

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## FOR A WOUNDED HEART.

### A NORTH END LADY WHOSE AFFECTIONS WERE TRIPPED WITH.

She Now Asks For Heavy Damages From Her False Lover—An I. C. R. Engineer Influenced by the Alleged Christopher Poisoning Affair.

Cupid is indeed a capricious little fellow and although in most cases he plays chiefly fast and loose with his victims yet like the regulation drama he generally decrees the last act shall end agreeably to all concerned. This is not so, however, in one particular case now before the St. John public. Seldom does it happen that a maiden of this city after being jilted by her gallant attendant has courage enough left to take legal steps for the redress to her wounded feelings but the announcement made by the daily papers one day during the week to the effect that Miss Lenora Holder of North End had instituted a breach of promise suit against her false lover, proved an exception to the general rule.

Miss Holder the plaintiff in the case is a very handsome lady of about thirty or more years, and a native of Jersey in the city for some time past in the family of Mr. Myles Christopher on Durham street North End. During the illness of Mrs. C. Christopher's mother, the lady in question acted as a nurse. The gentleman who figures as the defendant is Mr. Hugh Tait, I. C. R. engineer and more generally known as having had in charge the engine the fatal railway accident at McLean's crossing a couple of months ago and who was honorably exonerated from all blame in the catastrophe by the coroner's jury in the inquiry held shortly after. Mr. Tait is a widower of about fifty years and has a family.

It was a case of love at first sight between Miss Holder and Mr. Tait and after an acquaintance was effected, regularly as the day came the engineer visited his sweetheart at her adopted home. His family did not raise any objections to the new state of affairs and so the courtship went on for several months, until at last the engagement was announced. As the day drew nearer and nearer the hearts of the betrothed couple grew more blithe, but as a dark cloud passed over the horizon shutting out for a time the matrimonial aspect.

Just at this time the sad accident in which Mr. Stevenson and his young nephew were killed occurred on the I. C. R. near this city and unfortunately for Mr. Tait he happened to be the engineer in charge of the locomotive on the fatal train. The ordeal of the examination at the hands of the coroner and jury as well as realizing the sadness of the disaster so affected the betrothed widower that he was confined to his home for several weeks with nervous prostration. During those weeks, which seemed as years to the prospective bride, he being unable to visit her, she it is said, visited him. Arrangements were being made however for the wedding those interested hoping for Mr. Tait's speedy recovery. The wedding outfit was purchased and the clergyman engaged, but still another and more serious drawback spring up and one which settled the matter for the worst.

It was at this time the sensational stories regarding the poisoning of Frank Christopher brother of Myles Christopher appeared in the papers and for many days the sole talk in certain circles was the alleged attempt on the gentleman's life. Frank Christopher boarded with his brother and in the same house with Miss Holder. The papers which handled the story intimated the supposed implication of a certain member of the household in the alleged poisoning. This idea caught hold and took possession of the nervous engineer. He swore off all allegiance to his affianced and broke up all the wedding arrangements.

It is said the shock of the broken engagement was very severe to Miss Holder who it is claimed is entirely guiltless of any implication in the Christopher matter as was also the other members of the household. Indeed it was proved the man was suffering from spinal trouble. The statements of physicians regarding the illness of Frank Christopher could not move Tait in the least and he is still obstinate in his non-matrimonial intentions.

Miss Holder could receive no satisfactory reason for this action from her fickle lover and finding an amicable arrangement far off, hid her to a well known lawyer, L. A. Curry and instituted breach of promise proceedings against Mr. Tait. The initial steps were taken before Chief Justice Tuck on Monday last. Lively interest is being manifested in the case especially in the north end of the city and among the I. C. R. employees where the principals are well known.

Mr. M. C. March was Discharged.

The March case is ended at last and the accused Ernest C. March was discharged by the grand jury a few minutes after they had heard the evidence. No doubt it was pleasant for Mr. March to have such a verdict as "No Bill" from such a good

body of men but he might well say that he did not require it. Progress has pointed out before that it was wrong to put any man to such expense, and anxiety as Mr. March has experienced. In addition to that and in spite of the prompt action of the grand jury he can well say that the odium of such a change is something that few men can afford to have placed upon them. The fact of his arrest was placed before the people in glaring headlines but a three or four line paragraph announcing his honorable discharge could hardly be found in the daily papers. It is not likely that Mr. March will submit without protesting against such prosecution.

## WILL BE BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

Despite all Prophecies the Six Candidates Will be up for Nomination.

Next Tuesday is nomination day and, in spite of all predictions to the contrary, six gentlemen will on that occasion present themselves to the electors for their approval or disapproval. Three of them, at least, the people are acquainted with in connection with the ballot box, and they are Messrs. Hazen, Ellis and Chesley. The others are strangers, so to speak, to the St. John electors, for Messrs. Pugsley, McLaughlin and Colonel Tucker have never asked the people to send them to parliament.

Mr. Pugsley has been a politician in another county. He has been elected to the provincial legislature and is one of the leading lawyers in Canada. Mr. McLaughlin has been a member of the Common Council and displayed much ability as chairman of the finance committee.

But what must be said of Colonel Tucker? He is a gentleman and has no interests save the many dollars he possesses in the community. He has been in this city for many years and yet in spite of that fact, few people if any can recall that he has done anything to advance the interests of his native town. Who can remember that he has figured at the head of any subscription list either for a charitable or any other purpose. With his great wealth he has had ample opportunity to benefit his fellow citizens and show that he possessed that useful character which his benighted are endeavoring to prove now. But he did not do so. He was the brother-in-law of a good citizen, Mr. C. W. Weldon, and as such the people must pass upon him.

Mr. Chesley comes to the front this time as the colleague of Mr. Hazen. But a few years ago he was the bete noir of the conservative party. He set himself up against the "machine" and with the help of the liberals beat that wonderful combination and to day the same "machine" makes him the colleague of Mr. Hazen and presents him as the city candidate. Such are the changes in politics.

Messrs. Pugsley and McLaughlin come before the people as their champions. They are not allied either to the liberal or the conservative party but they stand for St. John. They do not have the support of old time organizations, they lack the encouragement of many prominent men who will vote for them but they have at their back the best wishes and the work of honest citizens who have placed country before party and are not ashamed to say so. They have no central party. They are not bound to any leader and when they are elected each will be at liberty to say "My politics are the interests of my city, do what is right by St. John and I am at liberty to support you in other good measures."

A ludicrous feature of this Pinaforo performance is that three pairs of sailors' blue trousers are missing. W. R. Shute, so it is said extravagantly ordered both white and blue trousers for the seamen of H. M. S. Pinaforo. Members of the company are now saying that the white garments would have been good enough for both acts, and that the cost of the blue was so many good dollars thrown away. This part of the discussion is amusing, but the funniest phase of it is that two or three members of the troupe wore their blue pants home after the second performance was over and that "the clothing has not been sent in."

In justice to the lady singer referred to, it should be said that she is the possessor of a beautiful, well trained soprano voice, and that in this city, when here with the Hispania company, her work was greatly admired. The trouble seems to have been that she wanted too big prices for her appearances, and that this will have a bad effect on future engagements for her. So says the St. John man who has heard all about it.

## The Big Race Came Off.

In spite of the rain and the mud a big crowd found their way to Moospath, Thursday, to see the great race between Special Blend, Lady Bug and Arlight, the three fastest horses in these provinces. Mr. Willis made the match and hired the track and it was under his management that the meeting was held. Everything went off smoothly and had the track been

## IMPORTED A SOPRANO.

### THE ORPHEUS CLUB WOULD NOT PAY MRS. HAGGARTY'S PRIZE.

And so They Brought a Singer From Boston—She Charged Fifty Dollars a Performance, and the Orchestra got Nothing—the Amusing Episode of Pinaforo.

There is such a thing as "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." That this is a fact is made apparent in the case of the Hispania operatic company and a lady who came to this city with that organization some time ago. One who knows what goes on in the inside of St. John musical circles tells Progress that there was a lot of indignation in the Hispania club on account of the financial arrangement between this lady and the company. She asked and received \$50, besides expenses, for her trip to this city, though the club was not willing to give more than \$30. The only reason that the \$50 was at last forthcoming to her was that the orchestra was indeed to work for nothing. This same musical knowing one says that the Halifax Orpheus club, who are putting on the opera "March" next week in that city made overtures for the vocal services of the lady in question, but she wanted something like \$40 per night, and the Orpheus would have nothing to do with her on account of what they contended would be an extortionate charge. Without any compunction therefore, they sent to Boston and imported Miss McKay, as their leading soprano finding it more advantageous for them to pay her travelling expenses and a good round sum for her work, than to give the figure asked by the Halifax lady. Thus she is out of "Hispania" and also out of from the "Orpheus" because of a foolish attempt to take the uttermost farthing obtainable, a procedure which in Halifax it seems amounts to death to the golden egg-laying goose.

The climax has been reached in an amateur performance of Pinaforo which was given recently in the sister city, in aid of the summer carnival fund. W. R. Shute, Charles Robson and other Halifax singers had given Pinaforo on a former occasion. The need of funds by the carnival committee furnished them with a laudable reason for repeating the performance in the academy of music. For two nights it ran, but the attendance was not equal to anticipation and the company of philanthropists found themselves stuck for fifty dollars—a rather disagreeable position for men who did all their work that carnival coffers might be filled. The lady who previously had made a record in the charging line it seems herself determined to keep up to the work in Pinaforo. She asked \$60 for the two nights, and the company during the anticipation of good houses and knowing that it was the carnival that would pay the money, and not them, agreed to give the fee demanded. Yet when they found themselves out of pocket it was quite a different matter, and there was mighty fierce kicking against paying that \$60. This assinine propensity was so decided, the grumbling was so deep and earnest that at last it resolved itself into an offer of \$30, with the request that the account be called square at that figure. There was a counter kick on the part of the fair singer, but with what result is not just known. Whatever his case out in Halifax in regard to this aspect of the question, nothing more is known in St. John. The chances are that the hard-headed and occasionally close-fisted Pinaforo people of Halifax will never pay one cent more than \$30.

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## HE IS ON PROBATION.

### AN ERRING HUSBAND REQUIRED TO PROVE PENITENCE.

A Halifax Lady who is Deserted by Her Husband Returns to Her Parents—The Remorseful Husband Follows and a Reconciliation is Effected.

HALIFAX, June 10.—An interesting family drama in real life has been enacted within the past few weeks in this city, and the curtain has just been rung down. One Mr. Firman, a young New Yorker, and his wife are the dramatic personae. The outline of the story is something like this. The daughter of Halifax parents went to New York and there married Mr. Firman, who made a comfortable living as a stenographer and typewriter and as clerk in a legal office. They had two children. Some weeks ago the wife came to this city to be present at the marriage of her sister. Soon a letter followed her from New York stating that the husband had run away from New York with a well-connected young woman of that city. He had become acquainted with his new love while out bicycle riding, and had found himself unable to resist the charms of the fair wheelwoman. This denouement was none the less pleasant to the eloping young woman's friends, one of whom is a banker, and the other a doctor in New York, than to the feelings of the deserted wife. The second was a rather brief love and when the first infatuation had mutually worn off the New York woman's friends made efforts to reunite husband and wife in the hope of this more completely overcoming the baneful attachment which had taken the place of the rightful matrimonial ties and affections. The husband accordingly was supplied with money by them and sent to Halifax to make his peace with his wife; on his way he thought they might have shot the false husband, yet the former rather strange course seems to have been what they took. When Firman arrived here he took a carriage and drove to the residence of his wife's mother. From a window the wife saw him approach, and heard him knock at the door. But he was allowed to go no further, for he was told he could not see his wife, and that any communication he wished to hold with her must be carried on through her lawyer. This was unwillingly assented to.

Next day the husband went to the lawyer's office, and just as he was entering who was it met him in the hallway leading to the door but his wife! The meeting was sensational. Back both went into the office, the wife in the private room, the husband into the outer office. After some negotiation the husband requested to be allowed to have a personal interview with his spouse. This at last was granted, but not till the clothing of the man had been searched to see that he had about him no weapons, for the lawyer had a distinct recollection of the tragedy in this city where under somewhat the same circumstances a husband shot his wife and child and then killed himself. No repetition of that kind of business was to be allowed, but no fire arms were found and the two were allowed to meet.

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The husband had now become penitent. He had learned that the way of transgressors is hard, and he was anxious to restore family peace and family ties. The wife, however, was as dear to him as she was when he courted her in the days of his blights. Again and again Firman sought reconciliation. At last the success came which usually rewards one in earnest, yet it was only a conditional success. Its terms were that the husband should go back alone to New York, and there work and toil for six months, till a comfortable home was once more assured and till by that six months of lonely exertion, and heavy penance, he had shown himself deserving of a wife. A legal document was drawn up by the lawyer binding the husband thus to go back and earn the return to him of his wife; she on her part agreeing to enter his house when the term of probation had been fully served. The document was "signed, sealed and delivered." In a day or two the husband was on his way to New York to carry out his bargain, and like Jacob to earn his wife. He is there now, serving his term, and the wife is with her mother in Halifax awaiting the verdict of time as to the husband's good intentions and his ability to carry them into practice.

## THE CAPTAIN TOOK A HIT.

HALIFAX, June 10.—Captain John Connolly now has his paid fire department fully organized, and the names of the officers have been published. One of the captains is John E. Burns, a young man whose name the board of fire commissioners at first refused to pass on the ground that he was a civic official. But on a second attempt he got a place on the membership, and Captain Connolly lost no time in making him a captain. He will not make a very pleasant comrade for John T. Murphy, whoever else may find his companionship agreeable, but he is a good fire-

man. It is pleasing to note that Captain Connolly has publicly promised to remedy wrong practices at the engine houses to some of which Progress some weeks ago called attention. It is a good sign when a man shows himself willing to act when a proper course is pointed out to him, and the captain and his men have the very best wishes of Progress for a long and successful career as fire fighters.

## HE WANTED REVENGE.

### A Milk Dealer who Tried to Injure a Farmer Employer.

What looked at one time as if a case for abduction would be threshed out in the courts was tried this week but has dwindled down to the following facts: It appears that Mr. Ernest Turnbull of the Alderbrook Dairy and R. S. Bonnell made an agreement of partnership to carry on a milk business, and at first the arrangement were satisfactory to both parties. After a time however the partners had a disagreement and the firm was at once dissolved. Bonnell who was greatly annoyed at the dissolution left Turnbull employ and for a time it looked as though the customers would be very few as Turnbull himself did not, to use a milk vendor's term, know the road. However his man aged to get the services of a boy who used to accompany Bonnell on his delivery. Bonnell was not to be so easily replaced, however, and was determined that his employer should suffer for discharging him. So he got the boy to go to his boarding house on King street on the morning he was to start driving and stay there while Mr. Turnbull was searching everywhere for him. At last Turnbull went to the boy's residence and interviewed his mother as to his whereabouts, only to be told that he had not been at home all night and was staying with Mr. Bonnell on King street. Greatly alarmed at this intelligence Mr. Turnbull at once sought the home of his ex-driver and demanded that he deliver up all right and title to the youth. The boy would not come at the peremptory bidding of his employer so other means of recovering him had to be tried. The lad's mother was again interviewed and armed with a large amount of motherly authority she accompanied Mr. Turnbull to the lad's temporary residence and demanded that he should at once come forth. The demand did not at first have much effect but after considering all sides of the case the lad thought it would be better to leave Bonnell than be obliged to weather this storm of parental chastisement which he knew would surely follow. So with great reluctance he returned to his work with Mr. Turnbull leaving Mr. Bonnell in a very disturbed state of mind.

The sequel to this story was found in the police court on Thursday when Bonnell commenced a suit against Mr. Turnbull for wages due. The evidence in the case showed that the amount of wages due Bonnell was between \$60 and \$70 while he talks of entering another suit of damages for defamation of character against Turnbull. At first there was talk of a counter charge being laid against Bonnell for abduction of the boy but that rumor has died to a certain extent and it is now probably the matter will be settled.

## WON THE FISHERMEN'S HEARTS.

### By his Knowledge of Sea Life and his Ability to Fix a Boat.

Election time generally brings its budget of good stories and this year is no exception to the general rule. One of the best is being told at the expense of one of the candidates for a seat in the house. The gentleman in question has devoted considerable time to making a thorough canvass of the country and has used every possible means of making himself solid with the electors. A few days ago while in Piasirico he happened to be strolling along the beach when he came upon a group of fishermen who were busily engaged in repairing and adjusting the rudder of a fishing smack. Thinking it was a good opportunity to do a little canvassing he approached this group and became very much interested in the work going on. At first the fishermen did not know who the distinguished visitor was but finally his identity was revealed and his offer to fix the boat as good as new was eagerly accepted. The candidate and the men went to work and amid pleasant conversation and jest, the boat was neatly repaired. The rudder was properly adjusted and the handy candidate no doubt congratulated himself upon his little stroke of policy. The chances of the respective parties and candidates were discussed and as the admiring glances were cast at the little craft which by one candidate's efforts was now as neat and trim as ever, the popularity of his opponent grew very much smaller as the afternoon progressed.

The skill of the liberal candidate excited intense admiration and by the time evening arrived the little incident was known all over the village; and at the meeting in the evening the audience gave him a royal welcome. Cries for "the man who fixed the boat" were heard on all sides, and the natives refused to listen to any one else till he presented himself. It was the most effective canvass the gentleman could have made and he feels sure of carrying that constituency with a large majority.

## TRUBLE OVER THE WIRRS.

### People Who Know all Their Neighbors Say Over the Telephone.

The telephones in St. John as well as in other cities has gained such popularity that it is now really an indispensable necessity. Still there are some storekeepers and householders, especially in North End, who are long suffering in their endeavors to talk private, or business matters over the wires without some inquisitive person on the same line wanting to know all about it. It is known that when two telephones are numbered, for instance 880 A and 880 B, that both instruments are on the same wire and the person owning one phone can hear all his neighbor has to say, if he so wishes. There is a heavy fee for this imposed by the telephone company but it is very seldom enforced.

A few days ago a North End young lady received a very confidential telephone message from a gentleman friend. The Sunday following a friend came up to her after church and jokingly told her all about it. The young lady was amazed, but after a quiet but determined piece of detective work traced the tell-tale to the people on the same wire. Another instance happened not long ago in which a physician was being hastily called and a little boy in a shop pretending to be the doctor's office boy took the message. Of course the medical aid did not arrive. It would only be just that such cases be reported.

## UMBRELLA, MADE, RECOVERED, REPAIRED BY DEW, WATER.

Umbrella, Made, Recovered, Repaired by Dew, Water.

## Railway.

On the 9th September, this Railway will be opened, as follows.

## ST. JOHN.

St. John, Fredericton, and other points.

TO TAX THE CYCLISTS

A HALIFAX ALDERMAN WORKING FOR THIS END.

He Wants to see Wreckmen Charged Two Dollars a Year for Using the Streets—Many Prominent Bicyclists Indignant—A Golden Opportunity Lost.

HALIFAX, June 10.—What course Alderman Hubley will take in civic matters is always looked forward to with interest. Not that there is generally any doubt which side he will take, but there is a genuine curiosity to see how far he may go in a direction in which he starts. The alderman is a conservative in politics, but he is a radical in everything else. This city father made an unpopular move at the last meeting of the council, a move which, ten chances to one, will fail. Alderman Hubley will have to work many a long day a good deal harder than he has ever yet done, before he succeeds in taxing the bicyclists of Halifax, for that is what he is now trying to do. He had a motion passed instructing Recorder MacCoy to prepare a city ordinance for the licensing and to regulate the speed of bicyclists. He wants to see wheelmen charged \$2 a year for the privilege of using the streets of Halifax, and he thinks the money so raised might be devoted to improving the condition of the streets. The money is needed there badly enough, but it is safe to say that it will never be raised in the way proposed. Alderman Hubley will, of course, find himself opposed by the 2,500 bicyclists of Halifax, more than 100 of whom are ladies. They will oppose the proposal not merely in their corporate capacity but as a body, for the Ramblers club has now become one of the most powerful athletic organizations in the city. Alderman Hubley will find his anti-bicycle propaganda more unpopular even than his anti-liquor crusade, or his economy struggle, which is saying a good deal.

President L. J. Mylius, of the Ramblers cycle club, is already on the war path against Alderman Hubley in this matter. Already he has seen several of the aldermen and endeavored to pledge them against the tax. Mr. Mylius pointed out to them that the bicycle, instead of being an injury to the streets, is really a benefit to them. The rubber tyres do not cut the roadway but rather pack it down and have an effect of making it smoother and harder. The narrow wagon wheels of ordinary vehicles, he says with truth, are what destroy our roads and make constant repairs necessary. The horsemen are the men to be taxed if money is to be raised in this way. Another argument which Mr. Mylius is bringing to bear on the city fathers against Alderman Hubley's idea is this, that if bicyclists are to be charged \$2 for using two wheels on our streets, users of waggons must be asked for \$4 for every team with four wheels they place on the highway. Just think of the absurdity of it; he urges the owner of a carriage, whether for business or pleasure, which does all the damage to the roadway being exempt from this proposed special tax, while an effort is to be made to collect a license fee from the owner of the harmless bicycle. Objections is also taken that such a tax could not legally, without legislation by the local parliament, be levied. If Alderman Hubley persists in his policy of raising road moneys at the expense of the wheelmen, he will find he is making a big mistake.

While on the subject of Alderman Hubley, who, whatever his faults, must be given credit for honesty of purpose, it may be remarked that he made a mistake at the same meeting of the council in his tactics on the Inspector Banks discussion. He had a fine chance to make his mark in that matter, a chance which was largely lost by him. Mayor McPherson had repudiated the inspector, stating plainly that he would rather see the liquor dealers selling openly without license than and those licenses given by Banks which were frauds on their face not having his signature, not ordered by the council, and which were not worth in law the paper they were written on. His worship held that selling on such bogus licenses, for which \$100 had been taken, was nothing less than selling without license in its most aggravated form. Recorder MacCoy openly denounced the inspector for his high-handed conduct in issuing their "licenses" without the mayor's signature, and there were only one or two aldermen who even made a pretence of defending him. Alderman Hubley had Banks arraigned at the bar of the council and he closely catechised him. It was at this point that Hubley lost his golden opportunity. He should have introduced a resolution suspending Banks, compelling the aldermen to vote for or against, and thus placing members of the council on record. But the alderman was bluffed out of this chance by statements that an action at law was about being brought to settle the legality of Banks' conduct. This action it now appears, covers only the case of one or two of the unsigned licenses, and does not go into the merits of the question at all. Yes, Alderman Hubley had a fine chance to make the aldermen vote one way or another on the suspension of Banks. Next time he gets a good trump card like that in his hand he should be very careful not to lose it, or to forget he holds it.

