

# PROGRESS

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 13 1900

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## INDIANTOWN FIRE MONEY.

A Whole Lot of Fire Sufferers are Kicking About the Way That Last \$5,000 was Divided.

Ever since the fire sufferers of Indian town answered the summons to attend the relief money distribution at Mr. James Reynolds's office on August 2nd there has been a turbulent sea of indignation among most of them. The alleged unfairness displayed in sharing the funds and seeming partiality has brought forth everything else but expressions of satisfaction from many of the victims of that May catastrophe of last year, while on the other hand not a few are as mum as oysters, and quite content with the generous allowance made them by the dispensing committee.

Pretty nearly everybody is familiar with the facts concerning the agitation brought about by certain members of the Common Council to have at least some of the relief money of 1877 withdrawn from that big fund for disbursement among the needy ones of Indian town. The efforts of D. J. Purdy M. P. P., Ald. Macrae, McMulkin and others in this direction were strenuous and ultimately successful. The government allowed that five thousand dollars could be very well taken from the Relief Society Fund, and divided equitably among those who lost by the more recent big blaze. That this money was equitably divided is the question in point, a whole host of fire sufferers claiming it was very unfairly disbursed.

The committee selected to dispense the aid was composed of Messrs. C. A. Everett, Jas. Reynolds, Dr. Inches, Ald. McMulkin and Judge Tuck, and it is upon the devoted heads of these gentlemen the censure of the Indian town people is falling. Ald. McMulkin, being the representative of the fire-swept ward, and supposed to have prepared the list of needy ones, comes in for lion's share of the criticisms, which however some claim is unfair. Nevertheless the people are thoroughly aroused, and apparently the more they talk the matter over among themselves, and as additional facts are gleaned, the greater grows their indignation.

Among townspeople generally, but particularly those immediately interested, it was taken for granted the supplementary distribution of aid was for those who were really in need, having sustained serious losses in the fire, and who had not yet recovered from the set-back. This included old and indigent people, widows, inviolated citizens, etc. In view of this quite a number of burnt-out folk sent in no application for money whatever. Now they are kicking themselves, so to speak, for since the distribution it is learned that rich and poor alike made application, those who might be termed rich coming out the big end of the horn, while their worse-off neighbours, and greater sufferers by the big blaze have had to be content with the smallest sums given.

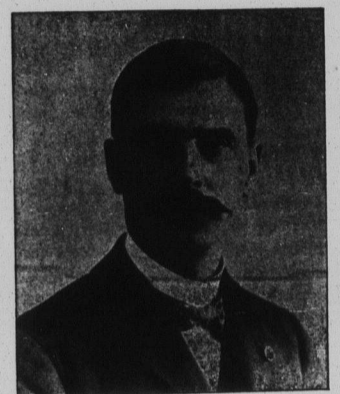
According to the discontented ones it seems as if the distributing committee arranged their list of money grants according to the prominence of the recipient, or in other words, the better known people were pampered with large sums, while the quiet living and obscure sufferers were meted out in tiny dribbles. Then again it is a notorious fact that those having liberal insurance were considered just as worthy of attention at the hands of the committee as those who were unfortunate enough to be robbed of their home and chattels without a cent of insurance to give them a start again after the blaze.

In many cases the committee seem to have displayed the wildest kind of discrimination in allotting the money, giving equal shares to persons whose fortunes were entirely different after the conflagration. One person with ample insurance to cover losses would receive the same amount as a citizen losing all with no insurance. Many were sent off without a dollar's insurance or no insurance, and this too seems very strange to many people.

It is said that 223 fire sufferers made application for relief to the committee entrusted with the disposition of the Relief Society's \$5000. If each applicant had received an equal share that amount would have been something over 22 dollars, but a large percentage of the needy ones were handed over a miserly to

dollar bill, while people who could buy and sell them a half dozen times over received four, five, six and seven times ten dollars. Naturally enough this sort of dealing caused a furore.

The money subscribed for the St. John



C. B. ALLAN.

Grand Master of the Independent Order of Oddfellows for the Maritime Provinces: Elected at a recent Convention held in Halifax.

fire sufferers years ago by kind friends all over the world and which has since been in the care of the Relief and Aid Society was supposed to have been given for the benefit of those who were in need, persons actually in want of prompt monetary assistance in order that the necessities of life might be provided. In abstracting the five thousand dollars from this fund for the Indian town people the same idea must surely have prompted those instrumental in securing it. But if report is to be believed, and report is pretty general in this particular, needy persons in the other end of town have been most unfairly dealt with, when compared with those who are not feeling the effects of the devastating fire of a year ago.

As a matter of fact not a few residents in Indian town are in a better financial position today than they ever were before the fire. The ready cash afforded them by insurance made it possible for them to build homes of their own, and stock up anew with furniture etc. But those who found it hard enough to make both ends meet before the fire, let alone indulging in such luxuries as fire insurance policies, are now being bowed down with the burden imposed by the consuming flames. Homes have had to be reared anew, and furnishings gathered about piece by piece in a struggling manner. Ready cash had they none, and some stood in all they owned after that fatal blaze—a few work day-clothes, while their neighbors cheerful and buoyant in spirits tripped merrily to the banks to get their insurance cheques cashed.

And yet these more unfortunate ones were largely dismissed with such sums as \$10, \$15, \$20 or \$25, the monied burnt-outs being tendered \$30, \$40, \$50, \$60 and as high as \$70.

PROGRESS was refused a look at the list of applicants and their allowances, the reason given for the refusal being that it has been pre-arranged by the committee not to allow the list to become public, as some persons might be undesirable of having others know that they had applied for relief, and as to what they received.

It can be seen this excuse was in its itself of a flimsy character, for PROGRESS has learned that the list was shown to outsiders. Nevertheless requests have been so showered upon this paper to print even an unofficial list that an endeavor has been made to get at some of the names and bequests. The following was learned and while a few discrepancies may be found among the amounts here quoted, on the whole the list is pretty nearly correct:

| Name          | Insurance | Loss  | Grant |
|---------------|-----------|-------|-------|
| J. Cowan      | None      | All   | \$15  |
| John Blizard  | None      | All   | \$30  |
| John Whisp    | Some      | All   | \$50  |
| Jas Hutchison | Some      | All   | None  |
| Arch Starkey  | \$50      | All   | None  |
| Thos Mc Cann  | ?         | All   | \$25  |
| O Akersley    | ?         | Part  | \$40  |
| Miss Coleman  | \$700     | All   | \$40  |
| John Smith    | ?         | All   | \$40  |
| Geo Graham    | \$1,000   | All   | \$50  |
| Robt Burke    | None      | All   | \$10  |
| Jas Chas      | Some      | All   | \$10  |
| Widow Stevens | None      | All   | \$15  |
| Miss Waters   | None      | All   | \$25  |
| Miss Waters   | \$500     | All   | \$50  |
| Mrs Andrews   | ?         | Part  | \$30  |
| Mrs Barry     | Good      | Part  | \$30  |
| Mrs Mason     | ?         | All   | \$40  |
| Mrs Kingston  | \$500     | All   | \$40  |
| Dennis Lynch  | \$500     | All   | \$40  |
| Ed Fisher     | Some      | Stock | \$40  |
| Widow Dalton  | None      | All   | None  |

Commenting upon the above unofficial list it might be stated that Warren Coleman is an old man unable to work. John Blizard is 80 years of age and was badly burned in the fire. Jas. Hutchison, Bertha Brown and Arch Starkey made no application, thinking the money was for the real needy ones. The widow McCann is an invalid. The question marks stand for indefinite information.

Rough on the Sky Pilot.

HALIFAX, Aug. 15.—The Halifax Echo caused a great sensation last week by the publication of a paragraph about the marriage of a reverend gentleman. The error,—a most amusing and laughable one,—was caused by the transposition of several lines of type in the make-up of the paper. An idea of the real effect of the mirth provoking transposition, can be gained from the paragraph as it appeared:

Among the passengers per the steamer Boston yesterday morning were Rev. and Mrs. W. Alvin Robbins, who were married last Thursday at Batavia, New York. Mr. Robbins is the only son of Mrs. Chas. K. Robbins, of Chebogue Point, and recently graduated with honors at Bates College, Maine, and his wife is Miss Fannie Starkey of Batavia, New York. They were met at the wharf by a number of relatives at Frinkney's Point last Thursday night and became a total wreck. A port was by the cable chafing against the rocks on the bottom causing it to break.

Sportsmen Beware.

Already a few venturesome sportsmen, over anxious for the shooting season to open have banged away at the snipe on Courtney Bay flats. Its well for them the flats are so far from the gaze of the law defenders and that a chase in the mud would be of great advantage to the man with the gun, for as snipe are late several would have long since been arrested and asked to answer the charge of killing game out of season. Sept. 1st is the earliest day for shooting the tiny snipe and Sept. 20th for woodcock and partridge.

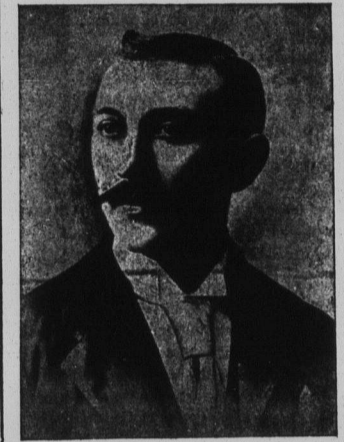
## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—Indiantown Fire Money—how it was distributed.
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- PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic. Choice Selections.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, Joys and Woes of Other Places. Poetry. Sunday observance and its different phases. The law quoted. The Central railway accident. The Whittaker sentence. A word about the exhibition. The King Square band stand. Inspector Vincent and the License Law.
- PAGE 5.—Nearly three columns of bright new personal paragraphs. All the weddings of the week too.
- PAGES 6, 7 and 8.—Personal items from all the cities, towns and villages in the three provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Town Talks including: To Save the Lives of Brakemen. Fitz a Popular Hero in St. John. Worthy of a Better Conversation. An anti-Noise Crusade in St. John. That Union Street Flying Machine. She Walked on the Pavement.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—Conclusion of serial story, "When Stormy Winds Do Blow."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading.
- PAGE 12.—How Shanghai was Stirred Up.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boudoir—fashion notes etc.
- PAGE 14.—Another of Dr. Klopsch's Famous Indian Famine Letters.
- PAGE 15.—Fort Bob Cap—A pleasing short fiction. Births, deaths and marriages of the week in the three provinces.

## HUNGRY CHORUS GIRLS.

The Very Little Faust Maidens Were Great Eaters—How a Young Citizen Found Them.

During their stay in town the Very Little Faust company entertained a small sized army of people—both on and off the stage. The show was of that breezy effervescent nature, which is just the thing for hot summer nights, and coming direct from



FRANK S. MERRITT.

Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of New Brunswick: Elected at the Convention held this week in Woodstock.

Boston's breeziest theatre the sixty members of the aggregation were crumpled of Americanisms, and needless to say anything they said or did "went".

It is seldom the St. John mashers are treated to such a thoroughly good-looking and truly juvenile bevy of chorus girls as came with the travesty company. They acted sang and danced themselves in the favor of these gay Lotharios long before a chance was afforded to see if their hair was really real, and their faces naturally pretty. But after the curtain went down on the last act and these dainty bits of feminine humanity tripped forth from their dressing rooms in two, three and quartettes the Johnnies were right on hand for any kind of an introduction, verbal, ocular, aural or by signs. In other words they hung about the darkened doorways on Union street and tried their best to accompany the girls to their homes. Those whose hearts were less faint "caught on," while the others had to be content with standing by and looking "sheep's eyes" at the chic Yankee as they flitted by.

There were more than enough chorus girls to go round, so several of them had to wander to their boarding houses in little groups unescorted. On Wednesday evening four of these lonesome ones were humming their way to their abode on Peter street when a well known young citizen came along. He had no particular taste for the company of chorus girls just then, as he was coming from the home of the fair charmer he calls all his own. But his affections were abruptly switched off onto another track.

"Excuse me sir," cooly ventured the prettiest girl in the bunch, "but can you tell us where we can find a restaurant about here? We're so hungry after that tiresome show!"

The young citizen did not take long in guessing who his fair questioners were, and with all the gallantry he could mustered piloted them to a Charlotte street eating establishment.

From Waterloo street to Charlotte was more than enough of a walk with the chorus girls to completely win him over. They talked so sweet, smiled so divinely and used their eyes and tossed their heads so effectively that the staid young citizen was completely captured. And it was his first experience with chorus girls too.

But, tut, he would not hear of their going into the restaurant alone; if his company was not intrusive. Of course the young ladies had no objection to his eating with them, and so the least commenced.

Cold chicken, steaks, pastry, drinkables, fruit, in fact everything or anything the girls wanted they could have. The young man was in the jolliest of moods and the girls just loved him to death as long as his generosity kept on tap. One would have thought the fragile creatures, would be possessed of dainty appetites, but they

were't.

So a slip came in from the office with \$6.30 marked on it, and the young man's face lengthened. While he was paying the bill his charmers skipped merrily away.

Some others of the chorus did not fare so well. Their dudes were a little short of cash, so they brought up in the lunch wagon on Market street for refreshments.

In Halifax too the chorus girls indulged in a lot of free eating and drinking. A party of commercial men, stopping at one of the hotels heard that several of little Faustens were roomed in No. 41, while their apartment was No. 32. When the boy called at their door to take their order for liquid refreshment they told him to call at No. 41 and ask the ladies to have some refreshment with several gentlemen in No. 32.

"Oh thanks," cried the girls "bring us up four pints of champagne."

The drummers nearly dropped dead for it just cost them eight dollars.

AMELIA WASN'T ARRESTED.

She Goes to the Police Court When She Gets Good and Ready.

The following expressive letter bears truth on the face of it. PROGRESS is glad to print it because it will give the public an idea of what an eyesore Sheffield street is to a city like St. John. There is a great deal of traffic to and from the exhibition grounds and the street should be cleared of the human trash that infest it.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I would like to know how it is that on Sunday when the Artillery regiment was coming out of the Barrack Green to go to church, Amelia Francis was out on Sheffield street tearing the clothes off Minnie Campbell and using some of the most disgraceful language that any human ears ever heard and at that very moment Carmarthen stood at the corner of Sheffield was crowded with men, women and children from the respectable parts of the city to witness this disgraceful scene. Sergeant Campbell put in an appearance and caught the last odor of that most sacred music of Mrs. Francis. Instead of him going and arresting her he merely went to her house and held a private conversation with her. That same afternoon Amelia Francis again got out on the street and insulted an up town lady that was passing through the street by the name of Mrs. Morrison by throwing stones and using some more of her delightful language. That was told to Sergeant Kilpatrick and he reported her for throwing stones and using abusive language. Sergeant Campbell told her on Monday to be at the court Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. He also ordered several of the respectable people who saw and heard Amelia Francis to appear as witnesses against her. They were all in court except Amelia and she was racing up and down Sheffield street saying that she did not have to go to court when Henderson and Ritchie ordered her, that she would go when she got ready, and when she would go Sergeant Campbell would get her out, and sure enough she did not go until the afternoon and all the witnesses were gone and she was ordered home. If it had been anyone else barring Nell Mitchell and Amelia Francis and Lottie Hornet, three of the most noted characters of that street, they would have been dragged to the court before eleven o'clock Tuesday morning and would have been justly punished. These three women constantly get intoxicated and abuse respectable citizens when passing through the street. If these three women were off that street the street would be ten times better.

A LOWER COVE RESIDENT.

August 14.

Died in the Lunatic Asylum.

Some time ago PROGRESS printed an interesting story of the Salvation Army rescue home and the maternity hospital work that was being done mentioning in that connection the reformation of a well known woman, Grace Walker. For some time her mind appeared to be weak but she was a constant and devoted attendant upon the children. This did not continue however and it became necessary to remove her to the provincial lunatic asylum where she died a week or two ago.

