V. Feddock...

Mr. J. H. B. of this city spent a week lately at the Grand Hotel, Fredericton, N. S. Mr. J. H. B. of this city spent a week lately at the Grand Hotel, Fredericton, N. S.

Mr. J. Lockhart, who has been taking a course in the G. F. C. training school is spending a short time with his mother in Grand Manan... Mrs. J. Lockhart, who has been taking a course in the G. F. C. training school...

Mr. A. Patterson left on Thursday for Philadelphia, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Harry Peppin... Mr. A. Patterson left on Thursday for Philadelphia...

Mr. J. K. Reynolds was in P. E. Island this week on his way to the Magdalen Islands where he goes in the interest of an intercolonial guide book... Mr. J. K. Reynolds was in P. E. Island this week...

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Timmerman and a party of lady friends spent Sunday last in St. Andrews... Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Timmerman and a party of lady friends spent Sunday last in St. Andrews...

Mr. W. E. Burns formerly connected with the Bank of Nova Scotia here, but now located in Montreal was here recently on route to Halifax to spend a short time here upon his return... Mr. W. E. Burns formerly connected with the Bank of Nova Scotia here...

Dr. Horsfall and Mrs. Horsfall of Boston are in the city this week... Mr. J. W. Hayden and Mrs. Hayden Mr. and Mrs. A. Hayden were here from Malden Mass. this week.

Miss Emma Hopper has been paying a pleasant visit lately to her sister Mrs. Thos. of St. Martin... Mrs. Thos. of St. Martin has been visiting Mrs. Thos. of St. Martin...

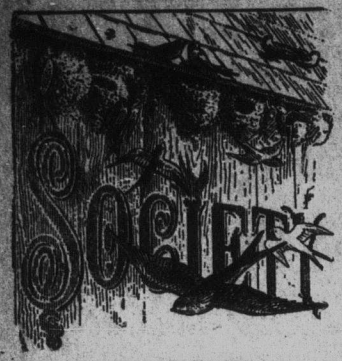
WELCOME SOAP advertisement featuring an illustration of hands and the text 'Smooth on the Hands' and 'Rough on the Dirt'.

Quickheal advertisement for horse treatments with the headline 'If Horses could talk...' and 'cures Scratches, Galls and Sores'.

Blue Flame Oil Stoves advertisement showing an illustration of a stove and text 'SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners'.

Advertisement for The McClary Mfg. Co. featuring an illustration of a woman at a typewriter and text 'THE McCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER'.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



BALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale... Halifax by the newsboy and at the following news stands and cafes.

Last week was a very cheerful one, with plenty of parties, picnics, and dinners, large and small. There has also been the tennis tournament at the grounds of the South End club...

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. W. H. Odell gave a very pleasant though not very large garden party in the very pretty grounds behind her house on Tobin street.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Borden gave one of the largest and prettiest "at homes" of the season. Her grounds were thronged with guests, and some of the loveliest dresses imaginable were to be seen there.

The Berkshire band played throughout the afternoon, and sang several things to their own accompaniment. A great many people were present and some lovely dresses were worn.

Mr. A. E. Jones leaves for England today to be absent some months.

Mrs. Krabs also goes to England next week, and will be greatly missed by her friends who have been delighted to have her here for the past three summers.

Mrs. Julia Laurance, who has been visiting friends here, returned to her home in Fredericton, last week.

Mr. W. S. Casson, of the Hotel American, Moncton, was in town, for a day or two last week. Miss Minnie Stevens, who has been visiting her relatives at the "Stanley," returned to Amherst, to-day.

Baby's Own Soap

IS NOT, as most soaps, made from "soap fat," the refuse of the kitchen or the abattoir. VEGETABLE OILS supply the necessary ingredients...

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION St. John, N. B. 14th to 24th Sept., 1897 OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and Steamers. Raes and Dates announced later. Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibits.

Sheriff's Sale. THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the city of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the 13th day of September next...

Buctouche Oysters. RECEIVED THIS WEEK: 20 Bbls. Buctouche Bar Oysters At 19 and 21 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Layton, Miss McKay, Miss Sutherland, Miss Anna Sutherland, Miss Leckie and the Misses Marion and Edith Leckie, Miss Finlayson, Miss McKinnis, Miss Frances Yule, Mrs. A. W. Eaton, Rev. Chas. Vernon, Messrs Swainson, Gurney, W. F. McKay, W. McKenzie, F. W. Cullter. Mrs. Lewis' guests liberally enjoyed the afternoon...

Mrs. Fred Prince gave a charming evening last Friday, a bicycle run was followed by an elaborate supper and dance. Among Mrs. Prince's guests were: Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilson, Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mrs. E. Smith, Halifax, M. S. H. Bignell, Miss Snook, Miss Tibbits, Lynn, Miss Jessie McLean, Miss Wetmore, Miss Williams, Miss H. Lawrence, Messrs. W. A. Spencer, W. A. Fitch, H. C. C. Quill, E. V. Bignell, Cotton, G. H. Williams, A. V. Smith, W. K. Vincent, H. V. Crowe.

Mrs. Taylor entertained quite a large party at tea in the Park yesterday afternoon. The social event of the week will be Mrs. J. E. Bignell's dance tomorrow night for which cards have been out for about a week.

Mrs. J. H. McKay wore a handsome white brocade, with pink velvet sleeves. Mrs. Messer, peacock-blue silk. Mrs. A. J. Campbell, pink mullinee de soir over pink silk. Mrs. Rowe, red India silk, arranged with ac. cordeeau pleated chiffon.

Among the gentlemen present were: Messrs. F. S. Yonston, B. Black, G. A. Hall, L. A. Donnelly, W. A. Spencer, G. E. Williams, Gaitton, W. A. Fitch, C. B. Coleman, H. C. C. Yule, H. Kari-back, H. W. Crowe, A. Lawson, W. L. Reynolds, W. P. McKay, A. McDonald, W. McKenzie, H. Vizard, A. Gurney, Fenwick, Cutten, W. Crowe, L. Crowe, F. Solosa, E. Dimock, L. Harding, Dr. Vincent.

Mrs. B. J. Waddell and Miss Dorothy left this morning for Yarmouth, to visit friends. Mrs. (Dr.) Fred Cox, and her baby daughter, from Vermillion, Dakota, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Walker.

You can't go on losing flesh under ordinary conditions without the knowledge that something is wrong, either with digestion or nutrition. If the brain and nerves are not fed, they can't work. If the blood is not well supplied, it can't travel on its life journey through the body.

What? The McLean stamps. He! he! As usual we are up to date. No laundry can give them but us. Contains 25 cents per pair. Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. Phone 68.

Fry's Cocoa advertisement with text: 'Fry's Cocoa is recommended by the very highest medical authorities for its PURITY, SOLUBILITY, EXCELLENCE. It is easily digested, and makes an ideal food drink for breakfast. Your grocer sells it.'

The funeral of the late Mr. Odell took place yesterday from St. John's church, Ven. Arch Deacon Kentbach officiating. A large and representative concourse of citizens followed the remains, to the place of interment in the English church cemetery.

Mrs. D. E. Blair and Miss Eva Murray are visiting friends in Port Hood, C. E., Miss Murray is to assist at the functions there which her sister will figure as a principal this month.

[Progress is for sale at Farrisboro Book Store.] Sept. 1.—Mr. J. R. Cowans who has been for a couple of months at his summer residence at Partridge Island, returned to Springhill on Thursday.

Mrs. J. C. M. Wade of Aylesford came over on Wednesday and returned on Saturday. Two of her children who have been for several weeks with their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Pettis, returned home with her.

Mrs. Anbligh of Charlottetown has been visiting the Misses Wotton. Mrs. Gibbons left on Friday for Gagetown, N. B. There was another excursion from Canning by the Beaver on Wednesday.

Dr. J. Ingham and Mr. W. Ingham of Philadelphia were passengers in the Alkaline for the trip to Greenland. Both gentlemen have been here for some time waiting for the ship to sail.

Mrs. James Russell and Miss Kathleen Russell, Windsor, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. Richie and Mrs. Owen as usual. did all in their power to make the guests enjoy themselves. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers and reflected great credit upon the members of the club, music was furnished by Mitchell's orchestra, quite a number attended from our sister towns among whom I may mention Mrs. and Miss Paulen, the Misses Stewart, Miss Robinson, Miss Seely, and Messrs. Donaldson, Vicks, Morse, Gopill and D. Jay of Digby, Miss Deane, and A. Morse of Bridgetown; the Misses Hoop and Messrs. Coffin and Shaw of Clementsport and others.

The Methodist Sunday school picnic was held at Goat Island last Thursday. Owing to the rain on Friday St. Luke's S. S. picnic was postponed till Saturday.

Mr. E. Parker of Bridgetown spent a few days in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ruggles returned last week after a very pleasant bridal tour in New Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. Badol returned on Monday from a visit in Lunenburg. The many friends of Mr. C. Percy O'Donnell are pleased to see him in town again for a few weeks.

Mr. J. D. Leavitt passed through here on Wednesday last, on his way to Glace Bay, C. E., to take the agency of the Union bank of that place, made vacant by the removal of Mr. A. D. McNab to Kentville.

Miss Leggett of Boston is visiting her friend Mrs. J. M. Owen. Mrs. Phillips of Truro and little daughter are spending a few weeks at her father's Capt. C. D. Fickell's.

Miss Leavitt is visiting her grandmother Mrs. Morse of Paradise. There is to be a garden party on the grounds of the Rectory on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Harry Hall has left to resume his school at Advocate Harbor.

Miss Metcalf of Moncton is spending some weeks with her friend Miss Hall. Miss Deane of Bridgetown is visiting Miss Lottie Perkins.

"He who greases his wheels helps his oxen," is an old saying, but true. We help those who help us, and those who help us help themselves. We do business for what business will bring. The bigger the business the better the values that can be given to customers. An importer overstocked offered us

50 Dozen Of the Finest Quality this Summer's

STRAW AND CHIP HATS

Comprising Turbans, Toques, Walking Hat, Sailors and Dress Hats, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 each, at a cash price that enables us to offer the lot—

Your Choice for 50c: All Hats and materials purchased during this sale will be trimmed free.

The Parisian

Teaberry Teeth advertisement with text: 'Teaberry FOR THE Teeth AT ALL DRUGGISTS PLEASANT HARMLESS 25c per box - ZODESA-CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO'.

New Cloths FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR

Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of English and Scotch Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteeds, Black and Blue Serges and Cheviots.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

All Genuine..... Oxford Mill Goods Are Guaranteed... PURE WOOL.

Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

MONCTON.
Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton...
Sept. 1.—The first week in September usually brings people home from the seaside...

Sept. 1.—The first week in September usually brings people home from the seaside and when they happen to possess children, the opening of the schools usually hastens the return by a few days.

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For the Sea Shore... OR THE COUNTRY.
A dress fabric which will not spot from rain or sea water. Will not become clammy or shapeless when wet. Perfectly shoving proof. A stylish, durable dress fabric, drapes well, fits well.

IT IS A DANDY!
What is? Why! OUR SPECIAL "UNIT" ENGINE, Automatic in Action, Self-oiling, Fuel-saving; 2 to 25 Horse Power.
Full line of BUTTER and CHEESE SUPPLIES kept in stock.
Get our prices for any kind of MACHINERY. Best equipped shops in Canada.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines
.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.
E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co.
DEAR SIR—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think to much cannot be said in its praise, and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results.

THINGS OF VALUE.
"Shirley looks nice enough to eat!" she (severely) "Yes; plain food has its charm for some people."—Standard.
SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strains or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach with Pills, containing a few doses of "FARMACIA'S" vegetable matter, containing no mercury, and all guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

GREENWICH.
Ato St.—The church of England Sunday school picnic takes place on Wednesday at Oak Point.
Miss Helen Eckert has returned home after spending several pleasant weeks at Kemptville, R. I.
Miss Nellie Carpenter, St. John, is visiting her friend Miss Lillian Flowering.

DO YOU SUFFER WITH Dyspepsia?
If so, take a teaspoonful of.....
B 14498
in a half wineglass of water before breakfast and dinner and at bedtime. This preparation has cured thousands, and is without doubt the best remedy known for the cure of Dyspepsia and Indigestion.
It costs 50c., but is worth 95c.
For sale by all druggists.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.
35 King Street, St. John, N. B.

THE GREAT TWINS
K.D.C. PILLS
Believe and Cure
The Great Twins Pills
INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.
Write for samples, testimonials and guarantees.
New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. 127 St. John St. Boston, Mass.



Women whose faces are disfigured by unsightly eruptions of pimples and blotches too frequently cured by the use of this cream. It is not in the skin itself, but in the system. It is sometimes absolutely dangerous to use outward applications, for if the skin alone is cleared, the real disease is likely to attain some internal organ of the body, where it may prove fatal to life itself.

In the majority of cases these unsightly skin diseases are due to two things, weakness and disorders of the distinctly feminine organism, and impurities of the blood caused by them. The woman who suffers from disease in a womanly way will soon suffer in her general health. Her stomach, liver and other organs will fail to perform their proper functions, with the result that the blood becomes impure. Left to herself, she will probably resort to cosmetics and ointments. If she consults a physician he will tell her that the stomach or liver only is at fault. Her distinctly womanly ailment is really the first and only cause. For this she should resort at once to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them strong and well. Then a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will purify and enrich the blood, and make her a new woman. Medicine dealers sell both remedies. "I cannot say too much for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Miss Clara Beard of Bridgport, Montgomery Co., Penna. "For the good it did me, I am sure you doubt this give them your name and address."

Write for samples, testimonials and guarantees.
New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. 127 St. John St. Boston, Mass.

Sure, safe and simple ways to cure all manner of skin diseases told in Dr. Pierce's Medical Advice. For paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover postage and mailing only, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.; cloth binding, 50 stamps.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from page 1.)
Messrs. Edson and Stevens, Messrs. Bedell, Frank...

The presents were numerous and elegant, testifying...

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.]
Sept. 1.—Mr. S. B. Townsend has returned from his...

GRAND MANAN.

Aug. 30th.—Miss Grace Benson of Fonth, Boston, has...

HARCOURT.

[Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.]
Sept. 1.—Mrs. John Beattie who was visiting at...

The Swedish Government having relaxed its anti-lottery law...

FACE HUMORS

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin...

Cuticura

Soap is sold throughout the world. FORTY YEARS OLD...

EVERY HUMOR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA.

WAYSIDE JOINTINGS.

Things I Have Seen and Heard in my Varied Travels.
I heard a remark from a friend of mine whilst passing up King street...

A widow lady used to have a small eating house, at my home in England...

When does the opposition shop have the biggest crowd in eating?
"Saturday night," replied the lady.

On the following Saturday night, the men's shop was crowded with customers eating mutton pies...

Some people when they are elevated to a position of importance, get the idea in their heads that it is themselves and not the position which makes the greatness.

A very pompous individual was made a Trial Justice in one of the Devonshire towns near my own home...

A few years ago, there was quite a furor over what was then thought to be a discovery of a cure for consumption in milk...

In another issue, I will try and give you a few more instances of various matters that I hope will prove interesting.

WHERE IS THE BY-LAW?

MONCTON, Sept. 1.—The way of the transgressor—in the matter of using the sidewalks for bicycle riding...