In this connection also, Chief O'Sullivan

is striking terror into the hotel keepers in the centre of the city. Sergeant Lehan keeps so sharp an eye on them that selling on Sunday has become a dangerous thing. Three of the principal dealers in the centre of the city have been caught, the Caladonia hotel a second time, and in one of the places pounced upon two society swells are down as witnesses in case the fine is not paid without a trial; on account of his activity efforts have been made to have Lehan's boat changed but unavailingly. The alderman who was asked to use his influence in this direction said he could do nothing, and Chief O'Sullivan is obdurate. The fated man and his dealers in that locality may therefore count upon having to endorse Lehan's eagle-eye for quite a while yet. The chief seems to be acting on the principle that if Banks will not do his work the police will do it in an aggravated form for him. Poor Banks, his bed is not one of roses these days.

PROVINCIAL NATURAL HISTORY.

Second Article by W. F. Ganong—The Outlet of Lake Utopia.

Lake Utopia is perhaps the most beautiful of New Brunswick lakes. It shows many features of scientific interest, and amongst them a geological phenomenon which must be rare, namely, a delta at its outlet. I cannot find any reference to this delta in any of the geological reports which treat of this region, nor do I remember having heard of anything similar elsewhere. The lake empties into the Magaguadavic river by a thoroughfare, locally called "the canal," which is less than two miles long and of very uniform breadth and occupies a break in the granite hills. Where the thoroughfare leaves the lake; however, it is between two remarkably long grassy and parallel points which extend directly out into the lake nearly half a mile, thus carrying the entrance to the thoroughfare out that distance from the main shore. The extreme points are very low and muddy and sink gradually under water to continue as shallow still further out into the lake; towards the main land however they become gradually higher having marsh grasses, sparsely at first and farther in gradually more densely; then struts appear and finally trees.

Along the thoroughfare the banks are muddy, not on the lakeside, especially that on the south, they are of sand gently sloping and sweeping in a long curve to the main shore. It is plain that the points are growing out into the lake; and the whole appearance is precisely that of a delta, though of a reversed shape at the mouth of a stream, not that of a lake at its outlet.

But in fact the explanation of the phenomenon is extremely simple. This delta is at times the mouth of a stream. The relation of the lake to the Magaguadavic river is peculiar, and happens to be so adjusted that at a certain height of water both are on the same level, and there is no movement through the thoroughfare. As the water rises after rains, the river rises far more rapidly than the lake, which has but a small drainage basin, and pours into it through the thoroughfare dropping its sediment as it meets the still water. These are the only conditions requisite for delta formation: the lake then washes up the sand or works it out from the shore on the outer face, completing the formation. It is not, it is true, the typical delta shape, but it is a delta morphologically. When the water falls, level is again established, and finally a flow out of the lake begins; but this is of clear water, and not strong enough to remove much of the sediment which has settled to the bottom. Perhaps the double flow has something to do with keeping a single channel open (instead of the several usual in deltas) thus determining the shape of the structure, but the abundance of room for the sediment in the deep lake, and the working up of the sand along the outer faces may also contribute to keep the channel single.

The points are not shown on the geological Surrey map nor on the corrected surface geology map but they are plainly marked on the original Surrey map of 1796-97, upon which also depths of the lake are given. The thoroughfare near the lake is marked as 7 feet deep, at the extreme points as 9 feet, while a quarter of a mile further out it is only 13 feet. But still further out the depths are 33, 42 and 54 feet, showing clearly that the delta is being pushed out into the lake. Of course it is entirely post-glacial, because the lake is formed by the glacial dam between it and L'Etang. If we could accurately measure the rate of growth of the delta, we would, by measuring also its size be in possession of data for estimating how long ago the glacial period closed.

New Brunswick thus possesses two reversible river phenomena,—a fall at St. John and a lake inlet—outlet at lake Utopia. The presence of these striking grassy points explains the significance of the name given by the Passamaquoddy to the lake, about which I had previously to my visit last summer been much puzzled. They call it Mes-ke-quas-gum which means "with grass (or bulrushes) around it," no doubt referring to this place; the name is altogether inappropriate elsewhere about it. Its English name was given by Governor Carleton when he found that the farms assigned to some of the Loyalists were un-

der its waters—they were truly Utopian so far as any use to their owners were concerned.

THE CREW IN TRAINING.

Halifax People Subscribe \$3000 for Training The Carnival Crew.

HALIFAX June 10.—Halifax is keen in its enthusiasm on behalf of the four-oared crew which is to be entered to uphold the aquatic honors of this city in our carnival. In the past three weeks about \$2,000 has been subscribed to defray the expense of training a crew and hurriedly eight men have been picked up from among the fishermen in this port to undergo the required training. Halifax money has been raised to get up the carnival, but till within two months of the consummation of the event Halifax enterprise was not sufficient to seek a crew and put it in training, and it is only a little more than a month ago that efforts were instituted to gather in the cash necessary to defray the crews expenses unless a futile effort some months ago is counted. What strange delay it was, but what commendable promptness of action when now at last the eleventh hour is reached. The eight men from whom four are to be chosen are practicing in a leaky lapstreak, while the committee are vigorously bustling to secure for them a practice shell, and then an order will be given for the shell in which the race will be rowed. This incident well illustrates the proverbial slowness of Halifax in many things but it also shows how thoroughly our people carry out a project when once they get at it. We leave many things undone, or at least undone till "the day is far spent," but when we begin we work in earnest and generally accomplish success. What a surprise it would be if the Halifax crew, which is not yet selected and which may not be finally determined on for some days yet, should lead in the four-oared race, and capture the \$1,000 cash prize, or should even come in second. They are fishermen, and our fishermen won at Philadelphia in 1876. One thing seems certain and that is that during the last week in July, when the arrival takes place, there will be a big crowd in Halifax, and a great throng to see the winners who will, if they may, and enjoy the other attractions.

Halifax is far behind its sister city St. John in some things, and notably in the advertising patronage given our daily papers by the wholesale houses. Many of the largest of these do not advertise at all. As far as the newspapers are concerned several of our leading wholesale houses especially in the wholesale business, might just as well not exist. Their names are never mentioned in the advertisements. The inevitable result follows as high as 2,000 pounds. What dry goods house in Halifax can make any such statement? None. And this St. John firm has large space contracts with PROGRESS and other good mediums for reaching the people.

The observer of our Halifax newspapers would think there was no business here but retail trade, and if this refusal to advertise is long persisted in this will soon come actually to be the case. Possibly at the eleventh hour, as in the four-oared crew matter, Halifax wholesalers will get their eyes opened, and save themselves just before it is too late.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE. Sixtieth Annual Report of This Insurance Company.

We have received a copy of the sixtieth annual report of this Company presented at the General meeting of the Proprietors held at Liverpool on the 20th ult. The Insurance and Finance Chronicle (Montreal) of the 1st. inst. comments thus on the report. "The Liverpool and London and Globe, as a general rule, presents the bright side of the insurance business for the past year. If this Company has done well it usually follows, that there has been at least a satisfactory year for others: if it has had ill-luck from some unusually severe conditions, then there has been indeed a hard time all around. The Company is in such a financial position and enjoys such a prestige, all over the world, that business comes to it as naturally as steel filings to a magnet. The company stands indeed very often in the reverse position to that so generally occupied by business firms; it is not the solicitor of business, but the chooser of what is offered. Even in so disastrous a year as 1893, which brought losses unprecedented save those by the Chicago fire, the Liverpool and London and Globe managed to secure a fair margin of profit, the expenses being reduced in order to offset the exceptional losses as far as economy would allow. The company has achieved this eminence and financial strength by its whole attention being bent upon acquiring business attractive from its safety and profitability, rather than its extent. Hence it has no hesitation in decreasing its premium income when such a restriction is dictated by the exigencies of sound underwriting. Last year, for instance by selecting risks so cautiously, its premiums were \$75,850 less than in 1894, the result being such a reduction in losses, as to bring their ratio to the premiums lower than in any year since 1886, being only 54.7 per cent. The assets of this Company, in Canada alone, on the 31st December last amounted to \$1,718,602.70.

WHAT SO CHARMING

As The Bloom of Health On Beauty's Brow?

WEAK PALE, NERVOUS WOMEN MAY SECURE THIS CHARM.

Hawker's Tonic is a Sure Helper in Their Time of Need.

If all the Canadian women who have been helped to the possession of renewed health and strength by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic were drawn up in a line what an army and what an array of loveliness would there appear.

Let their sisters who still suffer from nervous troubles, the effect of over work or from any cause are broken down in health seek the same sure remedy.

Sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cents per bottle, or six bottles for \$2.50. Manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., Ltd. St. John, N. B.

A Good Sermon

The trouble with a great many is the fact that shortbread is something incomprehensible. I am surprised to find how simple it is, and how easily it is learned.

Rev. THOMAS J. BUTLER, Caledonia. You can learn shorthand at home for \$10—If not exactly as represented, money returned. Lesson free. Send for it.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE Box P. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—Teachers and College students, men or women, to engage with us during vacation, at something entirely new. Can pay as high as \$200.00 for the full term. Scores having operated during vacation, have engaged permanently on our staff, to their great benefit, and some having made fortunes. Do not doubt until you find out the facts, and that will cost nothing. Address immediately, THE BRADLEY GARRETTON CO., Ltd. Brantford, Ont.

WANTED—Our White Enamel Letter Cases make elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter Cases since 1881. ROBERTSON BROS. AND LETTER WORKS, St. John, N. B.

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

WANTED—1000 (types or photos to enlarge to life size. We give you, a splendid, 16 x 20 Portrait at a very low price. Send pictures by mail or call at GORRELL Portrait Co., 267 Union St., St. John, N. B.

WANTED—Outfits and materials. Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON BROS. TO SUPPLY CO., Main Office Building, St. John, N. B.

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

WANTED—RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our Water-proof Gold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPPEL, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

Columbia and Hartford

BICYCLES.



W.H. THORNE & Co., Ltd.

Market Square, St. John, Agents.

English Cutlery.

Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears.

A large and well selected assortment at reasonable prices.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, 11 to 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

OIL STOVES

FOR SUMMER USE

In Town and Country.

Always Ready for Use.

NO SMOKE. NO SMELL. NO ASHES.

Safe, Convenient and Economical.

THREE SIZES IN STOCK, 1, 2 and 3 Wicks.

EXTENSION TOPS AND OVENS

For all sizes, and will bake and cook perfect.

EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S.—A full line of Refrigerators now on our floor at prices from \$8.00 up.

Do You Want A Second-Hand Bicycle? We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from \$65.00. LIST. Betsize, Crescents. ORDER. Shop. realize how much for a day. We ROS. nger Rink. Quick THERE WILL a rider dislikes hope to make f MA Bicyc

# Musical and Dramatic

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

That the North end of the city has set an example to the old city this year cannot be denied, in view of the fact that the initiative has been taken there for providing musical entertainment for the immediate residents and all others who can make it convenient to attend. This is a good example to follow.

This department had the pleasure, a short time ago, of calling the attention of somebody in authority—say one or more of the philanthropists among us—to the fact that the "pleasant summer days" and nights were almost with us and that the citizens are entirely without free entertainment of any kind.

Reflection will show that this is not as it should be. A city with the pretensions of Canada's winter port, should have free public musical entertainment for its people, from time to time, regularly placed on its curriculum as it were, because of the refining and educational influences that attend these little affairs. The moral effect also must be good because many young men would cheerfully listen to a good programme of music, even fairly well rendered, in preference to spending the time in billiard hall or bar room or other places where a desire for pleasure or mild excitement, or relaxation—call it what one chooses—prompts them to visit. Another feature of the proposition, not to be disregarded perhaps, is the comparatively small expense that would attend such concerts. There are numerous plans whereby public band concerts could be given weekly, affording the maximum of delight—at a minimum of cost. A committee from among the members of the several bands no doubt could easily arrange the matter so as to make it practically workable, and on reasonable terms. There is a bandstand on the west side I believe, and one is being provided for the north end, by a number of young men of that section. Central St. John, where the bulk of the population is found, is without one now, but let us hope when the excitement of the pending election passes away and the blast of the political trumpet is no longer heard in the land, considerations affecting the good of the toll-worn and weary at home, may result in something being done.

The new orchestra at the Opera house in succession to Harrison's has been on duty since last Monday evening. They have yet to experience dramatic productions. The only new idea I have heard propounded regarding the change is that it was made directly for reasons of economy as the management now secures six or eight pieces for the same price as paid to four of Harrison's men. Are the new men cheaper material or how?

### Tones and Under-tones.

Miss Emma Beringer who has been singing the part of Romeo in "Romeo and Juliette" in England is pronounced as "one of the most charming and one of the ablest seen on the English stage in late years."

Miss Marie Engle, who sang in New York the part of Marguerite de Valois instead of Madame Melba, who was indisposed, has been engaged to sing at Covent Garden, London, Eng.

The opera season at Covent Garden opened with "Romeo and Juliette," Jean De Reszke being Romeo and Madame Emma Eames in the role of Juliet. M. Plancon was also in the cast, and Mancinelli was conductor.

Sybil Sanderson, the prima donna who failed to make the musical hit in New York her friends anticipated and who returned to Paris in high indignation with the people of her native land, has recently received the second largest vote at a beauty contest in the French capital.

The Bostonians, when their season is over, will spend their vacation in different ways. Jessie Bartlett Davis, who is such a general favorite, will go to her farm near Chicago; Henry Clay Barnabee will go to Europe, W. H. McDonald will whip the Maine waters for trout and Eugene Cowles will visit Japan.

The Bostonians will open the new Metropolitan theatre in New York during October next.

Madame Sigrid Arnoldson who was in grand opera in New York is now singing in Moscow Russia, where it is said she draws \$1600 per night. Uncertain things are very doubtful, and while this payment may possibly be correct yet there is somewhat of uncertainty about it.

Sig. Tamsgoo is singing in Russia with Madame Arnoldson. Of this operatic hero it was said in some United States papers, he used to sell at the box office in New York, the complimentary tickets given him.

Lady Sholto Douglas receives \$350 per week salary for singing in Yauville in New York. When she dwelt in the west her salary was \$15.00 per week.

Miss Marie St. Johns is the name of a young New York lady of good family and who is distinguished as an important member of a superior uptown New York

choir. Her taste for the stage was very pronounced and she has joined Daly's company.

There are some individuals in our sister city of Halifax who are very much agitated just now over the recent amateur production of "Pinafore" in that city. The services of the local press have been called into requisition and opinions pro and con are therein ventilated. The discussion of the merits of the production appears of a secondary consideration; the more important question being whether Miss A. or B. stood in just the correct pose. Whether she had her kerchief in her hand or not, whether her train flowed just right at any particular moment or whether Mr. C. or Mr. D. had his toes turned in improperly in this or that act, and points of other weighty moment. It is funny for those outside who care to read the correspondence.

One of the most popular operas of the present day, "Carmen," achieved success too late, alas! to console the disappointed composer, whose death was accelerated, it is said, by the ill reception accorded to his chief d'oeuvre. "Carmen" was, in fact, actually hissed off the stage on its first performance, (in Paris, 1875) and poor Bizet died shortly after, unable to foresee the great success in store for his latest and best work, whose stirring music so admirably fits the thrilling Spanish libretto it illustrates.

The editing of the libretto of the "Stabat Mater" for performance at Lincoln, Eng., is excused, in a letter from Dr. George Bennett, organist at the cathedral, on the ground that, as the performance is to take place in the cathedral, the work could not be performed without some alteration of the words, "as the text of the 'Stabat Mater' is at certain places opposed to the doctrine of the Church of England." Dr. Bennett goes on to say that the alterations are few in number, and have been made by the Dean of Lincoln.

In number they are few, but in significance they are most extensive, the effect being to deprive the second part of the cantata of the character of a prayer to the Virgin. If it is necessary to do this before the work could be performed in an English cathedral, then it seems to me that it would have been better to have chosen some composition which is not at variance with the doctrines of the Church of England.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A portrait not the very best likeness however—of our fair young representative actress Miss Ethel Mollison, appears in the latest *Munsey*. A sketch of the young lady's stage career accompanies the picture. She possesses not a little talent and a bright future in her chosen profession ought to be hers.

Mr. Frederic Robinson, an English actor who starred in this city more than one season under the management of the late J. W. Lanegan, at the old Lyceum, has been engaged by Sir Henry Irving for his home company. Mr. Robinson used to play leading Shakespearean roles with much ability, but one of his best impersonations was Farmer Allen in "Dora" (a dramatization of Tennyson's poem). Many young readers may be interested in knowing that the Lyceum stood opposite the middle walk on the south side of King square.

An Australian manager advertises for "100 extra men for convicts in 'His Natural Life.' Those used to jail life preferred." There ought not to be any difficulty in filling that order in his country.

While Joe Jefferson was playing in "The Rivals" in Buffalo N. Y. recently, Sir Henry Irving sent him a present of a handsome walking stick, probably one hundred years old. The stick had been handsomely mounted and inscribed. It was the daily companion of Thomas King, the creator of the role of Sir Peter Teazle, in Sheridan's "School for Scandal," which was first presented at Drury Lane Theatre in May, 1777.

Miss Marie Shotwell, a young and wealthy society lady of San Francisco has surprised her friends by abandoning social attractions and going on the stage. She is said to be now "a competent member of E. H. Sothers' Prisoner of Zenda" company.

Miss La Thierre who is now retiring after thirty years experience on the stage was in the original cast of Boucicault's "Hunted Down." She was especially distinguished as an interpreter of old women's parts in the Bancroft regime at the old Prince of Wales theatre and Haymarket, London.

Chevalier, the singer of coxer songs who created such a success in New York last season has decided to remain in America for a time at least. He will spend the summer in the Adirondacks.

The death of Frank Mayo the well known actor was expected during this week. He was travelling west to keep an engagement and died in the train. He leaves a son and daughter, the latter having made a

successful debut as a prima donna is now the wife of a Mr. Elverson of Philadelphia.

Mrs. John Drew is connected in the minds of everyone nowadays, with the character of Mrs. Malaprop. The first time she played the part was but seventeen years ago it is said viz on February 22, 1879.

A Parisian journalist has translated into French "The Sidewalks of New York" and the play will receive its European initial in Paris early next season.

It is remarked that Madame Modjeska is now busy studying new roles for next season.

The desire to see "In Old Kentucky" in Halifax performed by Harkins' capable company was so great that the management was compelled to continue for the whole week. The play was only billed for three nights.

### Such Good Manners.

Parson Gloomer (of the Blackville tabernacle with withering sarcasm)—Dis ye congregashun an composed ob de polites set ob pussions I eveh run across. When I enstas de church do' Sonda' mo'nins I allus smiles an' bows to do peep' beh. An' to mek up for mah goot, manns seberal sinnas 'magines it dere duty to keep a-noddin' to me all endurin' de sehmon.

### A BIRD'S QUEER DEATH.

Impaled on a Weather Vane, It Swings With the Wind.

One of the strangest monuments in existence is situated near Cold Spring, N. Y. It is slowly disappearing and in a short time will have entirely vanished, but it tells a marvellously true tale of the life and death of the being which caused it to be erected.

It is composed of the bones of a swallow which met its death on the weather vane of a barn while in full flight. Every one has noticed the peculiar diving motion which swallows make while on the wing. It was this method of flying that caused the bird's death. In making its quick dive it evidently miscalculated, or else did not see the vane, which was arrow-shaped, pointing directly toward the swallow.

The farmer who owned the barn noticed a bird perched on his weather vane. The vane was swinging in the wind, but did not trouble the bird, which apparently refused to be unseated. The next day the bird was still there, and the day after as well. The farmer determined to investigate. He found the bird impaled on the vane. He left it where it was and it swung there for months. Why it did not fall to the ground seemed a mystery, until when only the skeleton remained it was found that the sharp point of the vane had penetrated the breast bone. Then the

bones dropped apart one by one, and now nothing but the breast bone remains, swinging with the vane, like the gibbeted form of a malefactor in olden times.

### The Duty of Parents.

The best and most enduring principles of religion can never be left to the Sabbath school to impart them must be the personal concern of parents to instill. The home has always been the real school, with daily object lessons in faith, virtue and reverence. When the home ceases to be an altar, with parents as priests and priestesses; when prayer is banished from the household and the Sabbath atmosphere is no longer visible, the process of degeneracy may be retarded by the Sabbath school, but it can never wholly be checked.

### To Make Strawberry Jelly.

Boil three-quarters of a pound of sugar in half a pint of water, pour boiling hot over three pints of strawberries placed in an earthen vessel, add the juice of two lemons, cover closely, and let it stand twelve hours. Then strain through a cloth (flannel is the best thing); mix the juice which has run through with two and a half ounces of gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little warm water, and add sufficient cold water to make the mixture one quart. Pour into a mould and set on the ice to cool.—*May Ladies' Home Journal.*

## MILLINERY!



An elegant display of all the Latest Styles in Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats Toques and Bonnets.

Also a large and Choice Stock of French and English Flowers.

Inspection cordially invited.

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

## A QUESTION.

HUGH DARLINGTON.

*Andantino.*

*p*

1. Why did we meet as strangers, That once were dearest friends? Or reckless woo the

*p*

*delice.*

dan - gers That give, love, no a-mends? Why should our hearts be grieving The absence of each mate, When they should be re-triev - ing The fol - ly of their

*rit.*

state? No more we'll meet as strangers, The er - rors of the past Shall show us where the dan - gers Of our young love are cast; Show us where the

*rit.*

dan - gers Of our young love are cast.

2. Nor will we be re - pin - ing For the sad hours are

3. fol - ly to be strangers, When you were once mine

*rit.*

*a tempo.*

chast'ning Dispell'd our sorrow's night. No more we'll meet as strangers, The er - rors of the past Shall show us where the dan - gers Of our young love are gladden'd, Till they to-geth-er brought, No more, etc.

1.  
2.

cast; Show us where the dan - gers Of our young love are cast.

3. 'Tis

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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

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

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The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; it doubles that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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Mailbox Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

The independent party will be before the people as the nominees of a great party next week and then, perhaps those who have endeavored by every possible means to balk the efforts of the citizens to obtain justice for themselves and their native place will come to the conclusion that the men who are supporting them are in earnest.

They are not depending upon the funds of any great party to carry on the contest. They have but little enough money for actual expenses but what they have comes from the pockets of private individuals and not as the subscription of any rich manufacturer or contractor.