West, 61.  
Fryer, 66.  
Kilgus, 71.  
Kellie, 71.  
Greenwood, 46.  
E. Sworth, 61.  
Amos Fountain.  
Chapman, 88.  
A. Ross, 7.  
Gould, 8.  
Armstrong, 66.  
Edey, 91.  
James Gorman, 23.  
A. Lawson.  
George Dunn.  
E. Armstrong, 65.  
D. Grant, 4 mos.  
Girouard, 10 mos.  
Alex P. Nevers, 81.  
Ross Murray, 82.  
James McKenzie, 82.  
Laurie Burgess, 37.  
Elizabeth Phillips, 62.  
Charles Theriault, 64.  
Sam B. Stewart, 78.  
Susan Murray, 27.  
Denise Campbell, 69.  
John Young, 22.  
Allan McRae, 62.  
Stephen McInnis, 62.  
Edith M. McKinnon, 64.  
Mrs. Thomas Seaman, 64.  
Mrs. John Wilkie.  
William Taylor, 10.

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D. P. A. C. F. R.  
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of this railway will

Prince Rupert.  
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daily arrive at Digby.  
daily at 2.00 p. m.

TRAINS

Yarmouth 12.35 p. m.  
Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.  
arr. Digby 11.25 a. m.  
Y. Halifax 8.20 a. m.  
arr. Digby 8.30 a. m.  
Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

YENOSE.

Yarmouth 4.00 p. m.  
Halifax 3.15 p. m.

ND PRINCE GEORGE

STATION SERVICE.

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AVE ST. JOHN

Yarmouth 6.30  
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15.00

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AT ST. JOHN

Halifax, 6.00  
7.15  
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9.45  
11.00  
12.15  
13.30  
14.45  
16.00

Eastern Standard time

4 FOSTERINGER,  
Gen. Manager  
St. John, N. B.



"Flatfoot" Rifle Corps.

H. Price Webber Writes Amusingly of the St. John Militia of Bye-Gone Days.

The bravery of our Canadian Contingent in South Africa has been variously written about and commented upon, and I have been asked to relate some circumstances connected with the time when all the citizens of St. John were summoned for duty as members of the militia.

In pursuance to notice we were ordered to report for duty on an evening in the early summer, and were politely informed no excuses would be taken for absence from duty.

Behold us, then, drawn up in line on the barrack green and ready to show that we were, indeed, the "bravest of the brave." Our captain was a well known auctioneer of the city, long since gathered to his fathers fathers and he was very good tempered and good natured but both qualities were sorely tried by the members of his company.

The next man to me in the ranks was Chas Lafferty, then a barber of the city, and now doing a good business in the same line in Summerside, P. E. I. On the other side of me stood Thomas Lawson, who displayed considerable wit during the inspection.

Somebody had called us the "Flatfoots,"—why I do not know; and the nickname always clung to us.

The gallant captain, who was on horseback, proceeded to give us a short address as to what was expected of us, and said:

"You have been called upon to report for duty, and are here to show your devotion to your country."

"You are wrong," said a voice in the rear; "we are here because we can't help it."

"Silence in the ranks," thundered the captain. "Fall in!"

There was a large ditch right in front of where I was standing, and just as the captain said "Fall in," somebody in the rear rank gave me a push, and over I went into the ditch.

"Save him! save him!" cried out the whole party.

Charlie Lafferty did not exactly hear what was shouted and thinking of his business said:

"Shave him? certainly. Next!"

A roar of laughter greeted this sally. I scrambled out of the ditch covered with mud, and feeling pretty cheap.

The captain turned his lightning glance on me, and said:

"Boy, what are you doing? What are you about?"

Before I could say a word, Tom Lawson answered:

"He is obeying orders—he fell in!"

A perfect yell of approval broke from the crowd at this clever reply.

The captain resumed his remarks after order had been restored.

"Members of the St. John militia," he said, "your promptness in complying with the command of the government shows clearly and conclusively that you are worthy of especial encouragement. Should the necessity arise for you to march forth to battle with any foe an aureole of glory will—"

Just as he got this far, voices in the rear shouted:

"Are you all done?"

"Any advance?"

"Give me a bid!"

"Do I hear any more?"

This tickled all hands as it was a favorite way our captain had of speaking when selling goods at auction.

The officer however did not like these animadversions on his calling, for he replied:

"No remarks, please. Order! order!"

Just then some very ingenious individual actuated by the laudable desire of seeing whether the captain's charger was a rapid steed, tied a bunch of thistles to the animal's tail.

The horse grew restive, and all of a sudden made a bolt for the barrack gate, and went up Wentworth street, never stopping till he got to the top of the hill.

As the horse started somebody shouted: "Going!—going!"

And as the captain cleared the gate. "Gone!" said Tom Lawson.

After our officer's somewhat abrupt departure, a consultation was held to determine which branch of the service we belonged to—cavalry, artillery, infantry, sappers and miners, or the military train.

"For my part," said Tom Lawson, "I know very little about cavalry, artillery, infantry, sappers and miners, military train, sea fencibles, land fencibles, horse marine, or foot marine. But put me behind the big drum! There's where I live!"

The arguments were numerous and varied as to where we belonged, when a gruff voice shouted:

"Boys, the canteen is open!"

A mad rush was at once made for that interesting quarter, all doubts were dispelled—we knew where we belonged.

The martial spirit was thoroughly aroused and army songs were sung.

One of the patriotic ballads then in vogue was "The Soldier's Tear," the first verse of which was as follows:

"Upon the hill he stood To take a last sad look Of the valley and the village church, The cottage by the brook; Old sights and sounds came o'er him Familiar to his ear; The soldier leant upon his sword And wiped away a tear."

A new version of the above was sung by one of the members of the militia, and was a clever parody:

"Behind the door he stood, A tumbler in his hand, And calmly he surveyed the wood, And looked upon the sand; Old sights and sounds came o'er him Familiar to his ear, The soldier leant upon his sword, And then—drank up his beer!"

A furor of applause was given this song and it was fully deserved.

Charles Lafferty warbled very sweetly. "My native land— My fatherland— How sweet to die for thee!"

In the meantime the gallant captain had returned, and as I was walking up and down, on guard the sole representative, of the Flatfoots he accosted me and said:

"Where are the troops?"

I pointed to the barracks and he went in.

The lamps had been lit, as it was now dark, but as there appeared to be a lack of oil all had gone out but one, and as the officer entered he was greeted with the following ditty which was being sung by one of the company, and was a clever parody on the "Last Rose of Summer."

"The last lamp on the table Let burn alone; All it's oily companions Have burnt out and gone, I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To go out in smoke; Since the rest are in darkness Why you must be broke!"

The captain gazed around—his indignation knew no bounds.

"I will cashier every one of you," he said.

"Can't do it," said a member; "you can only cashier the officers, and we are simply privates."

"Then I'll fine you," said the captain.

"Well," remarked Tom Lawson, "he may cashier the officers, but he can't fine us for"—producing an empty pocket book, "there is no cash here!"

A perfect yell of delight greeted this remark.

Somebody then shouted: "Fall in! Form fours! By your right. Quick, march!"

All hands then paraded round the barrack green, singing at the top of their voices, the following words, to the tune of the "British Grenadiers."

"Hurrah my boys! We'll give it them Until they want for no more; We are the boys to do the work, The Flat-foot Rifle Corps!"

"And this said the captain, as he gazed sadly after us, 'this is glory! This it is to be a soldier!'"

H. PRICE WEBBER.

Keeping Nothing From Him.

"And are you sure you love me with all your heart, and you never will deceive me in the slightest thing?"

He—Yes, darling, I love you, and I never will deceive you, and will you always tell me the truth and the whole truth, and never try to keep anything from me?"

She—G-orge, dearest, how can you ask it?"

"And then when he asked her how old she was, in order to put it in the marriage certificate [she made herself eight years younger than that she knew herself to be.

International Courtroom.

Polite Foreigner—"Mon ami. Es et so way to so you Mooseem Breetesh zat zoo can construct me."

First Rough—"Wot d' yer sie!"

Polite Frenchman—"Es et so way to so you Mooseem Breetesh zat zoo can construct me?"

Second Rough—"D' yer know wot 'e's a sieing of Bill?"

First Rough—"Blowed if I do!"

Second Rough—"Then why don't yer 'im scrot the mouth."

An Indian Summer Girl.

"What has come upon my daughter?" grunted the great chief. "She is like a goose feather blown by the wind. One day she smiles upon the love of Foxtail, the soothsayer, and the next she frowns like the thunder cloud. How? Is he not great medicine?"

"Yes, father," replied the wilful maiden, whose education among the Eastern pale faces had been almost complete. "Therefore he should be well shaken before 'taking."

Damaging.

"I'll either beat him or bust him," said the candidate.

"It is a scheme of my own getting up, too."

"What is it?" asked the benchman.

"I've got a story about his sending a hundred dollar note to the parents of a kid named after him."

"Some men," remarked Uncle Eben, "has jes' enough activity in 'em to keep 'em 'fum bein' any good fob hitchin' pests."

Miraculous Escape.

A Fairville Young Lady Describes That Canoeing Accident at Grand Falls—One Drowned.

Miss Millie Bosence of Fairville has returned from an extended visit to Grand Falls, a visit which was greatly marred by the sad fatality which occurred on July 23, when Miss Bosence, Miss Bertie Dixon and Mr. E. D. Smith were paddling about in the river between the famous falls and a series of rapids some miles below. The bare fact that Miss Dixon found a watery grave upon this occasion has been stated in the papers, but Miss Bosence describes the accident and surrounding circumstances most vividly. For exciting moments, miraculous escapes and seemingly intervention of Providence, this canoeing party has seldom had its parallel in New Brunswick.

The jolly party of young folks never dreamed of the sad fate awaiting the jolliest of their number as they embarked in the frail canoe and launched out from the raft landing. The fourth member of their party, Mr. Simpson of St. John (west) refrained from entering the canoe, as he thought the fragile craft's capacity already taxed.

After paddling about in midstream for half an hour or so two of the party became conscious of the fact the canoe was drifting fast with the current in the opposite direction to the landing place Miss Dixon, who was an expert canoeist, knew this, although she had said nothing, but plied all the more laboriously with her paddle. Mr. Smith divined the course of her extra exertions and added more vigor to his paddle as well, daring not to frighten Miss Bosence with any remark as to the gravity of their situation.

Below but a short distance the dangerous rapids were seething, while far above could be heard the roar of the majestic falls. The night was pitchy dark and between the sheer and barren banks of the river the black ugly looking stream twisted and snarled itself into a thousand unfriendly eddies. The fire built by friends at the starting point grew smaller and dimmer, as the bark craft lost ground continually. All efforts to stem the tide seemed fruitless but Miss Dixon pluckily set the pace for Mr. Smith in struggling against it. All the while Miss Bosence sat innocently in the canoe, little thinking of the danger she was in until Mr. Smith, addressing his paddle mate said:

"Bertie don't you think we had better start straight for shore?"

His voice though calm and low was full of earnestness.

Without further word the canoe was headed straight for the shore. As luck would have it the front end of the craft struck a projecting rock and grounded, for

there was no beach whatever, simply a waste of boulder rock and rank underbrush.

"New jump for your life!" was Mr. Smith's startling command to Miss Bosence.

All hands jumped into the mass of rock and brush and managed to secure footing. Then the real seriousness of their situation while in the stream dawned upon them. They watched the unswerving tide in its terrible might and could hear quite distinctly the swish and swash of the fatal rapids below.

Climbing along the precipitous bank for a short distance they towed the canoe. Then all hands thought of re-entering it and running the risk of paddling back to the starting point. This they did, but the fight against the swift running water was a desperate one and disembarkation was necessary again. The canoe was towed along shore once more to a point within two hundred yards of the landing. Finally the party pushed the canoe into a quiet niche of a huge boulder near the shore and decided to get aboard again and have one more try at paddling to their destination up stream. Miss Bosence and Mr. Smith managed to get safely into the canoe, but in stepping aboard Miss Dixon lost her footing and fell headlong into the tide. She screamed for help and Mr. Smith jumped out on the shore again to try and catch her as she drifted past a certain point below, for the current had caught right hold of her.

Miss Bosence, the solitary occupant of the canoe was terror stricken. She thought of the rapids below and saw her friend only a few feet away drifting to her doom. With a frenzied cry she jumped deliberately into the river and face to face with Miss Dixon floated speedily down the stream. Neither of the young ladies could swim, but as with animal instinct they trod water thus keeping themselves partially above the tide. A side current swept Miss Bosence toward shore where she grasped an overhanging twig and was saved by Mr. Smith, but Miss Dixon drifted hopelessly on.

Both Mr. Smith and Miss Bosence ran along the shore to try and save their friend but all efforts were unavailing.

In jumping ashore Mr. Smith had fallen on his back upon a rock and was maimed, suffering great pain. With unusual heroism the Fairville young lady did her utmost to reach her drowning friend, who after her first cry had never uttered a sound. Miss Dixon sank in full view of Miss Bosence about a quarter of a mile from the spot where she fell overboard.

Then the sad return to the landing raft where Miss Dixon's mother was anxiously awaiting her return. That mother's cry of grief when the awful news was broken to her, and the gloom of all over the sad occurrence.

Several days were spent in a fruitless search for Miss Dixon's body, until a young Frenchman, who claimed to have dreamed the exact spot at which the body lay, grappled alone for it. He found it just where he said it was, and the funeral was one of the largest seen at Grand Falls, for many a year.

Miss Dixon was a beautiful specimen of healthy young womanhood, a well educated and very refined person. Her untimely death has called forth many regretful expressions, while Miss Bosence is receiving the serious congratulations of her friends on her miraculous escape.

An Unwelcome Change.

Old Friend—"Your husband used to be so rough and profane, and now he's so genteel and refined, and courtly, I hardly know him."

Mrs. Minks—"Yes, I've noticed the change. 'I'll bet a cookie he's got a typewriter girl in his office."

"No, I guess we'll not take the paper this year," said Mr. Medderrass to the editor of the Bayersville Clarion. "Maw hasn't had all the diseases the almanac gives symptoms of, an' it 'ud kind 'o worry her to try an' keep up with the medicine advertisements in your paper."

House agent—"Rush around to 12b Bark street, quick, and get last month's rent."

Bookkeeper—"What's up?"

Agent—"As I passed there this morning I heard a baby. There won't be any spare cash around that house for six weeks at least. I've had 'em myself."

"Have you no slight here that you show to visitors?" asked the stranger.

"Nothin' but buildin' sites," answered the native of the boom town.—"Baltimore American."



EXAMINING HER PRESENTS.

Miraculous Escape. A Fairville Young Lady Describes That Canoeing Accident at Grand Falls—One Drowned. There was no beach whatever, simply a waste of boulder rock and rank underbrush. "New jump for your life!" was Mr. Smith's startling command to Miss Bosence. All hands jumped into the mass of rock and brush and managed to secure footing. Then the real seriousness of their situation while in the stream dawned upon them. They watched the unswerving tide in its terrible might and could hear quite distinctly the swish and swash of the fatal rapids below. Climbing along the precipitous bank for a short distance they towed the canoe. Then all hands thought of re-entering it and running the risk of paddling back to the starting point. This they did, but the fight against the swift running water was a desperate one and disembarkation was necessary again. The canoe was towed along shore once more to a point within two hundred yards of the landing. Finally the party pushed the canoe into a quiet niche of a huge boulder near the shore and decided to get aboard again and have one more try at paddling to their destination up stream. Miss Bosence and Mr. Smith managed to get safely into the canoe, but in stepping aboard Miss Dixon lost her footing and fell headlong into the tide. She screamed for help and Mr. Smith jumped out on the shore again to try and catch her as she drifted past a certain point below, for the current had caught right hold of her. Miss Bosence, the solitary occupant of the canoe was terror stricken. She thought of the rapids below and saw her friend only a few feet away drifting to her doom. With a frenzied cry she jumped deliberately into the river and face to face with Miss Dixon floated speedily down the stream. Neither of the young ladies could swim, but as with animal instinct they trod water thus keeping themselves partially above the tide. A side current swept Miss Bosence toward shore where she grasped an overhanging twig and was saved by Mr. Smith, but Miss Dixon drifted hopelessly on. Both Mr. Smith and Miss Bosence ran along the shore to try and save their friend but all efforts were unavailing. In jumping ashore Mr. Smith had fallen on his back upon a rock and was maimed, suffering great pain. With unusual heroism the Fairville young lady did her utmost to reach her drowning friend, who after her first cry had never uttered a sound. Miss Dixon sank in full view of Miss Bosence about a quarter of a mile from the spot where she fell overboard. Then the sad return to the landing raft where Miss Dixon's mother was anxiously awaiting her return. That mother's cry of grief when the awful news was broken to her, and the gloom of all over the sad occurrence. Several days were spent in a fruitless search for Miss Dixon's body, until a young Frenchman, who claimed to have dreamed the exact spot at which the body lay, grappled alone for it. He found it just where he said it was, and the funeral was one of the largest seen at Grand Falls, for many a year. Miss Dixon was a beautiful specimen of healthy young womanhood, a well educated and very refined person. Her untimely death has called forth many regretful expressions, while Miss Bosence is receiving the serious congratulations of her friends on her miraculous escape. A bright spa Faust which oc four nights of houses. The p situations bright ariest music im The principa from the start CUTICURA RE and wholesome pleasure and ber and cleanse the torturing, disfig irritating, while SOAP cleanse the and gentle anoint ment soothe and and every where, and to every part, DEWE AND CHAM. CO.