I have been keeping a quiet, but deeply interested eye on the newspapers of other places, during the present summer...

Within the past two weeks information was formally laid in Amherst, by a member of the police force against ten people...

Early in the present summer the city council of Halifax drew up an exhaustive set of by-laws for both the guidance and protection of bicyclists...

He nearly provoked a riot at an outdoor show.
'Speaking of press agents,' said the old showman, sometimes the cleverest of them over-reach themselves...

A PRESS AGENT'S MISTAKE.

'The press agent raved over the beauty of the Back Bay belle, and said that she had the most striking figure of any of the corps of two hundred who gathered...

HUMPHREYS' CURES

- No. 1 Fever, Congestion.
No. 2 Worms.
No. 3 Infants' Diseases.
No. 4 Diarrhea.
No. 7 Coughs & Colds.
No. 9 Headache.
No. 10 Dyspepsia, Indigestion.
No. 11 Delayed Periods.
No. 12 Leucorrhoea.
No. 13 Croup.
No. 14 Skin Diseases.
No. 15 Rheumatism.
No. 19 Catarrh.
No. 27 Kidney Diseases.
No. 34 Sore Throat.
No. 77 Grip & Hay Fever.

Dr. Humphrey's Emulsion

Dr. Humphrey's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hygienic Food. Sold by J. S. ...

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK 847 ROGERS BROS. MARK. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company return to St. John next week to play a week's engagement at the Opera House...

Will Give Dancing Lessons.
During the stay of the Miles Company in this city next week Mrs. Anna Dodge will give dancing lessons to a limited number of pupils...

The patient little dancer consented to her part in the game which was to st. all Boston talking, and the offer of \$25 and the two cold bottles went the husband over in a jiffy...

'Take her out. You're right. Take your sister out,' some of them cried. 'Let the show go on, we've paid our money, we want to see the fireworks,' cried others.

'The big policeman who was in the conspiracy was compelled to club three or four of the men. The pretended brother made a gallant rush for his Back Bay sister...

The press agent and every one concerned in the management, including the foreign stage manager, had hard work to restore order among the ballet and supper. When this was accomplished they found more trouble on hand...

The story appeared in several of the Boston papers, and the press agent gleefully rubbed his hands. He knew that the reporters would be after him in a body, and that something must be done to get...

second-day story about the Beacon street daughter who appeared in the scanty costume of a Pompeian dancer. He decided on heroic measures...

'Your wife will be your sister, of course, for the time being,' said the agent. 'She's the Back Bay beauty that all the papers told about this morning...

'You must keep out of the way of the reporters and stay under cover all night,' the agent continued. 'The job is worth \$25 and a couple of bottles of wine for you and your wife...

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

LIVE BY QUEER WORK.

GAINING A LIVELIHOOD IN ORIGINAL WAYS.

Old Venues of Some Chicagoans—The Burgeoning of Their Development by a Woman "Funeral Inspector"—A College Boy's Novel Business—Hotel Companion.

Some Chicago people earn their living in queer ways, says the Times Herald. There is a man in the city who makes a good income monthly by turning out especially artistic sofa pillows. Another man will clear up kitchen of rats and mice for a small sum, working in precisely the same manner as the sewer rat-catchers of Paris and other large cities. Kenwood housewives are well acquainted with a bright young fellow who washes dogs and takes regular care of birds and other pets, and Oak Park has a masculine resident who goes from door to door collecting defective gloves which he afterward carries to the small shanty which is home to him, cleans, mends and returns. He is said to be actually saving money, despite the fact that his charges are considerably lower than those charged by the downtown stores.

Nor are Chicago women less enterprising than the men in the way of doing odd work. One south side woman writes sermons for a living, another furnishes "original papers to be read" before elabs and bright rhymes for men's cards and quotation parties. There is another woman in town who is a practical miner. Another Chicago woman conducts a commission business on South Water street.

A New York hotel has lately started an enterprise that should be very successful and popular among its lady patrons. The new institution is that of a "lady's companion" who resides in the hotel, having her own private apartments for which she pays, with the understanding that her services will be preferred to others who are in the same line of work. The "companion" makes herself useful to the lady guests, in various ways, piloting them around the city when required, accompanying them on shopping expeditions, reading to the guest if the latter is indisposed, and in fact doing the thousand and one little things that make hotel life pleasanter than the average woman usually finds it. The "companion" is of course a lady of education and refinement and in no way sacrifices her dignity, or personal feelings by her work. She doubtless makes hundreds of pleasant acquaintances through the medium of her unique calling.

But the oddest occupation unearthed yet is followed and was invented by a woman. It is that of a sort of funeral inspector and assistant. When her services are required she goes to the house of mourning, makes the shroud when desired to do so, gives orders for flowers, arranges them, takes messages to the friends and relatives of the household, bids people to the services, buys or hires the mourning garments, alters them if necessary, arranges the rooms for the funeral, talks matters over with the minister and the undertaker, sees that the wishes of the family are carried out, and, in a word, stands between the afflicted people and the world at large in a thousand ways and performs a thousand small but highly appreciated services. The funeral over, she takes the flowers to be photographed, remains in the house until the family returns, nurses any ailing member of it, cares for the children, prepares a meal if necessary, stays to this meal if requested, and in many ways helps along the dragging machinery of life. When affairs have assumed somewhat of their normal appearance and course she quietly departs. Another branch of her work is the assisting at weddings or large private gatherings of any kind.

When a wedding is in course of preparation she arrives early in the day, or perhaps two days previous to the great event, and again takes charge of all the countless small details so trying to the mistress of the house. She it is who sees that the bouquet is in readiness for the bride, that her trunk is properly packed and everything that should go in it put in place, and that all arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the guests are completed. She it is who interviews the bridegroom and makes sure that the ring is forthcoming; she it is who officially superintends the bride's toilet at the final moment, in order that her calm attention and unfurled inspection may insure perfection of detail. She it is who sees to the serving of re-

freshments, the caring for wraps and top-coats, and the "clearing" when the festivities are over.

Two people, a man and a woman, the former a college youth, follow in Chicago the down-east avocation of "professional entertainer." The college boy is in such incessant demand for "stag" and mixed parties that his studies suffer occasionally. The statement that he is "the life of" every gathering he attends is his recommendation. He also superintends all the necessary arrangements for the affair. He is held responsible for the enjoyment and entertainment of the guests, and is treated as such himself. The college boy is paying his way through college by his work.

There is but one professional "cheerer" so far as known in Chicago. This is a young girl who, when pleasantly blessed with the world's goods, tried to help others by visiting them in trouble and trying to bring sunshine to them. Later, when hard times came to her own family, a friend suggested that she turn her talent for consolation and cheer to monetary account. The experiment has been a decided success. In New York more than a dozen men and women do this work regularly.

In the top of a tall building on State street is a small office in which a man works busily all day long, making plaster casts of hands, feet, heads and so on. For women with pretty members to have them perpetuated in plaster, always supposing that marble is beyond her pocket book's capacity, has been a society fad for some time. This man seized upon the idea, and has lifted himself well above the want by means of it.

Over in the Bohemian district lives a man who is growing rich by painting pictures for the use of beggars. Day after day he works on, painting away at explosion scenes, fires, bath fields, and other gory and startling happenings which have supposedly reduced the bearers of the pictures to beggary and want.

In a big Wabash avenue building may be found a woman who earns her bread and butter by means of a kind of leather work never done in America except by herself. It is a German method, a combination of reponse work, hammering and photography.

On the west side is a man who carts bodies from the morgue to the medical colleges for a living, and Chicago has the only woman in America to make colored medical drawings within her gates.

PRATHER'S COSTLY RUN.

Speeding Ninety Miles on Horse-back to Save a Fortune.

"One of the notable incidents of early days in the Pennsylvania oil regions was John Prather's \$3,000,000 ride from Oil City to Pittsburg," said Byron G. Smith, of Cleveland, "and I was the man that started him on it. I call it his \$3,000,000 ride because by taking that ride he made \$1,000,000 apiece for himself and his two brothers. When he mounted his horse at Oil City that January morning in 1865 the three of them combined didn't have \$10,000. I was an oil well driller, and it was a few idle strokes of my drill in a wildcat well that I was about to draw the tools out of and abandon that sent John Prather flying on horseback on that ninety-mile ride to fortune—and he didn't have a cent's worth of interest in the well, either."

In the summer of 1864 I was employed by one of the myriad, wildcat oil companies that came into existence during the early petroleum excitement to put down a well on territory it had leased of a farmer named Holmden. The territory was seven or eight miles beyond what was then believed to be the limit of the Oil Creek district. The company had an immense capital on paper, but it actually had none at all. It was formed solely to dispose of its stock. That it became suddenly one of the wealthiest companies ever organized in the oil regions, and was enabled to pay enormous dividends to its shareholders, was to no one as much of a surprise as it was to the projectors themselves. The Holmden farm wasn't worth \$3,000 all told, but John Prather, who was a son-in-law of Holmden, having watched the methods and manipulations of oil land speculators on the creek for a year or more, believed he saw a possibility of doing some profitable speculation on the Holmden farm himself.

The company that had begun operations on the property was booming it, and speculators not in the field were beginning to

"It went right to the sore spot." It is what a young man lately said of his first dose of SHORT'S DYSPEPTIC. Better still, a few more doses cured his indigestion.

make anxious and eager inquiries about it. John Prather and his brothers Abe and George owned a farm at Plumer, and oil had been struck near it. He induced his brothers to his way of thinking about the Holmden farm, and John went to his father-in-law and on the part of himself and his brothers made him an offer of \$25,000 for the refusal of that of his farm not leased by the oil company, the option to be for sixty days. The security of the Prathers had to give was not worth \$25,000 nor anything like it, it being simply their farm at Plumer, but the offer itself was tremendous. Farmer Holmden, not believing the boys could raise that much money in sixty days, and seeing better prospect for oil on the Prather farm at Plumer than there was on his own farm, accepted the offer and signed papers to that effect.

"I hate to do the boys out o' their farm," old Holmden said to me the day he signed the papers, especially as Johnny's my son-in-law, but if they don't know a good thing when they've got it, I can't help it."

"This was along in November. I kept pegging away at the well I was drilling, and the Prather boys began negotiating for a customer for this territory on the strength of that well. They wanted \$100,000 for their part of the farm. I found good signs of oil, but no vein. I got clear through the third sand, which was as deep as we drilled in those days, and reported to the company that there was no use. I had orders to keep still and go on drilling. There was a few hundred thousand dollars worth of stock to be unloaded on the public yet. The Prather boys saw that something had to be done with their territory pretty quick or not at all, and George Prather was sent to Pittsburg to work it up. This was about the first of January, 1865, just about the same time that my drill entered what had never been found in oil well drilling before—a fourth sand. The weather was such that we had to shut down then, whether or no, and even if I could have gone on with the drill I wouldn't have taken any stock in that fourth sand."

"Toward the middle of January there came a big break-up and thaw, and the Superintendent of the company ordered me to take the tools out of the well while I had the chance, for the company had no more use for it—having disposed of more than \$800,000 of its \$1,000,000 of stock, and the whole business hadn't cost it \$25,000. I went over to the well and started to obey orders, but before pulling the tools I thought I would see, just for curiosity's sake, if there was any kind of depth to that fourth sand. I set the drill to jogging, and it hadn't bored into that sand more than a foot when it dropped plump into the oil vein, and I had a well that was flowing oil at the rate of 300 barrels a day! There had been spouters few times as big as that along Oil Creek, but they'd had their day, and the pump was then getting most of the oil in the region, so this strike, seven miles beyond developments in a wildcat country, just set the oil field wild. This well was on Pithole Creek, and it was the starter of Pithole City, where there were 15,000 people in less than two months, and millions of—but everybody knows the story of Pithole."

"Well, sir, you may imagine how John and Abe Prather felt when they heard what my idle stroke of the drill had struck, and you may imagine the feelings of old man Holmden. He had bargained away land for \$25,000—provided the boys could raise the money in time—that was now worth a million at least. John Prather hurried to Oil City and telegraphed George at Pittsburg to stop all negotiations for the property that he might have on. No answer was received. Fearing that the farm would be sold by George, at figures, which although a fortune, would now be but a song John and Abe were nearly crazed. There was no railroad communication with any place from Oil City then. Telegram after telegram remained unanswered. John Prather hired the fastest and best horse he could find, mounted it early next morning, and started for Pittsburg to find his brother. He never left the saddle to eat or drink, and changed horses but once on the entire journey, which he made in nine hours, arriving at Pittsburg to learn that his brother had a customer in Philadelphia for the Holmden property, and had gone to that city the day before to close the deal. John Prather telegraphed George at Philadelphia, but got no reply. Then he followed him on the fastest train that ran on the Pennsylvania Railroad in those days, and that wasn't very fast. He arrived in Philadelphia all right, but if he had got there one minute later the name of Harrison W. Woods would be among those on the list of oil millionaires in place of John, Abe, and George Prather, for John

meat George on the steps of the Girard House just as he was on his way, in company with a lawyer, to close a transaction with Woods, who had offered \$100,000 cash for the Prather boys' option on the Holmden farm. It is hardly necessary to say that the news George put an end to further proceedings in that direction. It may seem strange to-day that the news of this great strike at Pithole had not reached George Prather yet, but it is a fact that no mention of it was made in the Philadelphia newspapers for more than a week after the strike was made."

But the Prather boys were not out of the woods yet. It was on the sale of the Holmden property that they had depended for the money to make good the price they were to pay Holmden for it. The sixty days' limit was within five days of being up, and they had the money still to raise. They succeeded in getting the amount from C. B. Duncan, a Scotchman who was in the oil business in Pittsburg, but when they came to pay it to Holmden and get their deed for the land Holmden's wife refused to sign the necessary papers to make the title good unless she was paid \$5,000 in gold for her signature.

"This the boys never could have got it if hadn't been for a man named Calver, who had a bank at Reno, for gold was scarce and high in those days. Calver had a lot of gold he was holding for speculation and he let the Prathers have \$5,000 of it for \$8,000. They paid Mrs. Holmden her demand, and the Holmden farm passed into their possession—\$3,000,000 for \$33,000, for that was the amount the boys cleaned up and divided from their lease and royalties on the farm and its production during the two years of the life of that marvelous oil pocket. The wildcat oil company got out of their part of the farm about as much more, besides paying its dividends to the stockholders. And how much do you suppose that company gave me for having the investigating turn of mind but for which it never would have possessed that rich oil vein? I don't mind telling you, now that the thing is all over. The company didn't give me a cent!"

"Through the Prather boys, Duncan, the Scotchman who had advanced them the \$25,000 to make good their payment to Holmden, got some choice investments in Pithole territory, and made a couple of millions. Duncan was a bachelor, and he disposed of all his interests at Pithole before the great crash came and went home to Scotland. He died in 1868, leaving the bulk of his fortune to religious and charitable institutions at Aberdeen. He was an eccentric man, and relatives of his contented his will on the ground of his insanity at the time he made it. They never could have made out their case if news had travelled thirty years ago as it travels now. Duncan had been instrumental in building a Presbyterian church at Pithole in 1865, and by his will he left \$25,000 to that church. A committee representing the contesting heirs came to this country to learn something about Duncan's transactions in the oil regions. They went to Pithole to see the church he had remembered to so liberally in his will. There was nothing left of Pithole but vacant and decaying buildings, and the church had disappeared entirely. When Duncan left Pithole the church and everything else there were in a most flourishing condition. The news of the utter collapse and abandonment of the place had never reached him in his seclusion in Scotland. The committee went home and reported that there was no such place as Pithole, and consequently no church there to receive \$25,000. No explanation was made further than that, and on this evidence the Court decided that Duncan must have been insane when he made his will, and the millions he had made in the place that the committee said had no existence were divided among a small army of crazy Scots."