If the great majority of the people who do not take an active interest in elections know how much in earnest these men are in their work, if they knew under what difficulties they are working, if they knew of the patriotic motives that actuate them and their supporters they would not fail to come to the front and to lend them all the assistance in their power.

Men of St. John, do what you can for your city. Do not permit any government to pass by its interests. Protest by voting for Messrs. PUGSEY and McLAUGHLIN, the men who are representing your objection, and show people of Canada that here by the sea we possess that independence that retards such treatment as this city has received.

THE CHURCH DEBT.

It is astonishing how many entertainments are gotten up in the run of a year to help raise the debt on some church or other. They point to what every thoughtful person must consider a deplorable state of affairs. If debt is bad for the individual it must be very much more so for the church. It is useless to hope for good results from building a church on an unsecured basis.

Boundless opportunities for good have no doubt been allowed to pass because of this harrassing church debt. In far too many instances a pastor is chosen not for his devotedness or power to do good, so much as for his ability to attract a large congregation or those who are in a position to contribute to the funds of the church.

In every city there are stately edifices that receive more thought from the parishioners than does the case to which they are dedicated. A grand church is not a necessary part of the Christian religion and when it represents an enormous debt it is a direct insult to the name in which it has been erected.

If a member of a church were to go into debt for some useless piece of finery which it was known he could not afford how quickly he would be reproved by his brethren and yet devoted men and women will calmly see a church erected at a cost of many thousands of dollars without knowing or thinking of where the tenth part of the sum is to come from. It is better by far to have the floors without carpets, benches without cushions and a dry goods box for a pulpit than to burden the church with a debt for useless luxuries.

There is no doubt which arrangement would be most pleasing to the Lord. If there are those in the church who find it impossible to worship in a plain building there is no reasonable hope that they would be sincere anywhere. Of course there are always a few such but their souls are not of more importance than the vast throng who would hasten to a church where wealth was not the first consideration, or to one free from a debt bearing a rate of interest that alone is as much money as any church could cost.

The church might set a good example to wanton extravagance by making religion less expensive and a rule should be made to the effect that nothing should be purchased for the church that could not be paid for at once. The principle of debt whether in a church or a private individual is altogether wrong and in the

first instance is brought about by the desire of one church to keep pace with another in grandeur and style.

The means used toward paying of a debt are not always good. As for instance at a recent fair where a large amount of money was raised for this purpose, one of the most successful methods was that of placing young ladies behind a curtain so that only their ankles were to be seen. They were then auctioned to the highest bidder. Most parents would prefer to listen to the Sunday service in a plain church rather than have a daughter help pay a debt in that way.

When money has been extorted from an individual almost against his will, at any rate reluctantly, can it truthfully be called "giving to the Lord," it would seem that a gift should be given voluntarily in order to be considered in that light. How then shall the church be regarded in the light of the means that have been resorted to pay for them. On every hand are to be seen the evils of extravagance. Should not the churches set a better example in this respect. A clergyman admonishing his congregation against running into debt would be very amusing if the pulpit from which he spoke was not paid for and yet this is one of the things most clergy men have occasion to refer to frequently. It would be very much easier to live if it were only made the fashion to live within the means available. Realizing this the churches certainly have a great responsibility in the matter. If a city or village credits a church it cannot pay for, who should be held responsible. Is there any more reason why outside help should be solicited for it than there would be for any other building.

If it were utterly impossible to hold services outside a costly church this question might be answered in the affirmative, but Christ's example proves the contrary. Be content with the plain unpretentious house of prayer till the necessary money is in hand; raise the money before laying the corner stone, build accordingly, and pay as you go and you will help exert an influence that is very much needed.

PROTECTION NECESSARY.

The bicycle has inflicted many injuries on the rights of mankind and this is especially true in regard to the most time honored and respected of jokes. A country's jokes like its army are guaranteed in quality and excellence. The bald headed man, the servant girl's brother on the police force, the mother-in-law, the politician, seeking office the summer girl, and other permanent institutions that have grown up with the country must be protected at any cost. So far none of these mentioned have been threatened by the silent steed but another that perhaps more than any of the others deserves defence has been in great danger. In the western states the ancient jibe of the slow going plumber has been attacked. To "go back to the shop" has been the undeniable right of plumbers in all sorts of weather and under all circumstances. Who ever knew a plumber who was called upon to pump out a sink to bring his tools along. No self respecting plumber would dream of doing anything so distinctly contrary to all established rules and usages. Being paid by the day, he first proceeded to examine and survey the lesion from every point of view, and then came the diagnosis. This took up considerable time of course and then the plumber made the surprising discovery that tools were needed and as a consequence he went slowly "back to the shop". This was strictly orthodox and impressive. By noon he would return and leave the tools for work next day. The ruthlessness with which the wheel has invaded all professions and trades seriously threatened to interfere with this disposition. On the latest improved, "Red Bird," "Yellow Fellow," "Columbia" or some other triumph of constructive art the plumber would be able to diagnose the case, go back to the shop, bring his tools, and finish the job all in one day, incredible as it may seem.

The plumber's Union of at least one city is making a very natural remonstrance and the fact has gone forth that no true plumber can ride a wheel in business hours. This is just as it should be. Even plumbers have rights and the tyrant that threatens to displace the horse must not be permitted to waltz on top of them down; human life is at its mercy but not the right to go back to the shop.

In a New York police court a day or two ago the presiding magistrate informed a policeman that he was a disgrace to the force, and really the circumstances which prompted the remark seemed to justify the strong language used. If justices of the present day relied solely on the judgement of policemen there would be many legal complications for this court to fight out. The officer to whom this remark was addressed had arrested and brought into court a lady cyclist whose lamp had gone out while she was enjoying a spin on the avenue. On being told of this by the policeman she instantly dismounted and lighted her lamp and was about to start off again when he ordered her to return with him to the nearest station and from there she was taken in a patrol to a station where women are received. She was forced to spend the night in a cell surrounded by respectable women whose language toward her

is said to have been dreadful. Next morning when the young lady told her story she was dismissed with an apology from the magistrate who also gave the policeman a little home talk on his officiousness. Other cities besides New York have policemen who think the more arrests they make the higher they will stand in favor with their superiors. This zeal may answer all right for a time, but it assuredly leads to the officers downfall ultimately. Usually there is legitimate work enough at hand if a man honestly wishes to do his duty.

Spurred by the offers of heavy rewards, or the fascination of the field, science has long been at work on the mysteries of aerial navigation. That the question would ultimately be solved no one has for a long time doubted. Details of some successful experiments by the distinguished scientist Prof. S. P. LANGLEY have lately been given. The aerodrome or flying machine he has used is built of steel and propelled by a steam engine and no less an authority than ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL has given his signature to the statement that "no one could have witnessed these experiments without being convinced that the practicability of mechanical flight had been demonstrated." Prof. LANGLEY says the aerodrome needs no gas to lift it and that the power is derived from a steam engine through the means of propellers, but, owing to the size on which the actual aerodrome is built there has been no condensing apparatus to use the water over and over what was critical was only sufficient for a brief flight and the distance travelled was but one-half mile. The speed made at a recent trial was one-half mile or more in one and one-half minutes or at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It is possible that we may be nearer aerial navigation than is generally supposed.

Nowadays everything is blammed on the bicycle, from a runaway marriage to a stagnation in the gum and cigarette market. Certain it is that in many cities it has cleared the trash, the management declaring that everybody is wheel mad and there is no demand for indoor amusements. The young man who formerly was wont to put on a stiff starched shirt, light collar, patent leather boots and tight gaiters, and take his girl to the theatre, now gets on the inside of a sweater, knee pants, comfortable shoes and takes the same girl for a long spin. The theatre managers may, however, console themselves with the thought that bicycling can't go on forever and that the approach of winter will find the orchestra and balcony chairs as full as ever while the cause of the present trouble will be safely housed for at least five months. The S. R. O sign will be bought out and dusted and will be more conspicuous than it ever was.

The Americans are rather an ungrateful nation after all. The treatment which the free gift of the people of France has received at the hands of the government has been very shabby indeed. The BARTHOLOMEW statue cost 1,000,000 francs which was raised by subscription in France. After lying in storage in New York until corrosion had almost eaten it, enough money was raised to provide a pedestal and place the figure on the same. Then the government took hold, and the attempts which have since been made to light and care for the statue have been ridiculous in the extreme. At the present time the statue is little better than a splendid ruin. It would not be very much of a tax upon the nation to have an appropriation made regularly for its maintenance. Failing this it should be boxed up and put in exhibition as a monument of American meanness.

A question is now being debated in Hoboken N. J., that may be of interest elsewhere in view of the numerous weddings that are taking place this spring. Can the man who furnishes the material for the wedding cake seize the bride's wedding gifts for his unpaid bill? A caterer in the city mentioned thinks he can, and at a certain wedding feast took all the bride's gifts leaving her only her trousseau and her wedding ring. This seems a trifle hard, as it does not appear that the lady ordered the supper or had anything to do with it except to get perhaps a mouthful of everything to pay the bill. If justice can be had in Hoboken, the wrangled lady should have exemplary damages in a good sum.

Next Tuesday the Republican national convention will meet at St. Louis and three weeks later the Democrat's from all over the United States will assemble at Chicago. Before many weeks therefore, the issues will be joined between the two great parties and the candidates selected to represent them will be before the people, the campaign ending five months hence at the election on November 3. Five or six months of election talk and suspense is a terrible strain upon a country, though of course in this instance the heat of the battle will not come on until Autumn.

The papers are frantically calling upon each other to be honest in their dealings with public questions. The reform ought to begin by each deciding how much they are going to knock off or add to their last census, and the public debt.

Civic politics seem to be causing more excitement in Chatham just now than the Dominion elections.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Buttercups and Violets.
O buttercups and violets,
By summer wood and stream;
Make room for me my dainty pea,
To lie by you and dream.
To dream where dreamy waters flow,
In languor to the sea;
My true love's golden dream we know,
So sweet to you and me.
Life has its desert sands all day,
By time's sea surges cold;
Along the shore to me you say,
Are bits of sorrow told.
You slay, "no love without a tear,
Peace cometh not apart from fear,
Rest cometh not it dwells not here,
O sweet is Heaven all three are there."
O buttercups and violets,
How beautiful is the shade;
When peacefully the great sun sets,
Far o'er your balmy glade.
Who loves your dear old place;
You saw me here at twilight.
You say my true love's face.
O desert sands you see my feet,
No cool oasis find;
No bloom of flower or blossom sweet,
The sheaves the reapers bind.
Surges cold the dark night waves,
Await my sailing day;
Beyond the silent land of graves,
Towards life's rising star.
O buttercups and violets,
We call her now in vain;
In vain our deep our sad regrets
She cometh not again.
In vain we talk and grieving tell,
Of love's sweet summer day;
How long we loved her and how well,
And all we had to say.
Down the lone shore now sounds the call,
Of countless ages old;
The tones the trumpets still will fall,
Through open gates of gold.
Still sorrow strikes her muffled bell,
Across the burdened years;
In farewell messages that tell,
The end of love is near.
O buttercups and violets,
In yellow milk and blue;
You know how my lone spirit frets,
I hide no thoughts from you.
My love was all our life and now,
No more her name we call;
Our souls with sorrow's tears overflow,
The loneliest of all.
Love cometh not without a tear,
Peace cometh not apart from fear,
Rest cometh not it dwells not here,
O sweet is Heaven all three are there.
Cyrus GOULD.

June 1896.

The Dying Christian.
My days are dipping in the west,
'Tis gloaming 'neath my noo.
I hear the south of Jordan's wave,
I feel the north of Jordan's wave I hear,
Not tremble at the Jordan's wave I hear,
But at this sudden 'neath my noo,
This leavin' wean and wife.

What tho' we ken o' better things,
A fatter word 'aboot,
Where best friends 're a waitin' us,
As 'a' man follow stee.
And let us sing a partin' song
Before we're parted here.
For 'tis our last an' our sing noo,
I ha' 'a' lang to dre.

There, pit the pillow to my back,
As 'a' man up a bed to my bedside,
To see their father die.
Noo, lift the Bible up a thocht,
Its over ligh on my knee,
And shile the licht o' heaven's back,
Its over strong for my ee.

He wa'd, he sang the partin' song,
His voice was firm an' clear,
An' read the fourteenth of St. John,
For he had a heart.
Sae is it 'twit' the man o' God,
When his days darsie it done,
Sae nature fears disturb his mind,
Sae nae man looks aboon.

"My wife, my weans, wea, m' an part,
Sae duntab wea, m' an part,
But did the tears frae all your cheeks,
An' let us join in prayer;
An' let us join in prayer to him,
That's wantin' me awa',
That he may be a faithful friend,
An' father to me all."

He turned his glasses 'en to Heaven,
And raised his withered hand,
Doo saely wea thro' Jordan's wave,
He reached the better lan'.—John Crawford.

The Time Miranda Died.
That is just like Simon Fogle. When the talk was going round,
And we'd ask if he remembered some once famous fight or sound,
Some great happenin', death or wedding, or some such like thing,
Or some family feud's quick flaming into hate al- most sublime;
Then he'd drop his eyes and lead lower, seem perhaps to see or hear,
Something far before he answered: "It must have been before the time."

And he never quite remembered, tho' we had no doubt he tried,
And we all knew he was thinking of the year Miranda died.
Twenty years since that December; and the after- years no doubt,
Were a record lightly written, by one memory blotted out.
Kindly eyes then closed forever, love he saw no reason for,
Left no place in recollection for the nation's shock came once more,
Twenty years since that December, when December He had traveled back in fancy to that happier time before.

We who loved him by his bedside hid our faces as we cried,
Will we know that he was thinking 'twas the day Miranda died.
—Lewis Worthington Smith.

Ever of Thee.
We are parted, dearest heart,
And may never meet again,
But thine image ever near to me
Thou art the one I still remain
O'er the countless leagues of sea,
Where to-day thou art.
Fly my thoughts throughout each passing hour
Thou knowest, dearest heart!
Darkness or daylight, tempest or shine,
Never forgotten the past days can be,
Ever before me are visions of thee!

Bid thy spirit, dearest heart,
O'er the sea's long ocean stray,
And 'twill meet, with gladsome outspread wings,
Mine own upon the way!
For the years may come and go,
Thine heart's true love shall stay;
For till death as one they must remain,
Thou knowest dearest heart!
Darkness or daylight, tempest or shine,
Never forgotten the past days can be,
Ever before me are visions of thee!

The rain which fell the first of this week was greatly needed all over the country and while no doubt the farmers hailed it with joy, the many brides here and elsewhere were not so delighted with its appearance, remembering no doubt the old adage "happy is the bride the sun shines on."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

CANADA'S RESOURCES.
Its Unlimited Natural Wealth—Its Vast Extent—Its Future Destiny.

Regarding the Dominion of Canada from a material standpoint, her progress during the past three decades has been wonderful—in fact, phenomenal. Time was when the great world, through ignorance of its resources, looked upon Canada as practically worthless, and the general attitude of the rest of the universe partook of the contemptuous and indifferent pose of that French monarch of the last century who felt no great regret that his crown had lost possession of "a few arpents of snow" along the St. Lawrence. And yet today this "frozen empire," as it was once called, stands firmly planted upon three oceans, vast in the extent of its fertile lands, unlimited in natural wealth, bound together by great railways, its people animated by increasing pride in their country and buoyant with confidence in the greatness of its destiny.

The basis of this remarkably progressive change is found in the establishment of railroads and other lines of travel and the consequent increase of facilities for the dissemination of knowledge of Canada's soil, areas, climate and resources. And thus its prestige has gone forward by leaps and bounds until now the Dominion is recognized as one of the great and solid and worthy nations of the earth.

In this connection a few words with reference to the area and resources of this great commonwealth will not be amiss, for though they are familiar to many, a large part of this vigorous population is too busy in the work of building up individual and national prosperity to trouble itself with such mere incidentals as statistics.

Canada is now cotermineous with British North America and in superficial extent exceeds the United States by half a million square miles. From the boundary line it extends northward 20 degrees to the arctic circle. Within these same latitudes lie Norway, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Great Britain and Ireland and this northern part of France.

The bracing atmosphere of Canada is as well adapted to the growth of a robust and hearty race as any of these countries, and there is no reason for supposing that the Anglo-Saxon stock degenerates under a cool climate like wintry skies. Owing to the favorable sweep of the isothermal lines, what can be produced 500 miles north of the international boundary, and the most fertile wheat growing district in the world lies for the most part north of that boundary, extending from the foot of the Rocky mountains 1,000 miles eastward.

The forests of Canada are the most valuable and extensive now remaining, and Canada exports millions of dollars' worth of sawed lumber annually, the total export of the products of the forest running up to between \$20,000,000 and \$30,000,000. The great sea fisheries of British Columbia, the maritime provinces and Labrador are unequalled by those of any other country, a fact of which American fishermen are fully aware; but, besides these, the inland lakes of the newly opened northwest constitute a fishing ground 20,000 square miles in size.

In British Columbia and Nova Scotia coal and iron lying side by side are found in great quantity, and in Alberta there is a bed of rich lignite 100 miles broad and 500 miles long, while in Ontario almost every mineral but coal is found in abundance.

Turning away from the Dominion's material resources for an instant and considering it from an artistic standpoint, one is amazed at the mightiness and beauty of nature's work. The traveler in search of the picturesque is more than rewarded for his coming, for so grand a scenery can be found on this planet.

A traveler writing of his experiences in western British Columbia says: "Few spots on earth afford a sublimer picture than is seen from the Selkirk. It is a vast amphitheatre—stage and audience hall, not a half mile wide, with lofty mountain sides stretching along either side six or seven miles, all covered by noble trees below and snow sheeted above, Sir Donald, cold and rocky, on one side, glacial high on the other. A mighty glacier hangs down over the rear of the amphitheatre, while a straight line of the mountain heights curtains the stage. This line is jagged and toothed on its crest with lofty glaciers glistening under the pinnacles. Sitting on the platform in front of the pretty station hotel just before sunset, watching the sunlight climb the rocky heights eastward, while those to the west sink into grayness, and then a little later, as the daylight sinks into twilight and all becomes first a mellow gray and then a darker gray, cold and repellent, except over the snow, which seems to emit a light all its own—sitting thus or sees a picture equalled in few spots of the world."

The military strength of any estimate a casual observer would be likely to make. In brief, the militia of the Dominion is divided into four classes: 1. Those unmarried and widowers between 18 and 30 years of age. 2. Those unmarried and widowers between 30 and 45 years of age. 3. Those widowers between 18 and 45 who have no children. 4. All men between 45 and 60 years of age.

The first of these classes comprises the active militia, the others the reserve militia. The active militia consists of 2,243 cavalry, 1,730 field artillery, 2,312 garrison artillery, 800 engineers, 39,243 infantry, making a total of 46,328 men of the first class, all of whom would be immediately available in case of war. The other classes could

only be called on after a sufficient time had elapsed to enable warning to be given to the members who live in the remotest districts of Canada.

And so, with all her manifold resources thus ably guarded, Canada may well be proud of her accomplishment, contented with her condition and confident as to her future.

An Eccelestic Plan Is.
After an interval of fourteen years London has again heard the pianist D'Albert, whose ratiocality is so great a puzzle. He has a French name and was born in Scotland. His mother was English, and his father, a well-known dancing master was the son of a Captain of French artillery and of a German mother, whose ancestors were Russian! Though educated in England, he adopted Germany as his country, and wrote savage remarks about the "British barbarians." At his reappearance in London he first was "little or no applause" when he first came on the stage, but matters mended gradually, and his greatest success was won with Liszt's "Don Juan" fantasia, to the great disgust of the critics, who can not understand why educated audiences, the world over, and great pianists likewise, should be so fond of Liszt. One of the critics says that save for a tall-grown moustache D'Albert is much the same boyish figure which he presented in 1882.

A Little Girl's First Sermon.
At Darlington recently a minister's little daughter was attending her first church service. She had never seen her father in the pulpit before, and, on his entrance there, her presence of mind foresaw her, and she piped out, in a voice expressive of recognition:—"Why, there's papa up there in 't'at box!"

Avenging propriety swept down upon the little maiden, and for a season there was a great calm, but the service was grievously long to such a wee worshiper, as she became very restless, walking up and down her pew and sighing audibly.

"It won't be long, dear," mamma whispered. Whereupon ensued another period of quiet, but it was not to last. Tired but nature had reached its utmost limit of endurance, and, by and by, over the quiet listeners arose a little voice, clear and plausible and coaxing:—"Jan's you nearly done, papa?"

There is a Boy I Can Trust.
We once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. As he turned to go down the platform, the master said: "That boy is a boy I can trust. He never failed me." We followed him with our eyes and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character the boy had earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best society in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known and opinions formed of him; he who has a character worth the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me." I never want employment.

Out in a Few Days.
Mr. G. E. Heney's book, The Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe will come from the hands of the binder in a few days and be placed in the hands of agents and dealers. The volume is one of about 400 pages and is interesting from cover to cover. It is written in that happy style of the author that makes anything he pens interesting and very readable. No man in these provinces was so well able to undertake that task as he was and it speaks volumes for his interest in the subject that at this day he should undertake such a work at such expense and without hope of gain.

Looking For a Stray Wife.
HALIFAX, June 10.—John Rogers, a citizen of an eastern village in this province is privately advertising for information as to the whereabouts of his wife, who suddenly left her home some days ago. The husband has an idea that his spouse went to Boston, but he is not sure. The description of the woman is that of a good-looking well-dressed person and if any wanderers of this kind are seen in St. John it would be doing a kindly act to inform the sorrowing husband of the fact.

Westwood for Sale.
WESTWOOD, the very beautiful residence of Mr. Walter Bradnee, is advertised for sale elsewhere in this issue. The handsome and well cultivated grounds, the commodious residence and fine buildings make of this an ideal home. It is offered at a great sacrifice in price and should meet with a ready sale.

Contents of an Oil Stove.
The great comforts of an Oil Stove are readily appreciated by those who have used this very convenient Article during the Summer Season as it will do the ordinary work of a family Cooking Range. Messrs Emerson & Fisher are now showing them in a variety of shapes and sizes.

The Grey Nuns Convent, Hull, P. Q., has selected and purchased a Fratte Paro for the use of its advanced pupils.

Chaire Recollete, Omeo, Epine, Perfumery by Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

Gov't Report.

King Powder

after a sufficient time... Canada may well be... confident as to her

of fourteen years... the pianist D'Albert... as great a buzz... He

recently a minister's little... ending her first church... never seen her father in

papa up there in that... swept down upon... and for a season there

with our eyes and looked... he had reached its utmost... and, by and by, over

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Rub! Rub! Rub!