Escape.

Canoeing Accident at ...

no beach whatever, simply a ...

along the precipitous bank for ...

Smith and Miss Bosence ran ...

where she fell overboard. ...

was a beautiful specimen of ...

Unwelcome Change. ...

Yes, I've noticed the ...

we'll not take the paper ...

Rush around to 126 Bark ...

might here that you show to visit ...

Music and The Drama

Church enjoyed a treat on ...

Francis Travers, recital will take ...

The London season of the Maurice ...

Frank Daniels season will begin on Aug. ...

Francis Wilson lately lectured on Eugene ...

The latest compositions by Louis ...

Charles L. Young is directing a series ...

Laura Millard, former prima donna with ...

Louis C. Haley a "rag time" composer ...

Essentially it is a syncope, a very ...

Katherine Florence will play Mary Bly ...

"Tom" Wise of pleasant memory has ...

The Christian has been produced for the ...

The rumor that Annie Yeamans has ...

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to a degree not often experienced here.

The chorus consisted of many pretty and ...

He and Mr. Hugh Chivers both have ...

Misses Condon and Gilroy were also ...

The Morrison Comedy company will play ...

Gorton's minstrels close a two night's ...

Edward B. Mawson has severed his con- ...

Also Mr. Fleming and Mr. Morrison. ...

Edna May has closed in London a con- ...

H. Percy Meldon has been re-engaged ...

In the Soup, a posthumous drama by ...

Sarah Bernhardt, Constant Coquelin, ...

Effie Ellsler has been engaged to play ...

Katherine Florence will play Mary Bly ...

"Tom" Wise of pleasant memory has ...

The Christian has been produced for the ...

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"Silver Plate that Wears."



For the Sideboard

We are showing a variety of pieces in ...

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., are always ...

the role of Mrs. Dooley in "The House ...

John Drew is the final choice for the ...

Claude Soares, author of "The Prisoner ...

Joseph Mayer, who for a long time im ...

Kyle Bellow is to have a stage built for ...

In the dramatic "Mr. Dooley" E. W. ...

Sarah Bernhardt's idea of a holiday is ...

Pierre Giniety is to revive next year at ...

J. K. Emmett and Lottie Gilson who ...

Frank Mills, the young American actor, ...

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Frank Mills, the young American actor, ...

succeeds Forbes Robertson. Mr. Mills ...

Joseph de Grasse who made a very fav- ...

Gerhart Hauptmann has not only earned ...

Martin Harvey, whose success in "The ...

According to newspaper reports, a rather ...

A story from Munich raises the delicate ...

The code prescribes (in effect) that before ...

man can consider himself an actor he must ...

only had one bit of love between them, ...

the result was that in spite of repeated ...

friendly and fatherly admonition on the ...

part of the manager, directly the young ...

opportunity he persisted in unconditionally ...

giving her a kiss. She claims damages. I ...

have a profound respect for illusions on ...

the stage, adds the correspondent, and I ...

hope that instead of having to appear be- ...

fore the judges the young actor who pro-

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fore the judges the young actor who pro-

fore the judges the young actor who pro-

tests his love for the lady will appear be-

fore the registrar.

One Use of Shopping.

The man who boasts that he can "do ...

He hung from a strap in the crowded ...

The man stifled a groan occasionally, ...

"And you have been shopping for more ...

"But, Tom, I know now exactly what I ...

And the men and women within hearing ...

Ruskin's First Lesson.

Mr. Ruskin, who wrote so many famous ...

"One evening," he says, "when I was yet ...

"So I touched it, and that was my first ...

Scadds—What's become of your pretty ...

Trayder—She and the bookkeeper both ...

Scadds—For good?

Trayder—No. 'For better, for worse, ...

I believe.

SPECIALTIES

Ladies' and Gentleman.

we can supply any specialties and novelties in ...

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1163, ...

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using ...

CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

They Have Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous ...

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, ...

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty ...

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL, ...

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A bright sparkling travesty is Very Little ...

The principals won popular appreciation ...

The principals won popular appreciation ...

The principals won popular appreciation ...

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The principals won popular appreciation ...



BABY LIKES IT

CUTICURA RESOLVENT is so pure, sweet, ...

Sold everywhere. Foreign depots: F. BROWN, ...

Sold everywhere. Foreign depots: F. BROWN, ...

Sold everywhere. Foreign depots: F. BROWN, ...

Sold everywhere. Foreign depots: F. BROWN, ...

Sold everywhere. Foreign depots: F. BROWN, ...

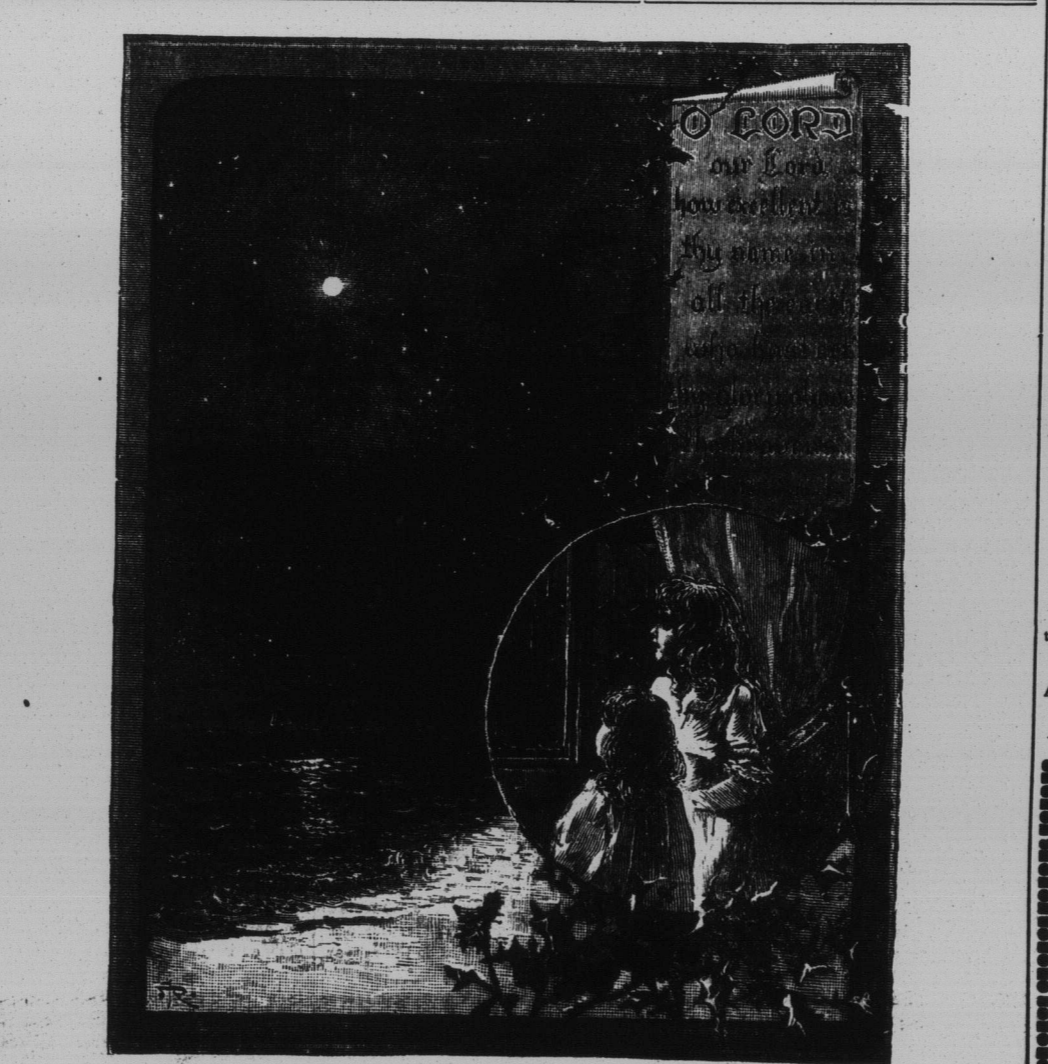
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Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.



PROGRESS.

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Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 13.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

INSPECTION IS NECESSARY.

There is no doubt there should be some investigation into the cause of the accident on the Central railway. From all that can be learned, an accident seemed to have been expected. The employees of the road dreaded crossing this bridge and even the management awakened to the fact that the structure was in an unsafe condition and was having a certain portion of it repaired. The question that must arise is: has the public no protection from unsafe railway bridges? Is there no law to have them inspected and kept in a condition satisfactory to some independent engineer appointed by the government. The federal and provincial governments are generous to railway enterprises; they give them large subsidies and should be in a position to demand that they shall be kept in proper condition. The Central railway was and is notoriously unsafe. There are many bridges and much trestle work on the short road and the management has neglected to keep it in repair. Mr. E. G. EVANS has been the manager and engineer for years and should have known the condition of the bridge. If he did and delayed repairs he is guilty of criminal negligence. He should lose no time in clearing himself from the blame that will surely be laid upon his shoulders. The death of one man, and the serious injury to others is something that cannot be passed over without inquiry. Two accidents of this kind have happened in this province within a short time and the safety of the travelling public demands that some prompt steps should be taken to prevent passenger trains from tumbling through rotten bridges in the future.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVANCE LAW.

On the broad principle that all law should be observed the recent Sunday observance enactment of the legislature should be enforced. We have stated before that it did not seem imperative to stop the sale of soda water and cigars on Sunday but since the law makers thought otherwise and the highest court has determined that they were quite within their right in restraining the liberty of the individual thus far there is no other course but to obey the law.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding of this remarkable law we print the principal sections of it calling particular attention to section 3 which is important in the way of "exceptions"

No person shall on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, sell or publicly show forth, or expose, or offer for sale, or shall purchase any goods, chattels or other personal property, or any real estate whatsoever, or do or exercise any worldly labor, business or work of his ordinary calling (conveyance travellers or Her Majesty's mail by land or by water, selling drugs and medicines and others works of necessity and charity only expected)

Nothing herein contained shall prevent the delivery of milk or ice to customers on Sunday; or shall prevent telephone or telegraph companies from keeping open their offices for the purpose of receiving, transmitting and delivering messages; or the keepers of livery stables and cabs from letting on Sunday, horses and vehicles, with or without a driver, for purposes other than that of doing business or work; or the proprietors of daily newspapers or their employees from doing such kinds of work as may be necessary for the purpose of preparing and printing a Monday morning's edition of such newspaper; or any clergyman or physician from exercising the work of his ordinary calling in any church, or in connection with any religious service, or any paid singer from singing in any church or in connection with any religious service; or any sexton from performing the ordinary work in connection with any church; or the putting forth to sea of any vessel for any destination without the limits of the Province; or to prevent any vessel coming into port, or any pilot or pilot-boat or any tug boat from going in search of vessels making port, or from bringing any vessel into port, or taking her out of port on Sunday; or shall prevent the

carrying on in any mill or manufactory of any manufacturing process of such a nature that it is essential to proceed with the work and development thereof continuously for a period over six days to prevent injury or damage to the material so in course of manufacture; or the operation in any mill of any pump; or from steam engines; or from sawing or freighting any lumber or raft of lumber or timber when the same is in transit and it is essential to proceed with the transport of the same to prevent injury thereto, or to prevent such delay in getting the same to its place of destination as would be liable to lead to the loss or injury of any such lumber; or shall apply to the loading or unloading of fishing smacks or boats; or to the moving of through freight trains in the Province of New Brunswick.

Provided, however, that nothing in this Act contained shall operate to prevent the loading or unloading or other work necessary to be done, in order to enable any steamship to prepare for sailing in case said steamship is under contract with the Canadian Government to sail at any time certain, and it is necessary in order to fill said contract; and it is necessary in order to fill said contract that said work should be done.

No person shall on that day allow or permit tipping in any inn, tavern, grocery or house of public entertainment under his management or control, or reveal, or publicly exhibit himself in a state of intoxication, or brawl or use profane language in the public streets or open air, so as to create any riot or disturbance, or annoyance to Her Majesty's peaceable subjects.

No person shall on that day play at skittles, ball, foot-ball, rackets, or any other noisy game, or gamble with dice or otherwise, or run races on foot, or on horse's back, or in carriage, or in vehicles of any sort.

No person shall on that day go fishing, or take, kill or destroy any fish, or use any fishing rod, net or other appliance for that purpose.

Five-day excursions by steamboats plying for hire, or by railway, or in part by any such steamboat and in part by railway, and having for their only and principal object, the carriage of Sunday passengers for amusement or pleasure only, and to go and return on the same day by the same boat or railway, or any other vessel by the same person or company, shall be lawful, and shall not be deemed a lawful conveying of travellers within the meaning of this Act.

According to this law it is wrong to conduct a steamboat excursion but it is right to engage all the busses and buckboards in the city and have an excursion on the land because among the exceptions "nothing shall prevent keepers of livery stables and cabs from letting on Sunday, horses and vehicles, with or without a driver for the purpose other than that of doing business or work."

The gentlemen who sell soda water are principally druggists. They are not forced to keep their stores open on Sunday and yet if the very persons who are so energetic in enforcing this regulation needed a prescription filled on the Sabbath they would think it an outrageous thing if they could not obtain the same. Yet as a matter of fact the Sunday prescription trade does not pay the additional expense of keeping the store open and the only chance the druggists have of not being out of pocket is to sell a few glasses of soda water or some cigars. Some do not sell soda water, others do not keep cigars and others again refuse to stand the loss of opening on Sunday. Still those druggists who do not think it a crime to sell a cigar or a glass of soda on Sunday are indignant at the action of the Lord's Day Alliance in attaching so much importance to this matter.

So much for the druggists. There are others who deal wholly in cigars and tobacco, pipes, etc., and some of them open on Sunday the same as on the other six days of the week. Sunday is to them no different from Monday. This seems to be a different case. The druggist does not open his shop to sell cigars but for the convenience of those who may require medicine. He has his set in stated hours, which are posted up, for this purpose. The tobacconist on the contrary opens early in the morning and trades all day until late at night to supply a luxury to the public—to trade in fact as he does every day. His case comes clearly within the law. After this we may expect that his shop will be closed on the Sabbath and if we are to conform strictly to the provisions of the acts and become the model city that the excellent gentlemen of the Lords Day Alliance would make as, then the cigar cases on hotel counters must be locked and the smoking tourist who neglects to avail himself of his opportunities on Saturday evening must possess his soul in patience until Monday for the enjoyment of the pleasant weed.

WAKE UP, MR. EVERETT.