"Duncan built a \$30,000 hotel at Pithole—the Duncan house. After Pithole's collapse the hotel was purchased by some Oil City men, who took it down and rebuilt it, in its original form, at Oil City, where it was the leading hotel for several years. It

at last became unprofitable and was abandoned. For years it was a retreat for rats and tramp and cow. It was sold finally for \$80, and was torn down and sold as firewood—the last visible relic of my wildcat drill brought like magic to that barren, isolated Pithole wilderness."

COLLECTING FROM "DRUMMERS."

The Collection Was a Large one and the Captain Was Pleased.

One Sunday evening, not long ago, the Salvation Army of Topeka formed a circle in front of the National Hotel, where a number of traveling salesmen were staying. After the usual singing, praying and beating of drums, came the collection, and as it turned out to be the most exciting, as well as the largest ever taken in the streets of a Kansas city, a correspondent of the Kansas City Times thought it worth describing. He writes:

"For a few minutes things went slowly enough. The captain was begging for nickels or pennies, but they came not rapidly."

"On the balcony, twenty feet above, were a dozen traveling men had a few women. One of the travelling men took out his pocketbook and fished out a dime. He threw it down to the captain, but it missed his tambourine and had to be hunted for on the stone pavement."

"Oh," said the New York wine-drummer, "I wouldn't give anything so small as a dime." He took out a quarter and threw it down. It, too, missed the captain."

"I'll fix that, God be praised!" said the captain, and taking the bass drum, he got it on the pavement, head up, directly in front of the balcony."

"I can beat a quarter," said a text-book man, and he threw a half-dollar. It hit the drumhead with a noise that made it sound like a brick to the startled ears of the Salvationists, and they shouted:

"Praise the Lord!"

The brewery man from Kansas City got his back up, and probing his pockets he found a silver dollar, and it hit the drumhead with a plunk.

"Fire a volley," shouted the captain, in an ecstasy, and there was a rousing "Amen" from each and every member of the army.

Another dollar from the pocket of a shoe-drummer lighted squarely on the beer dollar with a merry clink.

"That's a ringer," said the grocery-drummer, whose used to pitch horseshoes behind a country store while waiting for his trains, and he tried to duplicate it.

"I'll be one of any five men to throw a dollar each," announced another one of the text-book men.

"I'm with you," said four voices at the same instant, and plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, went five silver dollars against the drumhead in rapid succession.

"Fire a volley," shouted the captain above the mild Sabbath-day cheers of the gathered crowd, and there was nothing mild about the "Amen" that responded.

"I'll go two at a time with anybody," announced the wine man.

"I'm with you," said the beer man, and four silver dollars struck the drumhead simultaneously.

There was another round or two of singles, and then somebody asked:

"How much have you got now, captain?"

The captain counted while the travelling men got together in little bunches on the balcony and made up purses for an attack.

"Eighteen dollars and fifty two cents so far, praise God," said the captain.

"Fire a volley," Amen! shouted the army.

For nearly half an hour the fun lasted, and the army went away reluctantly but joyfully after a parting serenade.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook. "A story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

SALT

THE HONORABLE ANNE.

Ah Ging's welcome when I came, a bride, to the ranch was not the warmest. The dusky adobe wall, throwing him into picturesque relief, he stood on the ranch-house veranda, his face full of suppressed excitement. 'You tell me,' he muttered, 'who boss, now, Mr. Allendale got married?'

'And did not tell you that she goes by the name of the Lady Emily Brown?' 'Brown! Why, she married a Frenchman.'

The Honorable Anne next day gave warning. 'If you please, ma'am, you and Mr. Allendale have been very kind, and I love Mr. Billikins like my own, but I can't stay where I have been so misjudged.'



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won. SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use. Don't forget the name SURPRISE.

scribe ten dollars. Mike was that pleased that he called all the boys up for a drink, and threw down a twenty.

Some one else subscribed another ten, and Mike treated again, throwing down another twenty. He had just sold his crop and had nothing but twenties in his pocket.

Two men, one evening last spring, were strolling through the winding streets of the ancient town of Florence. One of them was a native of the old Tuscan city, the other an American.

The church from the high altar to the farthest portico, was a solid mass of human beings, dimly seen, for all lights had been put out except twelve great candles which burned around the crucifix.

As the story of the day was chanted, one after another of these lights went out, and the darkness deepened into night. But one remained, typical of Him Who hung upon the cross—the Light of the world.

teach him. After all, we cannot understand the art or literature or the life of any man unless we try to see with his eyes think for a time with his brain, and feel with his heart.

There are serious uses to which a diary can be put, although it is commonly kept mostly as a record of one's personal experiences, impressions, and dislikes, or daily expenses.

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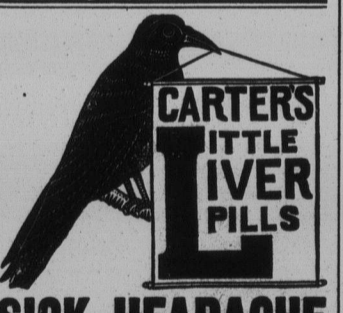
As the story of the day was chanted, one after another of these lights went out, and the darkness deepened into night. But one remained, typical of Him Who hung upon the cross—the Light of the world.

WHY MIKE STOPPED DRINKING. It cost him \$300 to Reform but it was well spent.

Mike Bryan is now a highly respected well-to-do farmer in a Western community, but he has not always been so highly respected or so well-to-do.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



IF YOU HAVE WEAK BACK, LAME BACK, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO OR RHEUMATISM, DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL CURE YOU. DO YOUR HANDS OR FEET SWELL? IF SO YOU HAVE WEAK KIDNEYS. DOAN'S PILLS WILL STRENGTHEN THEM.

GUN
HALF DONE
each day with good
soap, that's half
won.
RISE SOAP
especially for wash
makes them clean
and sweet, with
for this and every
SURPRISE.

After all, we cannot under-
stand or literature or the life of any
we try to see with his eyes think
with his brain, and feel with his

MENTARY EVIDENCE.
Uses to which One May Put
a Diary.
is serious uses to which a diary
although it is commonly kept
record of one's personal ex-
pressions, and dislikes, or
sees.

ambull came home from his
ay in July and threw himself
go with the remark that it was
ay he had ever lived through;
e seen the like in all his ex-
erience.

you mistake, dear," said Mrs.
opening a small drawer in the
and taking out an indexed
of pocket size.
she proceeded to say, after
a moment, "that on the 30th
last year the mercury stood at
It is now"—and she con-
trolled her hand, as if she
thermometer hanging on the
egress.

HEART BELIEF.
Hanging Between Life and
Acute Heart Disease—And in
After Taking First Dose of Dr.
Cure for the Heart, Relief Comes
Did for Alfred Coultery, West
York, it Can do for Any Sufferer
Same Cause.

men suffering from acute heart
disease, when doctors
failed to give me relief, I
tried Agnew's Cure for the Heart.
After the first dose I had
although mine was a case of
eight bottles effected a per-
cure, and I firmly believe, after
at it has done for me, that
hopeless case while this great
had. I cheerfully sanction
my testimony in whatever way
is most good.

IF YOU
HAVE
WEAK BACK,
LAME BACK,
BACKACHE,
RHEUMATISM,
OR LUMBAGO OR
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KIDNEYS, DR. AGNEW'S
KIDNEY PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

Woman and Her Work

It seems strange that with the number of women who are forced to support themselves in these days, and are eagerly seeking means of earning a livelihood, so many fields which would seem to offer tempting possibilities in the shape of financial returns, should remain totally untried, and apparently unthought of while less agreeable and much more arduous occupations are eagerly sought after. The middle-aged, or elderly woman, who is suddenly confronted with the necessity of doing something towards her own support seems to turn towards the one resource of "taking a few boarders," as naturally as the needle turns towards the pole it is the only way she can keep her home and live, she says, and of course she does not want to go out into the world and buffet her way amongst others.

The young girl, on the contrary, always seems to look outside the home for employment. Type writing, short hand, book keeping, music and school teaching, even clerking in shops, all seem to offer attractions to the girl who has her living to earn, and the idea of looking for some occupation which will enable her to stay at home never seems to cross her mind. The discontents of the cheap boarding house which is all that her means will allow, the loneliness, and homelessness—none of these considerations seem to weigh with her for a moment, and she appears to be quite contented with her lot; while the fact remains that work which is quite as well paid, and much easier and more congenial lies almost at her door if she would only look for it.

For example—the manager of one of the most prominent employment bureaux in New York, announced recently that in the whole busy city of Gotham there was no such place as a bachelor's mending bureau, and that the luckless bachelors whose lives were spent in boarding houses and family hotels were compelled to depend upon the not-always-tender mercies of their landladies for the repairing of their clothes. What this means may be readily imagined when I say that a man told me, a short time ago that he had thirty pairs of socks in his wardrobe and had to go down town and buy a pair when he wanted a change, because there was not one sock in the collection which had not a hole in it somewhere; and he added pathetically that he could not wear them because the holes hurt his feet. The same man told me that he got some lady friend to buy him a box of safety pins once in a while, or his clothes would literally fall off, for want of buttons. Imagine the comfort of being able to have clothes properly repaired instead of being obliged to throw them aside before they are half worn out, and my new ones in self defence, and also imagine what a very satisfactory amount of money there would be in it for the mender. I have mentioned are only suitable for large and wealthy cities like New York, but surely the mending, and lunch industries would be quite practicable even in a new country like Canada.

These is no one in the world like a Frenchwoman for evolving something out of nothing, whether it be a palatable soup from one onion, a handful of herbs, some breadcrumbs, and a little water, a charming bonnet from a scrap of gauze or an artificial flower and a sudden inspiration; or a softly rounded form from a thing of bones, angles and hollows. In improving upon nature where that capricious dame has been niggardly to her daughters, the Frenchwoman is without a rival, and not only do her own countrywomen profit by her cleverness, but the women of other nations have come to rise up and call her blessed for the good she does them. I am afraid the ladies of France cannot be very amply provided with charms in the shape of soft curves, because the Parisian modiste is so fertile in resources for improving the forms of her patrons. One of her latest devices in this direction is a clever arrangement of ruffles placed inside the bodices of their dresses and designed to conceal the absence of flesh where flesh, instead of ruffles should be. This consists of ruffles about three inches wide, and made of ribbon, muslin, lace, or any other material which will match the dress. These are sewed inside the bodice across the bust, and make a soft fulness over a flat chest; they look very pretty and possess a decided advantage over wadding, or any other so called "improver." These ruffles are now placed in all the new French gowns now being turned out, so that fat and thin alike may have the benefit of this newest wrinkle in artistic dressmaking and if they are not needed, nothing is easier than to

generally useful in this. If the guests are strangers in the city and need either a guide to show them about town and point out the various items of interest, or an assistant in shopping, the ladies companion can be called upon; if the guest is ill, or the weather so bad as to keep her indoors, so that she feels the need of companionship, the companion is notified, and is not only willing to make herself as agreeable as possible, but even to do a bit of shopping for the invalid when required. This would be an opening for either elderly or young women, and could be filled with perfect independence and dignity. I would not have the ladies' companion in any sense a hanger on, or free guest at the hotel; she should pay for her room and board like anyone else, leaving her cards in the office with the understanding that they should be circulated amongst the lady, patrons, and she herself recommended, and called upon when needed.

Other branches of the same business are the hotel shopper, the woman who can direct and advise the guests at a hotel now, and where to do their shopping, accompany them on shopping trips, or, if necessary do it for them, and the hotel mender, who is always ready to attend to the mending both in connection with the hotel, and the guests.

Curiously enough there are openings in large cities for such unique occupations as the care of birds for rich women who like to see the little creatures about, but do not care for the trouble of looking after them, and feel that they cannot be trusted to servants, the care of house ferns, palms and rubber plants, and the decoration and artistic arrangement of drawing, and reception rooms.

Strangest of all there is at this present time a real need for a dogs' and cats, boarding house in the city of New York, and the woman who takes the tide at the flood, and opens one will be sure to make money. The employment bureaux all beset with inquiries from the owners of cats and dogs for persons who will board and care for them during their absences from the city. Rich women who are fond of their pets are loth to leave them in the care of servants during short absences, and when they go to the mountains or the seaside for the summer they are simply at their wits end for some safe place to leave the pet dog, cat or parrot, and would be more than willing to pay a good price for the comfort of knowing that it is well cared for while they are away.

I am aware that several of the occupations I have mentioned are only suitable for large and wealthy cities like New York, but surely the mending, and lunch industries would be quite practicable even in a new country like Canada.

There is no one in the world like a Frenchwoman for evolving something out of nothing, whether it be a palatable soup from one onion, a handful of herbs, some breadcrumbs, and a little water, a charming bonnet from a scrap of gauze or an artificial flower and a sudden inspiration; or a softly rounded form from a thing of bones, angles and hollows. In improving upon nature where that capricious dame has been niggardly to her daughters, the Frenchwoman is without a rival, and not only do her own countrywomen profit by her cleverness, but the women of other nations have come to rise up and call her blessed for the good she does them. I am afraid the ladies of France cannot be very amply provided with charms in the shape of soft curves, because the Parisian modiste is so fertile in resources for improving the forms of her patrons. One of her latest devices in this direction is a clever arrangement of ruffles placed inside the bodices of their dresses and designed to conceal the absence of flesh where flesh, instead of ruffles should be. This consists of ruffles about three inches wide, and made of ribbon, muslin, lace, or any other material which will match the dress. These are sewed inside the bodice across the bust, and make a soft fulness over a flat chest; they look very pretty and possess a decided advantage over wadding, or any other so called "improver." These ruffles are now placed in all the new French gowns now being turned out, so that fat and thin alike may have the benefit of this newest wrinkle in artistic dressmaking and if they are not needed, nothing is easier than to

If the SIZES of SLIPPERS suit, you can have them for
any of these...
Just Half Price

- LADIES' FINE KID SLIPPERS, Common Sense Sizes, 2 1/2, 3 and 3 1/2. Regular Price \$2.50, now \$1.25.
- LADIES' FINE KID (GORE FRONT HOUSE) SLIPPERS; Sizes 2 1/2, 3 and 3 1/2. Regular Price \$1.75, now 88c.
- LADIES' FINE KID OPERA SLIPPERS; Sizes 2 1-2, 3, 3 1-2, 6 1-2, and 7. Regular Price \$1.35, now 68c.