WELCOME SOAP advertisement with image of hands and text: 'That's what some women have to do in order to make the clothes white and clean.'

Wakefield Skirt Binding

Advertisement for Wakefield Skirt Binding featuring an image of a woman and text: 'A combination of finest Lama Braid and Celebrated English Wakefield Leather.'

Advertisement for Bad soap did it. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL. Includes image of a woman's face.

Advertisement for GEORGE P. McLAUGHLIN, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, 11 and 13 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for 'Montserrat' LIME JUICE FRUIT and 'LIMETTA CORDIAL' with text: 'Cooling, Refreshing, Exhilarating.'

Advertisement for 'For the Sea Shore' WATERWITCH SERGE with image of a woman and text: 'A dress fabric which will not spot from rain or sea water.'

Social and Personal.

St. Stephens church was the scene of a pretty wedding on Tuesday afternoon... Mr. Robert Young left Tuesday for a two weeks trip to Florida... Mr. T. C. Buchanan of Halifax was in the city this week.

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Advertisement for Tetley's TEAS with image of a tea box and text: 'IT'S A TREAT TO DRINK Tetley's TEAS FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON.'

Special Sale For One Week Only.

Commencing on Tuesday, June 9, and continuing for one week, we will give our customers and the general public a grand chance to fit themselves out with the Best German White, White and Blue and White Agate Ware, at remarkably low prices.

J. E. WHITTAKER & CO., 38 King St.

Successors to Sheraton & Whittaker. Telephone 358.

Advertisement for STOWER'S Pure Lime Juice and Lime Juice Cordial with image of a man and text: 'NO MUSTY FLAVOR Pure Lime Juice CHAMPAGNE PINTS and QUARTS.'

Advertisement for Ladies and Gentlemen, It was a discovery of great importance, with image of a man and text: 'This is quite true of cloth made waterproof by the Rigby process.'

Advertisement for Sea Foam It Floats. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

Advertisement for Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines with text: 'OUR BRANDS: DRY CAYAWA, SWEET CAYAWA, ISABELLA, ROS. ADWINE, (Registered), CLARET, MARCH 1895, 1896.'

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES

RAILWAY NOTES.

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

- C. S. DeFRETTE, Brunswick street; M. W. & Co., Barrington street; CLAYTON STURTEVANT, 111 Hollis street; OSWELL'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street; FOWLER'S NEWS STOPS, I. C. B. Depot; F. S. Co., Railway depot; Dartmouth N. S., Dartmouth N. S.

The principal event of last week was the marriage of Miss Elsie Fayant, daughter of J. Y. Fayant, to Walter Ward, R. N. of Southport, England.

The wedding which took place at Ten o'clock was attended by all the members of the church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dyson Hagan, assisted by Rev. Charles G. Abbott.

The bridegroom, Miss Elsie Fayant, was dressed in white satin dress, court train, trimmed with chignon and orange blossoms, veil and a bouquet of lilies of the valley and white roses.

The bridesmaid, Miss Margery Poyzant was gowned in white and yellow silk, white hair trimmed with ostrich tips and a bouquet of pink and white roses.

The maids of honor were the little Misses Margaret and Pearl Poyzant were vision of childish grace in cream gowns with corn colored trimmings and hats to match; they carried baskets of pink and white roses.

After the ceremony a wedding luncheon was served at the residence of the bride's father, at which a large number of guests were present.

The attraction this evening (Wednesday) is an amateur theatricals under distinguished patronage.

It is so long since we have had anything of this kind that these performers will likely have a full house, particularly as the object is a good one.

The ladies taking part are Misses Uniacks and Oliver in the first play, assisted by Messrs. Barlow and Hill, Royal Berks, and Capt. Duffin, R. E. The play is a delightful comedy entitled "The Little Sentinel."

The play is a delightful comedy entitled "The Little Sentinel," in which Miss Oliver plays the leading role. Then follows the laughable farce "My Lord in Liverly," full of funny situations.

The parts are taken by Messrs. Devans, Dimock and Burns, and Messrs. Hill and Neve, Royal Berks. The plot of "My Lord in Liverly" is a delightful comedy.

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Strongest and Best. - Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health." Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest Carriages. PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Spring Painting. That well-known Painter and Decorator, Cornelius Gallagher is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating. Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable.

Fergus, Ontario BEEF, Mutton, Veal, Spring Lamb, Turkey, Chickens and Fowls. Ham, Bacon, Lard and Dean's Sausages, Radish, Lettuce, Kidney and Snowflake Potatoes.

THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market. Millinery, Dress Making.

Mrs J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B. Will be found the latest Parisian styles and newest models.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue B.

Ferguson and Page 41 KING STREET, Have a large stock of Silver Novelties, suitable for small presents.

For Summer Wear: Belts, Buckler, Blouse Sets, Belt Pins, Garters, etc. For Dressing Table: Manicure Sets, Button Hooks, Hair Pin Boxes, Brushes, Combs, Trinket Trays, Jewel Boxes, Dental Floss Holders, Perfume Bottles, Hand Mirrors, etc.

James Smith gave vocal solos, Mr. Hedley Richardson a cornet solo, Mr. F. I. Davidson the organ for the Brantford Co. here an amusing paper on High-ground wheels, Messrs. Galders, Russell and Davidson speeches, and Mr. Davroth a reading, instrumental music was furnished by the 78th band.

PARROBORO. [PROGRESS is for sale at Parroboro Book Store.] JUNE 9.-Hon. A. R. Dickey spent Saturday and Sunday in town; guest of Dr. and Mrs. Townsend leaving on Monday for Advocate.

FEURO. [PROGRESS is for sale in Feuro by G. O. Felton & D. H. Smith & Co.] JUNE 10.-Miss Etta Yull, on route home, from the ladies' seminar, Watville, is spending a few days in town a guest at her brother's, Mr. H. W. Yull.

DIGBY. [PROGRESS is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] JUNE 10.-Judge Townshend has been holding Supreme court this week.

YULIETTE. JUNE 9.-Miss Susan Cameron arrived from New York on Tuesday to spend some time with her sister Mrs. D. J. McDonald.

ST. GEORGE. [PROGRESS is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.] JUNE 10.-The principal social event of Wednesday was the wedding that took place in the evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar.

RIOHIBUTO. [PROGRESS is for sale in Riohibuto by Theodore P. Graham.] JUNE 10.-Mrs. Frank Curran of Moncton is in town visiting her friends for a few weeks, prior to her going to Bathurst where she will join her husband and there make their future home.

ANAGANOE. JUNE 10.-Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson spent part of Monday in Pettitville. Mrs. R. B. Colwell and little daughter Berta of St. John arrived in town on Saturday to spend some weeks with her mother Mrs. Emma Davidson on "Apple Hill."

MONCTON. JUNE 10.-A reception was rendered Rev. Mr. Long and wife on Monday evening at the parsonage it being the 16th anniversary of their wedding. A beautiful dinner set and lamp were presented to them after which appropriate addresses were given by Mr. Milton McLeod, Rev. Mr. Robb, Dr. McLeod to which Rev. Mr. Long replied thanking them for their gifts and good will.

WINDSOR. [PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store and by F. W. Dakin.] JUNE 10.-The dance on Friday evening by Mrs. Lawson was as pleasant as her usual one. Among those who enjoyed it were: Messrs. O'Brien, Mr. Ryan, Miss Willet, Miss Christie, Miss Paulin, Miss Willet, Miss Mary Dimock, Halifax, Miss George Wilson, Miss Morris, Miss Pearl Haley, Miss McCallum, Miss Lizette Smith, Miss Nora Blanchard, Miss George Ouellet, Misses Black, Miss Lucy Gossip, Messrs. Lynde, Ewen, Leath, Tremaine, O'Brien, H. W. Sangster, F. A. G. Ouseley, F. C. Cochrane.

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About Duck Suits.



For the warm summer days DUCK SUITS are almost a necessity, and there's nothing so cool and comfortable when the very hot days arrive. The prices of our DUCK SUITS are the same as you pay your dressmaker for the work alone, that means when you buy from us the goods practically cost you nothing.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

Little Miss Gussie Davidson is visiting her aunt, Mrs. McLaughlin at "The Lilies." Mr. Frank E. Lucas of Sussex spent part of last week with his college chum, Mr. Roy Smith on Pine avenue.

Miss Berta Davidson spent Monday in Pettitville. Mr. Edmund E. Stockton of the auditor general's office, Ottawa, arrived in the village on Friday and is the guest of his parents for a few days.

Mr. Geo. W. Stockton spent Tuesday in Sussex. Mrs. S. H. Miller of South Berwick, Maine is spending some weeks with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Boyle at "The Birches." Mosgrove.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boone of Oak Bay have been spending a few days with Mrs. George Mann. Mrs. Alex. Taylor is visiting her parents at Digdegush.

The St. George band have reorganized for the summer month and meet for practice on Monday evening under the leadership of Prof. Mooney. Mr. E. H. MacAlpine of St. John was the guest of Hon. A. H. Gillson over Sunday.

Miss Danie O'Brien went to St. John on Monday to consult an oculist about her eyes. Hon. Geo. Foster is announced to speak in St. George on this (Wednesday) evening, and Col. Dunville on Friday evening.

Miss Georgie Watson, who accompanied her father, Mr. James Watson to St. George last week has returned to her home in Boston. Mr. Thomas Colmer and son, Mr. George Colmer of Calais are visiting friends in town. MAX.

Mr. W. A. and Mrs. Ferguson of Kingston have come to Moncton on a trip. Miss Jennie Robinson of Bar Harbor was the first lady to appear in town wearing a white dress in bloomers costume. Dr. W. A. and Mrs. Ferguson of Kingston have come to Moncton on a trip.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT. For the year ending December 31, 1894. Assets \$21,518,721.25; Liabilities \$14,247,187.50.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. WILL RESTORE Pale, Weak and Emaciated CHILDREN. As a Flesh Restorer, Puttner's Emulsion has no Equal, giving substance and tone to the wasted muscles.

Every Person should remember that When polishing their Furniture should remember that Chickering's Furniture Polish is the most reliable polish made, and has given the greatest satisfaction of any Furniture Polish on the market.

W.C. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 22 King St. Mail and Telephone Orders receive prompt attention. My Garden, Field and Flower Seeds are of this year's importation and very best quality.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE. THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer's) all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts - one part containing Hand Press, Type, Galleys, in fact all materials just as used up to the last on the Gazette.

McIntyre & Townsend, ST. JOHN, N. B. Ask your Wine Merchant for BARKHAUSEN'S CLARETS, and take no other if he has not got them, send direct to the Agents.

FRENCH WINE TREATY... ST. JULIEN, PAULLIAC, ST. ESTEPE, ST. EMILION, CHATEAU PONTET GANET, CHATEAU LEOVILLE, CHATEAU LAROSE, CHATEAU MOUTON-ROTHSCHILD, CHATEAU LAFITE.

RED WINES. CHATEAU PONTET GANET, CHATEAU LEOVILLE, CHATEAU LAROSE, CHATEAU MOUTON-ROTHSCHILD, CHATEAU LAFITE.

WHITE WINES. GRAVES, HAUT FOUTERNE, BARBEAU, CHATEAU FILHOI, SAUTERNE, CHATEAU YQUEM.

SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR BARKHAUSEN & CO., BORDEAUX, "the largest shippers of Fine Wines from France," have now in stock in St. John a full line of medium and high class Red and White Bordeaux Wines, which are offering at prices never before quoted in Canada.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Association of St. John's church sent a fine engraving and the choir presented her with a handsome lamp. The groom received from Scott a handsome silver ice plover, and was also handsomely remembered by the officers of the Grand Auxiliaries.

Mrs. McRoberts, Miss Petch and Miss Edith McRoberts of Woodstock, arrived here this week to spend the summer. Miss Grace Cook of Parroboro are here visiting friends.

Mr. E. J. Armstrong came from Boston on Tuesday. Attorney General Blair went to Sackville on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. J. W. Manning is in Halifax visiting Mrs. J. C. Dumarec.

Mr. G. G. King paid a short visit to the city this week. Mr. Murray and Miss Florie Rainnie have returned from Montreal where they spent the past month.

Mr. Frank Todd of Fredericton is in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chesley arrived in the city Thursday from Lynn, Mass., to spend a few weeks with Mr. Chesley's parents.

Mr. W. A. Adams is in Bridgewater with his mother who is seriously ill. A quiet wedding was celebrated at noon Wednesday at the residence of Mr. J. E. Whitaker, Dorchester street, when his daughter Miss Lillian Whitaker was united in marriage to Mr. J. Hunkr White by Rev. J. J. Teasdale in the presence of immediate relatives of the contracting parties.

A large number of invited friends gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Anderson, Union street, on the evening of the 10th, to witness the marriage of Mr. Stanley O. Williams to Miss Violetta Byles, daughter of Mrs. Anderson. The bridal party entered the parlor where the ceremony was performed, and an arch overgreen, to the wedding stand by violin and organ; the ceremony was performed by Rev. S. A. Baker. The bride who was attended by her cousin Miss Laura Byles of Greenwick, wore a pretty white gown with a bouquet of white roses and a very becoming dark traveling costume with hat to match.

A large number of friends were at the depot to see them off. A large number of elegant presents were received by Mr. and Mrs. Williams. A large number of invited friends gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Anderson, Union street, on the evening of the 10th, to witness the marriage of Mr. Stanley O. Williams to Miss Violetta Byles, daughter of Mrs. Anderson. The bridal party entered the parlor where the ceremony was performed, and an arch overgreen, to the wedding stand by violin and organ; the ceremony was performed by Rev. S. A. Baker. The bride who was attended by her cousin Miss Laura Byles of Greenwick, wore a pretty white gown with a bouquet of white roses and a very becoming dark traveling costume with hat to match.

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Domestic Woods

You will be surprised if you call. You have no idea what beautiful woods grow in our Canadian forests. We can show you native woods that are as desirable as imported woods for rich coloring, beauty of grain and figure and for fitness of finish. We can show native woods that are comparatively unknown, but rank with the most celebrated kinds for actual value.

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Mr. Allison Bartlett of Charlottetown is being warmly welcomed by his many friends here. A pleasant picnic was held at the Nashwan on Saturday afternoon which was gotten up by a number of the college girls.

Master Osbert Lee of St. John has been spending a week with relatives here. I have just heard of the recent engagement of a young lady resident of King street.

Miss Nan Thompson, who is one of our musical young ladies took her seat in the choir of the Methodist church, for the first time on Sunday last.

Mrs. J. D. Freeman is spending a pleasant vacation at her home in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Miss Bertha McIntyre of the Victoria hospital staff is at her home at Washburn, Maine spending a week in the city.

Mrs. Black of Boston is visiting her daughter Mrs. Twining at Mount Clair cottage. Miss Woodbridge has friends visiting her at "Whitcomb Hill".

Miss Mary Thompson arrived today from St. Louis where she visited her cousin Mrs. Frank Thompson, nee Miss Lulu Rume, Miss Thompson reached St. Louis from Chicago just two hours after the terrible cyclone.

Mrs. Foxworth, wife of his worship the mayor, has received a letter from her sister, Mrs. Frank Thompson, giving some description of the late disastrous cyclone and of her narrow escape with her two children.

It seems that when danger was most imminent, Mrs. Thompson with her children took refuge in the cellar of their home and were not there long before the roof of the house was blown completely off.

Mrs. Thompson with her children were prisoners in the cellar for two hours. Mr. Frank Thompson, who is a brother of Hon. F. P. Thompson, of this city was in another part of the city when the cyclone struck, and upon his arrival home found Mrs. Thompson with her children still prisoners and their home completely destroyed.

Miss Sarah McPherson of Moncton is visiting relatives here. Mr. John Scully of Portland Maine, has been visiting friends here and left for home today. Miss Hughes arrived from Boston yesterday to attend the funeral of her brother Mr. Geo. Hughes.

Mistake of His Life!

He got the wrong kind of sarsaparilla. That was the mistake. Perhaps the druggist didn't have any other kind. Perhaps the man just asked for "sarsaparilla," and the druggist naturally gave him Ayer's. Perhaps..... But, anyhow, he had Ayer's when he got home, and "home" was miles away from the drug-store. Rather than go back to change it, he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It was a revelation to him. He never knew, till then, what sarsaparilla was. He felt so strong he had to wreak his strength on something. But let him tell it: ..... "Your sarsaparilla made me feel so strong that I set to work, alone, to turn a house, 12 x 24, and 8 feet high. I turned it round, and moved it back 16 feet, in a day and a half..... I am so pleased I got your sarsaparilla instead of —s." These are only scraps from a letter recently received from THOMAS WARD, Hill St., Oliphant, Pa. There are many like him, who want know what sarsaparilla can do, till they take Ayer's. Once they use it, they'll always choose it.

Send for the "Curebook." It tells of cures by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Woods

You will be surprised if you call. You have no idea what beautiful woods grow in our Canadian forests. We can show you native woods that are as desirable as imported woods for rich coloring, beauty of grain and figure and for fitness of finish. We can show native woods that are comparatively unknown, but rank with the most celebrated kinds for actual value.

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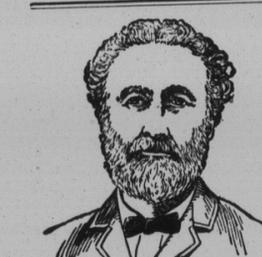
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Mr. Jacob Wilcox of St. Thomas, Ontario, is one of the best known men in that vicinity. He is now, he says, an old man, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has made him feel young again.

"About a year ago I had a very severe attack of the grip, which resulted in my not having a well day for several months afterwards. I was completely run down and my system was in a

Terrible Condition. I lost flesh and became depressed in spirits. Finally a friend who had been benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla advised me to try it and I did so. I continued taking it until I used twelve bottles and today I can honestly say Hood's Sarsaparilla has restored me to my former health." JACOB WILCOX, St. Thomas, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. It cures when all other preparations fail. Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

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Represented in Halifax by THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., Corner Granville and Buckingham Streets.

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Woods

You will be surprised if you call. You have no idea what beautiful woods grow in our Canadian forests. We can show you native woods that are as desirable as imported woods for rich coloring, beauty of grain and figure and for fitness of finish. We can show native woods that are comparatively unknown, but rank with the most celebrated kinds for actual value.

The above allows the suggestion that our native products are as good as foreign. The suggestion is verified to a fact, when it comes to the Pratte Pianos, on exhibition at our Showrooms.

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DEADENDS OF MUSEUMS

One Evidence of Declining Real Estate Values in New York Streets. What has come to be accepted among real estate men as the inevitable indication of a change for the worse of a New York thoroughfare is the appearance of museums in which statuary, works of art, scientific and mechanical exhibits, portraits, and "wonders" are shown. So long as the street is devoted to business uses it is prosperous, rent is high, trade is brisk, and the demand for stores continuous; such a thing as a museum, whether for the exhibition of a three-headed girl, a white-haired Albin, or an educated pig, is never seen. Then there comes a time when business languishes, rents fall, and tenants are hard to find. This condition lasts for a short time, and then a museum appears with a sign on the front, "Admission to All, Ten Cents," or "Five Cents Admits to All; No Extras," as the case may be.

The work of transforming an untenanted store into a museum is neither troublesome nor expensive. These exhibitions do not come under the head of the permanent museums, which are duly licensed by the mayor, and are fixtures in certain parts of town. They are, so to speak, ephemeral museums that start up in neighborhoods which are changing. The itinerant museum manager's chief exhibits are innaminate statues, panoramas, wheels of fortune, reproductions of foreign localities and buildings, calliopes, music boxes, and kaleidoscopes. Of course, there are some freaks—dwarfs, giants, men and women of peculiar physical characteristics, girls having whisks, women of abnormally large feet, Indians, wild men from Borneo and its vicinity, performers who sing like birds, and a variety of other oddities.

But the salary list is largest in the announcements at the door. "We are paying \$5,000 a week for the services of the Mexican giant," a sign may say, or "This week only: the \$10,000 beauty, now on her way to St. Petersburg." The actual pay roll of such a museum is very small. The manager is the doorkeeper and treasurer, too. The same tricks are used each day, and the performance given varies in no essential particular. The item of rent, however, is a larger one. This is an outlay which requires cash, and it is for this

THE INTERCOLONIAL

Railway will issue first-class one-way through tickets on the certificate plan to Windsor at regular rates, 15th, 17th and 18th, good to return all Monday, 22nd June. Tickets are not good for excursion journey after the 18th instant. Ask for excursion Return Tickets.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1896.

JERUSALEM THE HOLY.

FERRIS LOTY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE ANCIENT CITY.

The Appearance of the People Seen in the Streets—The Facade of the Holy Sepulchre—A Labyrinth of Sanctuaries—The Impressions of a Visitor.

On foot, and accompanied by an Arab for my guide, I left my hotel to go at last to the Holy Sepulchre. It is almost in the heart of Jerusalem. I passed through little, narrow and tortuous streets, between walls of houses old as the Crusades, without windows and without roofs. On the damp pavements and under a sky still obscure appeared the castles of the East, worn by Turks, Bedouins, and Jews. The women look like phantoms with their long veils.

The town still remains Saracen. On the way I noticed that we were passing through an Oriental bazaar, where the stands were occupied by vendors wearing turbans; and in the shadow of the covered little streets there moved along slowly a file of enormous camels, which compelled us to take shelter in the doorways. A little further on we were again obliged to stand aside to make room for a long and stately procession of Russian women, all about 60 years old at least. They walked rapidly, leaning upon sticks or umbrellas, and wearing faded dresses and tur cloaks. Their faces, with an expression of fatigue and suffering, were framed, as it were, by black handkerchiefs, presenting a dark and gloomy picture in the midst of the bright colors of the Orient. They moved along with an excited and at the same time an exhausted air, jostling everything and everybody without noticing anything. Like somnambulists with fixed eyes, as if in a celestial dream; and old moorjiks by hundreds succeeded them, with the same expression of ecstasy on their faces. Upon their breasts were many medals, indicating that they were old soldiers. They had entered the Holy City the day before, and were coming back from their first visit to the place of adoration, where I was going. Poor pilgrims! they come here by thousands, travelling on foot, sleeping out doors under the rain or snow, suffering from hunger, and leaving many of their dead upon the roads.

As they approach, the Eastern objects upon the stands disappear to give place to objects of obscure Christian piety—beads by the thousand, crosses, religious lamps, images, and icons. And here the crowd becomes greater. The pilgrims stop to purchase the little beads made of wood, and little two-cent crucifixes, which they carry away as relics to be held sacred forever.