In spite of the fact that the Exhibition is but three weeks distant we have not heard much about it. The descriptive readers that were so prominent, interesting and valuable in the days when the late Mr. CORNWALL was secretary and manager, are not seen in the press now. Mr. EVERETT's faith in circulars and posters must be great indeed. He seems to forget that the newspapers go direct to the families throughout the province and are read carefully, while the poster and the dodger has but a momentary interest for the passer-by. The success of Exhibitions depends largely upon the amount of publicity they get. If an enterprising merchant has goods to sell the people he advertises them, tells them in as truthful and glowing language as he can what he has got and what the price

is. If we are going to have anything to show the people at our exhibition we want to tell them about it. Instead of that we find the staid announcement "our fireworks will exceed in quality and effect those of former years." Truly this is very definite—almost exhilarating. Wake up, Mr. EVERETT, wake up and tell the people what you are doing. Make them believe that even if the dates of St. John and Halifax clash that this city is going to have the better show. The government and the city were generous about their grants; why not be enterprising and show them that the day may arrive when the association will not have to go to them hat in hand, a suppliant for favors.

COUNTY LIQUOR SELLING.

If the people of St. Martins and Lancaster think that Inspector VINCENT is not enforcing the liquor law it is quite within their right to ask for an investigation. St. Martins appears to be peculiarly situated. Under the law no license can be granted there and yet the people say that drunkenness is on the increase. There must be some reason for this and the temperance people are inclined to think that it is because Inspector VINCENT made a change in the sub-inspector. The inquiry will, no doubt, determine whether this is the case or not.

There are only so many licenses granted in the county and no liquor is supposed to be sold without a license yet it is within the knowledge of many that unlicensed places are winked at and that the county and the province reap a revenue from the fines which, imposed with some regularity, are considered as a sort of a fee. This condition of affairs existed before Inspector VINCENT took office and while he may be just following in the steps of his predecessor he will nevertheless be held accountable for the present condition of things. It is somewhat difficult for a chief inspector living in St. John to know just what is going on in St. Martins and the necessity of good sub-inspectors is very evident. Mr. VINCENT appears to have changed these men and his appointees, according to the ideas of the St. Martins temperance people, are not doing the work as well as it was done before.

A liquor inspector's lot, like the policeman's is not happy. If he tries to please some he displeases others. What seems right and fair to the liquor sellers is favoritism in the opinion of the temperance folk. The only possible safe course for such an officer is to follow the law no matter who is affected by it. It will be as fair to one as to another and if the liquor dealers find that it is too restrictive let them bring influence to change it.

Inspector VINCENT should not permit unlicensed vendors to flourish in the county any more than Inspector JONES allows them to exist in the city.

The friends of Mr. F. S. WHITTAKER who pleaded guilty to all the charges of forgery against him, cannot complain that the judge was severe. To impose the penalty on one charge and suspend it so far as the others are concerned is perhaps an unusual method but in this case may answer the purpose. WHITTAKER's closest friends have no idea what induced him to place himself in the power of the law. His personal habits were not such as to call for extravagant expenditure; if he had been and he had raised money for the purpose of dissipation there would have been no excuse for him and his sentence would have, no doubt, been much heavier. It would have been far better if he had accepted the inevitable years ago and become an insolvent rather than use the names of his friends and business connections to raise money, place himself within the grasp of the law and force his family to undergo such suffering.

There are signs of election in the air. Cabinet ministers are flocking to Ottawa; opposition leaders are holding caucuses and making dates for mass meetings and the government press is presenting a whole host of favorable arguments why the government should be returned. The Montreal Star is somewhat frantic in its opposition to the administration and soon will not be content even with double headed double column editorials. In the meantime the farmers are more interested in their crops than in politics. About the middle of October they will be ready to listen to party speeches and make up their minds—if indeed they have not already done so—how to vote.

Some of the aldermen are afraid that King square will be harmed as a result of the erection of a band stand over the fountain. Their sudden interest in the appearance of the square is almost too much of a surprise. When we think of its appearance all the early months of summer, their regard for the grass is almost incredible. If

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

the stand should be erected on King square the merchants might derive some benefit from it which does not seem to be taken into consideration. Queen's Square grass does not count and the business people around King street and square can shut up shop and go and hear the music just as well as not!

It has been held in Montreal that the owner of a house which is leased for immoral purposes is liable under the Criminal Code and a few days ago the wife of a well known merchant of that city was called into court to plead the charge of renting her house knowing that it was used for immoral purposes. The press of Montreal says that considerable interest is being taken in the case. What a shaking up of dry bones there would be if some property owners on Britain and Sheffield street in this city were dealt with in the same way!

Was This a Case of Over Zeal?

A curious story comes to PROGRESS from the border concerning the outcome of a pleasant excursion party that went from St. George to Eastport on the Steamer Viking. There were about 300 persons on board and they had a pleasant time in Eastport, seeing what was to be seen and buying small souvenirs of their trip. They had two calls at Eastport in the person of Inspector Keefe and tide waiter William Roxborough of the Dominion customs and much to their surprise the officers had objection to the purchases made in Eastport passing through free of duty and ordered the captain to place them on his manifest. The total value of the purchases was \$20, and some idea can be had of the amount of duty—perhaps \$5. If the purchases consisted only of personal souvenirs and not goods in ordinary daily use, the excursionists were quite right in expressing their opinion that in some cases custom officers may overstep the mark.

Hingham "Birds" at the Show.

A young lady of Hingham, Mass., knows some of the bright spirits on the steamer Cumberland and a short time ago she inquired quite innocently if they would like some birds from that section of the country she lived in. Of course they did and she understood their generous acceptance. They were supposed to be woodpeckers for which Hingham is somewhat famed but instead the carefully packed case contained three bull frogs and a turtle. The label on the box read thus: "Hingham woodpeckers crossed with Lubec pigeons and Mether Cay chickens." The Hingham "birds" have been presented to the exhibition association and according to the advertisement are "all alive and kicking."

He Didn't Mind Getting Wet.

John Delaney, an employe of Mr. M. A. Finn, started on a trip to the country last Saturday night. He had company and when they neared the shore out to the old Westmorland road the shouts of the party on the Hayward sloven caught in the creek, drew them hurriedly that way. John is a good swimmer and when help arrived in the shape of the fire ladders he swam out with one and safely landed a ten year old boy who was trying to study himself standing on the seat of the sloven and waist deep in water. He swam back and forth three or four times and finally went back for the fire ladder. Then wet clothes and all he proceeded on his journey to the country.

Made Him Go to a Wharf.

Captain Starkey, of the Star Line Steamer Victoria, has met one woman who knows her rights and who refused a few days ago to be let down into a swaying boat when a wharf was handy. He had to make the wharf stop and then put out three planks instead of one or two so that she could land without the slightest fear of accident. PROGRESS understands that there is a law to compel steamboat owners to provide passenger gangways at wharves and that this regulation is about to be enforced on the St. John river. There is no reason why gangways should not be as necessary at intermediate stops as at St. John and Fredericton.

Polite Portuguese.

A big three masted schooner has been lying at one of the Indiantown wharves for the past week or so and her crew of full-blooded Portuguese sailors are a centre of interest. They are a handsome lot of men from a physical standpoint, and in manner exceedingly polite. They doff their hats whenever approached

by a stranger and even when the ship-laborers leave after the days work the swarthy foreigners uncover their heads respectfully. In every way their manner is unusually condescending and pleasant.

Gideon's Picnic Next Wednesday. Gideon No. 7, L. O. L., are planning a delightful excursion to Ashland Farm, just this side of Chapel Grove next Wednesday. The Steamer Clifton has been engaged and the picnicers will be sure of a pleasant sail, good grounds and a happy day in the country. A splendid attendance is promised.

JOYS AND WAYS OF OTHER PLACES.

Or Else a Lasso. (Union Advocate.) The Chinaman may use his pug tail for a long time.

Imprecable Friend-ship Spurred. (St. Andrews Beacon.) The burghers have fired on the American flag. They don't love it any more.

And Some of us are Dead Broke. (Exchange.) If all the money in the world was divided equally each person would have about \$20. Most of us have 30 cents.

Prosy. (St. Andrews Beacon.) The summer is slipping away. Soon the place that bewitched the summer visitor will know him no more for another nine months.

Bottomless Thought. (Springhill Advertiser.) War, famine, assassination, pestilence and anxiety. Surely the last year of the nineteenth century is dark enough to warrant us in hoping that the first year of the twentieth will bring us a forecast of "the good time coming."

From 'Armful Indulgences. (Warren Sentinel Leader) One young man who did go picnicking complains that owing to the state of the atmosphere his coat salves were hopelessly wrinkled when he returned. We have heard of such accidents before, but never heard it laid to the weather.

Fredericton Has a Rival. (Chatham World.) The West End cow brigade, including the Conventer herd will have to be kept off the streets now. Mr. Green is back from his Boston trip and the policemen are under orders to assist him in arresting cows.

Dreynfused. (Miramichi Advance.) At Fredericton, the other day a young man belonging to Moncton who enlisted in No. 4 company R. R. C. I., was drummed out of the regiment for repeated misconduct. His uniform was stripped from him before the entire company on parade and he was dismissed in disgrace from the service and ordered to leave the barracks.

All Lead to the "Dusty" Road. (Hants Journal.) Sir. W. C. McDonald is providing funds for a first class crematory to be erected in Montreal this fall in Mount Royal cemetery. In some quarters there is a decided objection to this summary method of disposing of human remains, and Rev. Dean Carmichael has preached a sermon in opposition to the Montreal scheme. The objection to cremation is only a matter of sentiment after all, for what matters it whether the reduction to "dust" is accomplished in a few hours by fire or by slower process in the grave, since both processes reach the one finality.

St. John is Not Worrying. (Yarmouth Times.) The steamboat people are beginning to get anxious as to how they are going to take back all the people who are now pouring into the province via Yarmouth. The tourist season ends abruptly and the returning tide of travel goes out with a bore, so to speak. The boats are now pretty well taxed; what will they be when the rush to Boston comes? It is not unlikely that the D. A. R. will make use of the Prince Edward as an auxiliary, sending her to Boston and return on the days during which she now lies idly on her dock in Yarmouth, from Wednesday to Saturday. With an extra train and boat on Wednesdays the strain would be considerably relieved.

"One Touch of Nature," etc. (Butler's Journal.) On so trip during all our travels have we been the recipient of such whole souled hospitality, warm welcome and assurance of continued friendship as on our recent trip, a short distance up the New Brunswick coast, and up and down the Southwest Miramichi. This has been a sincere case of thankfulness and congratulation to ourselves, as we feared that the small cloud of disapproval which adhered over our head as a result of a slight difference of opinion with the multitude, although honestly and moderately expressed, might break into a storm that would overwhelm us. Thank God, none of our friends in the country—or the city so far as we can learn have questioned our loyalty or loyalty. Our right as a free British subject to take exception to certain measures, and now admitting as we do the foolishness and futility of disagreeing with the multitude though at the same time sacrificing not one iota of our honest convictions, we are prepared to cheerfully bow to the mandate of destiny, work in union and harmony with our friends in whatever cause that will tend to the uplifting of our common country and relegate to the shades of oblivion or some more propitious day the dreams and sentiments and ambitions that are impossible of accomplishment in our country.

Charles McDonald, Esq., Solicitor, Fredericton, N. B., 27 West Street.



No wonder on step off the stairs... The well bred the chaplains, a necessity or friends. One girl for dispens is that she no pastimes as did instance she of the moonlight ing ma ried son Nor does she w because the dan and give her a her mother or and as he leaved she not one bit engagement rig against the her by engaging he knows for year a familiar attitud her first name, cause of this m respect and the fore demand.

"Must m... While w... From... This is the g of mankind wh its days in the office. No o cause large o the question of casting it aside negligie shirt thestastic and i the latter cour members of the who regard the (per as it openl civil cities and the young men light, while the valve, regard ed objectors priors of the places there of serving man ably not intead patrons, but he capable of disci spling daily of because of the custom which d regardless of t tions exist for over, they are l movement ma recognition.

Miss Jennie I St. Andrews. Mr and Mrs with friends he Miss Nan E her home here Mrs Cross of Mr W C Cross Miss Edith m in St John Mrs George Dorchester pa route to Freder Miss J. Miss Mrs A B Seal Miss Robin this week to there. Mrs Yassie after spending Mrs E. H. here. Miss Millie from Grand F Miss Hoban few days this Mrs V S home. Miss Belos...



BAKING POWDER and wholesome...



who are touring through Canada, spent part of this week in St. John.

The uniform dress of these young ladies, who looked very pretty indeed. They carried bouquets of white carnations with long yellow ribbons.



There is entire satisfaction in the result of work done with Brainerd & Armstrong Asiatic Dyed Silks.

anger and even when the rip-leave after the days work the foreigners uncover their heads...

No wonder our Yankee cousins shiver when they step off the steamer, for did ever you enjoy us so delightfully cool weather than that of the past week.

Mr. Will White, an old St. John boy, is spending a holiday in the city. Mr. White is now publisher of the Mansfield (Mass.) News.

The marriage of Miss Maud Driscoll eldest daughter of Mr. John Driscoll Lancaster Heights, and Capt. Andrew Mulcahy was celebrated at the church of the Assumption on Thursday last at 7.30.

WHITIE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery.

Or Else a Lasso. (Union Advocate.)

The well bred summer girl has rebelled against the chaperon, as she does not consider her presence a necessity or a compliment to herself and her friends.

Miss Annie Linnon, who has been in Boston for the past year, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. P. Lannon, Chesley street.

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When You Want a Real Tonic ST. AGUSTINE ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

From 'Armed Indulgences. (Warren Sentinel Leader)

This is the question that is agitating that portion of mankind which finds itself compelled to spend its days in the palpitating heat of city streets and offices.

The residence of Mr. Fred R. Butcher, Insurance Adjuster, No 125 Duke street, was the scene of a happy event at 11.30 o'clock Wednesday morning when his daughter Alice Lillian was led to the altar by Mr. Wilbur W. Warren a prominent druggist of Beakville, N.B.

Mr. Arthur P. Hason arrived Tuesday to assume the management of the Bank of British North America here.

EQUITY SALE. Prescriptions. Are something that require the utmost care in dispensing. It has been my aim for the past nineteen years to procure the purest drugs and chemicals and then use the utmost care to dispense every prescription to the physician's entire satisfaction.

Frederick this a rival. (Chatham World.)

At Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 1, Miss Florence E. Thornton of Montreal, and Mr. Harold Wright of St. John, N.B. accompanied with the Harrison River Mills Timber and Trading Co., at Harrison River, were wedded by Rev. E. D. McLaren.

The marriage of Miss Louise Manning Skinner, daughter of the late Judge R. Chipman Skinner to Mr. Robert Westmore Eastington, son of Judge Eastington of Dorchester, but now practicing law successfully at Nelson, B.C. was solemnized in Trinity church at high noon on Thursday in the presence of large number of invited guests, chiefly the numerous relatives of the contracting parties.

Mr. William Robertson, of the Bank of Nova Scotia was ill at the Cedars this week, with blood-poisoning resulting from an injury to his foot.

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year; Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

St. John is Not Worried. (Yarmouth Times.)

Miss Jennie Peters has returned from a visit to St. Andrews.

The assemblage was a brilliant one and beside the many hidden persons present the big edifice was packed with friends of the bride and groom elect. Prof. Strand played choice wedding music and the spruced choir sang appropriate hymns.

Mr. Frank Lynch, son of D. Lynch of Paradise Row, who has been spending his vacation with his parents, returned Wednesday to Worcester, Mass.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

One Touch of Nature, etc. (Butler's Journal.)

Mr. Yessie and family have returned to St. John after spending a very pleasant month in St. Andrews.

Mr. E. H. Dryden of Sussex is visiting friends here.

Mr. J. B. McLaren and family have returned home.

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text describing the product's quality and awards.

Continued on page 10.



REGIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE P. 7 AND EIGHTH PAGE.



BALFAX NOTES.

Programme for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. Monson & Co. Barrington street. CLARKE & CO. Cor. George & Granville Sts. CANADA NEWS CO. Railway Depot. B. F. FRYER. Brunswick street. J. W. ALLEN. Dartmouth St. Queen Bookstore. 109 Hollis St. Mrs. DeFoyles. 151 Brunswick St.

Mrs. Lavallo of Orange, Mass., accompanied by her daughter, Francis Hartley, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles Miller, Upper Water street. Mrs. Hugh B. Little of Halifax, is visiting her father, A. A. Ferguson, Esq., Blawearie cottage, Pictou. Miss Lillie McNamara of Halifax, is visiting friends in St. Croix, Hants county.