WATERBURY & RISING.

remove them, for they slip out as easily as a shield.
The sash might almost be called the distinguishing feature of the summer costume for '97, and to the woman who wishes to look rather younger than her years, which of course is neither you, nor myself, gentle reader—it is simply the most valuable accessory which has yet appeared. There is something delightfully youthful and innocent about a sash, so girlish and feminine, but at the same time so unpremeditated that it imparts an appearance of guileless youth to any woman on the right side of thirty five; and the beauty of the sash of today consists in its adaptability, it is the correct thing for the reposed of fifteen, and it is equally good form for the matron of fifty, so as no one can accuse the mature belle of trying to make herself look youthful by adopting a fashion intended only for very young girls.

The difference between the sash of today, and the one which confined the white muslin gowns of our grandmothers, lies in the fact that ours are made with bands, while theirs reached them straight from the hand of the weaver, all ready to be tied and the only art connected with them lay in the ability to tie a pretty bow. Our bows are made, not tied, and the long ends are carefully hemmed and elaborately decorated either with tucks, hem stitching, insertion, or flounces. The girdle, or belt is usually made separately as it requires careful fitting, and the bow is also made, and attached to one end of the girdle, hooking securely to the unattached side, after it is in place. The three popular materials for sashes are silk, batiste, and chiffon, and to give an example of each, the silk one is usually made of tafata split down the middle, and hemmed. One pretty sash of this description has the ends rounded, and is finished all around with a tiny ruff of inch-wide tafata ribbon with a fancy edge, gathered on one edge, and sewn on like a flounce. The girdle is of the silk, has a pointed front and is kept firm with five short whalebones. The one in front is about three inches deep, the two in the back two inches, and two at the sides one inch deep. The long ends are gathered at the top, and attached to the girdle which has no bow, but is finished with the two little frilled hems meeting in the back, which would be seen on crush collars.

The batiste sash is cut about twelve or fifteen inches wide, hemmed, or better still hem-stitched, and attached to a belt of the same, either plain or folded. The ends are trimmed with insertion, or lace, or muslin, and tiny tucks; a big bow or a rosette as a finish is optional.
A lovely sash is of black chiffon made the entire width of the material, with the long ends drawn into large rosettes at the bottom, and finished with the same big rosettes at the belt, which consists of the chiffon folded.
Another pretty chiffon sash is of green, also full width, but with the ends finished with tucks, and a large bow at the waist; it is very stylish and dainty but unfortunately very perishable also. The wedding sash is of white satin, with draped belt, and closes at the left side under a large bow below which is fastened a spray of orange blossoms.

Sashes for children are frequently made of ribbon tied at the side in a large bow, and with ends that reach just to the hem of the little dress. It is reported that the bandanna shirt waist is with us once more, but as it comes in prettier colors than formerly, there seems to be a better chance for its popularity than during its last appearance. Baby blue and white, is the combination for the brunettes, in these waists, royal rose, and white, and jonquil yellow coming next.

Neuralgia, and long depression, cause the hair to turn gray prematurely. Hall's Hair Restorer will restore the color, and prevent the hair from falling.

A Fair and Beautiful Complexion

Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Redness, and all other skin eruptions, vanish by the use of Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS AND FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.
ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Medicated Arsenic Complexion Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six are in boxes, 5c. Soap, 60c. Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

IN A COATING OF ICE.

A Flock of Fowls Entirely Encased in the Crystals.
'The Last Three Soldiers,' W. H. Shelton's story in St. Nicholas, contains many unusual situations that develop from the unique plot. Three Union soldiers, who are on a mountain top in the south, cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, lead a regular Crusoe existence.
On the evening of the fourth day the thw was followed by a light rain, which froze as it fell, and developed into a regular ice storm during the night. When the three soldiers looked out on the morning of the nineteenth they found their house coated with ice, and the mountain top a scene of glittering enchantment. Every tree and bush was coated with a transparent armor of glass. The little limbs of the birches and young chestnuts were bent downward in graceful curves by the weight of the ice, which under the rays of the rising sun, glittered and scintillated with all the colors of the rainbow. Every nook and stone had its separate casing, and every weed and blade of grass was stiffened with a tiny shining overcoat. The stalks on the plantation stood up like a glittering field of pikas.
Despite the difficulty of walking over the uneven ground and the slippery rocks, they made their way, not without occasion, to the western side of the plateau to observe the effect in the Cove. Philip was in raptures over the prismatic variety of colors, picking out and naming the tints with a childish glee and with a subtle appreciation of color that far outran the limited vision of his comrades, and made them think that Sherman Territory had possibly defrauded the world below of a first-rate artist.
As they turned back toward the house Bromley remarked that it was strange they had not been awakened as usual by the crowing of the cocks. Indeed, the stillness of the hour was remarkable. It was strange that while they had lain in their bunk after day-break they had not heard the cocks answering one another from one end of the plateau to the other.
Usually they heard first the clear, ringing note of some knowing old bird burst loud and shrill from under the very window, and then the pert reply of some upstart youngster who had not yet learned to manage his crow, drifting faintly back from the rocks to the west; then straightway all the crows of all ages, and of every condition of shrillness and hoarseness, tried for five mortal minutes to crow one another down; and when one weak, far-away chick on seemed to have had the last word, another would break the stillness, and the strident contest would begin again.
In leaving the house, they had been so enchanted by the hues of the ice-storm that they now remembered that they had not so much as turned their eyes in the direction of the mill. When they came upon the brow of the hill which overlooked the mill —which was a silver mill now—the limbs of the trees which stretched along the bank beyond were crowded with the fowls, at least four hundred of them, sitting still on their perches. Philip, who fell down in his eagerness, and rolled over on the ice, remarked as he got upon his feet that it was too knowing a flock of birds to leave the sure hold it had on the limbs to come down on to the slippery ground.
As the soldiers came nearer, however, they noticed that their fowls in this sunlight were quite the most brilliant objects they

Mechanical Hammer.

A German inventor has designed a hammering apparatus for forging horseshoes, stirrups, screws, bits, etc., in large quantities. A series of adjustable hammers were provided with removable dies which may be adapted to any class of work desired, these dies corresponding with other dies let into a common anvil. The first hammer is heavier than the others, which diminish in weight until the last one is reached, the rough outline forging being done by the first and the article passing from hammer to hammer until it emerges in finished shape. Any number of hammers may be used and the invention comprises mechanism for adjusting the material and operating and regulating the hammers, separately or together.

Spider's Thread.

The spider's threads are estimated to be 100,000th of a hair in thickness. Three kinds of thread are spun. One of great strength for the radiating or spoke lines of the web; the cross lines are finer and are little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass of food, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is sometimes afraid—as for example, a wasp.

BOVRIL

Is the Product of Prime Ox Beef

BOVRIL

Forms a complete food for Brain, Blood, Bone and Muscle, and supercedes all ordinary Meat Extracts, for flavoring and enriching Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes. Sold by all first class Grocers and Druggists.

WHOLESALE DEPOT

BOVRIL, LIMITED

27 St. Peter St., MONTREAL

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lymphatic" Method; also "System" for beginners.

Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WILLIAMS

CAMERA AND DARK ROOM.

Discussion of the Suitability of Different Materials for Backings.

The suitability of different materials for backing dry plates has long been an important question which photographers...

When the glass is cracked on a negative, but the film remains unbroken, the film can be removed by soaking a short time in a 5 per cent. solution of hydrofluoric acid.

The development of the platinum image may be greatly facilitated by heating the developing solution. Although this method involves a little extra trouble...

Kastner states that carbon tissue which has become insoluble on the surface may be rendered fit for use by floating the paper films downwards on hot water...



BABY WAS CURED. DEAR SIR:—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed...

THE HEAD MASTER. GENTLEMEN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint.

Oak Leaf Soap. Is having a very large sale in this province at present. Dealers who are handling it say that it is the best four cent wrapped soap that has ever been put upon the market.

Don't Take Medicine. If you are weak and run down, use PUTTNER'S EMULSION, which is FOOD rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

Jewelry. In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 80 University St., Montreal.

YOUR SPARE TIME. Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising...

made with a gelatine, and be then treated with formalin, it becomes quite hard and insoluble. The medal or article is painted with oil and the melted gelatine is poured over it.

To take positives directly in the camera or copy a negative from a negative, either enlarged, reduced or reversed, Mr. Huillard proceeds as follows: He develops with a strong bromo-hydrochloric developer until the picture shows well on the glass slide.

A good washing now finishes the plate. Much time and trouble may be saved in making solutions of such chemicals as by sulphate of soda, alum, sodium sulphate etc., by procuring a large jar with a wide mouth.

A REGULATING GOOSE. Carried off a Gold Watch, and got a Servant in Trouble.

It is doubtful if another dumb animal ever caused greater mischief than a goose did recently in Laneshoro, N. Y. That goose stole a dozen valuable articles and brought about the discharge of a servant.

Noosing a Sea-Lion. A correspondent of Ram's Horn narrates a pulling match between a sea-lion and a farmer: Near Tillamook, Oregon, an old German farmer chanced to be driving along the beach, when his watchful gaze was greeted by the sight of a large sea-lion.

Economical Galvanizing. The British Government is using extensively for coating the plates of torpedo craft, steel wire, and protecting tubes in water tube boilers, the Cowper-Coles process in which zinc dust is used for revivifying the solution from which the zinc is deposited.

The Weather for Olds. This is the time when olds are in the fashion—every body who is anybody has one, if not himself there's one in the family.



ONLY IN 1 1/2 and 2 1/2 TIN CANS. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.



The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world.

Trafalgar Institute. (Affiliated to McGill University), SIMPSON STREET, - MONTREAL. For the Higher Education of YOUNG WOMEN.

TURKISH DYES. EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE. A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hinton's Golden Specific.

ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. AIDS DIGESTION. Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes.

AMERICAN CLOTHES WRINGERS.

The first American clothes wringer produced, which was put on the market about thirty-five years ago, was a substantial and serviceable machine, but its price prevented it coming at once into common use.

Clothes wringers are made with rolls of ten to twenty-four inches in length; wringers larger than that are made to order. Ten, eleven, and twelve inch are the sizes commonly operated by hand, though fourteen and even sixteen inch wringers are sometimes used in that manner.

WELLINGTON AT HOME.

Some Incidents in the Life of the Hero of Waterloo.

In Dean Hole's 'Memories' are related several anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington, the first of which shows that he had the modesty common among great men, that is unconsciousness of its own greatness.

He met a lady who was going up the steps to see the model of Waterloo, and remarked to her. 'Ah, you're going to see Waterloo. It's very good—I was there, you know.'

Unconventional Dress in Java. When one has driven about the old town and seen its crowded bazars and streets he is driven into the long garden court of the Hotel Nederlanden, and there has presented a spectacle of social life and customs that nothing in all travel can equal for distinct shock and sensation.

Lives on Insects. There is a quaint plant which grows in pea bogs. It has large flowers, with an odd umbrella like shield in the corner. The leaves are generally about half full of rain water, in which many insects are drowned.

ERRORS IN NUMBERING

CLOTHES WRINGERS.

Similar Article of Household Use Over the World.
 The American clothes wringer put on the market about ago, was a substantial and fine, but its price prevented its once into common use. Its price was reduced to within twelve or fifteen cents of the present price, and the American clothes wringer has come to be the standard of common household use. Its price is about one-third of the original price. The present American clothes wringer is made with rolls of iron instead of wood, and is twelve inches in length; wringers of this size are made to order. The present American clothes wringer is twelve inches in length; wringers of this size are made to order. The present American clothes wringer is twelve inches in length; wringers of this size are made to order.

ON AT HOME.

the Life of the Hero Waterloo.
 Memories are related of the Duke of Wellington which shows that he had among great men, and of his own greatness was going up the del of Waterloo, and to see Waterloo. It's here, you know.
 The Duke of Wellington was preaching in the street when he was the conduct of the sermon open-pulpit and suddenly his force, so that the building.
 A whisper reports Grace the Duke of Wellington opted this method of lumbering. This is a bombardment new! I understand without reduction with clever device pushed aside a poor before him to the "Make way for his Wellington," he said equal here. And as was speaking in marching orders, and, and preach the Dress in Java.
 about the old town and streets he the garden court of the there has present-able and customs that equal for distinct We had seen some etc.—women lolling ling disabillie in concluded them to s; but there in the grade that beggars astounding on the in the country, men's conventional line, and no when distinguish-als can roam and nked women clad or skirt, and a to unconcernedly rests and public it is a disabillie tomies and only tend would seem on being seen in coming attire—an y defect, while o levelness can either color, nor to recommend it.

Sunday Reading.
Esperides.
 Where night's cool fingers clasp with day
 Thro' misty waves in the West gale die—
 And the sun's hot horses plunge in the spray
 Beyond the great ocean's most remote rize;
 Far from the man's track a dreamland lay—
 These happy islands old birds had sung,
 They knew no winter, no month but May!
 That golden age when the gods were young!
 And some where, lost in the boundless blue,
 There must be—from the world and wide—
 A land of loungers at last come true.
 And sweet things living we thought had died.
 Dead voices call us across the vale,
 Dead lips are smiling we once loved best;
 Beyond the sunset, where no ships sail,
 And the unknown parkness that hides the West

An Indwelling God.
 Thou didst within my life, than self more near,
 Thou didst within my life, than self more near,
 From all my senseless weariness I flee
 To find my centre and my rest in Thee.
 Take part with me against these doubts that rise
 And seek to throw me far in distant skies!
 Take part with me against this self, that dares
 Assume the burden of these sins and cares!
 How can I call Thee Who art always here,
 How shall I praise Thee, Thou of all most dear,
 What may I give Thee, save what Thou has given,
 And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?
Eliza Scudder.

"A LITTLE ISLAND."

Ten years or more ago, Robert R. Dolling was appointed to take charge of the Winchester Mission in the district of St. Agatha, the worst portion of the great town of Portsmouth, England. The district had long been the despair of philanthropists. Every one had given it up to its own wickedness.
 When Mr. Dolling first stepped foot upon his new field of work, he called it 'a curious little island,' it was so different, so isolated from the rest of the great seaport, and so overlooked. Here boys stole because stealing was their only method of living. Men were drunken because they were always hungry, and girls sinned because their mothers and their grandmothers had sinned before them.

THE PAPYRUS OF EGYPT.

It will be years before we can fully appreciate the find.
 The work which has resulted in so important a find for Christendom, the papyrus containing the sayings of Christ, had a curious beginning. It was begun at Behnesa, eighty miles south of Cairo, on the edge of the Western Desert, in December of last year by Mr. Flinders Petrie, who, after examining the widespread mounds, and judging that the interests of the place were almost entirely Roman, left the site in the hands of Mr. B. P. Frenell, M. A., and Mr. A. S. Hunt, M. A., who had come expressly to work for papyrus. Their results, so we are told, 'proved to be far greater than were anticipated.' As a matter of fact they filled some two hundred and eighty boxes with 'waste documents' belonging to periods varying from the first to the sixth century, A. D., together with about one hundred and fifty undoubted Egyptian archives which had to be deposited with the government at Cairo. Years, probably decades must pass before we can realize the value of this marvellous capture from the forgotten past.—Flintshire Observer.

The Pickpocket's Death.