At last, in an old wall, rough as a rock, there appears a shapeless opening, narrow and low, and by a series of descending steps we come out upon a place overhung by high, sombre walls in front of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. Here it is customary to uncover, as soon as the Holy Sepulchre comes into view. People pass there bareheaded, even when simply crossing it to continue the route through Jerusalem. It is crowded with poor men and women, praying pilgrims, and vendors of crosses and chaplets who spread out their wares upon the venerable and worn flags. Among the pavements and among the steps appear here and there the soles, still embedded, of columns which formerly supported basilicas that were razed long ago at periods hard, if not impossible, to fix. All is a heap of ruins in this city which has undergone twenty sieges, which every fanaticism has sacked. The high walls, whose stones of a reddish brown form the sides of the place, are convents or chapels. One might fancy that they were fortresses. In the background, higher and more sombre than all, stands the broken and worn mass which forms the facade of the Holy Sepulchre, and has all the appearance of irregularities of a great rock. It has two enormous porticoes of the twelfth century, bordered by ornaments strange and archaic. One is walked up, and the other, wide open, leaves in view in the city of the interior thousands of little flames. Chants, cries and discordant lamentations, inglorious to the ear, escape from the opening mingled with the odor of incense.

On entering we find ourselves in a sort of vestibule revealing the magnificent depths where innumerable lamps are burning. Turkish guards armed as if for a massacre, occupy the entrance. Seated like sovereigns on a large divan, they look with scorn upon the passing adorers of this place, which, from their point of view, is the disgrace of Mohammedan Jerusalem, and which the ferocious among them never hesitate to call el Komamah (filth).

Oh, that unexpected and never-to-be-forgotten impression which one receives on entering there for the first time! Here is a labyrinth of dark sanctuaries of all periods and of all aspects, communicating by bays and porticoes, superb colonnades, little doors, and openings like the entrances to caverns. Some are elevated like high

tribunes, where we notice in obscure corners groups of women wearing long veils; others, underground, where we brush against spectres along the sides of the black and damp rock; and all this in a sort of half night, except here and there great rays of light, which intensify the neighboring obscurity, the whole infinitely starred by the little flames of golden and silver lamps which descend in thousands from the vault. And everywhere we find crowds moving along, or standing grouped according to their nationalities around the tabernacles.

Psalmodies, lamentations, and joyous chants fill the high vaults and vibrate in the sepulchral sonorities below—the nasal melopoeia of the Greeks, broken by the shouts of the Kopts—and in all these voices there is an intermingling of grief and prayers, blending the discords in a manner indescribably strange, and sounding like the great wail of humanity, the last cry of its distress in the presence of death.

The rotunda with a high cupola, into which we first enter and from which we can imagine the obscure chaos of the other sanctuaries, is occupied in the centre by a grand kiosk of marble of semi-barbarous beauty and loaded with silver lamps. It encloses the stone of the sepulchre. All around this holy kiosk the crowd gathers or remains stationary. On one side there are hundreds of moorjiks and matouchkas kneeling upon the flags. On the other are the women of Jerusalem standing upright and wearing long white veils. One would take them to be antique virgins in this dreamy penumbra. Further on we find Abyssinians and Arabs prostrated, with their foreheads on the flags; Turks with draw sabres, and people of all common ions and of all languages.

One does not remain long in this almost suffocating portion of the Holy Sepulchre, which is the very heart of this mass of basilicas and chapels. Processions pass on in single file, each individual bowing his head. The entrance is through a little marble door carved and ornamented. The sepulchre is within, encased in marble, upon which there are innumerable icons and lamps of gold. At the same time with me there passed a Russian soldier and a poor old woman in rags and an Oriental woman dressed in garments of brocade. All kissed the tomb and wept. Others followed them; indeed, there is an eternal procession of pilgrims, touching and moistening with their tears those very same stones.

There is no fixed plan in this cluster of churches and chapels around the holy kiosk. Some are large and marvelously sumptuous: others little, humble, and primitive, crumbling with old age, in obscure corners cut into the rock of Calvary appears in the midst of rich and archaic ornaments. The contrast is strange between so many heaped-up treasures—icons of gold, crosses of gold, and lamps of gold—and the rags of the pilgrims, the dilapidation of the walls and pillars, worn, deformed, and greasy from the constant contact with so much human flesh.

The altars of all the different faiths are so thoroughly mixed here that priests and processions go astray. They force their way through the crowd, carrying censers, and preceded by soldiers in arms, who strike the sonorous flags with the ends of their halberds. "Room there!" Here comes the Latin, that pale like a golden chameleon. "One side!" Leading his flock, here comes the Bishop of the Syrians with a long white beard. Then come the Greeks, still wearing Byzantine ornaments, or Abyssinians with their dark faces. They march on in their sumptuous vestments, preceded by children carrying censers, and the crowd makes way for them. Accompanying this human tide there is a kind of continuous rumbling, the incessant sound of psalmodies and little bells. Almost everywhere it is so dark that, in order to get along, it is necessary to carry a little candle; and under the high columns and in the dark galleries a thousand little flames move in streams and eddies, constantly going and coming. Men pray aloud and sob, passing from one chapel to another, here to kiss the rock where the cross was planted, there to kneel down where Mary and Magdalene wept. Priests call you by signs, and lead you through little doors. Old women with wild eyes and cheeks wet with tears come from the darkness where they had kissed the stone of the sepulchre.

In profound obscurity we go down to the chapel of Saint Helena through a wide staircase of about thirty steps, worn, broken, and dangerous, looking like a tumble-down ruin, and lined with crouching spectres. Our candles, as we go by, light up those vague creatures, immovable and of the color of the side of the rock. They are maimed beggars, demented creatures, devoured with ulcers, all sinister looking, with their hands under their chins, and their long hair falling down about their faces. Among these frightened objects is a blind young man enveloped in his magnificent blond curls which cover him like a

cloak. He is marvellously handsome, and might pose for a Christ.

In the background the chapel of St. Helena appears in the pure rays of the day which come in pale bluish tints through the openings of the vault. It is certainly one of the strangest pieces of this whole place which is called the Holy Sepulchre. Here we experience in the most striking fashion the sentiment of the terrible past. It was silent when I came there and it was empty under the gaze of the phantoms that occupied the staircase of the entrance. There was an indistinct sound from the bells and the chants above. Behind the altar another staircase, occupied by the same kind of personages with long hair, reaches further down into the darkness. Four pillars, short and strong, of a primitive Byzantine style, heavy and powerful, sustain the cupola, from which hang ostrich's eggs and a thousand barbarous pendants. Fragments of paintings on the walls still indicate saints with golden nimbus, and in attitudes stiff and naive. Everything here is in a state of dilapidation. From the depths below there comes a procession of Abyssinian priests, looking like ancient Magi coming from the bowels of the earth. In the distance, near the altar, the kiosk of the Sepulchre, the rock of Calvary appears. It supports two chapels, into which one enters by about twenty stone steps, which for the crowd form the chief places for prostration and sob.

From the peristyle of these chapels, as from an elevated balcony, the view commands a confused mass of tabernacles, a labyrinth of churches. The most splendid of all is that of the Greeks. Upon a nimbus of silver, which shines out in the background like a rainbow, there appear in life size the pale images of the three crucified ones—Christ and the two thieves. The walls disappear under the icons of silver, gold, and precious stones. The altar is erected at the precise place where the crucifixion took place. Under the altar rail a trellage of silver leaves in view in the dark rock where the cross was planted, and it is there that the pilgrims crawl on their knees, moistening those sombre stones with their tears and their prayers incessantly come from the churches below.

And here for now nearly 2,000 years the same scenes have been enacted in this place, although under different forms and in different basilicas, with interruptions of sieges, battles, and massacres, only to be reproduced again more passionately than ever. Here is the same concert of prayer, the same ensemble of supplications and of triumphant acts of grace.

ON THE BRINY OCEAN.

How a Lady Passenger Made the Voyage Pleasant.

A transatlantic greyhound that swung away from her pier last Saturday carried, among other passengers, a party of five young women who, by special arrangement, had their bicycles stored in their state rooms. They managed this by firmly tethering the safeties to a number of hooks in the walls of their tiny sleeping apartments.

"Now in reality," said a good natured stewardess, who had been assisting in this operation, "those machines ought to have been crated and stowed below, but the young ladies not only wish to have them handy to strike out on their wheeling tour directly the vessel reaches her dock, but they intend to have a race on the ship's deck.

"It will be allowed, the promenade deck is wide, some afternoon steamer chair loungers will clear a way and the bicycle race will be welcomed as a delightful contrast to the backeyed concert. We had one the last trip over in which nearly a dozen young men and women took part. Everybody bought the right to make guesses as to the winning among the various prospectants, and the proceeds were turned into the steamer's fund. There was a huge ribbon badge given the young man and the young woman, selected by the voters to defend the choice of the passenger and then he and she retained their badges or handed them over to whoever proved, against wind and wave, to be the speediest cyclist in the racing contingency.

"As far as I know bicycle racing is about the newest diversion offered yet for amusing our ship's passengers," continued the friendly stewardess, "for no matter how quick the voyage there is always a great majority, most especially the young people, who, directly they struggle up from their sea sickness, demand recreation in some form or other. They are not content to roll away in rugs in a sheltered corner and read novels as the ideal traveller does, but Americans demand diversion and exert their wits to find amusement pretty much after the fashion of all land lubbers.

"Of course it don't take long for the steamship companies to recognize their duty in this direction, and now all the popular and properly equipped vessels own a wonderful amount of paraphernalia for occupying the idle hours of their valuable patrons. So imperative has the demand for amusements be-

Ladies' Whitewear Department. LADIES' NIGHT GOWNS, full size and length, at 57c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00, up to \$4.25 each. LADIES' CORSET COVERS, high, low square and V necks, at 29c, 35c, 37c, 39c, up to \$1.65 each. LADIES' CHEMISE, at 40c, 50c, 75c, up to \$1.90 each. LADIES' SKIRTS, embroidery frills, at 85c, 95c, \$1.25, up to \$5.75. Also Plain Skirts, with 10 inch lawn frills, at 75 cents each. LADIES' DRAWERS, embroidery frills, at 40c, 50c, 75c, up to \$1.75 per pair, including extra wide widths.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

come that many of the ships carry besides good libraries and bands of music lockers full of good deck games, cards and games for the



THE RACE ON SHIPBOARD.

ladies' saloon and I hear on one line where some new vessels are planned an important feature will be a dainty concert hall where chapel service and amateur theatricals can be held.

The average experienced travellers, however, who are going to Europe in a snug little private party, usually bring their own collection of play things along and an air gun is sure to be one of the weapons of defense against boredom. They have the right to store it in safely and use it when they please, while the ship supplies all the requisites for shuffle board and one of our line has an excellent arrangement for bowling. A good long bit of deck is staked off with a moveable wood moulding, that forms the boundaries of the alley; the pins are lightly pegged in place and on a calm day, when the ship is running on an even keel an excellent game of ten pins can be played.

But bowling on that boat during the last trip fell into absolute scorn and neglect before the amazing interest of kite flying. There was a party who brought on board with them a wonderful set of folding French kites, and the third day out there was scarcely a man, woman or child who wasn't whittling, pasting and experimenting, with more or less success at both the manufacture and sailing of those trifling amusing bits of paper. Even the crack shot, who sat glued to the railing all day in hopes of sighting a school of fish or porpoise to blaze away at, deserted their posts to make carrier kites, cover them with messages and then loose on a strong breeze. Now there is a theory that when properly made these airy things will float in the air for weeks and be possibly overtaken by a ship, their messages read, appreciated and responded to.

"Occasionally on a voyage," said the stewardess, "we will happily carry a passenger who with fertile brains and quick wits will scheme out diversions enough to keep in good temper and buoyant spirits the shipload of idle men and women, who by fog or stormy weather are cabin bound. "We once carried a feminine philanthropist on a slow boat, who did so much to help her companions through a tedious voyage that she got three cheers and a tiger when the boarded the tender at Queens-town, where she left us, and carried with her a round robin of thanks from her grateful fellow travellers of both sexes.

"She began, I remember, by secretly pinning on the jamb of the dining saloon door one morning a bit of paper, asking a conundrum and offering ten cents to any one who could guess it. Nobody knew her as the author of the device, but every one copied down the conundrum, and all the forenoon men and women sat contemplating bits of paper in corners or muttering under their rugs, I never saw people work with such frantic eagerness the door jamb, signed it, braggled all day,

and found a dime on his plate at luncheon. He was as pleased as if he had discovered a gold mine. "Well, directly one puzzle or conundrum was guessed, another was pinned up by the steward, and for one whole day the passengers were as pleased and well amused as children over new story books. In the afternoon the author of the game revealed her identity and some of the passengers found they had secured fifty cents or a dollar on their exact guesses. Most of them doubled their earnings out of their own pockets and gave the sum to a sailor, injured in the storm.

"In the evening that woman filled the saloon with people who had joyfully consented to play progressive patience for prizes. While the storm raged outside they sat, every one over his or her own pack of cards, trying to get through any lay out of solitaire preferred. At every twelfth toot on the fog horn changes had to be made. Every one moved on, no matter in what condition the lay out might be, and undertook to finish up his neighbor's game. Whoever had closed up neatly the largest number of games within a certain number of changes received the first prize, and a baby gift went to the most unlucky player.

"The next day, I remember," added the stewardess, "there was, for the benefit of the officers and sailors, a fire and boat drill ordered, and this enterprising lady, not to lose her chance, promptly organized an emergency drill among the passengers. The men and women entered into the spirit of the enterprise heartily and the captain and officers assisted. The alarm was given, and in ten seconds the ship was in an uproar. Some of the most zealous passengers even went as far as to crawl into their bunks and at the word of alarm scrambled out, put wrappers and dressing gowns over their ordinary costumes, snatched up whatever they most highly prized, and the drill only ended at the railing, with the officers and some of the gentlemen travelers forming the women in line to fill the boats. Of course everybody was saved, the fire extinguished and the passengers went down to dinner not only in quite an agreeably excitement, but really knowing something of what they should do in case of genuine danger.

"On another rainy, foggy evening this philanthropic woman and five of her especial friends highly amused the saloon by appearing in the most remarkable guises, representing as nearly as possible, not only the costume of beggars in five European countries, but their special methods of entreating and cajoling for alms. They waxed a very respectable booty in the form of watches, knives, thimbles, rings, pins, cigarette cases, etc., from the soft-hearted passengers, who were permitted to redeem them by playing at the new game of X ray that she initiated them into. But,

blesse my soul," ejaculated the garrulous angel of the sea, sick wards, "there's the first gong going," and she unceremoniously bustled off the reporter, who is still unhappily unable to tell prospective travelers how Roetgen's discovery may be utilized for ship-board diversion.

MILLICENT ARROWPOINT.

GUNS MADE OF PAPER.

The Process Briefly Described—Pulp Guns the Latest Idea.

We spoke recently of artificial teeth being made of paper, says The Golden Penny. Still more remarkable is the fact that guns are made of the same uncompromising material. For some time guns have been made of wood, pulp, and also of leather pulp bound by hoops of metal. To make guns of paper pulp is the latest idea. The pulp is, of course, hardened, and there is a core of metal set inside the gun. The lightness of the paper gun is an essential feature. But the principal aim has been to secure a material which is elastic, so that the force of a heavy discharge may be broken gradually. The paper possesses more elasticity than metal, and when hardened is nearly as tough. The exterior of the paper cannon be bound with wire five layers of copper, brass, or steel wire being firmly bound on. The process briefly described is this: A special grade of paper pulp with a long fibre is chosen. It is well agitated, and litharge, wax, tallow, white lead, and blue are mixed with it to harden and make it tough. The pulp is then run into the moulds of the proper shape, the steel core is put in, and the wire bound round the whole. Outside the covering of wire, bands of brass are fixed. These bands are set with uprights through which rods extend parallel with the gun. These rods being of steel possess a degree of spring, and as they are fastened to the bands the result is a gun which will give way slightly at each discharge, yet cannot burst. The pulp, although exceedingly durable, will give way enough to prevent a break.—N. Y. Press.

He Has Had His Day.

The days of the baggage smasher on the Grand Trunk railway are at an end. The new general superintendent, Mr. McGuigan, has issued a circular addressed to station men and baggage-men. "The numerous complaints and claims received at this office on account of baggage damaged by rough handling while being loaded and unloaded from baggage cars of the company indicate a degree of carelessness not commendable. We shall expect an improvement in this service at once, and hereafter will hold each and every employee personally responsible for any damage done to baggage, or any other property by carelessness. Any complaint which is clearly established, of damage as a result of carelessness, will subject the employee to dismissal from the company's service."

There is But One....

Way, and that is the right way, for doing all things. We have the correct method for Cleaning and Dyeing, and the proof is shown in the work. Try UNGAR in this line and be convinced.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS,

38 to 39 Waterloo Street. We pay expressage one way.

um managers find in neighborhoods character, for the store will often nominal figure to a month or more, find the museum Bowery, Grand avenue are now on.

To Electrical Workers, Machinists, Draughtsmen, Engineers, Carpenters, Plumbers, Bricklayers, Millwrights, Barbers, and young men wishing to learn trades and professions.

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SECOND WEEK.

ngs have been sold very early in the evening. of the kind in the Mar- ty one that is capable of and, with the beautiful

read, the celebrated Bo- is, and Cases of all kinds.

ONE 931.

EDGED TOOLS.

'I have seen bridegrooms and bridegrooms, exclaimed one of the clerks in the office of Earle & Roberts, to the young lady type-writer, as Mr. Sidney Earle closed the door behind him, "but never as close as you and matter of fact a bridegroom as the senior partner of this firm. Married last night—and to one of the most beautiful women of this city—yet he was here to the second in his accustomed place this morning, worked like a horse all day, yes, actually a quarter of an hour later than usual going home to dinner!"

The type-writer smiled a sweet smile, unexcited with bitterness. "I have known men and men, but never a man to rush in pursuit of what is already his. The subject of the great remarks, Mr. Sidney Earle, a handsome man of about thirty-two years of age, was, by this time, comfortably seated in a down-town car, his head buried in an evening edition just handed him by a newsboy. The evening news for Mr. Sidney Earle's attention was astonishment when the conductor announced his street. Had the observant eye of the young clerk in the office of Earle & Roberts been able to pierce the walls of the residence of Mr. Sidney Earle, just married, as he entered his domain, his experience with young bridegrooms would have been considerably enlarged.

There was no rushing young wife to rush into his outstretched arms; no rapturous kiss of greeting; nobody but the servant who took his overcoat and hat while Sidney ran lightly upstairs into his bachelor's den. It was a cozy, bright room, and a cherry fire sparkled in the grate. Sidney Earle's feet caught the sparkle as he dropped into his easy chair and glanced approvingly around the room. The only touch that suggested a woman's hand was a vase of lovely roses on the table. He took them up and kept them with satisfaction.

Flo put them here. She should have kept them for her sitting-room. She loves them so much better than I. My wife! ha! ha! and Sidney fell into a fit of pleasant musing until the dinner bell called him back to the world.

When old Mrs. Netherton died, she left her entire fortune to be divided between her two nearest of kin—a niece and a nephew—Sidney Earle and Florence Gordon. These two were cousins and had been brought up together as sister and brother in the home of their wealthy aunt. The aunt Netherton always hoped it, but as years went on, this hope died out. They were fond of each other, they were perfectly congenial, they were great chums, but lovers—never.

When aunt Netherton timidly scolded Sidney on the marriage question, he palmed, and said he was already a confirmed old bachelor, too comfortable and happy to change his condition. He talked of ideals and death but had never met and never expected to meet the woman who would quite fill his ideal of a wife. So dear aunt Netherton died without saying a word that would have cleared up the suspicion (which might have clouded her) that her death would bring to pass this very dear wish of her heart.

Flo and Sidney had met in the sitting-room to talk over things. "You are a rich woman now in your own right, Flo," said Sidney.

"Rich, but not independent," answered Flo, gloomily. "Here is aunt Rachel urging a every day to get my things ready to go back with her. I have put her off from day to day, but this can't go on forever. I must go one day without seeing her. Oh, Sidney, can't you leave this home where I have lived such a happy, happy girlhood. It breaks my heart! Aunt Rachel's home will never, never seem homelike to me, with these eight noisy children, and the country—never did like the country!" Here Flo broke down and burst into uncontrollable weeping.

"Flo, must you live with aunt Rachel? Could you not make other, more congenial arrangements?" Flo dried her eyes and tried to speak calmly. "Yes, I must, Sidney. I could not bear to hurt aunt Rachel's feelings by telling her how I feel. Oh, that dear aunt Netherton had not died and left us! Oh, that we could have gone on in this happy, pleasant life together forever, Sidney!"

How beautiful she looked! and how pathetic and pleading the eyes which met his as if to urge him to come to her rescue! How Sidney pitied her!

He musted in serious silence a few moments. Then he looked up, and his look seemed embarrassed and deep. "Yes, cousin Flo, I wish we could go on living thus. There is a way—"

Flo looked up brightly. "A way? How?" Flo laughed nervously. "A strange way, and yet it will startle you."

"Precisely my attitude on the question!" exclaimed Sidney, shaking hands with Flo in a most chummy manner.

"Now we understand each other, and a marriage such as I suggest will be mutually satisfactory."

"But, Sidney, suppose, just suppose you should meet your ideal woman after it is too late and the knot is tied?"

"Well, suppose, just suppose you should meet your ideal fellow after it is too late?"

"I shall never meet him, my ideal is too high," said Flo impressively.

"And I shall never meet her for the same reason," retorted Sidney.

"Well, if I should, fortunately there are such things as divorces. They are common enough now," put in Flo.

Great was aunt Rachel's surprise when she was informed of the decision of these young people to marry.

The world said it was what everybody expected and what aunt Netherton had always desired, and wagged its head wisely and gossiped pleasantly over the event until the next society wedding monopolized its attention, and Mrs. Sidney Earle were left to the undisturbed enjoyment of their newly wedded life.

Wed Sidney strolled through the sitting-room on his way to the dining-room, he found Flo most comfortably ensconced in a luxurious arm chair, looking at her hand.

"You are not a fool, are you?" said Flo, glancing at the clock and lazily closing her book. "How glad I am, for it gave me a chance to finish that lovely story of Darcy's before dinner. I read the very last line as you came in—and Darcy's always saves his very best things for the very last."

"I used to think him a boyish—in fact, green—but he has just returned from two years' travel in Europe, and I daresay he has gained in breadth and experience. By the way, Flo, if you were really my wife, would you have read me a lecture for being late. Instead you seem thankful I was not on time. By jove! I am delighted with our matrimonial venture. It is going to be a splendid success!"