Mrs. Agnes Mack of Shelburne, who has been visiting friends in this city and Mahone Bay for some time past has returned to her home. Mr. Geo. E. Faulkner and wife accompanied by their three children have been visiting Fort Hawkes, bury C. B., the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth. Mr. Burpee Witter of Halifax, is paying a visit to old friends in Wolfville and other parts of Kings county.

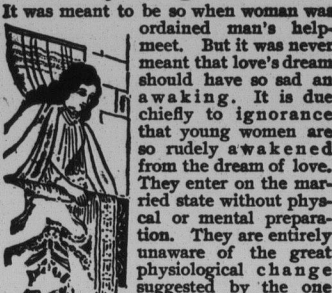
Rev. J. H. Strothard chaplain to the forces at Bermuda, who was last stationed at Bridgetown, was in Halifax last week on a vacation trip to this province. Mrs. Strothard since her residence at Bermuda has been in ill-health. Miss Alice Copeland, Wolfville, is visiting friends in Halifax. Mrs. Andrews, Halifax, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Wolfville.

Misses Flo and Agnes Quirk of Halifax are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Allan McIsaac, of Westville N. S. Miss Crowe, Halifax, is visiting Miss Minnie Woodman, Woodville. Preston Taylor of Nashville, Tenn., head of the firm of Taylor & Co., the largest colored undertaking establishment in America, is in the city a guest of Mrs. Hamilton, Creighton street.

Miss Nellie Danae, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Barr and son, arrived home last Saturday after a two month's tour in the land of the USA. Mrs. H. H. Rice arrived from Boston Wednesday and is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dovers. Maured R. Mills, son of J. B. Mills, M. E., left Wednesday for Moncton Junction to enter the machine shops of the C. P. R.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chambers of Wolfville, are spending a few weeks with friends in New Glasgow. Principal McDonald and Mrs. McDonald have arrived in Wolfville for the opening of the Seminary in a few weeks. Dr. and Mrs. Chabot have left Ottawa for a trip down the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They will come to Halifax and return home about August 28.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."



It was meant to be so when woman was ordained man's helpmeet. But it was never meant that love's dream should have so sad an awakening. It is due chiefly to ignorance that young women are so rudely awakened from the dream of love. They enter on the married state without physical or mental preparation. They are entirely unaware of the great physiological change suggested by the one word "marriage."

Every young woman should be prepared for that change. There should be no neglect of irregularities. The perfect health of the peculiarly womanly organs should be the daily care. Thousands of women who entered in marriage unprepared, and passed from irregularities to debilitating drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, have been altogether cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This great medicine is not a cure-all, but a specific for the chronic diseases peculiar to women. It does one thing perfectly: it makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"For two years I had been a sufferer from chronic diseases and female weakness," writes Mrs. Allen A. Robson, of 122 Rodman Street, Philadelphia, Pa. "I had two doctors, who only relieved me for a time. My niece advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did, and have been highly benefited. I am now a strong woman, and can recommend Dr. Pierce's medicine to all similarly afflicted."

of Boston, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. D. R. Ritchie, Leguile. Mrs. William of Yarmouth, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Ritchie. Mrs. Will Corbet, who has been visiting friends in Annapolis, accompanied by her daughters, the Misses Fanny, Nellie and Lotte, returned to Halifax Saturday.

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where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. W. Copp. Rev. Chas. A. A. Greene, who has been the pastor of the Highland A. M. E. church for the past two years has returned. Mrs. C. S. McLeod and children are at Amherst shore. Mrs. D. C. Allen and Miss Daphne Allen are at Soudiac, guests of Mr. Jas. McQueen. Mr. J. F. Faulkner, is recovering from her serious illness. Mr. E. H. Howson is spending a couple of weeks in Digby. Messrs. L. Lawson and J. A. Laws, spent Sunday at Amherst beach with their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Dimock left on Wednesday last for a two weeks' vacation, and will visit in different points in the province. KENTVILLE. AUG. 15.—With flags flying and the town generally holiday spirit, the Rev. E. J. Giffins, general manager of the D. A. R., was united in marriage to Lawrence Arthur Lovett of Liverpool, N. S., a young lawyer who seemingly has a brilliant career in front of him.

The pretty church of St. James was crowded long before the hour fixed for the ceremony. The decorations were exquisite. The bride entered the church leaning on her father's arm. She wore a bridal gown of white satin entralie, with valuable pearls and old lace trimmings. The veil was also ornamented with pearls and a crown of orange blossoms. The bride was attended by her cousins, Miss Roberts and Love Blanchard. Their dresses were of pure white, covered with old lace. They also carried handsome bouquets of roses. Dr. Dickie Murray of Halifax supported the groom. The ushers were F. Chipman, F. W. Wickwire and A. A. Thompson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Brock.

The church was crowded and the roadway for some distance was closed with the well-wishers of the bride and bridegroom. The scene at the departure of the west-bound "Flying Bluenose," by which Mr. and Mrs. Lovett left Kentville, was one without precedent in the history of Kentville. The locomotive was gaily adorned with flowers and flags, and with the legend, "Good luck" in front. The citizens of Kentville turned out in masses and gave the happy pair a royal send-off, which was further emphasized by a fusillade of exploding signals on the track. West of the station an arch of flags has been erected.

The happy couple were the recipients of many handsome presents. The employees of the D. A. R. presented Mr. Lovett with an entire outfit of dress suits, a room furniture, including piano and an exquisite painted table bearing an appropriate inscription. Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness? No; good pure tea, properly steeped will never prevent a healthy person from sleeping. On the contrary, a tea like that sold in Tuley's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

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His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert."

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap. Beware of imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

Provincial Lunatic Asylum.

TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES.

TENDERS will be received until SATURDAY, the EIGHTEEN day of SEPTEMBER, proximo, at noon, at the office of the secretary, Imperial Building, 61 Prince William street, Saint John, N. B., for supplying the Provincial Lunatic Asylum with the following articles for one year from the first day of November next, viz: Beef and Mutton, Creamery Butter, Groceries, etc.

Beef and Mutton, per 100 pounds, in alternate hind and fore quarters; of beef, the fore quarter not to weigh less than one hundred and thirty pounds, and the hind quarter not less than one hundred and ten pounds; or by the side not less than two hundred and forty pounds, as may be required. Such beef and mutton to be of the best quality and subject to the approval or rejection of the commissioners or their agent.

Creamery Butter. Creamery Butter made (and certified) as any creamery in New Brunswick, per pound.

Groceries, etc. Rice, East India, per 100 pounds. Barley, per 100 pounds. Roller Oatmeal, per 100 pounds. Brown Extra C Sugar, per 100 pounds. Yellow R. refined sugar, per 100 pounds. Yellow Extra "sugar, per 100 pounds. Granulated sugar, per 100 pounds. Coffee, ground, per pound. Tea, quality to be described, per pound. Soap, yellow, per pound. Soap, common, per pound. Beans, per bushel. Codfish, per 100 pounds. Molasses, describe quality, per gallon. Salt, coarse, in bags.

Drugs and Medicines. Drugs and Medicines, according to specified list to be seen on application at Secretary's office.

Flour and Meal. Flour—Best Manitoba patent. Also best 80 per cent. Ontario patent, equal to Goldie's Star, of 195 pounds in wood. Cornmeal—No. 1 best kiln dried, of 195 pounds in wood. All of the above to be delivered at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum in such quantities and at such fixed periods as required. All supplies to be of the very best description and subject to the approval or rejection of the commissioners or their agent.

Hard Coal. Anthracite Nat Coal. Best Lehigh Soft Coal. Best Honeybrook. Best Oil Company for stove, per ton of 2,000 pounds.

Soft Coal. Springhill Nat Coal, run of the mine; Springhill Coal, screened. Cape Breton Caledonia Coal, run of the mine; Cape Breton Caledonia Coal, screened. Grand Lake Coal, run of the mine; Grand Lake Coal, screened. Joggins Coal, run of the mine; Joggins Coal, screened. For ton of 2,000 pounds. Each load to be weighed on the Fairbanks scale at the Ins Station. Certificate of quality must be furnished. Hard or Soft Coal to be delivered at the Asylum in such quantities and at such times as may be required. Payments to be made quarterly. All supplies to be of the very best description and subject to the approval or rejection of the commissioners or their agent. Not obliged to accept the lowest or any tender. Securities will be required from two responsible persons for the due performance of the contract.

ROBERT MARSHALL, Secretary and Treasurer. Saint John, N. B., 7th August, 1900.

Canada's International Exhibition, ST. JOHN, N. B.

OPENS SEPT. 10th. CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

Applications for space in the Industrial Building should be sent in early as the best locations are being rapidly taken up. Tenders for special privileges are being received. Special inducements are offered to exhibitors of working machinery. Very low excursion rates to St. John on all railways and steamers. Exhibits will be carried practically free on several lines. For prize lists, entry forms and other information, address

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary. D. J. McLAUGHLIN, St. John, N. B. President.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 200 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Butouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Scribner's FOR 1900

INCLUDES J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by

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SUFFERING



My sufferings were such that I could not get on my feet. I was unable to do any work. I was in great pain. I was in great distress. I was in great agony. I was in great suffering. I was in great pain. I was in great distress. I was in great agony. I was in great suffering.

Put Iron In

It makes the Checks Rosy. Vigor Every One.

The blood is composed

of elements of nature which food we eat. Our food is of an insufficiently varied quality of the blood. Many people suffer from results of thin blood. A pale face, and redness of the lips, gummy eyelids, tells of weak blood. We are languid, worn, lack of energy and irregularities, and orders, headaches, and other ailments.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a blood purifier. It is a blood tonic. It is a blood restorer. It is a blood builder. It is a blood strengthener. It is a blood purifier. It is a blood tonic. It is a blood restorer. It is a blood builder. It is a blood strengthener.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

To Save the Lives of Brakemen. The railroad men of Canada, especially the brakemen whose lives are constantly in jeopardy, would indeed be glad if the Dominion Government would pass a coupling law such as the United States authorities have established recently.

Though the air brake classes in the American railroad law is of great importance and one which will do away entirely with the danger of paring trains and which will place any number of cars under the direct control of the engineer, the coupling law is receiving the most attention for its passage does away with the ever present danger of death to brakemen who were obliged to go between cars to place and remove coupling pins.

Now cars can be connected and disconnected by simply manipulating a lever which is placed on the end of the car at a position reached without going between the ends. Some railroads have been using this coupler for some time but the majority of cars which came this way except those from the most prominent roads, were of the old style. Now, however, every car in the United States will be equipped with the automatic arrangement and there will be no further opportunity for accidents hereabouts.

The victory of Bob Fitzsimmons the lanky Cornishman over his gigantic opponent "Fitz" a Popular Hero in St. J. hhn.

Ruhlin Friday night last, was just what the enthusiastic male portion of the population wanted. Since Pretoria day they have just hankered for something to let their lungs loose over. The Chinese tangle has not been thoroughly British enough for them,

and the Boers have proved too easy a thing to warrant an outbreak for England. So when "Fighting Bob" (not "Bobe") solarplexized the mighty man from Ohio the scrappy public went wild. Fully a thousand men and boys besieged the newspaper and telegraphic offices as early as nine o'clock, and at 11 when the bulletin announced Fitz the victor arrived a little bit of warmed-over, Lidy Smith enthusiasm was brought forth. "Hurrah for Fitz!", they shouted, "he's all right for an old man, you bet!" Then they formed in line and all the way up King street and along Charlotte the air rang with the stirring tones of "Soldiers of the Queen," especially that line which runs:

"And we'll fight for England's glory lad." American tourists threw open their bedroom windows in the hotels, and the police were awakened. Fitz's victory was the most popular win in this city since the Union Jack was hoisted over the Court house in O'm Paul's pet city.

The St. Andrews golfers came here last week and played what they afterwards termed "a very delightful game," perhaps because they came out the victors. They were certainly a very pleasant lot of ladies and gentlemen and in their golf tege looked pretty. Their chat was of the brightest, and manner equally free, but it really seemed a shame that our own fellows of the Scottish game could not produce a better conveyance for the visitors. An old taxi-down bus did not seem quite the thing. Where were the buckboards, or a barouches or two? It must surely have grated upon the sensibilities of the ladies and gentlemen after having such a pleasant

day of it, to be carted to the depot in an ancient army-worm. Perhaps it was St. John's way of taking revenge for their defeat.

Ant noise crusades are becoming quite the vogue in the larger cities and these are some of the noises to which they take objection. Trolley parties with tooting horns. Rail way engines. Cats and ice men. Street vendors. Steam whistles. And a thousand and one other peace disturbing elements. They might have added: Thunder and lightning. Downpouring rain. The amateur musician. Political stumpists, etc.

Speaking seriously of the matter St. John might be a little less noisy if our local legislators would only take it into their heads, to bring it about. We have fifteen aldermen most of whom assume little or no responsibility for the conduct of the city's affairs. Why don't two or three of them take up this question of street noises and recommend some action to have the nuisance abated? They would find themselves supported by the people at large, and they would not fail to make capital for themselves at the April elections.

We cannot have a noiseless city just yet, but a great improvement upon existing conditions is quite within reach. No citizen should be allowed to keep animals, whether they be dogs, poultry or cats, which interfere with the peace and quiet of his neighbor. Express drivers and carters should be compelled to take all possible

precautions against noise in the loading, unloading and carting of merchandise in the public streets. A careless driver with bars of iron or other similar articles in his vehicle can create a metallic clanging that painfully affects the nerves a block or two away. Creaking wagons are responsible for not a little of the din that assails the ear.

An anti-noise crusade ought to be started in St. John and some enterprising member of the council would make a name for himself if he set to work to pave the way for such a movement.

Andy Hunter's flying machine is "busted." This announcement will doubtless prove a lyddite shell in the stockholding camp. The painful intelligence of the disaster was tenderly handed over to PROGRESS so that the thousands might read and weep in unison. As the patterns and plans of the air-ship have long since been destroyed for fear of theft the wonderful piece of work for aerial purposes cannot be duplicated.

St. John is robbed of world-wide distinction and Inventor Hunter of universal fame, to say nothing of the financial loss said to be sustained by Messrs. F. Campbell and Jas. Powers, whose boarding house and livery stable are nearby the birthplace of the flying machine, and who backed the project to their second last dollar. They saved the very last dollar for a short-lived life insurance policy for use on the air-ship's trial trip.

Now that holding moonlight excursions to Buel's Camp in Mr. Hunter's "Cloud-chaser" is out of the question the four million dollar stock company is dissolved, and the ship's inventor will have to fall

back on his output of "Konobo" lights for existence. If that runaway electric fan in Mr. Hunter's shop hadn't started the air-ship's wings in motion, resulting in the sudden bring-up of the flyer on the ceiling a few feet distant, there's no telling, but what the invincible "Andy" of Prince Ward would even now be automobiling about town these fine afternoons and giving lawn-parties to his host of friends at Rockwood.

The few hot days we had last week showed us that away down here alongside the cool Bay of Fundy we can have some pretty hot days as well as in choked-up New York, at least one lady from that great metropolis thinks so. She was walking on the wooden pavement of Mill street, and really seeming to enjoy it. People stood and stared at this finely-dressed person choosing the avenue for horses and teams in preference to the not overcrowded sidewalks. Still she looked neither to the right or left but kept plodding right on up Main street, a beam of contentment lighting up her face, while those on the asphalt sweltered along in the sun. At last she hailed a car and when the conductor called around for her fare, she told him how delightful it was to walk on the cooling spring block pavement instead of baking one's feet on the heated asphalt. "And then again," she said, "you know the brick buildings throw off such a heat when you're walking close to them. Dear me but you have real New York hot days down here too, don't you?" The conductor thought yes, for it was one of those 87 in-the-shade days—pretty warm for temperate St. John.

He—Would you object seriously to my kissing you?

She—Well, you see, I must resist on general principles, but then—I'm not very strong.

TEST PROVES SUCCESSFUL.