It is an evident fact that the body, when it has long been a slave to evil passions, finds it next to impossible to break its chains. The mind may passionately desire righteous living, but the abused nervous system, fallen into iron habits, refuses the soul's behest.
 Canon Gore writes that he was once present at the death-bed of a pickpocket, a man who professed himself to be sincerely penitent, and who believed in the forgiveness of sins.
 He had said good-by to this world, and the clergyman sat by his side waiting for his last moment to come. Suddenly the sinking man exclaimed, in a hoarse and painful whisper:
 "Look out for your watch!"
 They were his last words. He had died in their utterance, and the clergyman's watch was found in his lifeless hand. He

OUR THIGHBONES.

We should look upon all men and women as such.
 Our neighbors generally are the people who have houses near our own, that nearest varying according to size of the district and the number of householders of the same social rank as ourselves. In town they live on the same street; in apartments they are on the same corridor; in the country they are separated by a field only or a garden wall; in sparsely tenanted places they are at a distance of a mile or two miles, or it may be six. And the neighbor par excellence is the one who lives close alongside of ourselves—perhaps in the other half of the semi-detached house where we had our home or just across the road and opposite, not to the side. This is the general idea of a neighbor, and when we use the term we rarely mean anything else.

But in point of fact we have neighbors wherever we turn—men and women to whom we are bound to render such service of kindness as comes into possibilities of the time and place. It is not only domicile and the rates and taxes which makes us neighbors. It is not only when we live divided by a party wall one from the other at the foot of the hill, or standing face to face across the road, when we can signal our goings out and our comings in and be helpful and neighborly in the matter of the garden roller and the preserving pan. It is not only when we know all the family history, and how our friends and neighbors are impecable as to their grandfather and without the crooked lines of scandal across their family escutcheon. It is not necessary to be intimate, nor even to have been introduced, for the obligations of neighborliness to be strict and strong. For wherever we can render a service, show a courtesy or do a kindness we have our work cut out for us in the way of duty to our neighbor, and he is our neighbor who stand in need, great or small, of such help as we can offer.—Philadelphia Times.

LADY BURTON'S COURAGE.

Didn't Like to See Her With Christians and Grow Zealous.
 When Sir Richard Burton was consul at Damascus, his wife shared the perplexities of that complicated Eastern life. She was braver than many men situations and which would have seemed impossible to some women did not trouble her in the least. One day she was riding through a village where, as usual, every one rose and saluted her, and where she was joined by several native Christians. Suddenly Hasan, a youth of twenty-one, thrust himself before his horse and called:
 "What fellow you fellow are to salute this Christian woman! I will show you the way to treat her!"
 She reined in her horse. The natives dropped on their knees, kissed her hands, and prayed her not to be angry.
 "For Allah's sake, bear it patiently," they implored. "We are not strong enough to fight for you."
 By this time a crowd had collected and she was the centre of all eyes.
 "What is the meaning of this?" she asked Hasan.
 "It means," said he, "that I will pull you off your horse and duck you in the water. Salute me!"
 She had but an instant to think over her course of action. To give him an advantage would result in a conular and European row; and if she betrayed the slightest cowardice she would never be able to show her face in the village again.
 She sprang nimbly from her saddle, seized him by the throat, twisting his necktie tightly, and at the same time showering blows upon his head, face and shoulders with the butt end of her whip, until he howled for mercy.
 Her servant flew to the rescue, a pistol went off harmlessly, and Hasan's brothers dragged him howling away. Lady Burton mounted her horse and rode on, amid the curses of the attacking party.
 "We will follow you," they shouted, "with sticks and stones and guns; and at night we will come in a party and burn your

had not been able to resist the nearness of an article that could be stolen. His unfeeling will could not prevent the muscles from falling into their old habits; but his mind—his soul, shall we say?—protested to the last.

Where Beauty Prevails.
 All beauty must be organic. It is the soundness of the bones that ultimate itself in a peach-bloom complexion, health of constitution that makes the sparkle and power of the eye. It is the adjustment of the size and of the joining of the sockets of the skeleton that gives grace of outline and the finer grace of movement. Every necessary organic action pleases the beholder. A man leading a horse to water, a farmer sowing seed, the laborer of haymakers in the field, the carpenter building a ship, the smith at the forge, or whatever useful labor, is becoming to the wise eye; but, if it is done to be seen, it is simply neither more nor less than mean.

Where Sensibility is Greatest.
 It is not examples of weakness, but sensibility to see them that is wanting. The good botanist will find flowers between the street pavements; and any man filled with an idea or purpose will find examples and illustrations and coadjutors wherever he goes. It is a magnet to find wit, and character to find character. Do we not know that people are much as we converse with them? And, it all or any are heavy to us, that fact accuses us.

Intemperance.
 Intemperance is the cause of untold misery, poverty, and crime, the parent of manifold diseases and disorders of a most terrible nature, the wrecker of fortunes, the blaster of reputations, the despoiler of innumerable families and homes, and the destroyer of body, mind and soul. It has done more, perchance, than any other vice to impede the progress of Christianity, and to people the dungeons of perdition.

Home.
 Home is one of the sweetest words in human language, the dearest spot on this nether planet—a heaven upon earth when consecrated by order, cleanliness and piety and hallowed by fondest mutual affection.

Electric Light Timer.
 A Chicago electrical company has come to the front with a new device for the purpose of timing the use of arc lights. The device is claimed to be reliable in every way, and will positively start the clock movement whenever the current is turned into the meter and lamps. It will also stop the clock when the current is turned off. Central stations may derive a benefit by the adoption of this meter in various ways, by having the customer turn the light on or off as it is needed, thereby saving the salary of a man to patrol the circuits in order to shut off 10 o'clock or other earlier lights. They are also enabled to place new contracts with customers who would not go on a monthly schedule.



NOSE BLEED.
 Sometimes Simple Methods are Efficacious in Stopping it.
 Pliny regarded nosebleed as one of the distinctive characteristics of the human race, for he said that 'man is the only creature from whom blood flows at the nostrils,' and, properly understood, he was right. Of course blood will flow from any part of any animal when the arteries or veins of that part are opened, but it is a fact that nosebleed, occurring without any apparent cause, is seldom, if ever, seen in animals. The reason for this human peculiarity is that the membrane lining the nostrils in man is especially full of blood-vessels, the wall of which are weak and easily ruptured by slight causes.
 It is usually very easy to recognize nosebleed, but sometimes the blood flows backward into the throat, and then is coughed up, or vomited, and may be thought to come from a hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach, and so cause much needless alarm.
 As a rule nosebleed is a thing of slight importance, and stops of itself after a little, but the blood may escape in such quantity, or the bleeding may continue so long, that the patient is greatly weakened. When occurring in children it has ordinarily no significance, though this is not always to be taken for granted,—but in older persons it may be a symptom of some other illness, such as the beginning of typhoid fever, or a trouble of the liver or heart.
 Nosebleed is one of the common manifestations of that curious condition in which there is a tendency to severe hemorrhage after any slight injury or even without any cause that can be discovered. Children with this predisposition—often called 'bleeders'—suffer from frequent and uncontrollable attacks of nosebleed, and sometimes die in one of them in spite of all efforts to control the hemorrhage.
 Ordinarily there is little to be done, for the bleeding usually stops of itself. The child should be made to sit quietly in a chair with the head only slightly inclined forward, just enough to let the drops fall clear of the lips into the basin. All clothing should be loosened about the neck. Ice may be applied to the back of the neck, or ice-water may be dashed into the face or made to trickle down the back.
 If it is useful, also, to insert a little piece of ice into the bleeding nostril; sometimes the effect is better if the ice is put into the other nostril—and retain it there for a moment or two; or still better plan is to snuff up a mixture of alcohol and water as hot as can be borne. The introduction of cobwebs into the bleeding nostril often induces coagulation, or the same purpose may be served by a little wisp of loose worsted which has been picked apart.
 If simple measures fail, the physicians should be summoned before exhaustion ensues.

CATARH OF LONG STANDING RELIEVED IN A FEW HOURS.
 It is not alone the people of our own country, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe, M. P. of Joliet, Que., and other members of Parliament, who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known, but the people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine. C. G. Archer of Brewer, Maine, says: 'I have had catarrh several for years. Water would run from my eyes and nose days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. I would not be without it.' It relieves in ten minutes.

BOTH EXEMPLIFIED.
 Sympathy and Hardness of Heart Were Both Well Exemplified.
 The train stopped at a seaside station, and a pale girl, who coughed incessantly, alighted. A young woman with a brogue and kind, merry face ran to meet her.
 "Ah, an' it's welcome ye are, my dear! Take me arm. It's just a step. There it is—that white cottage on the beach. It was all planned and built by Miss Hayes. She keeps it up. From April to November there are ten of her friends there gettin' rested and strong. They each stay two weeks. Faith, an' that's a tireome cough! We'll be gettin' rid of that at wance, please God!"
 "You are so kind. I know you'll make me well," said the poor shop-girl, smiling.
 "It is me? It's Miss Hayes as'll cure you. I'm only her Irish chambermaid. I wish I could do some good meself; but I haven't a rid cent to give. My money all goes back to the ould folks in the ould country; but Miss Hayes's father—he's millions! She can help the poor; and Molly's blue eyes filled with tears. She walked slowly, her arm around the sick woman's waist.

"You'll have a wee room all to yourself. I'll make you crame toast for tay. I'm foine on crame toast!" she ran on cheerily.
 "Is that Miss Hayes in the door? Why, she is a young woman!" said the startled new-comer, as a slight girl advanced briskly to meet her.
 "Ah! You are Jane Potts? glancing at a list in her hand. 'I hope you will enjoy your holiday, Jane. You will stay until this day two weeks. A copy of the Home rules is in your chamber. Tea is at six, precisely. All lights must be out at ten, to the minute. Tomorrow morning I will see you and examine into your situation, habits; and so on. I always exercise an oversight over the families, work and life of my women. You must go to your room now and rest."

"But I am not one of her 'women!' said the girl, hotly as she climbed the stairs. Molly heaped the pillows on her bed, brought her cordial which checked the cough, and with affectionate pats bade her sleep until tea-time. She went from one to another of the women with a cup of milk for one, a big pear for another, listening to the ailments and long stories of all with kind, cheerful words.
 Miss Hayes was bidding good-by to two women whose holiday was over. "And remember, Mary," she said, "you must rid yourself at once of that drunken brother."
 "If I turn my back on him, he'll go straight to the bad," replied the girl.
 "I am competent to judge of your duty. How can I help women who carry such dead weights? I will not try. And you, Jane. You should sell that guitar. You are too needy to indulge in luxuries."
 "It was my mother's. I can only play a few tunes; but they're a great comfort, Miss."
 "Nonsense! Good shoes are better than tunes! I'll call on you next week and see if you have taken my advice."
 "Is it the love of the poor or the love of having her own way that's in her?" said one of the women as they walked away. The other did not answer.

But Molly looked after her mistress with reverence. God, she thought, had given her a great work to do for Him.
 "An' what can I do that has no money at all?" she thought, shaking her head.
 This little picture needs no words of ours to explain its meaning.
 "What are the weather indications today?" asked the thin men. "Rain, to a certainty; circus in town," said the thick man, without looking at the bureau's report.—Cincinnati Tribune.

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CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Electric Light Timer.
 A Chicago electrical company has come to the front with a new device for the purpose of timing the use of arc lights. The device is claimed to be reliable in every way, and will positively start the clock movement whenever the current is turned into the meter and lamps. It will also stop the clock when the current is turned off. Central stations may derive a benefit by the adoption of this meter in various ways, by having the customer turn the light on or off as it is needed, thereby saving the salary of a man to patrol the circuits in order to shut off 10 o'clock or other earlier lights. They are also enabled to place new contracts with customers who would not go on a monthly schedule.

Notches on The Stick

The laurel wreath, and Parnassian bloom Mantle above his brow.

Silas Comberback had ceased from being—save as a highly grateful and affectionate memory; but Samuel Taylor Coleridge still lived, and flourished much as a strangely-bound and imprisoned spirit can. He is ever like one, having something of angelic light and grace, mingled with his necessitous earthliness; looking forever between the bars of circumstance, and dragging behind him some fateful incumbrance. But he had the claim to remembrance among the rude and simple men of barracks and encampment, if kindness consideration and even noble self-sacrifice, could purchase it. It has been justly said that one of his acts while at Reading, must ever stand in the annals of humanity as "of the truest heroism." For six weeks isolated from his companions, he watched over a delirious comrade during a most malignant attack of smallpox. In a dreary outhouse, deserted by all others, he remained, guarding the poor sufferer from himself during violent delirium, administering medicine, and when capable of listening, sitting by his bed and reading to him. No wonder if they looked after his retreating form with tearful eyes, and a sigh of loneliness. His superiority had been felt and dimly discerned; his like would never be there again. His friends had difficulty in obtaining his release; but when procured, he interposed no objection.

Miss Milford, whose father lived at Reading, records the effecting of the arrangement for his discharge, which was done at their house. Ogle, his captain, related at their table one day the story, of the learned recruit, when it was resolved that effort must be made to secure his discharge. This must be done by obtaining a substitute. The poet had always a grateful recollection of Mr. Milford's zeal in his cause.

Coleridge's poetical and literary career now commences. He returned to Cambridge, but his stay was brief. Away to Oxford where Southey is, for a visit. It was then a burning time (so to describe the era), all along the ground, and the air was electric. France was in the first throes of her Revolution; and thither generous, ardent eyes of youth were turned. This enthusiasm of liberty was loftier in no heart than that of Coleridge. He himself expresses it in that noble "Ode," one of the highest compositions of its kind.—so Shelley thought,—in the language:

"When France in wrath her giant limbs appeared,
And with that oath that smote air, earth and sea,
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang amid a slavish band!

For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blest the paeans of delivered France,
And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name."

He found in Southey his first great kinship. This young spirit was also alive. Hopes like these had this world ever seen before? Liberty, like a new splendid, healing sun was rising, after all this long world-weary tarrying, and these bright spirits were drinking the first beams. Wordsworth, too, was aglow with that magic fire, looking back sadly to the radiant time, he uttered said:

"Oh, pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars that then stood
Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!"