And to the two sat down to dinner in the best of humor with themselves and the world, chatting, laughing, and ever and anon referring to the tie that gave them so much freedom. Things went on smoothly and brightly for about a year. Then Flo put off her mourning and entered into the whirl of society life. Their long, pleasant evenings with each other in the sitting-room, where they sang together, played, read or chatted, when Sidney was not at his club, were at an end. They were alone only at meals now.

"By jove!" said Sidney one morning at breakfast, "that young widow Strange is a stunner! Doesn't she dress magnificently?"

"Well, I call it loud dressing," observed Flo. "I never supposed that you noticed a woman's dress, Sid."

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

once more—it may be for the last time, who knows? how at it he will think it looks! but let him think what he will—let it go!

"I have seen married men and married men, but never a man married two years so anxious to get to his wife, as this senior partner of this firm," observed the loquacious clerk in the office of Earle & Roberts to the young lady type-writer.

"If he has glanced at the clock once, he has done so fifty times in the last half hour; and he left, actually, ten minutes before his usual time. Besides he has done nothing the whole morning but pore over a set of books which look, to me, like law books."

As Sidney Earle took his car for home on this afternoon, the evening newsboys sought his custom in vain. He stared drearily out of the window and neither saw nor heard them.

"Poor Flo!" he sighed. "What a fool I was to tie her down to me. When a wife gets to dress so stunningly for another man, it is time to look over the divorce law. I can see her sympathizing smile almost; she will look at me today, at dinner, and say, 'You have had a hard day's work over your books, poor Sid—I can see it in your face.' And I shall reply, (but she won't guess what I mean) 'Yes, Flo, dear, I have had a hard morning's work; the hardest, I think, I ever had.' Poor Flo! the divorce matter won't be as easy as she imagined."

Reaching home, he did not run up to his den, as usual, but went straight to the sitting-room where Flo was usually to be found. There was no sign of her except a book turned downward on an easy chair, and a dusty handkerchief on a table. Sidney impulsively pressed the kerchief to his lips and thrust it into his bosom. Then glancing at the book, he took it up.

"I knew it was some trash of Darcy's," he muttered savagely. Throwing himself into the easy chair, he began to read a page or two, but long ere he threw the book impatiently down.

"How can the public stand such trash! But!" Then, glancing around the room, he noticed the chairs arranged just as a crazy raving party had left them the night before. "Yes, he sat in that center chair; I can see him in my mind, running his fingers over the top of his head, and looking at the lovely female creature and their hair, drinking in his words and adoring his girlish beauty. Yes, I can see Flo as she sat on the edge of the sofa in that lovely pinkish gown, with the pink roses at her throat, and writhing with the contentment of the rest."

Sidney jumped up impatiently and walked to a mirror. This face he saw reflected was pale and haggard, the expression was very fierce and bitter, and the head was proud, handsome, and manly.

"Yes, I begin to grow old," he said grudgingly to himself. "And what a scowl my face is beginning to wear. I am only three years older than Darcy, but I look at least ten. And he is as fresh as a rose, while the lines and crow's feet are creeping over my face. Strange that women should fall in love with such a man, and I should be so infatuated with him. But I shall stand between Flo and happiness. She shall be free to marry at what cost."

Reaching his room, the note on the table met his eyes at once. He read it through, then his eyes devoured the signature as if fascinated. "Her name, my name, mine, mine, today, but God knows how many days more." The note followed the fate of the dainty kerchief in his bosom.

"What a dreary dinner it will be today," he grumbled. "But I may as well get up early, soon I may look for this every day. Heavens! what a meal! Nothing tasty, nothing seems worth having. I'll go to the club; no—I won't; the fellows will see something has gone wrong. I may as well get accustomed to the drabness of my future. I'll let the evening away in the sitting-room with a cigar, and my pleasant reflections. I am a free and happy bachelor—ha! ha! What a splendid success! This marriage is after all!"

At precisely eight o'clock he heard Flo come in. "Ah, Darcy could not have been here!" muttered Sidney with a sort of grim satisfaction, as he withdrew within the recesses of the bay window. Flo made straight for the sitting-room, and throwing down hats and wraps opened the piano and began to play. What mournful strains she chose—all minor movements. Her heart which was breaking for Darcy, Sidney listened jealously; thinking of the many happy evenings when he and she had sung together, these very airs. Then she began to sing, and Sidney could resist no longer from announcing himself. "Why not enjoy this one brief happiness—this one last bright evening, to look back to, in the long dreary ones to come?"

"Hello, Flo is it you? I was just having a comfortable nap in this cushioned seat here in the window. Is it late?" Flo started visibly, while Sidney came, lazily yawning, to the piano. He began to turn over some music and they sang together, her song after song, each thinking as they sang, "It is perhaps our last happy evening together." When Flo seemed tired of singing, Sidney made her play to him; then he talked brightly, brilliantly, anything to keep her from breaking up this beautiful last evening. But Flo was loath to go; she was deliciously, thrillingly happy

and kept saying mentally, "Why can we not go to see it, always?" "Alas, how suddenly precious seems a thing when we deem we are about to lose it forever!"

At parting, Sidney kissed her lightly on the cheek. He had done so many a time in the old days, but since their marriage had avoided any demonstrations of his affection; and now it thrilled her whole being, and filled her with a happiness she had never known before. "This is love at last," she whispered, as she lay on her pillow, never thought to feel. And yet it is dreadful to think I have fallen in love with my own husband who has laughed at the idea of loving me, he married me for pity, so I might be free? He whose ideal is so exalted, I fill his ideal? Never, never."

The next day was the date of a picnic excursion on the river, to which Flo had long looked forward. Sidney had protested from the first against joining the party. But this morning he announced his determination to go. "With this new love dancing in his heart, he yearned to be near his wife; he could not tolerate the thought that she would be away from him a whole day, in the company of the frivolous Darcy, too. Yes, he would go; a day off would do him good, besides he wanted to see the two together to satisfy himself that his jealous fears had a reasonable foundation."

It was a merry party on board the excursion boat, and by the time it had steamed half a mile down the river, the party had detached itself in pairs and groups, all evidently in the gayest spirits. But who can say because the lips smile merrily, that the heart is happy, too? Some such thought crossed Sidney's mind as his eye wandered over the groups, and he heard himself laughing at something Mrs. Strange was saying to him, which, for his life, he could not repeat.

With great pleasure I beg to inform you of the good I have received from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. For a number of years I have been in very poor health owing to various causes, and lately I was advised to try your medicine. I used three bottles, and have received a world of good. My severe headaches are completely banished, and the heart disease from which I suffered for thirty years, has almost disappeared, and altogether I am vastly improved. I am fully convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is all that it is recommended to be."

Those who experience all the awful symptoms of heart disease, those who are brought to the verge of the grave by nervous debility, mental depression, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, liver and kidney affections, find in Paine's Celery Compound a true friend and life-giving agency.

Mrs. E. Rankin, of Courtright, Ont., writes: "With great pleasure I beg to inform you of the good I have received from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. For a number of years I have been in very poor health owing to various causes, and lately I was advised to try your medicine. I used three bottles, and have received a world of good. My severe headaches are completely banished, and the heart disease from which I suffered for thirty years, has almost disappeared, and altogether I am vastly improved. I am fully convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is all that it is recommended to be."

How She Can Make a Success of Such a Life. In discussing woman as an economic factor, it is always well to remember that it is the business woman who is the new force, not the working woman. The industrial revolution has taken the old-time domestic arts of spinning and weaving, shoemaking, preserving, canning, and butter-making, and a host of other employments from the home of the workshop, and the women of the working class who once eeked out the laborer's wages by home industry have followed their lost trades to the factory. It is doubtful whether the change has really affected the relative importance of woman's labor in manufacturing processes.

It is with the business woman, therefore, that the working woman, that discussion of the chances of failure has to do. The factory-worker has no prospects before her, while there are conspicuous examples of success among business women. There are also many conspicuous failures. In the failures are much more in evidence and the women who have gone to the top, where there is a high salary, appreciation, and a chance to be a live factor in the dynamic social movement, is almost an exception.

Reasons for the apparent lack of success of the majority of women in business and industrial pursuits are numerous. Over some of the causes the individual has little control. Time and the general uplifting evolution of society alone can make women strong-minded, self-controlled, far-seeing, dependable, responsible individuals. Only the developments of a strong public sentiment and a feeling of social responsibility

When she came back to consciousness again, she was lying in her own bed in her own room. Was it morning and had she been merely dreaming? Some one sat beside her and placed a tumbler to her lips. She drank obediently and, looking up saw it was Sidney

"Thank heaven you are conscious at last, darling," he murmured as his kisses rained on her face.

"What—what—became of Mrs. Strange?" asked Flo, putting up her hand to hide the blush she felt rising to her cheek at his words.

"Oh, nobody was hurt, all were saved. But I have passed a fearful night. I have been tormented with the fear that just as I had found my darling, my ideal woman, death might rob me of my treasure. You are safe now, thank heaven!"

"And you don't want a divorce," murmured Flo, while his arms were about her and his lips pressed hers.

"Not unless you want to marry that fellow, Darcy," he answered, still holding her.

"I think, Sidney," said Flo shyly, between his kisses, "that I have really loved you all my life."—Maj. Wesel.

Without Warning Men and Women Drop Off Every Day From Heart Disease. Faine's Celery Compound Cures This Prevalent and Terrible Trouble.

Testimony of a Lady who Suffered for Long Years. Day after day the newspapers give accounts of very sudden deaths from heart disease. The trouble is a common and a prevalent one in this busy and rushing age, experience the symptoms daily.

Symptoms may be summed up as follows: The nervous system is usually out of condition; there are sharp pains in the heart; it is impossible to take a long and deep breath; the pulse is irregular; there is a constant and a dry irregular palpitation; the sufferer is full of gloomy thoughts.

In order to cure heart disease, every one of the symptoms must be forever banished. The medicine to cure must possess the virtues and powers to strengthen the entire nervous system. Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can build up and tone the nerves, and give to the life stream—the blood—that purity and richness that guarantees freedom from all disease. Hundreds of physicians are prescribing Paine's Celery Compound every day for all forms of heart trouble, and their success is marvellous and encouraging.

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WOMAN IN BUSINESS. How She Can Make a Success of Such a Life. In discussing woman as an economic factor, it is always well to remember that it is the business woman who is the new force, not the working woman. The industrial revolution has taken the old-time domestic arts of spinning and weaving, shoemaking, preserving, canning, and butter-making, and a host of other employments from the home of the workshop, and the women of the working class who once eeked out the laborer's wages by home industry have followed their lost trades to the factory. It is doubtful whether the change has really affected the relative importance of woman's labor in manufacturing processes.

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among employers as well as workers can bring about the first requisite for good work—good wages.

Many of the working woman's inefficiencies are the results of imperfect health. Much of the apathy and of lack thoroughness which characterizes the less skilled workers may be traced to their low physical condition, due to overwork and under-pay. Statistics show that nearly half the women in gainful pursuits are obliged to absent themselves from their places of employment on an average fifteen days each year because of ill-health.

Good health is the first requisite for the success of the business woman. A good brain needs a good body to live in. To much stress has been laid on the cultivation of the mental faculties. We must transfer emphasis to the physical needs. To a certain extent the material wants of humanity must be satisfied before any desire can be felt for intellectual or spiritual gratification.

On good physical health as a foundation a woman may construct almost anything she chooses. Proper food, bathing, rest, and sleep are essential in the open air are the chief elements that enter into the preservation of good health. The business woman must take time to keep well. If social pleasures encroach on her resting time, she must give them up. On the other hand, her anxiety to date in other matters ought not to induce her to make twin of herself. It is much better to do one woman's work well than to make a failure in two lines. Only in exceedingly rare instances can a woman be a successful business woman and her keeper.

Business women ought not to take a few leaves from the experience of those who have been longer in business and therefore know more about it. They take innumerable little recreations, and do not attempt to crowd all of life into one day. They get more pay, largely because they have a higher standard of comfort.

Concentration is another thing women need. The business girl needs to keep her mind on her work. If she would reach the goal of success, which ought to mean being a thoroughly good workman, she must not let her mind wander off to a dozen things. She must pay attention—learn the details of her business. She cannot afford to stop with knowing just what she is paid for doing. One of the most successful of the foreign buyers for a New York dry goods house began her career as a stock girl in the lace counter. She spent her spare moments studying up on the differences of quality and price, where different laces were bought, and the processes of making them. After work hours she haunted the libraries for books on the history of lace, and in time became an expert on lace, with a salary of three thousand five hundred dollars a year and expenses.

A woman's personal appearance has a great deal to do with her success. It doesn't matter whether her features are Grecian or her nose is a plain retoussé; but it does matter very much whether she wears a lot of feathers, a much-truffled silk skirt, and several diamond rings. These things have no place in the business world. The first element of a business woman's dress should be suitability. It should also be comfortable. A woman cannot give her undivided attention to business if her dress is tight. Some do not doubt, there will be a distinctive dress for business wear.

Good health, good manners, persistence, the desire to advance, energy, and suitable clothing will go a long way toward making a woman a success at anything. If they are not business ability, which after all like the inheritance of the poet and artist, to which one is born and which cannot be made, they are the next best thing. It is business ability, as some folks think it does, shrewdness, a certain unscrupulousness, callousness to the suffering, which are not business ability, which after all like the inheritance of the poet and artist, to which one is born and which cannot be made, they are the next best thing. It is business ability, as some folks think it does, shrewdness, a certain unscrupulousness, callousness to the suffering, which are not business ability, which after all like the inheritance of the poet and artist, to which one is born and which cannot be made, they are the next best thing.

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The Advance of Medical Science. Dr. Agnew's Successful Experiments in Heart Disease and Catarrhal Trouble. The world has been of the opinion that dread disease such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, and cholera, yet when the heart is affected there is no hope for the patient save such as may come from easing his condition. The discoveries of Dr. Agnew have proven once again that there seems no end to the possibilities of science in its treatment of disease.

In what is known as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is found a remedy that has practically given back life to those who were supposed to be beyond hope of recovery with heart trouble. One of the virtues of this medicine is its instantaneous effect upon the patient. It would not be worth much otherwise, for with heart disease prompt action is an absolute necessity. Mr. Aaron Nichols, of Toronto, Ont., writes this of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—"My wife was troubled for 20 years with heart disease. From the first few doses of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart she obtained relief, and continuing its use she has had more benefit from it than from all the doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on a diseased heart."

With everyone catarrh is a most unpleasant trouble, and this is especially the case with those whose duties bring them before the public as preachers or speakers. Among the strongest evidences produced, telling of the peculiarly successful character of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is that which has come from prominent citizens, like the Bishop of Toronto, the Right Rev. A. Sweetman, D. D., D. C. L., from leading members of the faculty of McMaster Hall, the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., a representative Methodist divine; Rev. Mungo Fraser, D. D., of Hamilton, a prominent Presbyterian, and other public men. These gentlemen have all, over their signatures, told of the thoroughly effective character of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in dealing with this very prevalent disease.

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

One can seldom be in an ease even half a dozen people without hearing something which either makes one laugh, or else blush for the exceeding smallness and meanness of poor humanity! And—"the more I see of men, the more I think of dogs" likewise cats, horses, cows, and sheep because all these honest folk at least know how to keep silence, and thereby conceal any lack of intelligence they may suffer from: while the noble animal, man, is forever giving himself away the moment he uses his gift of speech. A railway car is a great place for hearing queer things against your will, so is a concert hall, and even an ice cream parlor is not bad in that respect, as I found out the other evening when I was refreshing myself with a dish of the most indifferent and grittyest ice cream I ever partook of outside of the W. C. T. U. coffee rooms in Moncton.

A gay young fellow whom a very casual observer might mistake for a gentleman at the first glance, was treating two young lady friends to ice cream at a table opposite ours, and during a lull in the conversation one of the ladies remarked—"I saw Mr. Blank taking Miss Dash in to have ice cream, as we came along."

"Did you?" said this pretty youth, with sparkling wit. "Well I bet it wasn't paid for, if he was getting it."

"Why?" asked one of the girls. "Oh I know—" said their gentleman friend. And then I did not hear any more, but they all laughed; and I did hope most fervently that the ice cream might disagree with that dear youth and punish him as he deserved.

Bonnet strings are in fashion once more, but they are no longer made of narrow velvet or ribbon but of quite wide tulle, of chiffon, and the soft fluffy folds are so becoming to all faces that it is no wonder they are universally popular.

One of the prettiest of the new bonnets is made altogether of tulle; its foundation is white satin and over it is arranged white and green tulle in cloudy loops. One white feathery aigrette is the only trimming, it is caught at the left side near the front, and the strings, one in faint green, and the other in white, fasten in a careless knot at the back. Another lovely bonnet was all of violets with strings of wide violet tulle. The flowers were arranged in bunches, with the stems braided to form a crown.

Jacket effects still reign, though of course there are many other styles equally pretty. Sometimes the jacket is merely simulated by the trimming, but more frequently it is a real totem of the same material as the skirt. Eton jackets with sleeves form the blouse waist has as firm a hold in the world of fashion as ever and it is worn with every variety of skirt. Waists of sheer batiste, lined with silk and trimmed with lace are almost as much worn as the ordinary shirt waist, and one finds almost as many of them on sale in the shops at surprisingly reasonable price. Colored satinettes in blue yellow and pink, with fine black dots, make the prettiest shirt waists, and the crew neck collars and cuffs with which they are finished give them a very novel effect. The plain batistes which are to be seen in

edge which is finely hemmed and trimmed with lace. One of the great charms about these pretty waists is the ease with which they can be made at home by anyone who has any skill at all with her needle. Except in rare cases they are not lined, as lining makes it next to impossible to launder them successfully, and a summer blouse which cannot be washed every week if necessary is of very little use to a girl in moderate circumstances. The shirt waist patterns sold are so simple, and at the same time so complete that one can scarcely go wrong in making them up, and if the elaborate collars or yokes which decorate them are made separate, and then used just as an adjustable sailor collar would be. They can then be ironed without any trouble and thus remain in their shape much better than a yoke which is fastened in, can ever do. The waist is then finished in simple shirt waist fashion, and can be worn either with or without the collar. For instance a



A GAUDY GOWN.

blouse of blue and white striped French gingham is made with a plain square yoke of blue gingham, and a standing collar of the same. It is gathered rather fully to the yoke, and plaited in at the belt, full leg of mutton sleeves finish it. With this is worn a large sailor collar of blue and white all-over embroidery fancifully cut, and edged with a trim of embroidery to match, the standing collar is of the all over with a frill of the edging standing out from the face; frills of embroidery finish the sleeves, and the belt may be of ribbon with a silver buckle, or of the newer gold braid, very narrow, and with a small gold buckle.

As bicycling has long passed beyond the limits of a fad and become the leading pursuit for women, as well as men, a fashion column is no longer complete unless due attention is devoted to bicycle costumes which form a very important branch of the dressmaker's business in these days.

I believe it has been definitely decided by wheelwomen of the best taste, that bloomers are not the correct costume for bicycle riding, and have declared themselves unanimously in favor either of the divided skirt, or the trim short skirt of heavy cloth reaching just above the ankle. I am afraid it is too much the opinion of many women that anything will do for a wheel costume, and she has only to shorten some old skirt which is shabby for street wear, don her biggest shirt waist and be in correct bicycling attire. But there the greatest mistake is made! Nothing looks worse than a slouchy, untidy dress on a bicycle, and women should be just as particular about their wheel, as their street dress, for one shows quite as much as the other, and should be just as neat and trim. One of the prettiest and most gracefully hanging skirts—and after all the skirt is the important part of a bicycle dress—is cut in circular shape, made of double faced cloth, checked on one side and twilled on the other; the cloth is so heavy that no lining is required, and it is simply finished at the foot with a five-inch hem or facing stitched in rows about a quarter of an inch apart. The fullness at the waist is in two side plaits which meet in the middle of the back, the sides and front being quite plain. The opening is at the side of the front, and is finished with a fly and fastened with small horn buttons. With this skirt nickerbockers either of silk or some light-weight wool material are the only proper substitute for the under petticoat. The skirt reaches just above the ankle. Other skirts are gored and plaited in different ways to give room for the knee action, but the circular cut seems to fulfill all requirements, without having any of the faults of the others. All sorts of tight-fitting coat-waists, and tailor made jackets are worn with this skirt, and sometimes contrasts of color in either silk or cloth are used on the collars and revers. The ever comfortable shirt waist is worn in warm weather, and both the sweater, and the lately revived jersey, are appropriate garments to wear with bicycle skirts. Many expert wheelwomen declare that the divided skirt is the only proper bicycle garb, and one of the newest is so artfully cut that the division would never



SILK AND MUSLIN CASINO.

all the pretty light shades, are made with frills of the same material down the front, edged with narrow black lace. Other dainty waists have collars, cuffs boxplai and a narrow band of tucks inserted on each side of the front, made of the same material but some contrasting color. A cream white batiste with pale blue is lovely. The prettiest white waists are made of French muslin trimmed with bands of embroidery, and finished with linen collar and cuffs, which are adjustable. A very pretty batiste blouse has a wide collar of batiste trimmed across with frills of yellow Valenciennes lace about an inch wide. It forms a yoke, and points on the sleeves, and is the same front and back. Ribbon collar belt and bows on the shoulder give it a very dressy look. Still another waist of batiste has a yoke back and front formed of three bands of finely tucked batiste left with an inch-wide frill on one

be suspected. It buttons down each side when walking, and around the leg when on the wheel; of course the division must always be concealed, or the skirt is not a success, and there are many devices for effecting this. A broad box plait is a useful addition to the front of a divided skirt as it affords ample room for the knees.

Tweeds, chevrons, covert cloth and serges are the favorite materials for bicycle costumes, but cravenette is really the most desirable of all, as the weather has no effect on it, and is capital for shedding the dust. For the very warmest weather there are costumes of linen canvas and heavy duck, and small tailor hats of embroidered holland trimmed with white quills and white moire ribbon, are worn with them. Small hats are best for cycling and pretty toques are made of light weight tweed, with a crown like a jockey cap and a turned up brim caught up at the side with a rosette of ribbon loops and two quills. For gloves, pretty light tan and white gloves have ventilated palms on leather, and some are ventilated on the back as well as the palms. Russia leather gloves are highly recommended for cycling, and are warranted to wear forever. ASTRAL.

### TO CAPTURE BUTTERFLIES.

The Summer Girl Has a New Fancy—Her Bright Head Frey.

The summer girl—that is the real country summer girl—has a brand new fancy. It is butterfly hunting; the pastime amused her so much when a child that she is anticipating her season among the butterflies with keenest joys.