Value of Raw Meat in the Cure of Tuberculosis.

Will science succeed in finding a means of preventing and of curing tuberculosis? Researches have been made on all sides, yet to this hour the problem does not appear near solution. It is necessary to say "to this hour," for attempts made with the most varied descriptions of serums have till now been fruitless. In operotherapy—that is to say, the treatment which consists in inoculating with animal juices—about to be more fortunate? Without desiring to forecast the future, but judging from the only experiments which M. Richet, of Paris, has just communicated to the Biological Society, one may reply in the affirmative, assuming it to be legitimate to form conclusions as to man from the dog. But let us not anticipate events: while maintaining a just reserve let us wait until the clinic has pronounced its opinion.

It results from the observations made by this Paris professor that, in the first place, treatment by cooked meat causes the death of dogs more rapidly than any other treatment. On the contrary, dogs fed upon raw meat continue in good health and get fat.

Out of a lot of twenty four dogs tuberculized nine months previously only two that were fed on raw meat survive. They are large and in perfect health whereas the other twenty two have long since succumbed.

Out of another lot of dogs also inoculated with tuberculous products, one only, fed extensively with raw meat, survived and continued in good condition, whereas all the rest died within five months at the outside, in a state of extreme cachexy.

The juice of the raw meat, acts in the same manner as raw meat. The animals that were tuberculized and treated with the juice keep in good health: others treated in any other manner all die within periods ranging from one to five months at the outside.

If the curative properties of raw meat are evident, the prophylactic part played by it is not less so. In fact, animals nourished with the juice of raw meat in large quantities, and subsequent inoculated appear refractory to tuberculosis, as he has proved by the latest experiments related M. Richet, where the animals prepared by alimentation with raw flesh continued perfectly well, while others are either dead or dying.

But what is the dose of raw meat that should be given to dogs in order to preserve them from tuberculosis? On the dogs tuberculized by M. Richet, one received 7 grammes of meat per kilogramme of the animal's weight; another 12 grammes a third 32 grammes, and a fourth and last 64 grammes per kilogramme of its weight per day. The first died, but the three others are in very good health. It may therefore be assumed that the average amount of raw meat required to preserve a dog inoculated with tuberculosis is from 10 to 12 grammes per day and per kilogramme.

As M. Richet showed in a previous communication, raw meat acts by its juice and not by its pulp. In fact, if one places a piece of raw meat, compressed to extract the juice, beneath a tap of running water for twenty four hours and then presses it, one obtains a juice which is absolutely inactive.

To administer raw meat with which it is proposed to treat tuberculous patients it must not be chopped or rasped; it must be scraped with a sharp knife; the pulp must be put into cold broth and thus diluted. In this way one obtains a kind of soup over which one pours tepid broth or thin soup and even the yolks of one or two eggs.

In view of the results obtained by M. Richet, the preventive and curative treatment of tuberculosis by raw meat is to be recommended as the most effective means at our disposal at this moment for combating this terrible malady.

A Cool Chess-Player.

A. L. Parrott, formerly of the Texas Rangers, a man famous along a frontier of a thousand miles for his cool daring, was once with a band that pursued some cattle thieves, only to find that they had crossed the river into Mexico. Parrott swam the river in the face of the whole party of thieves and stole a boat from the bank literally under their noses. Parrott was fond of chess, and the best instance of his coolness comes from a clipping sent to the chess editor of the Washington Star.

One night, a few months after Parrott had left the state service, he was playing chess with a friend in a small town in Texas. The night was warm, and the two men were sitting near an open window.

Parrott had the white men, and his queen was in a direct line with the black king, with a black knight interposed. It was Parrott's move.

Suddenly there was a sharp report just outside the window, and a bullet carried

the black knight off the board. The missile had been intended for Parrott, who was at the moment bent over the table studying his men. For a few seconds he had not stirred, but as he saw the knight disappear in the same peculiar drawing voice that he would have used had he made a triumphant play, he called, "Cueck!"

Her Compliment.

She was standing in front of the Post-office, chipping and neat in a lilac shirtwaist and a 'sassy' Lady Smith hat, and she wanted a drink of soda water.

He came along at that moment and raised his hat. He was got up to kill, if he had passed fifty years of age, and she smiled demurely as he saluted her. She hesitated a second as he invited her to accompany him to the soda water stand, and she gurgled 'Nectar and ice cream,' in the cutest manner possible. She gobbled up the ice cream in a hurry and drank her soda, wishing to escape as soon as possible. He ordered orange phosphate, and after making all manner of eyes at her remarked:—

'I don't care for the ice cream! It hurts my teeth!'

'I should take the ice cream by all means if I were you,' she answered. 'You could lay your teeth on the counter while you ate it! Goodbye!'

And she had flashed out the door and was gone.

Whiter Than a Shirt.

Inventors have a power of abstraction which serves them a good turn on some occasions, and is liable to betray them into strange statements on others.

"So you think you've perfected your little machine at last, do you?" asked the lawyer of his dreamy-eyed client.

"Yes, it's all right now; there's not a flaw in it," said the inventor. "But I can assure you, sir, that when it came to making the final test I was frightened. I happened to see my face in a mirror when the thing was safely over, and it was as white as your shirt, sir. In fact," he added, bending an impartial gaze on the lawyer's shirt-front, "it was whiter—considerably whiter, I should say."

"O, my friends," exclaimed the earnest old man who was talking, "think of the future! What will you be doing 50 years from now?"

"Waiting for news from China," conjectured a reckless young person in the group.

ATHLETICS AND HEALTH.

Excess in Training is Dangerous—How to Give up Sports.

In these days of intercollegiate and international athletic contests and devotion to all sorts of physical exercise, a word of warning against excess is necessary. There is always danger that universal devotion to any sport will lead to excessive rivalry and feats of record-breaking, when use becomes abuse, and a practice which ought to be health preserving in the highest degree degenerates into a health-destroyer.

Training in the moderation is not always hurtful, and is for many a most useful discipline, yet we must remember that training is not natural. It is in the physical realm what cramming is in the mental. Its object is to bring the body to the highest degree of physical endurance in order to meet a particular exigency; but the body can no more be kept in this state continuously than the mind can remain crammed with rules of grammar, dates and mathematical formulae, without final injury or actual breakdown.

Athletics, at least in the beginning of their careers, are healthy, but that is not due to the training; it is because only healthy boys and men go in for athletics to the degree that calls for actual training.

The danger that besets one who has been in training for a long period—say during three or four years of his college course—is the same that confronts the victim of the opium habit; he cannot let go! The constant exercises of the muscles results eventually in a thickening of the of the heart induced by the labor it has been called upon to perform. When the athletic gives up his training, the work of the heart is reduced and its walls grow flabby; and then the danger of permanent heart weakness is imminent.

It is well known that many men who die suddenly, or who live with crippled hearts were in early life noted athletes, and their ruin has come from a sudden change to a sedentary mode of life.

On the other hand, there are many old and middle aged men in excellent health who went in for rowing, running and other athletic sports in their youth. They differ from the others in that they gave up their athletics gradually; they 'untrained' as gradually as at the beginning they began to train.

No sensible man of sedentary occupation would undertake to row a three mile race without preparation, and so no man can be

called sensible who gives up athletics for a sedentary life without an equally long and careful preparation in order to accustom the heart to a lessened amount of labor.

Through Different Eyes.

One of the essential things for one who would influence others is the ability to see things as they look to those whom he addresses. A lack of this ability has been responsible for the failure of many persons who would otherwise have been successful as teachers, missionaries, lawyers before juries, and even orators and statesmen.

Striking illustrations of the different aspects which things wear in the eyes of different people are constantly coming to light.

A party of American travellers, journeying leisurely up the Nile, expressed a desire to celebrate Washington's birthday in some appropriate manner. Their chief accordingly prepared a great frosted cake, upon which he executed in confectionery a representation of George Washington, after having familiarized himself with the life and achievements of his subject.

As represented in sugar, Washington wore a turban on his head and a great sash across his breast; he was smoking a long pipe, and before him a chorus of dancing girls were performing. This was the way the greatness of George Washington looked to the Arab chef.

In China, that land of strange contrasts, many amusing instances of a similar kind may be found.

"Pilgrim's Progress," as recently translated and illustrated by native artists, shows Christian with a long pigtail, the dungeon of Giant Despair as the familiar wooden cage of Chinese criminals, while the angels are arrayed in the latest productions of Pekin dressmakers.

A Chinese publication describes Americans as "living for months without eating a mouthful of rice," and never enjoying themselves "by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves," but instead, jumping around and kicking ball as if paid for it.

How does the thing look to the Turk, the Chinaman, the Boer, the Englishman, the Northerner, the Southerner? Is the question which we should answer, in any controversy, before becoming too sure of our own position. All the world does not look through the same spectacles.

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes. 10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

Advertisements on the left margin including 'of Quality', 'ARE SUPPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES', 'INDIES!', 'M HELP.', and 'NEED OF FARM'.



## When Stormy Winds Do Blow.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

"No, I suppose not—regrettably—but there will be coral reefs and—"

"Well, I guess I'd rather see the pirates if I had my choice," he interrupted, with a laugh; "coral is very nice and pretty round a young lady's neck, but it doesn't look quite so pleasant when it sticks through the side of a ship, and the water pours in. So you'll come to Australia, eh? and we'll find it dull being the only female aboard?"

"Dull? In tones of ecstasy. 'Why, it's the one wish of my life—a sea voyage, and to Australia of all places in it's world.'"

"And in proof of her assertions, the rich scarlet surged into her cheeks, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and, catching her skirts in both hands, she prounced round the room.

Captain Wintour gazed at her in mingled relief, pleasure and amazement.

"Well, she is a queer one," he muttered. "It is not many girls who would be so wild with delight at being torn away from balls, and theatres, and lovers."

Then a sudden thought flashed into his mind, and a shrewd look came into his eyes.

"I wonder now if she has guessed what was in my mind. Girls are little cattle. If the fellow is as far gone as they say, it ought to work out all right. Now to see the Chetwyns and secure their co-operation."

What he had to say to them caused much wonder, and not a little excitement—it was so novel, so romantic.

"Well, I declare!" cried her ladyship in real admiration. "Fancy a sailor inventing such a scheme, and little Vere jumping into the net like that! Oh course, that will clinch the business."

"Well, we've no time to lose; we sail a week today, and I must go down to the ship to see things and ready," replied the captain briskly. "In the meantime, you just interview this Gorman fellow, and see if he will join in the plot. Say I'm shipping my ward off to Australia, and no other passenger on board now's his chance. He can come along and woo and win her on the voyage, or stay at home and give her up to a pluckier fellow. I won't drive her into marriage with him; but, if he comes, he shall have every chance of courting her and getting the answer reversed. I'm off now; a line or messenger will find me at any time on board the Albatross, and, if you hope for success, don't let the girl have a hint of what's going on."

### CHAPTER IV.

"Oh! isn't it glorious? Do you know, this ship looks so big and strong that it seems impossible to be afraid of a wreck or a storm? I love the sea!"

"Well, I'm proud of you," replied Vere's uncle laughingly. "For you are a born sailor. Very few men, let alone girls, can find their sea legs from the moment they are on board, as you've done. I thought last night that you were going to be a sorry hand, you looked so white and scared-like."

"It was coming on the ship at midnight," she confessed, with a half-laugh, "and everything was such a scramble just at the end to get ready. I meant to be on board much earlier; only, half my things didn't come home in time. Then the water looked so dark, and there was such yelling and running about, I confess my heart did mis-give me."

"You'll find it dull, I guess, once the first novelty wears off," he added the captain, shooting a covert glance at her pretty face, from which, for the moment, the smiles had flown, leaving a dreamy, rather pathetic expression instead. "Be missing your lover, no doubt, and not have a word to throw to a dog—"

"Just wait and see," she replied gaily; and then his duties called him away for awhile, and she was left alone.

"She can't deceive me," thought the sage old aunt. There were tears in her eyes when I came up behind her, and she gave a sigh deep enough to be heard the other end of the ship. She sees her mistake—she regrets having said 'No.' Just keep it up for a bit longer, and she'll jump into his arms."

Meanwhile Vere was standing on the deck, lost in a reverie.

Idly she watched the sailors perform their various tasks, and shuddered when she saw them sent up aloft.

One figure reminded her strangely of Claude Tempest's—it was so well knit, so active, so splendidly proportioned.

He seemed to be leaving his heart behind him in England, for he loitered about starting into space, and once she saw him bury his head in his arms, and was sure she heard a faint groan break from him.

"Poor fellow!" she thought sorrowfully. "How sad he is! Parted, perhaps, from all he loves best, and not knowing if he will ever see them again. I should like to speak to him. There cannot be any harm in addressing a common sailor, and perhaps I could comfort him."

"Now, then, what's your name?—Tanner?—can't have you looting there?" cried out a stern, pitiless voice from the bows.

"Run up the mizen and shorten sail. There's a brisk breeze springing up, and it's going to be a bit rough. Hallo! what's the matter? Left your heart behind. Well, well, nothing will cure it sooner than hard work. We've all been through it in our time, and a sore heart never kills."

The young sailor addressed as Tanner turned to obey the order, and, as he passed by Vere, she started forward to speak words of comfort to him, but they died on her lips, and no sound came forth.

She stood, without moving, until he came safely down, when she forced herself forward and addressed him in a faltering tone.

At first her words appeared to have no effect—or worse, for, so far from adding to his cheerfulness, he only seemed more dejected; but, in the end, he suddenly turned to her with a radiant smile, and plunged deep into conversation with her.

Then he fetched her a deck chair, and a hassock for her feet, and was just settling her comfortably in a secluded corner of the deck, when her uncle came along, and chuckled at the sight of his pretty niece, with a novel in her hands, looking the picture of happy indolence, and the handsome young seaman dancing attendance upon her.

"Upon my word, you know what's what! he ejaculated, as he passed by her side. 'I knew you were a born sailor. So you've set your authority against mine already, have you, miss? Suborned one of my crew to take your orders. Hallo, Tanner! calling the young sailor back just as he was hurrying out of sight. 'You see this young lady?—well, she's my niece, and this is her first voyage. I meant to put her under Gregson's charge, but as you've started you may as well go on, for she must have some one to look after her. You are a better ladies' man than sailor, my fine fellow, so consider yourself Miss Chetwyn's attendant.' Then, in a stage aside, he added: 'The little puss had not a bad taste of her own after all; she has chosen the best-looking man that ever sailed under me, for her servant—looky thing for him, too. Jackson is a brute to inexperienced hands and this fellow is only working his passage out. I think. Hallo! here comes Gorman. Now for a scene!'

Indeed, it was none other than the millionaire who crossed the deck at that moment, spick and span, dressed in a yachting suit of pronounced type, and looking rather well in it, too.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Chetwyn," he said, pausing just in front of her. "You are a good sailor, I see—quite enjoying yourself?"

"Mr. Gorman!" she faltered, pale with surprise, "this is so—so unexpected—I did not know—"

"No, of course you didn't; my little joke," he said laughingly, taking her sudden pallor for joyful agitation at the sight of him, when she had deemed him far away.

"You see, it's like this: Captain Wintour was determined to take you away from us all, and I felt I could not part from you; so, as the season was on its last legs, and London as flat as ditch-water, I just thought I'd like a long voyage, and made arrangements to come along."

"Propinquity, you see, and all that. You didn't know very well in town—just meeting in theatres and crowded drawing-rooms. How could you know me properly? So we fixed it up this way. Here we are boxed up together for a long voyage, with your uncle and his crew to act as chaperone," and Mr. Gorman laughed heartily at his own joke.

Vere felt herself turn white to the lips. It was no joke to her.

She had run away from England to avoid this man, and he had actually arranged to travel in the same ship with her, an all her relatives—even her Uncle Wintour, whose pet she had always been—had conspired against her.

She felt herself caught in a golden net. How could she escape him now?

It had been difficult enough even in London, when she only saw him for a short time each day at social functions, where etiquette required that he should bestow his attentions on others as well as herself.

He watched her varying color and expression with keen enjoyment.