And now what milky-way scheme is this that rises a priori-like from the Coleridgean brain! a splendid impracticability, such as he was ever fond of hatching; and this one out of the egg that Rousseau had laid. Here is a vision of a primitive, virtuous, benevolent, community, to be established on virgin soil, beyond the sea, and to be called a Pantisocracy; and of this, a score or so of dreamers and poets may be drummed up for a nucleus of first membership. Southey readily adopts it; George Barnet, his college friend, thinks it fine. There are plenty more to come; and now, let us set off westward, immediately,—that is to Bristol, the native town of Southey. So Robert and George go first, Samuel—for these are dear friends, remember,—soon follows them, and they all live together under one roof; enlisting in their ranks, young Robert Lovell, the Quaker. The particular location is to be determined. Campbell sings—perhaps later—

"O! Susquehanna's side fair Wyoming;"

and, surely, it you will be as far as you may from rigid or effete society, and start something golden new, that poetic elysium is most eligible. To Susquehanna's banks let us accordingly go; plough our unleased soil, reap our own corn, and add to our

Biliousness

is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

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insomnia, nervousness, and if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, &c. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

patriarchal piety and virtue all the calm and romance that Plato and Boccaccio even knew. But what about the money? Hatred thought! that the enterprises of angels must languish for the countenance of Mammon! It was well said: "Without the root of all evil, they could not rear this tree of all good fruits." But cotton is kindly, a little credulous to a young author of merit, and he has cash, in some limited degree. They need money very much, to pay for even their lodgings. This publisher, if credulous is also ahedw; and he is not to be imposed upon by any dreams of a "transatlantic Eden,"—while he listens smilingly, he chuckles under his breath, and says to himself,—all these impossible actions will be translated into poetry, by and by, to my benefit, or some one else's. "The dream gradually came to an end," (though it died sullenly in the breast of Coleridge, who was slow to give it up). "Lovell died unexpectedly, being carried off by fever, brought on through a cold, caught on a journey to Salisbury: Symptoms of jarring had shown themselves amongst the friends, which were rather ominous for the permanence of a pantisocracy. Coleridge had quarrelled with Lovell, because Lovell, who was married to a Miss Fricker, opposed Coleridge's marriage with her sister till he had better prospects. Coleridge and Southey quarrelled about the pantisocracy afterwards. The most important results to Southey and Coleridge of this pantisocratic coalition were, that they eventually married the two sisters of Lovell's wife." Profits of their authorship, which were to wait them to their Utopia, were insufficient to pay their rent; they were obliged to devise farther schemes literary or lyrical. They take the lecturer's desk, and while Coleridge expatiates on the English Rebellion and Charles the first, on the French Revolution and Philosophy, Southey dilates, yet with exactness, on General History. The men and their methods were here fore-shown;—Coleridge all imagination, absence of mind, and impracticability; Southey, with less genius, but more order, prudence and worldly tact."

This contrast between the two is marked so clearly and in such terms of justice by William Howitt, that we venture it: "Both of those remarkable men began by proclaiming the most ultra-liberalism in politics and theology—both came gradually back to the opinions which early associations and education had riveted on them unknown to themselves, but with very different degrees of rapidity, and finally with a very different tone. Coleridge ran through Infidelity, Unitarianism, the Philosophy of Berkeley, Spinoza, Hartley and Kant; and came back finally to the good old church of Englandism, but full of love and tolerance. Southey, more prudent, and notoriously timid, was at once startled by the horrors of the French committed in the name of Liberty; saw that the way of worldly prosperity was closed for life to him who was not orthodox, and became at once orthodox. But the consciousness of that sudden change hung forever upon him. He knew that reproach would always pursue the suspicious reconversion, and on that consciousness grew bitterness and intolerance. Coleridge, having wandered through all opinions himself, was afraid to condemn too harshly those who differed from him. He contented himself with loving God, and preaching the true principles of christianity. Southey on the contrary, stalked into the fearful regions of bigotry, assumed in imagination the throne and thunderbolts and Deity and,

"Death damnation round the land
On all he deemed his foes."

But this was the worst view of Southey's character. He had that lower class of virtues which Coleridge had not, and out of his prudence and timidity sprung that worldly substance which Coleridge was never likely to acquire, and by which he kindly made up for some of Coleridge's deficiencies. Coleridge could not properly provide for his family; Southey helped to provide for them, and invited Coleridge's wife and daughter to his house, where for many years they had a home. In all domestic relations, Southey was admirable; he failed in those only which would have given him an name, perhaps, little short of Milton for glorious patriotism, had he proceeded to the end as he began.

Among other things, Dr. J. M. Buckley

excels in the brief editorial paragraph, which has a certain pertinency grace and suggestiveness, from his hand, rare in that species of newspaper writing. We always turn to the page of the Advocate where these occur, sure of being interested. We introduce to our readers a specimen, entitled "Nature's Cesseless Charm;" though those entitled "Sheridan," "No Doubt," "History," or "Amenities of Parliamentary Practice," might serve as well:

"When at Ocean Grove on July 27, to address the Woman's Home Missionary Society at its annual meeting, we rode from the Grove to Sea Girt, where the governor of New Jersey reviewed the militia of the State."

The ocean was in a most commanding mood; not tumultuously dashing upon the shore but majestically rolling against it. The sky was divided between vast expanses of clear blue and the billowments of a coming thunderstorm. The fields were beautiful in the green, resulting from previous rains, and we could but think of Jean Ingelow's words:

For me the freshness in the morning hours,
For me the water's clear tranquillity,
For me the soft descent of chestnut flowers,
The sunset's cry for me.

She was as really a poet of nature as John G. Whittier."

We had returned, after many years, to Willis' still delightful "Rural Letters". The old charm is there. When will his precursors be able to write such a piece of characterization as that of D'Irassil and Lord Durham, in his account of their even ing interview at Lady Blessington's? There much skill and grace are exhibited; yet there, too, Willis fell short of true and deep insight. He says: "Well—D'Irassil is in Parliament, and Lord Durham is on the last round of subject greatness. The viceroys will be premier, no doubt; but it is questionable if the author of Vivian Gray does more than carry out the moral of his own tale. Talking at a brilliant table, with an indulgent and superb woman on the watch for wit and eloquence, and rising in the face of a cold, common-sense House of Commons, on the look-out for froth and humbug, are two different matters. In a great crisis, with the nation in a tempest D'Irassil would flash across the darkness very finely—but he will never do for the calm right hand of a premier. I wish him, I am sure, every success in the world: but I trust that whatever political reverses fall to his share, they will drive him back to literature." Indeed! What an inscrutable face and what a reserve of power, by Willis unwritten: Vide the philosophical citation in the very letter containing this estimate of D'Irassil: "Genius," says the best philosophical book I know of, wherever it is found, and to whatever purpose directed, is mental power. It distinguishes the man of fine frenzy," as Shakespeare expresses it, from the man of mere frenzy. It is a sort of instantaneous insight that gives us knowledge without going to school for it. Sometimes it is directed to one subject, sometimes to another; but under whatever form it exhibits itself it enables the individual who possesses it to make a wonderful and almost miraculous progress in the line of his pursuit.

We have known the Rev. William Rice D. D., late of Springfield, Mass., and can appreciate the excellent things said about him in the press, religious and secular. A venerable, yet youthful-hearted progressive man; a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church; useful, devoted, and without reproach; a representative man in ecclesiastical, educational, and civic councils; an apt, ready, powerful, yet concourse debater; the builder-up, and administrator, of one of the best libraries of New England—that at Springfield; a progressive thinker, a lover of art and literature; an instructive, and frequently an eloquent preacher, and a kindly benevolent man; a model husband and father, the head of a home; it was ever a joy to enter;—his death brings to many a heart a sense of personal loss. His wife was Caroline Laura North, daughter of Hon. Wm. North of Lowell Mass. Their children are—Rev. William North, Rice, D. D., professor of Geology in Wesleyan University; Rev. Charles F. Rice, D. D. of Epworth church, Cambridge Mass; Edward H. Rice, an able scholar and teacher now deceased; and Mrs. Caroline L. wife of Prof. Crawford, of Wesleyan University. Dr. Rice's name is always associated with the revision of the hymnal of the M. E. church in which his faith and judgment were chiefly instrumental.

PASTOR FELIX.

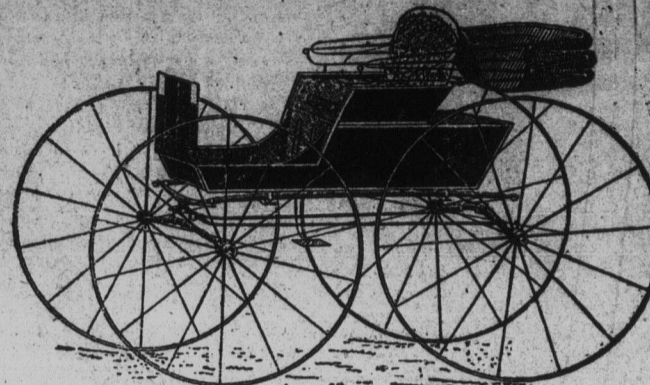
Becoming a Novelty.

"What a queer look that fellow across the corridor has."
"Yes; he has the pedestrian face. Doesn't ride."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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AN OLD SUN-DIAL.

Indications Which May Prove How a Boy is Inclined.

An interesting story is told of an old sun-dial in Pennsylvania which is worth repeating. In the first part of the last century an honest Irish emigrant named Porter settled near Philadelphia. Among his sons was one named Andrew, whom he tried to make into a farmer and then like his brothers a carpenter. But Andrew would have nothing to do with the plow or the plane. He hid in corners, poring over some mathematical books that had come into his possession.

One day he found the design of a sundial in one of them, and resolved to make one. He walked eight miles to a soapstone quarry, found a slab and carried it home on his back. Full of zeal he went to his brother's shop and used their saws and chisels in his work. When they came home in the evening the dial was finished, Andrew was triumphant, but every tool in the shop was nearly or quite ruined. They drove him into the street in a fury of anger and contempt.

His father, now convinced that he was an idle good-for nothing, who would never fully earn his bread, bade him go and fit himself for school-teaching, that he called the "lazy man's work."

Andrew gave himself to hard study for the summer and then went to the astronomer, David Rittenhouse, and asked him to lend him a book on conic sections.

"How long have you studied mathematics?" demanded the great man.

"Three months."

"And what do you know of conic sections?" Rittenhouse rejoined, with withering contempt.

But after asking the boy a few questions he not only lent him the book, but advised him not to waste his time in the country, but to go to Philadelphia and open a mathematical school.

This poor farm-boy was afterward Gen. Answ Porter, an officer in the War of

the Revolution and an authority on mathematical science in the young republic. There are plenty of farmboys now who dislike farmwork. It wouldn't be wise to infer that because of this indolent disposition they are Andrew Porters in embryo. An easy basis for judgment is to not the use they make of their idle time. Do they give it to conic sections or to baseball?

A Timely Rebuke.

A lady riding on a car on the New York Central Railway, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen, occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation. He used much profane language, greatly to the lady's annoyance.

She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, mada'm, I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

"The lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

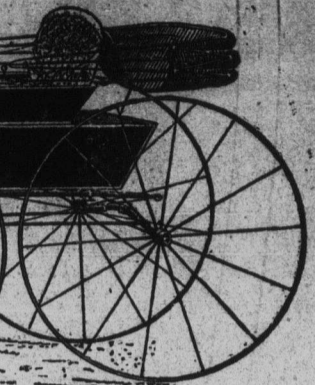
A Stage Improvement.

An actor a member of the "Little Theatre", of Moscow, has recently obtained a patent on a novel prompter's box. The new box is placed beneath the box formerly used, and consists of peculiarly constructed sides of thin, carefully-seasoned wood, covered with violinvarnish. This box is covered with two layers of felt and paper pulp. The prompter is placed much deeper than heretofore, and the acoustic qualities of the new prompter's box can be heard by the audience, while, on the other hand, even the slightest whisper emitted by him can be plainly understood upon any part of the stage.

CARRIAGES!

well constructed and finished.

Distinct Styles.



RED BUGGY.

Best carriage for all purposes.



RED BUGGY.

Handy and comfortable carriages as easy as a cradle.

Apply to

WATSON & SONS,

100 N. B.

Brussels and Union Sts.

The Revolution and an authority on mathematical science in the young republic...

A Timely Rebuke.

A lady riding on a car on the New York Central Railway, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen...

She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

'Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well.'

'Do you read and speak Hebrew?'

'Quite fluently.'

'Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?'

'With great pleasure. I am at your service.'

'Will you be so kind as to do your wearing in Hebrew?'

The lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

A Stage Improvement.

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AN AWKWARD POSITION

'Do you think two girls ought to be born so exactly alike?' said Charlie Dacre, ruefully twisting up a cigarette.

'The other man laughed. 'Are you talking of those two Dennison girls? They're not exactly alike.'

'It's all very well for you, but I haven't your long sight, and I declare to you if I see either of them at a little distance, or in a bad light, I can't tell which is which.'

'I am going to a party to-night given by the respected parents of my Dennison and I positively dread it.'

'Perhaps they play tricks on you,' said Ballantyne. 'One of them is rather skittish.'

Charlie got himself up that night with extraordinary care, and as he was a good-looking fellow he presented a rather striking appearance as he entered Mrs. Dennison's drawing room.

'I'm so sorry,' said she, 'but I've nothing vacant till the lancers. You're a little late Mr. Dacre, you see.'

She turned her pretty face and arched her eyebrows in surprise.

'Yes,' said Charlie, 'the lancers—you promised—I beg your pardon. You're your cousin—I mean, the other Miss Dennison—and, of course, I haven't seen you before.'

'Then, recovering from his confusion before the young lady could speak, he added: 'I hope I'm not too late to get a dance, Miss Dennison?'

Having secured this, he sought the other Isabel.

'Why in the fiend's name do they dress alike?' he muttered, in a nervous fear of another mistake.

'I saw a blue and white dress, acknowledged Charlie, 'but some people came between it and me. Won't you forgive me and dance this? It isn't too late.'

'I think my mother wants me,' said Isabel, rising with dignity.

Charlie only got pardoned when everybody was going. He was mad with him self, but could not bring himself to acknowledge the real reason of his apparent neglect.

'My cousin, perhaps—she's over there,' said the girl, merrily. Dacre flushed in unutterable confusion, and took back the flowers, scarcely knowing what he did.

'Hang it! I'll end all this!' he said, angrily, one day. 'But I shall have to be careful, if I am happily successful, that I marry the right girl. It would be awfully awkward if I didn't.'

His opportunity seemed thrown into his hands, for he was invited to spend a week at a country house where the Isabel was also going with her mother.

'We shall be a larger party tomorrow,' said the young lady; 'my cousins are coming.'