This is one of the sports, happily for which a moderately filled pocketbook will furnish the wherewithal to invest in an outfit. One and one half dollars buys a box, with a beautiful butterfly painted on the top, and with a cork mount, cyanide bottle, narrow strips of paper,



IN THE BUTTERFLY HOUSE.

pins and a glass case; 25 cents for a net and there you are—all but the butterfly.

A collection of nets seems almost as attractive as the butterflies themselves. In gay colored gauze—pale yellow, heavenly blue, delicate mauve and orange hues.

But about the prey; one soon learns the art of capturing these gossamer-winged creatures by a clever turn of the net; when caught the butterfly must be gently seized from outside the gauze, with the wings back to back to prevent its struggling and bruising itself.

The best way to kill it is to take a glass jar with a large mouth which can be closed tightly with a lid. Into this receptacle put four or five small lumps of that deadly poison, cyanide of potassium, covered with enough plaster of paris, dissolved in water, to form a hard surface. After putting the butterfly in the jar, cover closely and leave for about five hours. As soon as taken out, the butterfly must be placed on a cork mount.

In mounting a specimen, the wings and antennae should be spread out evenly and fastened down by pins, which stick easily in the cork.

Most convenient and pretty for preserving a collection of butterflies are the little plaster of paris blocks, which some collector has recently invented. They are of various sizes; you buy the blocks, 20 or 40 cents each, according to the size of your specimen. The block is an inch or two thick of plaster of paris, chemically prepared with a groove in the center, in which the body of the insect fits; a glass cover, like the lid of a box, fastens closely over it, so that the specimen is hermetically sealed and forever protected from dust; against this snow white background a butterfly shows off to the best possible advantage; especially one of bright metallic blue or those with gaudy orange wings.

To learn the retreats of the butterfly and the favorite flowers of different specimens is part of the training of an expert hunter.

Not a few are very limited in the selection of their haunts, some prefer the green fields, pastures where thistles and various weeds abound attract others, shabby beside streams or rivulets, sheltered valleys or even the tops of rugged hills may be visited in search of specimens. Red clover, mignonette and phlox are favorite flowers for these dainty insects.

One of the most cosmopolitan of butterflies, being found in almost every quarter of the globe, is the painted lady, or thistle butterfly (genus Vanessa), may be looked for about the middle of July, when the first

We are Showing  
An elegant assortment of  
**MEN'S TAN SHOES.**  
All the most desirable shapes and shades are now in stock. And the price—\$5, \$4, \$3, down to \$1.25 for a good wearing Oxford Shoe, make it impossible for us not to please you.  
61 King and 212 Union Street.  
**WATERBURY & RISING.**

# RIPANS

## ONE GIVES RELIEF.

brood flies forth, and again the last of August when another brood appears. Its wings are a blackish brown, marked with orange, white and gray also appear in its coloring and thistle forms the chief of its diet.

A long lived butterfly is the painted beauty (also genus Vanessa), which may be seen any time from the middle of May to the end of October. It is found in New York and all New England states, usually in the open fields.

Another specimen which one may add to one's collection is the cabbage butterfly (Pieris rapae), it flies in town gardens; indeed, it is said there is no cultivated spot where it cannot be traced.

The dandelion who is spending the summer in the state of New York will add the banded elfin (genus incisa), the hoary elfin (genus incisa), and the dusky-wing (Nisona des icela) to her collection; also, in the southern part of New York state is found that curious little butterfly which has an odor like violet—the cloudless sulphur (Callidryas eubule). Its wings are a canary yellow, touched with brown; it must be sought for in August.

In New England most delightful specimens can be caught. The morning cloak (Evanessa), for instance; in the White Mountains it should be sought for in August, although it appears in June and September in Southern New England; its colors are dark maroon, velvet black and straw yellow, with dashes of blue. The violet lip, the viceroys and the Indian hesperid are other interesting butterflies of that region.

In July and August the swallow-tail (genus euprocydes), with dark brown wings, shading to pale blue-green, with metallic blue dusting, is found in Penn-



MOTH HUNTING AT NIGHT.

sylvania, also the orange dog or giant swallow-tail, one of the largest of butterflies; it has an expanse of nearly five inches. The hop merchant (polygonia comma) and the gray emperor (Chlorippe celtis) are also interesting species found in Pennsylvania.

A butterfly seen only through the month of June and in meadows, flying swiftly and close to the ground is the Mormon (genus stryteno). It is dark cinnamon brown, flecked with lilac and has an expanse of only one and one-half inches. This curiously named butterfly is at home in the west. The ruddy silver-spot (argynnis alcestis) is found only in Western states. It is charmingly marked with silver spots and hovers over beds of sweet-scented violets, pansies and lilies.

No one place will yield much over one hundred species and, if the rarer kinds are omitted, not nearly so many. If one is anything of a traveler, a butterfly diary will be found a great help and a fascinating volume to refer to year by year; and if really an enthusiast on the subject, nothing less than a visit to the Amazon next winter, will

satisfy her; for there the most beautiful specimens in the world are netted. They are so showy and fly in such



FOLLOWING ACRO S THE FIELD.

multitudes that in many places they compensate for the absence of flowers.

The summer girl is not only going to catch butterflies, in order to lay them stiff and staked upon plaster of Paris blocks, but throwing aside the cyanide bottle, she intends to release a few of the prettiest ones in a fernery covered with glass, where she can watch and train them; here they may live for days; one was known to live for three weeks, sipping constantly from sugar-sprinkled moss or from a few flowers which were placed in the case, and had an extra drop of sweetened water poured in their tiny cups.

More than once did the mistress of this trained butterfly—the one that lived to the green old age of three weeks—have to get up in the night to feed her pet and, sleepy and weary she wondered if ever, before a tired woman had been known to sit up with a hungry butterfly.

It became so tame that when its mistress went to feed him and put out her hand, he flew upon it, and when he was at liberty in the room, when she entered he would fly to her, lighting on her hand or shoulder.

Another interesting experience in one's butterfly career is going to the dark-lantern episodes. The prowling around by night with net and dark lantern, in search of moths, many of which are equally as beautiful and quite as interesting as butterflies.

The preliminary step in this brigandiah proceeding is to set forth, just before dusk, with a pot of sugar and treacle, and a little rum or aniseed oil and smear over leaves and trunks of trees with the mixture, which is certain to attract hordes of moths; then after sunset, steal forth with dark lantern and net and reap the rich harvest—pretty general moths, the hidden star moths, early thorn and brilliant scarlet tiger.



100

The Manufacturers of the Victoria Crochet Thread, fully appreciating the fact that a large amount of their thread is being used in Canada and hoping for an increase of same, offer One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in premiums (as below). Lady returning the largest number of spool labels \$25.00, next eight ladies, each \$10.00, number \$17.50 \$15.00 \$12.50, \$10.00, \$7.50, \$5.00 \$2.50 \$2.00, next eight ladies, each \$1.00, let. 197. If your dealer does not keep this line of goods send eight cents in stamps to E. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., and they will provide you a sample spool.

It is indeed fascinating sport, especially if the company be congenial and a merry one, and most important, if every girl of the party has provided herself with a picturesque costume; full, rather short dress, high laced boots to protect one from the dew and damp, and quaint little cap as wide-brimmed hats are altogether out of place in moth or butterfly hunting.

Depend upon it, moth parties and butterfly balls are going to be the most novel and delightful functions of the season.

# SILVER GLOSS STARCH

IS THE "OLD RELIABLE" LAUNDRY STARCH. HOUSEKEEPERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AND THEN OTHERS MAKES ALWAYS RETURN TO "SILVER GLOSS." THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TRIED IT SHOULD DO SO AT ONCE.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., L't'd., are always reliable.

THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE  
Benson's Canada Prepared Corn } FOR COOKING.  
Silver Gloss Starch, } FOR LAUNDRY.  
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# "HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex"



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

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

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

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

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

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

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HUMOR IN EPITAPHS

Newly Compiled Specimens of Churchyard Curiosities.

In the churchyard of St. Joan, Worcester, is an epitaph which if brevity is the soul of wit, has high claim on that character.

Here are some miscellaneous grotesques: Here lies me and my three daughters, brought here by us at Chatham Waters.

From a New Hampshire churchyard: To all my friends I bid adieu, A move sudden death you never knew.

On an Essex, Tennessee lady: She lived a life of virtue, and died of cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 10 days.

The following was composed by three Scotch friends to whom the person commemorated had left a legacy, with the hope expressed that they would honor him by some record of their regrets.

The third could suggest no other conclusion than: Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The following must be taken as a fling at a noble profession: Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard, Who led the half of this churchyard.

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton, who never did ought to vex one. Domestic troubles have been laid bare on the tombstone from the time of the Greeks and Romans.

Here lies my wife, a sad and slattern and a shrew; If I said I regretted her I should lie too.

The following, which frequently appears in collections of epitaphs, are not credited to any locality, any more than wandering bits of epigrammatic misogynism:

This dear little spot is the joy of my life; It raises my flowers and covers my wife.

My wife's dead, and here she lies, No man laughs, and no man cries; Where she's gone or how she fares, No body knows, and nobody cares.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket, Bed dead as a door nail, and God be thanked.

In the following the tables are turned: Whose soul we trust, is with the Lord; But if for hell she's changed his life, The better than being John Ford's wife.

Intentional dropperies frequently take the form of puns. Among these should rank the epitaph on Mr. Foote of Norwich:

For Death's last now on foot within the grave, and the one on Mr. Box: Here lies one Box within another.

Also the famous one of Sir John Strange: Here lies an honest lawyer, That is strange!

A "happy conceit" it was doubtless, thought in 1610, to write over a member of Parliament named White:

Here lies a John, a burning, shining light, Whose name, life, actions, all alike were White.

The following is by Swift on the Earl of Kildare: Who killed Kildare? Who dared to kill? Death killed Kildare—who dare kill whom he will.

Here are a few miscellaneous examples, the first on a Mr. Fish: Worms are bait for fish; but here's a sudden change.

On William Button, in a churchyard near Sanbury: O sun, moon, stars, all ye celestial poles! Are graves, then, swindled into Button holes?

On Foe's, the comedian: Foe from his earthly stage 'tis laid; Death's on him of which he looks at all the world.

In the satire in the following examples intentional: Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 80 years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the cos' fit hope of a better life.

Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the 4th year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family—Current Literature.

Comments by The Crowd: (The policeman has been to the depot and is bringing his wife's uncle home for a short visit. "Hi! at Boy—'Wot's the girl taller picked for?"

Second Boy—"Destin' his wife, I guess. He looks like a woman later."

Another—"He's a green-goods' man, that's wot he is. I kin't loig wid jor he's carrilj."

Still another—"Ah! go long wid jor, he's bin a breakin' into a back, an' he's got tools in de grip."

The Climax—"He's been a murderin' some one, and when his contents o' that ere capit bag is seen, I'll bet they'll find a bloody hammer and a human skull!"—Lite.

She Knew Him: A railroad was about to be run through the bet part of a western farmer's farm.

"There they come again." "Who is it?" asked the father. "Those road-agents again."—Pack.

Her Fies For The Cashier: Anna—"Don't prosecute him, papa. Let him go, and cover the matter up."

Papa—"But, Anna, he has embezzled two thousand dollars, and I trusted him so!"

Anna—"Yes; think of it; only two thousand dollars! Why, people will never believe we have money if it is known that a man in his position took so little."

The season when catarrh is most troublesome is now upon us. This irritating and troublesome disease yields at once to the marvellous power of Hawker's catarrh cure, which will effect a complete cure in even the most obstinate cases.

Twenty five cents worth of Hawker's catarrh cure may save you many dollars. It cures cold in the head instantly.

Use Dr. Manning's german remedy for pains and aches. It is the best pain killer you can get.

Have you got "the snuffles"? Hawker's catarrh cure clears the head like magic.

At a Glance

anyone can see the difference between the twin-bar of clear, pure

Sunlight Soap

and other laundry soaps, but you'll know the difference when you use it because it cleanses with

Less Labor Greater Comfort

For every 12 Wrappers sent to LEVINE BROS., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

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

MENTAL FATIGUE

relieved and cured by ADAMS TUTTI FRUIT. Insist on getting the right article.

AGENTS WANTED for the only complete CARPET STRETCHER and TACKER.

Draws your weight with the Carpet. No stooping, no pounding fingers, or getting down on the knees. Operator stands upright to stretch and tack Carpet. Will drive tacks in corner. Sample sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.50.

Every machine guaranteed. Send stamp for circulars and terms.

E. A. GILL & Co., 104 Queen St. East, Toronto, Canada.

TURKISH DYES

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

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

One Package equal to two of any other make.

GERMAN OIL STOVES.

Wick 2 1/2 in. wide. Glass Removable. Fonts enabling user to see easily when oil supply is exhausted.

Will do all kinds of cooking, heating, ironing, etc., at trifling expense. Consumes any kind of coal oil without smell or smoke. Just the stove for Summer in the city or in the country.

Small, clean, quick and economical. Your hardware dealer sells them, if not, drop a postal card for name of nearest dealer who does so.

The Thos. Davidson Mfg. Co., Ltd. Sole agents for Canada. MONTREAL.

Fifty Years

BEFORE THE PUBLIC AND STILL INCREASING.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For COUGHS, COLDS and all LUNG AFFECTIONS. 25 cts. a bottle. SOLD everywhere.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS MONTREAL.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues.

At 19 and 20 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Cafe Royal,

DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets.

Meals Served at all Hours Dinner a Specialty.

WILLIAM CLARK, PROPRIETOR.

FRUIT AT BREAKFAST.

It is Good for Robust People but not for Delicate Pale Ones.

"The hygienic extremist is never tired of expatiating on the advantages of fruit as a breakfast dish," said an old doctor, "and there may be persons who are benefited by the use of fruit early in the day; but I know from careful observation that it is positively injurious to a great number of persons.

Robust people, with great vitality and strong digestion, often find themselves improved in condition by the use of fruit of all sorts; but thin, pale, cold blooded women and men rarely keep their health through a long course of fruit eating early in the day.

Just consider for a moment the absurdity of beginning the day with an orange or two, then some cereal with cream or milk. The acid of the fruit curdles the milk, and often causes indigestion and the most acute pain. I believe that fruit and cereal and milk should never be taken one after the other. If it is more agreeable to the palate to take the fruit, omit it; or take the cereal with a little butter and sugar. As there are so many people who depend largely upon oatmeal and other farinaceous food for their morning meal, it would be found an excellent plan to take fruit much later in the day. Indeed, I very decidedly approve of taking fruit between meals when one is the most likely to crave it. I know that many of my patients have declared that they ate fruit at breakfast simply because they had gotten into the habit of it, and because everybody said it was the proper thing to do. I have been obliged to forbid fruits of many sorts to scores of my patients. Fresh apples are almost always allowable, but when they are cooked they are to many persons a decided irritant. One lady can eat fresh apples at any time of day or night with great benefit, but when they are cooked in any way, especially when made into apple sauce, they cause indigestion almost as soon as they are eaten. Oranges disagree with many, especially when they are partaken of before meals, and two of my patients have had such violent prooxysms of pain after eating them that their uses has been abandoned altogether.

"Rhubarb is another article about which there are many opinions. It is almost like a poison to certain temperaments," and even to agree with others. I have often remarked, however, that dishes of which people are very fond are likely to be the last thing that they will admit as disagreeing with them. It is always something else, or they are bilious, or have taken cold, or they invent some new and flimsy excuse for their indisposition.

"One once had as a guest a very delicate young woman who positively dissipated on a morning diet of fruit. I knew that it was bringing on dyspepsia, but whatever I said she met with a laugh and the assertion that she couldn't live without fruit for breakfast. It is no chance that our family went to the country for a few days, and subsisted on plain food, without a particle of fruit. The young woman improved in health every day, and when we returned the customary fruit was omitted. And this would be the experience of a large number of persons if they would try the experiment."

A Japanese Boy's Composition. The following is the genuine production of a pupil in one of the government schools in Japan, according to the Mid-Continent:

"The whale live in the sea and ocean of all the country. He is a large and strong in among all kinds of fish, and its length reach to 90 foot from 70 foot, and he has a large head. When swim in the up water he is so large as island. When struck the water on angry he is so voice as ring great deal thunder. If he danced make the storm without winds, and also when blow the water almost lay down the fog on the weather. If he's form is proper to live, for his front legs make fins, and a'rticles is not, and the tails is a hirt that open on the up water, and the mouth have no row beard as with horns. His body's that is a fish, he is not a fish, but he is a creature. The mea make the everything with it. Every years to seven or eight months from four to five month, the whaler man catch on the sea or ocean. He may on the sea of North seaway or five islands, of Hrado on Higen country in Japan. Written by T. Hirakawa.

"P. S.—The tell of the whale is more, but I do not know fully to tell."

Sipping Liquids at Meals. The matter of drinking is important by indigestion. Do not get into the habit of constantly sipping liquid during the course of a meal. Drink as little as possible until the meal is concluded, or, better still, drink nothing at all until half an hour or so later, and then only pure, hot water.

Never eat between meals, and let those be as regular as possible. One fruitful fact that people who are subject to it often sit down to a meal immediately after coming in from a long walk or other fatiguing exercise. Rest a little while before beginning to eat, if you are very tired. And, if you are subject to indigestion, rest again for a short while when the meal is over.

I CURED A HORSE of the Mange with MINARD'S LINTIMENT. Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SANDERS.

I CURED A HORSE, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINTIMENT. St. Peter's, C. B. EDWARD LITTLE.

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show you how to make \$24 a day absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you send the money and I will work in the locality where you live.

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WHAT TO DO NEXT.

How a Young Man got Even With his too Careful Brother.

We are all more or less familiar with that exasperating class of individuals who seem to feel that the simple common sense of the world is centred in themselves, and that the rest of us are in need of guidance and direction in the simplest duties of life.

Mr. B.—was a young man of this class. He was always painfully profuse in details regarding anything he wished done. He had a parrot, of which he was excessively fond, and when he was about to go abroad for a few months, leaving his bird behind him, he bored and exasperated his family and friends with senseless details regarding the care of the parrot, and his last words, screeched from the deck of the steamer that bore him away, were: "Hi, Jim!"

"Hi, Jim!" shouted the brother on the pier. "Lock out for my parrot!" came faintly over the water.

As if this was not enough, he had no sooner reached Liverpool than he sent the following cablegram to his brother, who had assumed charge of the parrot: "Be sure and feed my parrot!"

On receipt of this the infuriated brother cabled back, at his brother's expense: "I have fed her, but she is hungry again. What shall I do next?"

He Heard Jenny Lind. A veteran musician of Philadelphia, Edward V. Ecker, who died recently, was very fond of telling the following story of his youth:

"It was about the beginning of the war," he invariably began, "I was then a clerk in a large music-publishing house on Chestnut street. One day a well-dressed, quiet little woman entered the store and asked me to show her some music of a classical nature. We struck up quite a conversation, in the course of which I asked her if she had heard the great Jenny Lind, who was then the talk of the town. She laughed and said: 'Oh, yes, I have heard her. Have you?' I told her that I hadn't had that pleasure, and that I had very little prospect of hearing her, the price of admission was so high. She laughed again, and then she handed me a song she had picked out, and asked me to play the accompaniment for her while she tried it. She sang so beautifully that I played like one in a dream. When she had finished she thanked me, and, with a rare smile, she said: 'You can not say now that you have never heard Jenny Lind!' She thanked me again, and left me dumfounded."

Tight Gloves to be Avoided. It is a great mistake to buy gloves a size too small. Many ladies squeeze their hands into tight gloves and expect them to fit, but it is much better to leave the size to the judgement of the competent glove fitter. Ladies with large hands who wish to keep them pretty and to conceal their size, should buy gloves a trifle larger than necessary. Tight gloves are responsible for red hands and wrinkles, Bernhard wears long, loose-wristed gloves and her white, beautiful hands are among her charms. Miss Terry, too, has a large hand, almost masculine in the strength of it, and though the fingers are beautifully tapered. Her hand is in proportion with her figure, and she does not squeeze either into tight compresses. She wears large gloves and her hands are lily-white and as smooth as a young girl's.

Napoleon's Endurance. "Labor is my element," he remarked on the dreary idle almost amid the pangs of dissolution. "I have found the limit of my strength in eyes and limb. I have never found the limit of my capacity for work." This was certainly true of his five days' fight at Eckmuhl. "His majesty is well," wrote Berthier on the 24th, "and endures according to his general habit the exertion of mind and body." Once more his enemy was not annihilated, but this contentment and high spirits seem natural to common minds, which recall that in a week he had evolved order from chaos and had stricken a powerful, united foe, cutting his line in two and sending one portion to the right and the other to confusion.—Professor Sloan's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Continuous Performance. "You remember when I proposed to you I said the young husband. 'I believe I do recall something of the sort,'" answered the young wife. "And you told me I would have to see your mother."

"Yes." "I must have misunderstood you. I never dreamed that it was on the programme that I should see your mother every day I came home."

BRIGHT AND ECONOMICAL WOMEN

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Success with Diamond Dyes is always certain and sure. The use of common adulterated dyes means destruction to your materials, and loss of temper and money. Guard against substitutes; see that each package bears the name "Diamond."

Scorching Would be too Suggestive. Two anxious readers write to the Journal from the beautiful suburb of Philadelphia, (Ind.) asking if it would be all right to ride a bicycle to the funeral of a "distant connection by marriage, providing you keep behind the horse."



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fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtless and indifferently clothed.

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Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 20

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# Sunday Reading.

## VESTED CHOIRS OF WOMEN.

Episcopal Churches Returning to Female Voices After Having Tried Boys.

The introduction of women into the vested choirs of Episcopal churches of New York and other cities has awakened general interest among both clergy and laity. With the rapid increase in the number of boy choirs throughout the country came a corresponding decline in the demand for women's voices, until it almost seemed as if they would ultimately be driven out of the choir of every Episcopal church. Something of a reaction appears to have taken place, and women have to a considerable extent regained their old position in the services of the church, but under changed conditions.

From a musical point of view, strong arguments can be advanced for the retention of female voices. Where the musical services are of a high standard boys, some choirmasters say, can never successfully be substituted. The great composers of sacred music have written little that is adapted for boys' voices. To Haydn, Handel, Beethoven, Gounod, Schubert, and a host of others, boy chorists were strangers. It is necessary to turn to the English school to find compositions suitable for boys' voices, and here the field is limited. Then, too, it is argued that allowing a composition to be within the compass of a boy's voice, there is still lacking that intelligent conception of the score which comes only with mature years. While once in a decade is heard a voice of exquisite beauty coupled with the musical intelligence of an adult, such as the famous Cooke, Blatchford Kavanagh, or Harry Brandon possessed, the average boy sings in a flippant, immature way, totally unsuited to the proper and devotional rendering of church music. Many organists will admit that boys have never met the requirement of an artistic musical service, and for this reason hail with delight the prospect of the return of the women, as fifteen as soloists.