# For Pain

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is a fo to inflammation in every form, and can be relied on to reduce it more rapidly than any other medicine, whether used internally or externally. Whether you rub it into the skin or drop it on sugar in a teaspoon and swallow it, you will find it equally efficacious, and it quickly cures every case of the most serious pains and aches caused by inflammation.

## JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment

was originated in 1810 by Dr. A. Johnson. Cures colic, cramp, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, bile, bruises, burns, sprains, chafing, coughs, colds, croup, calarrh, bronchitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, sore throat, and all other ailments of the throat, chest, and lungs. It is a powerful and safe remedy for all the above ailments. If your dealer hasn't it, write to I. A. JOHNSON & CO., 255 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass. Our 24 page book, sent free. "Treatment for Diseases and Cures of the Well Known."

Never had she looked prettier than she did now in her dainty white serge yachting suit and sailor hat, with the glorious frame of the wide blue sea to show up the fair picture she presented.

"You seem to have chosen a very jolly corner," observed the millionaire complacently, "and really, with your permission, I'll join you. Hi! you fellow, bring another chair and don't forget a piece of awning to keep off the sun. Confound the man, he's gone up that rope ladder; they don't keep chairs there! and, a little disconcerted, he watched the sailor's active form climb higher and higher until he reached the highest point, where he perched himself, and looked calmly down."

"Foreigner, I suppose; doesn't understand English," murmured Mr. Gorman contemptuously. "My man is ill, so I'll stroll about until I can get someone to attend to me."

But he soon tired of that, it was so monotonous, and came and leaned disconsolately near Vere's chair.

"You see, sailors are not exactly here to take passengers' orders," explained Vere demurely; "this is not a passenger-ship. My uncle had to get special permission for me to travel by it, and I'm afraid he has committed a sad breach of discipline in bringing you. These men shipped as sailors only—not as valets or flunkies. You'll find them very independent, and—"

At such times, as your own servant is unavailable, I advise you to wait on yourself."

"Confound their impertinence!" fumed Mr. Gorman angrily. "I'm sure I saw that young fellow wait upon you. I suppose you speak his lingo."

A faint smile curved the girl's roguish pretty lips.

"Well, yes, I do, she confessed; "but he won't take your orders. He has been told off to wait on me, but I'm afraid he is a little particular, and I shall keep him so busy that he will have time for little else than fulfilling my orders."

"Doesn't seem overwhelmed with work at present," dryly, "perched up there like a bird in a tree."

"Oh! that's part of the work," she explained calmly. "He sits there awaiting orders from me. When I want anything I just wave my handkerchief, and he comes down. I find him most civil and intelligent. Uncle has given me into his charge for the whole of the voyage."

Mr. Gorman made no verbal reply, but his eyes expressed vague amazement.

Just then another sailor appeared up the hatchway, and, eagerly approaching him with a coin in his hand, the millionaire had no difficulty in getting what he desired, much to Vere's vexation.

She buried herself in her novel, and hardly seemed conscious of her companion's presence, until, annoyed at her apparent indifference, he retired to the saloon and remained there in a fit of the sulks, telling himself she would soon relent and fetch him out again.

As dinner time approached, however, and still she came not, he relented himself sufficiently to put his head out, and take a careful survey of her surroundings.

There she was, still in the same spot; while, seated by her side was the young sailor, told off as her attendant, and their heads were bent confidentially together as they chatted in a friendly undertone.

"Confound that fellow! What does he mean by such familiarity towards my niece?" growled the millionaire, coming into full view, and glaring angrily at the seaman, who, on his approach, rose from his chair, and went aloft again.

Mr. Gorman put on a very severe expression, as he said—

"My dear Miss Chetwyn, I do not approve of that young man at all; he does not seem sufficiently respectful, does not keep his distance properly. Might I ask how it was that you were seated side by side in such close conversation together, and why he bolted so suddenly on my approach?"

"Oh! it was your chair, you know," she replied, with an air of candor and half apology. "He would not dream of keeping you standing, seeing that you paid Gregson to put it there."

"But how came he in it?" the millionaire demanded.

"I saved my handkerchief and he came down. I wanted to know how many things. This is my first voyage, and we were passing ships with different flags, and curious floating barrels—buoys he called them—and in the distance I seemed to see coast lines and things. I did not like to keep him standing all day—demurely—"

"I told him he could sit down until you returned. That's all, Mr. Gorman, I assure you."

"Ah, hum!" said the millionaire, "you meant it kindly, of course, but it was hardly judicious—and I could have told you everything myself—"

"Yes; but you were not here," she replied. "But of course, now you are here, you can gratify my curiosity. Just as you came up, he was telling me what our latitude and longitude are. Please go on, it's so interesting."

"Mr. Gorman grew red in the face.

"—I—er—I will find out," he replied pompously; "not being a professional sailor, of course I cannot tell you offhand."

"Ah! but that isn't the same thing," she replied disappointedly. "Well, never mind that; tell me how many knots an hour we are going."

The millionaire muttered something under his breath, before saying aloud—

"That again, my dear Miss Chetwyn, is a question I find myself unable to answer."

"Dear me, there's the dinner-bell!" cried Vere springing to her feet, and halting the sound with great relief. "I had no idea it was so late."

The next morning the same state of affairs set in.

Vere was simply full of technical questions one following on another so swiftly, that Mr. Gorman became both exasperated and fatigued with trying to frame replies to them.

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He was chagrined also at his ignorance being exposed, as it frequently was, when he not only could not reply to a question, but in addition did not even understand what it meant.

"Her uncle knows her better than I do," he thought, as he made an excuse and went away for a quiet smoke. "It was really necessary to tell off a real sailor to attend to her. Dear me, I have quite a headache—never felt more tired in my life!"

As the days passed on, Tanner, the sailor, was rarely absent from Vere's side.

On one pretext or another she always found a good excuse for requiring his services, and Mr. Gorman raged helplessly in the background.

Sometimes he would stand near enough to hear all they talked about, but it was so seemed to be, so very 'nautical,' that he wearied of it and them, and went away again disconsolately.

At one while he felt a vague jealousy spring up towards Tanner.

He had objected to him from the first, but the passive dislike turned into an active hatred as day after day, the young fellow was ever at Vere's side, smiling, explaining, attending to her every want; so the millionaire sought Captain Wintour, and pointed out that he would prefer some older, sturdier man for the post.

Captain Wintour smiled exultingly.

"Well, he is a handsome young fellow," he said, and Vere has a weakness for good looks; but, bless your heart, she isn't likely to flirt with—"

"Flirt! I ejaculated the millionaire, flashing crimson with indignation. 'My wife flirt with a common sailor? You must be mad to think of such a thing!'

"Well, she isn't your wife yet, so that doesn't count," replied the captain dryly; but she is my niece, and, as such, respects me too much to lower herself in any way. No; I can't spare another man, and if you can't make headway against a mere seaman—well, it's a poor look-out before you."

Nevertheless, he kept his eyes a little wider open after that, and took occasion to administer a private caution to his niece the first time they were alone together.

"Look here, my girl," he said sagely; "the shipper's niece has nothing in common with the crew. Tanner is your servant and as such, you can do what you like with him, but there's a fixed line between you and him that must never be passed. No flirting, no love-making; we've shipped Gorman aboard as mate of that department, haven't we?" with a chuckle.

"You have, uncle; but I didn't sign articles," she replied, with a shake of her pretty head. "I said 'No,' and I meant it, and—"

"—and—"

"—and—"

"—and—"

"—and—"

"I'll never move out of the cabin; I'll fall ill until we put into port, when I will run away, and never trust you again until you tyrant!" she retorted half playfully, yet with an undercurrent of earnest which her uncle quickly saw.

"And she'd do it, too," he said to himself in a tone of conviction. "Her ladyship was quite right she's as obstinate as a mule. I can plainly see Gorman won't have it all his own way; but I think there's some thing in it about Tanner, after all. She seem'd struck all of a heap, and changed color, or, perhaps, it was only a scheme of hers to tease Gorman. She knew she can twist his round her finger, and glories in tramping him underfoot."

In the Red Sea they were nearly all overcome with the great heat, but Tanner kept to his post pluckily, and worked like a sculler at fanning her.

"I understand the young lady," he explained when Gorman ordered him off, and called up another man to take his place, "and as it's my duty to attend to her, I'll do it."

Mr. Gorman, jealous and suspicious, fiercely repeated his orders, and the two

men stood facing each other, defiance in one face, sullen hate in the other.

Captain Wintour was attracted there by the sound of the altercation, and thundered out orders to the young sailor to go below.

"I'll have more of this," he said to himself angrily. "The little mix is not to be trusted, that young fellow is head over heels in love with her. Gorman is green with jealousy, and it will be ship's talk next."

"You'd better go without further ado," sneered the millionaire triumphantly, addressing the young seaman; "you've had your orders both from me and your captain."

Tanner's expression was mutinous, and he made no sign of obeying.

Vere suddenly went to his side, and whispered tremulously—

"Do go—oh! do go now, for my sake. My uncle is so strict, he will put you in irons if you disobey."

"I'll go because you ask me," replied Tanner in a low voice, "but it is hard to leave you with him."

Then he turned away, and went below.

Captain Wintour drew a long breath.

"It's a good thing for him he went that instant," he exclaimed, triumphingly; "in another minute he would have found himself in irons. The fact is, my girl, you've turned his head, and the kindest thing I can do for him is to keep him away from you for the future. I'm sure Mr. Gorman knows enough of a sailor's life by now to answer all your questions; if not, I'll help him. We are out of the Red Sea and are making for Ceylon. Now—in a low aside to her—'do be sensible. Gorman's quite bluff, and you'll never have another chance like this. Come, you've tried his patience and his love quite enough—you'll lose him altogether unless you talk!'

Vere's eyes flashed.

"Why would you no understand—least of all Mr. Gorman himself—that his attentions were not desired, that she was in earnest in declining them, and that to all eternity she would give him no other answer?"

He was now prosecuting his suit more from dogged obstinacy than anything else. He sometimes loved Vere to distraction, and at others felt as if he hated her; but he swore to himself that he would never give it up until she promised to be his wife.

He could not go back and confess to everyone that his suit had failed; that he a millionaire, had been rejected by a chit of a schoolgirl hardly out of the schoolroom; so he sank into the vacant chair at her side, and plunged desperately into conversation.

Vere replied politely but briefly; her manner was cold as ice, and he quite understood that she resented his interference about the young sailor who had been seen about.

"It's no good giving herself airs and graces, because I will soon knock them out of her once we are married," he thought. "I was sick of seeing the fellow dance attendance upon her. Oh! well, she'll soon tire of this attitude towards me, and be glad enough of my society after her sulks are over."

But, much to his chagrin, Vere's manner remained quite the same, studiously polite, but nothing more encouraging, day after day, until he could have boxed her ears with anger.

She never mentioned Tanner's name now and Captain Wintour kept him busy in another part of the ship.

Her curiosity seemed satisfied, too on all topics, for she never spoke except to reply to questions put to her, and then it was generally in monosyllables.

"You seem to have lost all interest in Australia," remarked her uncle, one day, suddenly recalling her excitement on first hearing she was to go there.

"Yes," she replied listlessly.

"Have you any friends in those parts?" he asked.

"No, not now."

"Then you had once, and they've left?" he queried.

"No, not exactly. I—I had a friend who meant to go there, and—"

"Changed his mind, maybe?" said the bluff old fellow.

"Not exactly, but he hasn't landed yet," vaguely.

"Hum! Rather a poor reason," mused the captain later on. "More likely she's seen someone more to her mind since she parted from the first. Well, it evidently isn't Gorman, and—and if she's fretting over the other, I'll—I'll, yes, I'll have him cat-o-nine-tailed, I will indeed. My niece to demean herself by flirting with one of her uncle's crew! There's nothing for it but to force her to marry Gorman. I didn't mean to be harsh, but I'll have to come to it sooner or later, I can plainly see; so here goes."

Determined to strike while the iron was hot, he sought out Vere, and plunged right into the subject next to his heart.

"The girl had been dreading this."

She had seen clearly enough that her uncle was bent on her marrying the millionaire.

She knew also that she would mortally offend him if she refused to let him carry out his pet scheme.

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Sunday Reading.

Into a far Country. A house of death—and yet no gloom. His feet are at the door; A passer-by I did I still. As it has been of yore. The hands that set the rooms aright The feet that tread the floor. Are no less 'wilt to serve her now Than they have been before.

The chamber of her soul she swept, And grieved it with a wail; A place of sweet propriety And fragrance it had been, To which a holy visitor Most gladly entered in. For to the inmate of the room This guest was near of kin.

Shut up with a Bible.

When Nicholas I. became Emperor of Russia, his first task was to put down a formidable sedition among the aristocracy of his realm. Many nobles, detected in guilt, and many who were simply suspected, were thrown into prison. One, who was innocent, was by nature a man of fiery temper; his wrongful arrest irritated him, and he raved like a wild animal. Day after day, brooding over his treatment, he would stamp shrieking through his cell, and curse the Emperor, and curse God. Why did He not prevent this injustice?

No quiet came to him save in the intervals of exhaustion that followed his fits of rage. A visit from a venerable clergyman, on the ninth day of his confinement, produced no softening effect. The good man's prayer was heard with sullen contempt. The divine words, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' sounded like mockery to the embittered prisoner. The aged minister went away, leaving a Bible in the cell, which he begged the prisoner to read.

As soon as his visitor was gone the angry nobleman kicked the Bible into a corner. What to him was the Word of God who let tyrants abuse him?

But when the terrible loneliness of succeeding days had nearly crazed him he caught up the volume and opened it, and his first glance fell on the middle of the fiftieth psalm: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.' The text surprised and touched him, but his pride resented the feeling, and he dropped the book.

The next day desperation drove him again to the only companion of his solitude, and from that time he read the Bible constantly. Then he began to study it, and commit whole chapters to memory. The story of the Savior's life and death totally changed him. He saw himself a fellow-sufferer with the Christ Who was unjustly accused and slain.

Revengeful rage gave way, and the spirit of a martyr took its place. Like the persecuted Christians shut up in the Roman catacombs, he forgave his enemies. An unworshipful joy took up the time he had once spent in harsh thoughts and words. The shadows of wrong and death vanished in the new light that shone upon him from beyond.

The company of a book—the one book in all the world that could have done it—had given the proud noble another heart.

Madame Dubois, once a beloved prison missionary in New York, from whose writings this story is taken, was in Russia when the condemned man's aunt and sister, with whom she was visiting, received a letter which was believed to be his last. It was the outpouring of an exalted soul superior to fate.

He had undergone his trial, and unable to prove his innocence, had been sentenced to death. On the day set for his execution, while the ladies of his mansion walked in tears through the crisp-hung parlors, suddenly the light of their doomed kinsman himself flashed upon them at the door!

It was an unhopd-for deliverance at the last moment. When the father's key unlocked the prisoner's cell, instead of the messenger of death the Tear of Russia stood before him. A conspirator's intercepted letter had placed the innocences of the suspected nobleman beyond question, and the Tear made what would be called by bestowing on him a splendid pardon and a general's commission.

Seventy-five years have passed since then

and with them the life of the almost-martyred Russian; but the fruits of his devout fidelity and kindness among his fellowmen, the hospital he built for the sick and friendless,—and the very Bible he was shut up with in his own distress,—still bear witness to a consecration that was worth all its personal cost.

The Indian Pariahs.

The chief sufferers by the present famine in India, as well as by all other natural and political calamities in that great empire, are the unfortunate Pariahs, or outcasts, who number, according to a late estimate, nine millions, and whose condition is now practically as bad as the slavery from which the English rule is supposed to have redeemed them. At least half of them are in the presidency of Madras; and in and about the city of Madras they form one quarter of the population.

The Pariahs are socially and industrially below the Sudras, who are the lowest caste. The Pariahs are of no caste at all, and have no place in the social and religious schemes. They are nominally free, but only nominally. The law compels them to live in separate hovels outside the boundaries of villages. They cannot carry on trade or agriculture, and can only perform the most laborious, unpleasant and menial services.