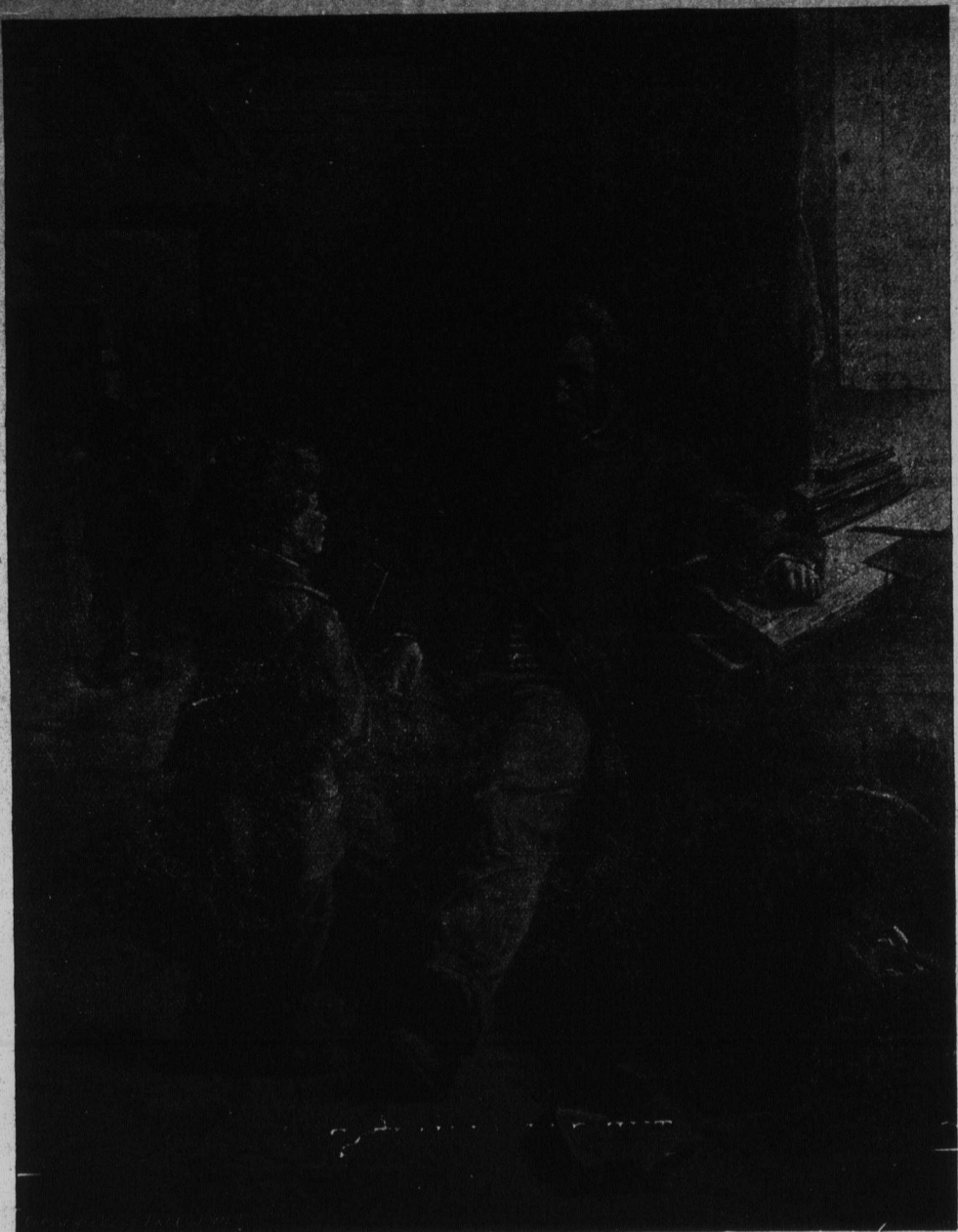
'Not all of them—only Isabel and Lucy.'

'This was comforting! and both Isabels had such an odious habit of dressing in the same colors! Why didn't they wear different colored ribbons, like French twins?'

He got along fairly well, with great care and caution. One evening he saw Isabel Dennison entering the library.

'The nicest time for a chat,' he said, and she made a movement as if to leave the room, sitting toward a further door.

'Yes, but I'm afraid I can't stay,' she said. 'I only come to fetch something I left here.'



THE SCHOOLMASTER

HUNDREDS OF LETTERS.

These letters! these pitiful, grateful letters! They come whirling in upon us by every mail, all the year round, like successive snow flurries.

I am penning these lines on a Saturday afternoon, within three days of the end of the year. It is a time for memory and few words. So I will quote you parts only of two short letters, both from women, who always write better letters than men do.

'In September, 1872,' says the first, 'I was nervous, low-spirited, and helpless. My appetite was gone, and after forcing down even the simplest meal, I had weight and pain at the chest. I also suffered much from flatulence, and belched up a sour, sickening fluid. My heart palpitated as if something within me were lifting it out of its place.'

'Ever since I was a girl,' says the second writer, 'I have suffered from bilious headache, with vomiting after meals. As I grew older I became worse, being very weak and scarcely free from pain. When I was forty I began to suffer from rheumatism in my shoulders and knees. I couldn't walk without help.'

'I studied a while an' then I says: 'It is'.

'Sure enough, he was as good as his word. He deeded a hundred acres and the stock to the ole 'oman and Sal that very day, and the next week I was gone to the war. I ain't never been home since, but have fought it straight through. I got interested in the cause after I got good at work to fightin', an' I ain't never flinched once; but what brought me here was per- viding for Sal an' the ole 'oman. I couldn't bear to leave em' empty-handed, an' I knowed it was too late for me to ever do anything fur 'em.'

'The ole 'oman an' my little Sal. A hundred acres—half of it good bottom land—a horse—an'—an' two lust-rate mules. It was the best the ole man could do fur 'em, an' with these words and a marvellous look of love and peace on his face he stopped breathing.'

'I'm old, but I never skirped,' answered the old man with spirit, and then he stopped to yell again to his comrades. Suddenly he began to feel terrible pain, and then he said: 'Air you the doctor?'

'Yes I am,' answered the surgeon; 'and I'm going to have you moved as soon as the firing ceases, and see what I can do for you.'

'Oh, don't bother about me,' answered the old man. 'I'm done for, I reckon, an' you'd better tend to some that's younger. It don't matter at all about my dyin' now. They're all fixed an' well provided fur. (One hundred acres of good lan', two mules an' a horse,' he added, half to himself, with a peaceful smile.)'

'Who?' asked the doctor, administering a swallow of brandy.

My wife an' my daughter, sir. You see, it was this way. When the war broke out I was an ole man, nigh on to sixty, I reckon, an' somehow I'd never been a good manager. I had tried, but I didn't have nothing but jus' what I made over my rent an' that was little enough, God knows. I knowed my day for 'cumlatin' anything was over, an' it nigh worried me to death to think about leavin' the ole 'oman an' Sal to do real hard work. Then the war come an' there was my chance. The owner of the plantation where I lived was richer than he was brave. He come to me one day, an' he says, says he: 'I want to

HE HAD CONTENTED.

He Lett the Family Well Provided for and so was Happy.

The New York Sun quotes a 'club-man' as telling the following good war story. The narrator was at the Battle of Gettysburg, on the Federal side, and at the 'tag end of the battle,' as he says, found himself within the Confederate lines, disabled by a flesh wound. The dead and the wounded were lying all about him. Suddenly he heard some one close by him shouting lustily: 'Go it, boys, go it! Give the Yanks plenty of ammunition! The Northerner looked around, and saw to his surprise the speaker—or the shouter rather—was a man of at least sixty five years, dressed in Confederate gray.

Both his legs had been shattered by a shell, but he didn't seem to know it and smiled hopefully as he called again and again to some of his lagging comrades to keep up the fire. Presently along came the surgeon of the regiment, a courteous, kindly, knightly Southern gentleman.

'Why, old fellow, what are you doing here?' he said in a cheery voice to my old man. 'You are entirely too old to be in service. How does this happen?'

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THE TRAIL OF DEATH

It begins at the Throat and ends at the Grave. How many a human life is unnecessarily sacrificed.

There are many remedies on the market for the cure of consumption, but consumption, once it reaches a certain stage, cannot be cured. In proferring, therefore, to do what is impossible, these remedies prove themselves to be simply humbugs.

Consumption is a disease which destroys the tissue of the lungs. Once gone, no medicine can replace that tissue. Good medicine may arrest the disease even after one lung is wholly gone, as long as the other remains sound. Once both are attacked, however, the victim is doomed. Just why people should risk their lives to this dread disease and go to great expense afterwards to check it, it is hard to conceive. It is much easier prevented than cured. Throat troubles and severe colds are its usual forerunners. A 25-cent bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linnæus and Turpentina will drive these away. It is, without doubt, the best medicine for the purpose to be had anywhere.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

Miss Olifa Johansdottr Represents the Temperance Cause in Iceland.

One of the most interesting characters in connection with the world's W. C. T. U. is Miss Olifa Johansdottr, the president of the National W. C. T. U. of Iceland. Miss Johansdottr sails from Iceland this month for Norway and England, then comes to Canada to the great gathering of the world's White Ribboners in Toronto. Her ancestors came to Iceland in the fifteenth century, being Irish religious fugitives. For generations her people have been famous patriots, and have figured conspicuously in the national struggle for freedom from Danish rule. Olifa's parents died when she was very young, and her training devolved upon a maiden aunt and a bachelor uncle.

Her uncle is Speaker of the Lower House of Parliament, and her aunt's voice is often heard in public gatherings, particularly in those that concern the interests of women.

With such a heritage it is not surprising that Olifa is universally acknowledged to be the leader among the women of her country.

The burning ambition of her life is to bring the woman of her country to an absolute equality with the men.

The appearance of this charming woman at the fourth world's W. C. T. U. convention has created a great deal of interest. She has recently been elected grand vice chief territorial of the Independent Order of Good Templars of Iceland, so that members of that order, as well as White Ribboners, will extend a hearty welcome to their sister from the most northern inhabited portion of the globe.

FILES CURED IN 8 TO 20 NIGHTS.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Pills in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is posisive. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 85 cents.

PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR.

Cures in twenty-four hours. This is the testimony of thousands who have used it. Putnam's acts speedily, without pain, and removes corns in twenty-four hours.

TWO HISTORIC VESSELS.
Progress and John A. Dix. The latter in Calumet Harbor.

In the Harbor of the Calumet, just beyond the swell of the waves of the lake lie the wreck of two historic vessels. One of them, within the span of two seasons earned for its owners a fortune which made them independent and the other did long and honorable duty for the government. One wreck is that of the Progress, New Bedford whaler, and the other that of John A. Dix, United States revenue cutter. Within the week the famous whaler has been sold for a song—\$10 is the amount named as the price paid—and the old cutter has been disposed of for the value of the engines which are held within the battered hull.

The Progress, which has successfully withstood the attacks of the ice laden seas surrounding both poles, lies on its side on a Calumet mud flat. It was built 'on honor' more than half a century ago and today, aged as it is, the elements' destructive agents find it hard work to make inroads in its oak built sides. The Progress was built at Westery, R. I., in the year 1848. It was then considered a monster among vessels and was the wonder of the people who flocked to the shipyard from all parts of the State to witness the launching. On its first whaling trip the Progress secured fifty barrels of sperm oil, 1,750 barrels of whale oil and 16,000 pounds of whalebone. On the second trip the catch yielded 1,000 barrels of sperm oil, 2,700 barrels of whale oil, and 33,000 pounds of whalebone. The catches were within the limits of the northern seas, and after the completion of the voyages the Progress made successful trips to the South Pacific. The vessel was finally sold to the United States government as a store ship and was eventually picked out as one of the ships to be sunk off Charleston Harbor to help blockade that port during the war. Saved from this fate, the Progress passed into the hands of private owners again after the war and went back into the whaling service. It was pinched in an ice-pack which sent two consorts to the bottom, and the oak sides which are now slowly disintegrating in South Chicago's mud saved the vessel from destruction. The Progress escaped and in getting away manage to save the crew of the sunken whaler, Illinois. In two seasons it earned \$200,000 for its owners.

The Progress was sent from New Bedford to be one of the World's Fair attractions. At Montreal the ballast was taken out and the vessel came through light. A distinguished party of people met it off Racine and sailed to this city, but now there is none to do it honor. During the Fair the Progress was used as a nautical museum. It changed ownership several times and now is worth only what the copper will bring in the market and what the wood will bring for kindling.

The John A. Dix was built during the war as companion boat to the revenue cutters Andrew Johnson and W. T. Sherman, though it was considered a far finer vessel than either of them. The engines with which it was equipped were said to be the best up to that time put into a vessel of its class. It did service for the United States navy and was finally sold to an excursion promoting company. Its sale was made possible on account of the engines, which are still capable of doing good service.

The Progress and the Dix are separated by only a few feet of water. They were good servants, but in their old age they are forgotten.—Chicago Tribune.

ADMITTED HE WAS DEAD BROKE.
Honesty Was Found to Be Best Policy with a Car Conductor.

Dead broke is not an accurate term. It is relative. A millionaire considers himself dead broke when he finds that he has only a V in his pocket. Men of less means think they are dead broke when they can find but a quarter or a half in their pockets. But with the mass of people who haven't very much, even when at their best, dead broke means that condition in which a man finds himself without a nickel in his pockets. Pennies don't cut any ice. Even three or four of them won't pay a car fare, and when a man hasn't car fare to walk to the nearest suburb, at midnight seems long—awfully long.

'That's what ailed me the other night,' said a resident of that suburb. 'I didn't have a nickel to my name—not a nick. And you bet it was warm. So I tried to work the conductor. When he struck me I felt in my pocket, first one, then the other, and then looked desad.

'I had a nickel,' I said, 'but blame me if I know where it is.'

'Too thin, old man,' said the heartless man in blue. 'You'll have to walk a little, just for a change, as you haven't got it. Think of a man getting off a joke like that.

'I walked, but not far. Tried another conductor with the same racket. Didn't work. He was heartless also. I knew I'd get home if the cars kept coming, but the last car would be due soon. Then I thought of the old motto: "Honesty is the best policy." I'll try it on.

'I got on a car and held up my head. When the man with the badge came along I said:

'I'm dead broke, old man. Let me take a snak home, will you? Walking is awful hot a night like this.'

THEY KNEW MA.
The train had stopped for a few minutes at a station out on the plains, and two or three bare-footed little boys and girls had their backs against the depot and their fingers in their mouths, while they stared at the passengers.

Suddenly a boy of about ten years dashed round a corner of the station and called to his brother and sister:

'You, Joey! Ma says if you an' Maggie don't come right straight home she'll shell—well, I forgot what, but she'll do it, sure, for you know what ma is when she gits started; so you'd better git home straight off!'

Joey and Maggie evidently knew what ma was when she 'gits started,' for they started homeward as fast as their bare little feet would carry them.

BORN.

Canada, Aug. 18, to the wife of James Rector, a son
St. John, Aug. 23, to the wife of G. E. Titus, a daughter
Truro, Aug. 26, to the wife of George B. Strang, a son
Truro, Aug. 22, to the wife of Angus McDonald, a son
Harmony, Aug. 9, to the wife of Stanley Kempton, a son
Hantsport, Aug. 20, to the wife of Wm. Cooch, a son
Hantsport, Aug. 10, to the wife of John H. Lanitz, a daughter
Parboro, Aug. 18, to the wife of Cap. Larder, a son
Loggieville, N. B., to the wife of J. B. Johnston, a son
Eliethouse, Aug. 19, to the wife of Henry Williams, a son
Sackville, Aug. 20, to the wife of Joseph Bradshaw, a son
Albert, Aug. 23, to the wife of H. A. McLane, a daughter
Hantsport, Aug. 24, to the wife of Jesse Cleavley, a daughter
Hantsport, Aug. 24, to the wife of John Hazel, a daughter
Moncton, Aug. 24, to the wife of George Balser, a daughter
New Glasgow, Aug. 3, to the wife of H. Davies, a daughter
Campbellton, Aug. 22, to the wife of H. Barless, a daughter
Sackville, Aug. 17, to the wife of Waldon Brien, a daughter
Sackville, Aug. 21, to the wife of Andrew Murphy, a daughter
St. John, Aug. 23, to the wife of W. E. Earle, a daughter
Centre Rawdon, Aug. 21, to the wife of Brenton Mosher, a son
Clark's Harbor, Aug. 18, to the wife of Joseph Hopkins, a son
Canning, Aug. 11, to the wife of Capt. J. H. Potter, a daughter
Amherst, Aug. 19, to the wife of Thomas K. Duke, a daughter
New Glasgow, Aug. 22, to the wife of Herman Grimmer, a son
Ains, A. Co., Aug. 16, to the wife of John T. Connor, a daughter
Black Rock, Aug. 19, to the wife of Capt. James Merlan, a son
Yarmouth, Aug. 21, to the wife of John A. Cunningham, a daughter
Bridgewater, Mass., Aug. 19, to the wife of Harlan Page Shaw, a son
Delap's Cove, Aug. 11, to the wife of Elder J. A. Woodworth, a son
Mermel, A. Co., Aug. 23 to the wife of John B. Richardson, a son
Parboro, Aug. 18, to the wife of Capt. Walter Weston, a daughter
Hopwell Hill, A. Co., Aug. 22, to the wife of John H. Tingley, a daughter
Hastings, Cumberland Co., Aug. 18, to the wife of Charles H. Travis, a son.