Some fifteen years ago the church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York began employing women as soloists, having the boys for chorus work only. The former were not vested, but wearing a blue veil upon their heads, were placed, not conspicuously, back of the chancel altar. This innovation was followed by other churches and proved a complete success. This may be termed the beginning of the movement in this country for the restoration of women to a place in the music service of the church although it is said that the earliest choirs of vested women were heard at Birmingham, England, and in Australia, at Melbourne.

At the present time in New York choirs of vested women are heard at St. Bartholomew's, one of the wealthiest churches of the city, St. George's, All Souls, and others. In some churches the women are robed in the traditional cassock and cotta, while in others the singers wear a black gown with white surplice and a small cap on their head. Occasionally an Oxford cap is worn. A few churches, principally in suburban districts, have installed choirs of women in the chancel, without vestments. Some choir masters hope that this custom will not become general. There is something incongruous to them in a varied array of bonnets and dresses, and singularly out of keeping with the surroundings. Propriety would seem to demand some appropriate habiliment, and possibly some garment more appropriate to femininity than the cassock and cotta, which will not trespass upon churchly traditions, may yet be devised. While the new movement has the approval of high ecclesiastical authority it is bitterly opposed by a strong section of the clergy, and even Bishops have raised their voices against what they consider a practice violently out of keeping with the traditions of the Church. Bishop Doane of Albany recently said:

"If women are to sing they ought not to be in the chancel, but outside of it, and they ought not, in the interest of all propriety, personal and ecclesiastical, to be in the dress of men and boys, the cassock and cotta being just as much articles of male attire as coats and trousers."

It is reported that Bishop Starkey of New Jersey prohibited the appearance of a choir of vested women in his diocese. Bishop Nicholson of Milwaukee is a bitter opponent of the vested women. He is recently quoted as saying:

"Aside from the grave impropriety of the matter, a growing evil, we fear in certain places, there arises the practical objection of the illegality of the practice in the eyes of the civil law."

In spite of these outspoken views the movement is gaining ground and eliciting ardent supporters among both clergy and laity. It is significant that at the service on Ascension Day at Trinity Church, when Beethoven's Mass in C. was rendered by the full choir and orchestra, the solos were entrusted to women. Trinity was one of the first churches in this country to adopt a boy choir, and when this stronghold of the English cathedral service surrenders to

the women, the importance of the event cannot be disregarded.—N. Y. Sun.

## A Pentecostal Baptism.

The experience of Peter shows how utterly different a man is before he gets a Pentecostal baptism and after he gets it. The man who could not stand the questioning of a servant-maid before he got this power, dared to be crucified after he got it. I may just say that here is the great cause of the decline of so many who begin well. 'Ye did run well,' we might truly say of thousands in this land today. 'Ye did run well.' They begin in the Spirit, and then, as the Apostle says, 'They go on to be made perfect by the Spirit.' How is this? Because, you see, the Spirit puts before every soul this walk of full consecration and whole-hearted devotedness to God, and instead of being obedient to the heavenly vision, the soul shrinks back and says, 'That is too much—that is too close—that is too great—a sacrifice!'—and they decline, and instead of giving up a profession and going back into the world (there would be ten times more hope of them if they did this,) they cling on to their profession and kindle a fire of their own, and walk in the sparks they have kindled. But He says He is against them, and 'they shall lie down in sorrow.' People must have a God and a religion. They will have one, and when they shrink from the true one and will not follow the divine counsel, then they make one for themselves, and a great many of them go to sleep and never wake again. They go out of the world comfortably under the influence of narcotics, and they never wake. They die deceived; or, if they do awake, we know what sort of an awakening it is,—Mrs. Booth.

## Babylonian Tablets.

The recent Church Congress at Norwich, England, has pondered over the archaeological discoveries of the last year, and come to conclusions that will startle the believers through thick-and-thin. Prof. Bonney, Canon of Manchester, declares: "I can not deny that the increase of scientific knowledge has deprived parts of the earlier books of the Bible of its historical value which was generally attributed to them by our forefathers. The story of the creation in Genesis, unless we play fast and loose either with words or with science, cannot be brought into harmony with what we have learned from geology. Its ethnological statements are imperfect, it not so sometimes inaccurate. The stories of the flood and of the Tower of Babel are incredible in their present form. Some historical elements may underlie many of the traditions in the first eleven chapters of that book, but this we can not hope to recover."

It is the Babylonian and Assyrian tablets that have stirred up this discussion.

## Reverence for the Bible.

There is a sin prevalent in our households of which we take little note, which, in fact, we encourage either by an indifference to it or by an active participation in it toly and wickedness—the use of the word God for the purpose of making riddles, conundrums, puzzling questions anagrams, etc., out of it. If we really believe in the divine origin of the Bible, can it be right to give it to children that they may construe its words into odd connections and make sport and laughter and mental legerdemain from its pages? It is likely they will reverence on other occasions what has previously been food for their amusement? It is not, and we need not be astonished if the boys and girls who have been permitted to turn the leaves of their Bibles for pastime and entertainment turn them in after years to find pretext for their infidelity.—Amelia E. Barr in Ladies' Home Journal.

## Systematic Giving.

In the collection of missionary funds the systematic plan is the best. To appeal to a congregation once a year, and take what may be spontaneously given, is to trifle with a solemn duty. Every Christian should first find an answer to the question, 'How much ought thou unto thy Lord?' and then he should decide in what way the trust found can be best administered—that is, how he ought to divide it among the various religious and benevolent objects within his reach, so much for missions, so much for the church, so much for the poor, and so on. To go upon the principle of giving something to a good cause if we happen to have it is not the right way of dealing with the Lord's money.—'Missionary Outlook.'

## Being Content.

When those hours come upon us in which we yearn for the wings of a dove that we may fly away and be at rest, let us strive to overcome our sadness by the cheering influence of hope, let us go to God for that peace that passeth understanding, and thus change the burdens of life into blessings. There is no sorrow which may not in this way be alleviated, no wound that may not by this balm be healed. In doing so we will indeed be

carried away from our sorrows and trials to a condition of Holy rest in God. This is after all the great blessing. 'Being content, the poorest man is rich; while to who counts his millions hath little joy be heoth rize.'

## OLD BOATS AND COLLISIONS.

When the Crash Comes It Is Usually the Better Ship That Goes Down.

"Did you ever notice," said an old mariner, "that when a collision occurs on the lakes, the better boat, in nine cases out of ten, gets the worst of it, and generally goes to the bottom? On the other hand, the old boat, for in a great many instances it is an old boat, receives little damage, if any. Take for instance, the sinking of the Lehigh Valley Iron Cayuga, which occurred on the 10th of last May. She collided with the steamer Joseph L. Hurd, and was sunk in Lake Michigan, near Skillingale Light. The Cayuga was one of the best steamers on the lakes, and worth about \$200,000. The Hurd was an old lumber barge, which had been condemned once and then rebuilt, and worth almost nothing."

"At the time of the collision there was a heavy fog. Fog banks are peculiar things to run up against, and rattle many a Captain. This was the case with the commander of the Hurd. The right signals had apparently been given, but with hardly a minute's warning, the Hurd took a sheer and struck the Cayuga amidships. The Cayuga went down in about five minutes, and the Hurd made for the land, which was not very far off, where she was beached. She was leaking quite badly. Temporary repairs were made and she was towed to a dry dock. She came out again later in the season and ran in the lumber trade on Lake Michigan. The Cayuga, however, is still at the bottom, lying in about 101 feet of water, and her chances for remaining there are very good."

"Let me cite you another instance where the better boat was sunk by an old one—well, I won't say she was old, for she had not been in commission very long. She was called the Jack. Her first feat that brought her before public notice was when she collided with one of the locks in the Welland Canal. Navigation was delayed several days by the accident. The next prominent feat that she accomplished was to sink the big steel steamer Norman, which was owned by the Menominee Steamship Company. She sank her in the middle of Lake Huron, and in deep water. In fact it has been a mystery where she did go down, for they have never been able to locate her. She was worth about \$200,000. The Jack sustained little damage, and was soon in commission again. Now there are two boats which were worth about \$400,000, and both were sunk by boats which could be bought for \$20,000, and that would be a big price for them."

## A LITTLE HERO.

How Pugsley Got a Good Job in the Engine Room.

Rugby, told about in Harper's Round Table, was black, and it would have been a difficult matter to discern him in the dark tunnel of the mine were it not for the little flickering lamp he carried, and his occasional "Go long there, Lazbyones!" that he addressed to his patient mule. Rugby drove a tramcar through the tunnels of a coal-mine and all his little life was wrapped up in the mule, the miners, and the click of their picks. But Rugby is a hero, and the way he became one is best told as he describes it.

"You see, boys, it wuz jes like this. De mule an' I wuz er workin' up toward de upper gallery on de steep grade when Ise herd a rumblin'. Ise knew what dat meant. One of dem trams had slipped de brake, an' wuz er comin' down de grade mighty fast. Tell yer boss, Ise wuz er scared little nigger. Way down de grade, in de narrow part, der wuz er lot er men widin' de tunnel, an' Ise knew de car would be on dem befo' dey could out de way. Ise hit ol' Lazbyones er smash wid de whip, an' he'd be'd dat wuz funny! He neber let it dat way befo', yer see. He giv an awmighty kick, an' started pullin' like mad. Yer see, der wuz a swear er blind sidin' ran off er. If Ise could der befo' der tram got der, Ise could throw de switch an' send her plum into de wall at de end of de sidin'. But, boss, Ise mos' frightened; dat rumblin' was growin' louder an' louder, an' Ise spect dat Ise would be too late. Ise could see it er comin', an' ol' Lazbyones saw it, an' he done gone an' balked, a thing he neber done befo'. Ise jumped off de car an' ran as fast as Ise could to de switch. It wuz stiff, an' Ise tugged at it till de car wuz on me. Ise felt a smash an' Ise knew de switch turned but somethin' hit me. Say, boss, when Ise come to de whay had me up de surface an' all de whole crowd er miners wuz up dere too. Dey chered like dey does 'lection-time. I wuz hurt bad, but Ise been a hero ober sence, an' de foreman gib me a job up here in de engine-room."

## Origin of the Word "Teetotaler."

The late Rev. Joel Jewell, of Troy, Pennsylvania, is said to have originated the word "teetotaler." The story goes that at a public temperance meeting in Hector, New York, in 1828, he introduced into the pledge the letters "O. P." for 'old pledge,' which pledged against distilled liquors, and "T." for 'total,' including both distilled and fermented liquors. When names were being taken a young man in the gallery, said: "Add my name and a 'T.' for I am a 'Teetotaler.'" Mr. Jewell adopted the word in speeches and writings. Some four years later an Englishman named Dick Turner employed the word, and its origin has also been claimed for him.

## Between Two Fires.

Friend—Why didn't you ever marry? Maiden Lady—Because by the time my relations thought I was old enough to marry the man thought I was too old.

## UPON STAYING FROM CHURCH.

Sunday as a Day of Rest and Obstacles in the Way of Churchgoing.

If some one would write a book on "How to Get People to Go to Church" it would fill a great want. Not such a very long felt one, perhaps, but one which is steadily growing. The chances are that it would find its way to the shelves of almost every ministerial library in New York—provided its advice was guaranteed to bring success. Churchgoing is on the decrease and, quite naturally, the ministers realize the fact more deeply than any one else does. But the people who don't go to church realize it, too. They used to be made to feel that they were ostracized by a certain portion of the community. They feel this no longer. There are too many of them. One can't ostracize everybody. There even seems to be a falling off in the desire to regard them as beyond hope of redemption. Staying at home on Sunday is not looked upon nowadays as one of the cardinal sins. That was the reply made to a Sun reporter the other day when he asked one of the army of absentees why he didn't go to church.

"After all, there isn't any eleventh commandment, is there?" said the stay away. "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to go to church" might have been put in the Decalogue; but, you see, it wasn't! If it had been put that way we couldn't have followed the latter part, in my opinion, at any rate, without taking another day for a day of rest. Why do you call the churchgoers' Sunday 'a day of rest'? I know the whole programme. Get up in the morning and have breakfast; spend an hour in dressing, for it is the day for putting on new suits and all that sort of thing; take a long street car ride or walk to church; get a headache from the bad air or a cold from the draught or a backache from the seats; perhaps you hear a good sermon; yes! but you could have read something much more uplifting and inspiring at home. You have left the children there because they cannot sit through the service, and they are to go to Sunday school in the afternoon.

"You get home just in time for dinner, which has to be rushed a little so that the children won't be late. Maybe you go yourself to Sunday school, and so you take them along with you and have a glimpse of them on the way. Then they go into their classes to pinch each other and fidget, while you teach your own pinching and fidgeting class. Or perhaps you enter the Bible class and get into a heated argument on some theological question, and at the close of the hour you are tired and nervous you hate yourself and your neighbor, too. You reach home after a little walk. It is after 4 o'clock. You always write to your mother, or your married sister, or some inevitable relative on Sunday, so you take this time for that duty. From 5 to 6 you have a comparatively free hour. Then come the Sunday night supper, which your wife prepares because the servants are allowed to go after dinner. Possibly at 7 o'clock you turn up at church again, ready for the Christian Endeavor meeting, and after that comes the evening service. Your wife has stayed at home with the children. When you get home the youngsters are in bed and asleep, and your wife is sleepy herself. You say, 'Well, I must get up early in the morning, and I'm awfully tired tonight!' so off you go to bed, and that's the end of your 'day of rest'."

"Now, isn't that a beautiful programme? I'd rather be a cyclist and literally scorch along the hot and dusty streets, with at least the prospect of a few hours with good Parson Greenfields and the hope of a healthy night's rest, the end of the day, than pass such a day of rest."

"But you needn't go from one extreme to the other. Why can't you go to church at least once during the day?"

"Well, why don't you?"

"Because of one thing this Sunday, and another thing last Sunday, and something else the Sunday before. You don't suppose my life has no variety? I've almost as many reasons as there are Sundays. In the first place Sunday doesn't come in the right place in the week. If Sunday came on Monday, I think I should hear a sermon every week. I like a good sermon, especially when it coincides with a good preacher, which isn't as often as one could wish. But anybody that has done a yort of brain work all the week long in no condition to go to church and sit through a sermon Sunday morning, unless, of course, he absolutely wants to. But after my Sunday rest and change, why I'm just ripe for church when Monday morning comes. I wouldn't like anything better than an hour and a half of the quiet and the music and the good preaching. The hush and sort of primness of it all would be restful on Monday morning, although they make me horribly nervous on Sunday. No, things ought to be moved. Sunday ought to come on Monday."

"You mean that you would like a holiday Saturday for recreation and then you would be willing to go to church on Sunday?"

"Oh, put that way if you prefer! It's all the same thing! I suppose I should go to church oftener if there was a minister near me that I enjoyed hearing. It is all right to say that you ought to go to church to show respect to God, not to the preacher. I take a different view of the matter. I think that if a minister is tedious, irritating, fatiguing, I am not bound by any law of God to go and 'sit under him' once a week. Also, if the minister who does inspire me and help me is so far away that it tires me and takes half of my one hour day, on which the Lord did command me to rest, to go to hear him. I think it is my duty to stay away."

"But don't you do other things that tire you as much or more?"

"Perhaps I do sometimes, but not often. For instance, I sit all week with my brain—such as it is. Well, then, I think I am doing a good thing 'and' worthy to be praised (you see I have forgotten every-

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thing about a church service) in going for a long tramp in the country or the park. If I get all tired out physically, so much the better! I sleep like a top. I forget to add interminable columns of figures and calculate discounts and compare signatures. I have rested in the very best way for me. Perhaps the man who corrects gas bills or peddles shoestrings may prefer to sit down by the window and 'loaf and invite his soul.' That's probably what he needs, better reason for his having it. Of course, I don't think it would hurt him to go to church once in a while, but I reckon he'll have to work out his own salvation, and I don't think church going would do the whole job.

## THE TRIUMPHANT TRIO

The Three Great South American Remedies—Absolute Cures for Kidney, Rheumatic and Stomach Diseases—Thousands of Grateful Citizens All Over Canada Bear Testimony.

Not one medicine doing the work of the other, but each doing its own work, without a single failure. The keynote of the success of the South American Remedies is that they strike at the seat of disease in every case.

Take South American Kidney Cure. It is not a medicine that trifles with the patient, as is done in many cases where pills and powders are prescribed. Kidney disease arises from the clogging of the filter-like parts of the system that constitute the kidneys. Only a liquid can dissolve these obstructions, and such is South American Kidney Cure. Adam Soper, of Burke's Falls, Ont., suffered terribly from kidney disease, and treated with the most skilled physicians. His words are: "I did not obtain any relief until South American Kidney Cure was used. It fitted my case exactly, giving immediate relief. I am now a cured man, and believe one bottle of the remedy will convince any one of its great work."

Many false notions exist in regard to rheumatism. Outside applications may temporarily relieve the pain, but the blood must be purified if a permanent cure is to be effected. This is what South American Rheumatic Cure does. Mrs. Phillips, of Hamilton, was completely crippled with rheumatism. She procured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure, and says: "It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers of the disease."

## THAT MASTERFUL YANKEE.

The writings of Mark Twain are full of instruction as well as humour. Possibly you have read that wonderful story of his called 'A Yankee at King Arthur's Court.' The hero is a skilled mechanic, the foreman of a great factory in America. He is accidentally killed, as we would say; but, instead of getting his body deposited in the grave, as happens to the most of us, he comes to life again, and finds himself at the Court of King Arthur in England in the sixth century, 1300 years before he was born. That was a time of deep ignorance and superstition; people were but children then. So with his knowledge and his nineteenth century training he soon becomes master of everybody and everything. He controls the government and runs the whole country—exactly as a college professor would be superior to all the children if he should take it into his head to join a class at a parish school. Now let us see what this idea may mean to you or to me.

In the autumn of 1873 Mr. James Murphy of 49, Townsend Street, Dublin, had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, and was under treatment at the St. Patrick's Hospital for three months. Then he left the hospital, but not the man he was bet to the disease fell upon him. Afterward he was never free from it. For a while he could be comparatively well, then down on his back again. It would depend on the weather and other circumstances, you see.

Of his worst times he speaks in this way: "My ankles and feet were hot and painful, and would often swell to three or four times their natural size. Occasionally the pain extended to the hips, and I had to be swathed in wadding from the thighs down to the ankles. In this way—now able to get about at all now confined to my bed—I suffered for over seventeen years. The joints of my fingers and toes became displaced, or so mild to be so."

We don't need to point out what a cripple this sort of thing makes of a man. If he were wounded and torn in battle or by machinery he couldn't be disabled off. Yet the number of people thus worse is immense, and while rheumatism is peculiarly the disease of adults and old persons, the young (even children) do not escape it. If the disease were only understood—but let us not get ahead of our story.

"At Christmas, 1890," continues Mr. Murphy, "I had a dreadful attack, and was confined to bed for seventeen weeks."

This took him clear through the rest of the winter and one month of spring up to the first of May. What a dreary, miserable season it must have been! There is no merry Christmas or jolly coming of the buds on the trees for a man in that situation. Still it might have been prevented if he had known then what he found out later.

"All this time," he goes on, "I was in the greatest agony. I couldn't move myself in bed, and finally got so bad I couldn't lift my hand to my mouth, and had to be fed like a baby. Night after night I got no sleep, and often wished myself dead. As for work, I thought I should never do a stroke again. The doctor who attended me gave me medicines, but I seemed none the better for them. I had long since lost all faith in rubbing oils and embrocations; I had spent pounds for them without benefit."

"One day, whilst still suffering great pain, I came upon a book telling how cases like mine had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Not knowing what else to do I bought a bottle of Mr. Mannin, the chemist in Brunswick Street. After taking this medicine a day or two I had less pain, and was able to leave my bed, and fourteen days later I had not an ache or a pain of any kind, and got back to my work. Since that time—now two and a half years ago—I have had no return of my old complaint. I never felt better in my life than I do now and I thank God that I ever heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup. You are at liberty to publish my statement. I have been in the employment of Mr. Robinson, coal merchant, for the past ten years. Yours truly (Signed), James Murphy, Dublin, June 23rd, 1893."

The mysterious American at King Arthur's Court was powerful because of his knowing what nobody else knew. Had Mr. Murphy known years before that rheumatism is caused by impurity of the blood, and that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cures it, he could have defied and banished that agonizing ailment. We print these facts in order that his present knowledge may also be everybody's knowledge.



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CHAPTER IV.—Hugh Gilbert and Belle... CHAPTER V.—Lady Stanmore comes to Brighton...

CHAPTER VI.—Lady Stanmore thinks over the situation... CHAPTER VII.—Lady Stanmore becomes jealous of the Dick...

CHAPTER VIII.—Belle's diary continued... CHAPTER IX.—Lady Stanmore destroys a letter...

CHAPTER X.—Belle is convalescent... CHAPTER XI.—Belle is convalescent... CHAPTER XII.—Belle is convalescent...

CHAPTER XIII.—Belle is convalescent... CHAPTER XIV.—Belle is convalescent... CHAPTER XV.—Belle is convalescent...

CHAPTER XVI.—Belle is convalescent... CHAPTER XVII.—Belle is convalescent... CHAPTER XVIII.—Belle is convalescent...

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued)... CHAPTER XX.—(Continued)... CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued)...

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued)... CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued)... CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued)...

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued)... CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued)... CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued)...

on the grass, where it had fallen from Dick... received Lady Stanmore's message of inquiry...

"No, I will go to the stables," he said... "And you will leave Hurst for a little while?"

"Yes, I will go away—do not quite forget me," he said... "I left her before she could make any reply..."

"Poor fellow, he really cares for me," she thought... "I think you had better go away for a few minutes..."

"I think you had better go away for a few minutes," he said... "I think you had better go away for a few minutes..."

"I think you had better go away for a few minutes," he said... "I think you had better go away for a few minutes..."

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dear, you did, you know? "I certainly did not. He admired me. I believe—in fact, he asked me to marry him before I married Stanmore, but I never made any pretence to him that I cared for him, and I certainly did not."

"I don't think Jack thinks you either did or do. But, Belle, my dear, I am going to speak very gravely to you. He—Jack—as good as said to me last night that you care for no one. Now, is this true?"

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