THAT WORKED LIKE A CHARM. He was the best conductor I ever saw. He knew I was telling the truth. The others thought I was lying, and I was, but not in the way they thought. All he said was:

'All right old fellow. Don't give me away, though.'

'Not on your life,' I said. Then I curled up and slept the sleep of the just and righteous. Hereafter I'm going to tell the truth, cost it what may.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

SAVED HIS BOY.

A PLAIN STATEMENT FROM MR. ROBT. MCLROD, OF GALT.

His Little Son Was Paralyzed on One Side, and Doctor's Treatment Did Him No Good—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Were Given and Effected a Thorough Cure.

From the Galt Reporter.

Mr. Robt. McLeod is a gentleman well known in the town of Galt and throughout the district. In conversation with a member of the Reporter staff recently, he consented to make public the facts concerning the illness and restoration to health of his little boy. He said:

'Yes, I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my little boy would not have been living to-day. Willie who ten years of age, was taken with an illness that developed into paralysis of the left side. He had the best medical aid within my reach, but nothing seemed to benefit him. He got so bad that a pin could be run into his left hand to the bone without his feeling it in the least. If he attempted to walk he could only get over the ground by dragging his left foot behind him; he had no power in it whatever. One night I was feeling pretty blue about him. I felt that he was going to be an invalid all his life, and I viewed things in their worst light. On this particular night I put on my hat with the intention of going out to take a quiet walk, but just as I got to the door I saw lying on a step a pamphlet. I picked it up listlessly, and saw it was an advertising book of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. I only read a few words when the conviction seized me that there was something that might possibly benefit my boy. I at once went down to Mr. Ferrah's drug store and purchased a box of the pills. By the time he had taken two boxes the color had come back into his hand and arm, and by the time he had taken half a dozen boxes he was cured, and now he is better than he ever was before in his life, and as hearty and strong as any boy in the town. Yes, sir, I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine.'

DIED.

Centreville, Emily Messenger 57.
Alton, Aug. 18, William Sibley, 68.
St. John, Aug. 27, John Routley, 76.
Springhill, Aug. 22, Mabel Browne, 73.
St. John, Aug. 29, Margaret Johnston.
Westville, Aug. 13, John W. Miller, 73.
St. John, Aug. 29, James E. Barnes, 74.
Mochelle, Aug. 20, Elias Hardwick, 63.
St. John, Aug. 24, Alberta J. Trueman.
St. John, Aug. 24, Thomas B. Barker, 78.
Shubnacadie, Aug. 16, Fred Bennett, 39.
South Boston, Aug. 24, Kate E. Dalton, 30.
South Berry, Aug. 18, James McKennie.
Springhill, Aug. 22, Mary A. Gould, 2 years.
Halifax, Aug. 20, Joseph V. McDermott, 65.
Westville, Fictou Co., Aug. 18, John W. Miller, 73.
Barnesville, Kings Co., Aug. 2, Ellen Fletcher, 78.
Port LeBeau, Aug. 14, Walter son of Thomas Lloyd 24.
Waterloo, Albert Co., Aug. 23, John F. Vergie, 60.
Loch Broomie, Pictou, Aug. 17, H. W. Creelman, 45.
Halifax Infirmary, Aug. 26, Thomas Cook Cook, 68.
Three Mile Plains, Aug. 22, George H. DeWolfe, 68.
Cape Negro Island, N. S., Aug. 16, James McKinnon, 63.
Middleton, Shelburne, Aug. 16, Charles E. McGillic, 78.
Lower Canada, Aug. 20, Minnie, wife of Walter H. Eaton, 26.
Brooklyn Road, Midgie, Sackville, Nathaniel Cook, 44.
Bel onk, Col. July, 30, Matilda, wife of James Staples, 64.
Waugh's River, Col., Aug. 6, Beattie wife of A. McLanders, 20.
Nors Sydney, Aug. 1, Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Morgan, 54.
Grafton, N. B., Aug. 11, Elizabeth, wife of the late Jacob Tilley.
Grafton, Aug. 11, Elizabeth, widow of the late Jacob Tilley.
Windor, Aug. 26, Regina Teresa, youngest daughter of Isaac Parritz.
Marlock, Aug. 22, Irene, daughter of Mr. George Finch of Falmouth.
Oakland, Cal., July 21, John Fraser, formerly of Basin, Fictou Co., 78.
St. John, Aug. 27, Frederick, son of Louisa and the late Thomas W. Bain.
Enfield, July 18, Mrs. Ann Sheridan, widow of the late John Sheridan, 60.
Shag Harbor, Aug. 9, Mildred, daughter of George and Esther Kenney, 17.
Lynn Mass, Aug. 14, Sarah J. Campbell, wife of Thomas E. Campbell, 47.
Middle Sackville, Aug. 11, Birdie, youngest daughter of Job Anderson, 17.
Grand Pre, Aug. 19, Sarah Rebecca, widow of the late George Hamilton, 73.
West Scotch Settlement, Kings Co., Aug. 10, Hilar B. wife of Wilmot Cain, 64.
St. John, Aug. 27, Byron, eldest son of Henry and the late Margaret Gaskin, 30.
Lorneville, Cumberland Co., Aug. 6, Cordella, relict of the late John Goodwin, 30.
Shediac, Aug. 10, Lavinia Isabel, infant daughter of Ernest E. Ross, 10 months.
St. John, Aug. 28, James Frederick, infant son of Patrick and Madeline, 10.
Malden Mass, Aug. 11, Winnie, daughter of the late Samuel A. and Ruth E. White.
Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Aug. 13, William Allison, son of David Lockhart, 31.
McIntosh, Montan, Aug. 6, Frank B. Elice, eldest son of William and Annie Caldwell, 17.
Williamsdale, Cumberland Co., Aug. 24, Albert McLellan, son of William McLellan, 50.
Sackville, Halifax Co., Aug. 22, Margaret Marshall, widow of the late Charles Hamilton, 37.
St. John, Aug. 27, Dorothy Christina, child of Charles and Annie Gillespie, 4 months.
Somerville, Mass., Aug. 37, Wilson M. child of Thompson and Eliza C. Graves, 7 months.
Fergusville, Mass., Hanel Helen, Margaret, youngest daughter of B. L. and L. A. McDonald.
Bridgewater, Albert Co., Aug. 27, Bella E. youngest daughter of Alexander and Mary Smith, 25.
Sea View Village, Big Bros, Aug. 9, Isabelle, C. daughter of Capt. William Livingston, 8.
St. John, Aug. 29, Francis Hazel, infant daughter of Nicholas F. and Teresa Bowes, seven weeks.
Shubnacadie, Aug. 3, Christina Ellis, daughter of George and Margaret Ellis, and widow of the late John F. Falton.

MARRIED.

Freetown, Aug. 26, by Rev. C. Dixon, Isiah Fraser, to Charlotte Doyart.
Bridgetown, Aug. 11 by Rev. F. M. Young, Apollonia to Mary Sell.
Yarmouth, Aug. 21, by Rev. H. How, Leana Hubby to Lawrence Onda.
Glace Bay, Aug. 19, by A. E. Andrew, John A. McClush to Mary Seale.
Wallace, Aug. 21, by Rev. D. B. Frame, John H. Kelly to Flora M. Doyle.
Truro, Aug. 21, by Rev. H. F. Adams, George F. McLean to Amelia Crowe.
Bathurst, Aug. 21, by Rev. T. W. Street, J. Stuart Rodgus to Victoria Mackey.
Halifax, Aug. 19, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Martin Williams to Lella M. Warner.
Weymouth, Aug. by Rev. C. M. Tyler, Archibald Russ to Sophie Langford.
Sydney, Aug. 14, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Donald Morrison to Mary B. McLeod.
Plymouth, Aug. 18, by Rev. A. W. Currie, J. Falton Travas to Eira Johnson.
Digby, N. S., by Rev. Mr. Harley, Joseph F. Merritt to Georgia J. M. Oakes.
Clark's Harbor, Aug. 28, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Oscar F. Swin to Edith Murphy.
Clareville, Aug. 28, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Oscar F. Swin to Edith Murphy.
Hampton, Aug. 25, by Rev. T. Stebbins, Frank M. Humphrey to Nellie E. Peters.
British Columbia, July 29, by Rev. John A. Logan D. E. McDonald to Janet Walters.
Westmorland Point, Aug. 25, by Rev. D. A. Stead James H. Balmer to Anna Fillmore.
New Glasgow, Aug. 24, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, William Cook to Stella D. Penny.
Hobron, Aug. 17, by Rev. J. W. Tingley, M. A. Charles A. Porter to Annie H. Cann.
Dawson Settlement, Aug. 11, by Rev. S. W. Keirstead, Clarence Duff to Ella Milles.
South Bay, Aug. 20, by Rev. G. M. W. Wallace C. Wetmore to Stella L. Penny.
Halifax, Aug. 26, by Rev. Thomas Fowler, George S. Clemens to Florence L. Chastenburg.
Mill Village, Aug. 21, by Rev. James Lumsden, Jeremiah Wambolt to Isabella White.
Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 18, by Rev. E. S. Drown, Richard Walker, Jr., to Evelina Plaseo.
Clark's Harbor, Aug. 20, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Wallace C. Wetmore to Stella D. Penny.
Port Morden, Aug. 24, by Rev. William Grant, Archy McLean to Sarah Ann McMillan.
Sheffield Mills, Aug. 18, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Robert W. North, to Lavinia J. Harris.
Fort Calcutin, C. B., Aug. 16, by Rev. A. E. Andrew, Isaac D. Howie to Rosina Houttiller.
River John, Aug. 18, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Isaac Anderson to Irene Elizabeth Archibald.
Fredericton, Aug. 26, by Rev. William McDonald, Joseph N. Desautels to Margaret Gray.
Upper Canada, Aug. 25, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Arthur Stanley Clark, to Edith Maud Sheffield.
North Sidney, Aug. 24, by Rev. T. Chalmers Jack, B. A. George Applebe to Christina McKinnon.
Bridgetown, by Rev. Wm. McNicholl, Adalbert B. Simpson to Lillian M. Church.
Dorchester, Mass., Aug. 19, by Rev. A. K. MacLellan, advised by Rev. G. Munro, James McKennie to Josephine Corbett.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co.
(LIMITED).

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time, 13 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4—Trips a Week—4
THE STEEL STEAMERS

BOSTON and YARMOUTH
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SUNDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.
Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach Lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John,
Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Fictou and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY Evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

Steamer Alpha,
Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY afternoon. Returning, leave Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock p. m. for St. John.
Tickets and all information can be obtained from
L. E. BAIRD, President and Managing Director.
W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent
Secretary and Treasurer, Lewis Wharf, Boston.
Yarmouth, N. S. June 23rd 1897.

International S. S. Co.

18 1/2 HOURS TO BOSTON

The Steamship "St. Clair" will sail from St. John direct to Boston every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 8 p. m. Standard. Fast Express to Boston.
Steamers "Cumberland" and "State of Maine" will sail from St. John, for Eastport, Fundland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, standard, due in Boston about 4 p. m. next day.
Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 8 o'clock.
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS

For Fredericton
(Eastern Standard Time.)
Mail steamers David Weston and Olivelette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7:30 a. m. for St. John.
A steamer of this line will leave Indiantown every Saturday night at 8:25 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate landings, returning Monday morning, leaving Wickham at 5 a. m., arriving at Indiantown at 8 a. m., until further notice; one fare. Return tickets, good for morning or afternoon boat on Monday. No return tickets less than 40c.
GEORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.

On and after Thursday, July 8th,

The Steamer Clifton
will leave Hampton for Indiantown.....
MONDAY at 5:30 a. m.
TUESDAY at 3:30 p. m.
WEDNESDAY at 2 p. m.
THURSDAY at 3:30 p. m.
SATURDAY at 5:30 a. m.
Will leave Indiantown for Hampton Tuesday at 9 a. m., Wednesday at 6 a. m., Thursday at 4 p. m. and Saturday at 4 p. m.
CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN.

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

BELMONT HOTEL
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.
J. SIMS, Prop.
QUEEN HOTEL
FREDERICTON, N. B.
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Five sample rooms in connection. First class Livory Stable. Coaches to trains and boats.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 1st June, 1897, the trial of the "Day" will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Fergusville, Fictou and Halifax..... 1:15
Express for Halifax..... 1:35
Accommodation for Moncton, Point du Chene and Rosthern Junction..... 1:45
Express for Sussex..... 1:50
Express for Rothesay..... 1:55
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney..... 2:30
Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, Ft. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 2:30 o'clock, and Halifax at 3:00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)..... 6:00
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 7:15
Express from Sussex..... 8:30
Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12:40
Express from Halifax..... 12:45
Express from Rothesay..... 12:50
Express from Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney..... 12:55
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. FOSTERINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 16th June, 1897.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

..... TO THE
Canadian Northwest.

Second Class Return Tickets Via

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Will be sold to go on August 15th and Sept. 15th only, and good for return within 60 days at the following low rates:

To Deloraine, Reston, Estevan, Blis, carb, Moose, and Dampian..... \$28 each
To Regina, Moose Jaw and Yorkton..... \$30
To Prince Albert and Ogilvy..... \$35
To Red Deer and Edmonton..... \$40
SINGLE FARE EXCURSION TICKETS will also be sold to holders of these tickets between different points in the North West, to allow through examinations of the country for settlement, etc. Further particulars of Ticket Agents or of D. P. A. C. F. R. N. B. Montreal, St. John, N. B.
D. MCNEIL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after 3rd July, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,
DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted).
Lve. St. John at 7:00 a. m., ar. Digby 9:30 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1:00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3:30 p. m.
S. S. Kyevaline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parboro, making connection at Kingsport with express train.

EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 5:50 a. m., ar. in Digby 11:55 a. m.
Lve. Digby 12:05 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 2:40 p. m.
Lve. Halifax 3:00 a. m., ar. Yarmouth 12:40 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12:45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 1:00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 7:15 a. m., ar. Digby 9:55 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10:08 a. m., ar. Halifax 4:40 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8:23 a. m., ar. Digby 10:20 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10:25 a. m., ar. Halifax 3:30 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 1:00 a. m., ar. Digby 8:20 a. m.
Lve. Digby 4:45 p. m., ar. Annapolis 6:50 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth and Yarmouth and Annapolis. State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby, Kingsport and at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Parlor on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
F. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

Buy Dominion Express Co.'s Money Orders

Orders

FOR SMALL REMITTANCES.
Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be.....
Cashed on Presentation

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.
General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.
Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages on 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, Rapides, Newmarket and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, F. R. L. with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Atlantic, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.
Express weekly to and from Europe via Canada a Line (Mail Steamers).
Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding of Goods to and from Canada, United States, and Victoria, British Columbia, and other ports. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch.
Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa.
J. R. STONE
C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.