The state of the Pariahs is practically that of the chandals, of whom it is said, in the Hindu law of custom, that he 'shall not dwell within town; his sole wealth must be in dogs and asses; his clothes must consist of the mantles of deceased persons; and his dishes must be broken pots.'

The Pariahs are prohibited from drinking at the public fountains; the upper castes—even including the poor and hard-worked and often starved Sudra—believe that they contaminate the water. As the fountains generally contain the only public or accessible water within a considerable radius, this is a terrible hardship to the Pariahs, who are often obliged to go several miles to get water, which then is very likely stagnant and unwholesome. The result is that disease is bred a song them, which sometimes infects the whole population.

This gives the Pariahs a grievance which they fancy, may compel the government of India to listen to their story of distress. In a general way, it is no doubt true that the English rulers of India would help the Pariahs if they could; but they are unable to govern the vast population of that empire without acceding to the social arrangements and religious notions of the people.

Nevertheless, there is no Indian law of custom against teaching Pariahs, and the English have established three hundred primary schools for the benefit of their children.

It is not clear, however, in what way education will help a people who are not allowed to live in villages, or travel with other people, or drink the water they drink, or engage in any trade or business. An educated outcaste would be a very unhappy outcaste indeed.

As matters are, the Pariahs are not—at least, when they can obtain food—an unhappy people. They are said to be very laborious in their menial way, frugal, pleasure loving, and capable of performing much hard work.

With regard to their diet; they have at least one privilege not possessed by Indians who belong to the caste; they can eat anything. A Sudra or an upper caste man may starve before he may eat beef; porter house steaks placed before him three times a day, during the famine, would not save him from starvation.

The members of the Hindu castes suffer from the great famine as the result of other inherited notions besides the one that compels them to eat only certain foods. They are restrained by superstitious fear from leaving their homes and travelling to the relief centres. The Indian government distributes great quantities of rice, but it cannot carry it around to all the people, and if their strange scruples prevent them from congregating at certain centres, they must die.

Here, too, the Pariah profits by his outcaste condition; he may go anywhere he can. He has no caste in at least beyond the tear of losing it.

Wives Who Make Their Husbands Fortunate.

It is 'unhappily rare to find in the life-records of successful men anything like adequate justice to the wives who by their sympathy and encouragement have done so much to make great careers possible; and yet there are comparatively few men of note who do not ungrudgingly pay a high tribute to the helpfulness of their wives.

Few men have more graciously accorded this credit to their wives than Charles Kingsley, the great preacher and writer, who professed to owe to his wife everything good that he had ever done, and whose tender worship of her was, perhaps the most beautiful thing in a beautiful life. 'People talk,' he wrote to his wife, 'of

love ending at the altar. Fools! I sit at the window all evening, thinking of nothing but home. I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life.'

On one occasion, when a friend who was dining at the rectory was speaking in high praise of his latest work, Kingsley said, 'Please do not say that to me. I am only the hand; there' (pointing to his wife) 'is my inspiration.'

It was one of the best features of Lord Beaconsfield that he was always as generous in his praises of his wife as he was chivalrous in his attentions to her; and this, although she had, in the words of an unkind critic, neither 'birth, brains, nor beauty' to win a man's homage.

Still, the 'eccentric widow' was the most slavishly devoted of wives, and cherished and cared for her 'Dixey' as if he were the rarest jewel on earth. It was her devotion and her money that made a great career not only possible but easy for her ambitious husband.

A touching proof of her self-obliviation was when, while accompanying her husband to the House of Commons on the eve of a great speech, her hand was jammed in the carriage door. Although she was suffering intense pain, the brave woman said nothing of the accident for fear that it might disturb her husband and it was only when 'Dixey' (as she loved to call him) was safe in the House that her control failed her, and she fainted away.

Bismarck was sustained through a crowded and ambitious life by the devotion of his wife, and vowed that he 'would rather share a peasant's but with her than rule the world with another.'

There has seldom been a more ideally happy married life than that of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, whose joint existence was a poem of sustained beauty. Chivalry on his part and adoration on hers marked their last years together as much as the days when she penned her 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' in his honor, and he wooed her on a bed of pain. How they mutually inspired each other the world knows to its profit, for without the other, each life-record would have been sadly incomplete.

Keble had a wife who was almost as delicate as Mrs. Browning and the equally was her husband's strength. He deferred to her in everything, and she was not only the inspiration of his life, but, in his own words, 'his conscience, his memory, and his common sense.'

Perhaps no man ever had a more devoted and helpful wife than Mr. Gladstone, or ever recognised her help in a more chivalrous way. From the far-away day sixty years ago when he led her to the altar, to the last sad parting, Mrs. Gladstone lived in and for her husband; and he paid many a touching tribute to the care she took of him, and the courage with which she inspired him.

There has rarely been anything more pathetically beautiful than the way in which the late Mr. Fawcett, the blind statesman, leaned on his wife, both physically and morally. She was his chief counsellor, and he generously admitted that her political judgment was sounder than his own, and that she had saved him from many a political pitfall, if not worse.

Cobden used to say that he owed any success he had achieved in life to his wife, the 'ignorant Welsh girl,' whom his friends looked on with so much suspicion as an unsuitable helpmate for him. The union, 'begun in romance and indiscretion,' was cemented by a long life of mutual sorrow and struggle, through which Mrs. Cobden's bright spirit buoyed her husband into success.

But the list of helpful wives is almost as long as the list of successful men. The old stories are being re-enacted today in every field of man's endeavour. Lord Salisbury owes more than the world knows to his wife, who has been his guardian angel since the days when they wrote together for the press in a Strand by-street. Sir William Harcourt found a fortune of helpfulness in Motley's gifted daughter; Mr. Chamberlain has a spur to his ambition in the 'Puritan maiden' he married eleven years ago; and what nobler or more devoted wives have men ever had than the Queen, the ex-Empress Frederick and the loving and ill-fated 'Princess Alice'?

Strange Ways of Saving Life.

One of the chief features in connection with the recent disaster to the Channel steamer Stella was the curious method in which one of the passengers saved his life through an inflated football tied about his waist acting as a lifebuoy. This, however, is not nearly so unique as most people imagine.

Some years ago a similar catastrophe overtook a steamer plying between Bristol and Jersey, which struck on some rocks off the Scilly Isles and speedily went to pieces. On board was an old lady who had been bedridden for a number of years, and who



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was going to St. Helier to spend her remaining days. Naturally, the journey presented great difficulties to a person in her condition, and in order that the fatigue might be lessened somewhat, she was provided with an air-tight bed, which regulated to a certain extent the oscillations of the vessel.

When the steamer struck, of course the old lady thought her last hour had arrived, but great was her surprise when it went to pieces to find herself floating out to sea on the air bed. In a short time she was picked up, which had it not been air tight would have left her no alternative but to have gone to the bottom.

The Barcelona, a French merchant vessel, set out from Brest en route for Boston some years since with no other than a cargo of bees. The insects were stored in wicker hives similar to those with which we are familiar in this country, fires being kept burning in the hold throughout the journey for the purpose of stupefying them. When near Boston the ship struck in one of the numerous small islands in the vicinity and although it was broad daylight a fog prevented the signals of distress being seen.

Quickly the steamer began to break up, and as it did so the hives of bees began to float out and cover the water; the struggling insects, too much overcome by the fumes, allowed themselves to be drowned, and were swept away by the waves. Soon it became apparent that those who wished to be saved must jump overboard and swim for their lives. Those uninitiated in the art of swimming were given life-belts, and followed their more fortunate brethren in their endeavours to reach terra firma.

Then a new difficulty presented itself; there were not enough belts, so it looked as if some would have to perish, when a bright idea struck one of those who had already plunged into the water. Swimming to one of the hives floating about everywhere, he turned it over and got inside.

The experiment proving successful, others followed his example, and soon the strange sight was seen of inverted beehives containing human freight moving slowly through the grey mist. Occasionally one upset, and loss of life frequently followed, but there is no doubt that had it not been for the hives many of those in the fatal vessel would not have been alive today to tell the tale.

A similar case is also to be found in the annals of maritime history, but in this instance hen coops took the place of hives. The cargo consisted of hens, ducks, and geese, penned in coops, and when the ship foundered many of these floated about, such of the poultry as could swim making good their escape. Some of the passengers got astride the coops, and were thus kept from the fury of the waves, many saving their lives thereby.

A curious story comes from America, which, if true, certainly deserves a place in this article. Two liners collided in a fog, one of which speedily began to founder. All the women and children were put into the boats, and the remainder furnished with life belts. Whilst the vessel was sinking a passenger who possessed a cork leg took it off and tied it round him, then plunged into the water. After battling with the waves for some time, aided by his curious life preserver, he was picked up by the other vessel. As he could not swim, he never regretted having lost a limb in the Civil War and having had a cork one substituted.

A Lesson in Humility.

Fine as is the point of the hypodermic injector, by which an anodyne is thrown in to the circulation of a sleepless man, it is not so sharp or penetrating as the suggestion of the gentle wife upon making her husband a better man.

'Isn't it curious, Cynthia,' the colonel said to Mrs. Calliper, 'how sometimes the current of our lives is deflected by the most trivial incidents? Now there was Philetus Goblinton you remember what a vain, consequential man he was? But all that was changed by just the slightest thing in the world.'

'He went one Sunday to a church where

he had never been before, and where he was quite unknown. As usual, he made toward the middle aisle, where, at home, he was accustomed to sit; but the man that met him led him, not down the middle aisle, but along the back of the pews and down a side aisle, and gave him a seat pretty well back.

'That was a crusher for Philetus. Here was a man evidently a person of some account, who with the unprejudiced eyes of a total stranger had sized him up as a man of side aisle importance.

'Could it be that his friends and acquaintances really so regarded him? It set him thinking, and the result you see in the modest thoughtful Philetus Goblinton of to-day.'

Jason, dear,' said Mrs. Calliper, 'don't you suppose it would be a good thing for you to go to a strange church once in awhile?'

READ HER OWN DOOM.

A Woman (Physician's Fatal Look Into the Eye-piece of a Microscope.

'Yes, I will look,' said Dr. Mary Hawes, as she stood before the keenly polished microscope one day last week in the laboratory of the City Hospital, Cincinnati.

There was one little drop of sputum on the glass slide. To put her eye to the microscope meant to this delicate young woman, who had long since consecrated herself to science, the story of her life—or death. She had labored tirelessly in the consumptive ward and her own symptoms became suddenly startling. Bacteriology was her specialty; she had passed upon countless cases of tuberculosis without an error. She had by her experiments and diagnosis answered the question of life or death for hundreds of consumptive patients.

Then came her own weakness, pallor, fever, cough and pain. She had resolved to test her own case for herself. The drop of sputum was as carefully adjusted on the slide as if it had been for the humblest patient. The light was just right, the lenses were adjusted—it only meant a look to tell whether she was doomed or not.

She looked. There was no tremor of her hands, no sudden pallor of her face when her eye left the eye-piece. Instead she asked the first physician who dropped in to look, too.

'Bacilli tuberculosis,' said he, coolly, thinking it only the examination for a patient in one of the hospital wards.

Another interne happened into the laboratory.

'Look at this,' said Miss Hawes, offering him the microscope.

'Tuberculosis,' said the second expert, laconically, ready to hurry away to his duties.

'This is my own case,' said Miss Hawes. 'I shall resign at once and go to Denver.' Then only did the doctors realize the young woman's nerve. It had been left for her to diagnose her own case. She knew what she had seen through the microscope, and she simply wished for confirmation. She has now left for the dry air of Colorado in her fight with the scourge that has killed more men and women than all the cannons of all the armies of the world. She is perfectly calm about it and will study her case in the hope of saving her own life; if she does not she will try to leave valuable ideas to posterity for the guidance of physicians in fighting the maledy.

Miss Hawes is a physician who was graduated with honors from Laura Memorial College. She stood among her competitors for a place in the City Hospital as interne, and won. She spent her time with the consumptives. She contracted her ailment there.

Every physician in Cincinnati hopes she will recover. Dr. McKee contracted the disease a year ago, and was out off in his prime. Dr. Eason, who succeeded him in the tuberculosis ward, was warned in time and went to Mexico before it was too late.

There is Really

no room in four lines of print to set forth the danger of testing a cough "get well of itself." Take no chances of that sort. Use Adams' Botanic Cough Relief, 50c; all druggists.

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## How Shanghai Was Stirred Up.

The New York Sun's correspondent at Shanghai sends the following description of the Chinese crisis as it appeared there and at Hong Kong:—In Manila we had heard occasional rumors as to the seriousness of matters in the north of China, but we were so busy with Filipinos and filibusters and commissions that we had small time to give to such things, and it was with rather a surprise that the crisis came. The order said simply 'Go to Tientsin,' as if it were just a step or two across the road. As a matter of fact at that time it was three steps and now there is no telling how many must be taken before it is carried out. The first step was to get to Hong Kong. That was familiar ground and comparatively easy, involving nothing worse than a trip across the China Sea. Hong Kong was in the throes of an excitement that reminded one of the days of the first expedition to Manila from San Francisco in May of '98. Troops had been ordered away to Taku at the earliest moment, and the Britishers, who had rallied at our makeshift transport contrivances in '98, were now struggling with the same problem and being scandalously worsted by it. A battalion of the Hong Kong Regiment, composed of various kinds of Indians, Sikhs, Mohammedans and Hindoos, in all about seven hundred men, was to go on the suddenly chartered old coaster Hingsang.

Nobody seemed to know exactly what was going on. Some one was supposed to be in charge of the work which it was necessary to do to get the ship ready for service as a transport. Each officer acted apparently on the supposition that it was the work of some one else. The result was that almost nothing was done. At last the time came when, according to the announcement, the men were to board. The men were ready. It was raining Manila fashion, and when the men got on the wharf they found that the transport had not been brought along side, nor had any launches been provided to take them off. They stood in the down pour and got wet to the skin, and all their kit was soaked. Finally boats were procured and they were loaded in. When they got alongside no gangways were down and they had to crawl through cargo ports. They were to be stowed 'tween decks. It was a vile filthy place, with no ventilation, and five minutes after it had been filled with the steaming water-soaked men, it was almost impossible to breathe there. The commander decided that that state of affairs would never do and sent 200 of the men back ashore immediately, and the steamer sailed without them. There were no bathing facilities for the men and only one galley, so that all castles had to cook in the same place to the scandal and abomination of them all.

The force taken finally by the Hingsang numbered only 450 Asiatics, including a detachment of the Asiatic artillery. The Hingsang is a steamer of more than 1,200 tons. In the Philippines we have been transporting men about the islands for months without any great trouble and putting a battalion of 400 men or more on a ship of less than 800 tons, Hong Kong raised a great row about the Hingsang. The newspapers said all sorts of very mean things about the men who should have seen that all was right on the transport, and some of them went so far that they were told by the officials that they need expect no further news about the army. That was a dreadful punishment. The

Hong Kong was full of the wildest rumors about the situation around Tientsin. The legations in Peking were destroyed, the German minister had been murdered, native Christians by the hundred were slaughtered, foreigners were in the gravest danger everywhere. Hour by hour the dreadful story grew. The huge cruiser Terrible was pressed into service as a transport to take a force of the Royal Irish Fusiliers from the garrison of Hong Kong to the north. Hong Kong began to speculate forebodingly on the reduction of her garrison. The cruiser Undaunted got hurry orders to go to Shanghai. The talk in the club centered about the affairs in the north and about the danger of a local uprising and massacre in Hong Kong. To those who had lived in Manila for the last year or so this excitement was entertaining. We had simmered on the same kettle lid for so long that we were accustomed to it, but it was a new and tremendous thing for Hong Kong. The grave discussions of the existing situation were almost sure to lead to long, if not lucid, explanations of the measures that should be taken to restore order, and

after that came the final distribution of rewards and territory. In all Hong Kong the Chinese were the only ones who showed no sign whatever of any feeling in the matter.

Thus far it seemed to one who had not lived long enough on the coast of China to be familiar with the way these things have of going from bad to worse with astonishing rapidity as if it would all end in big talk and nothing more, with the accompaniment of landing parties and the old show of force. But when we got to Shanghai there was little element of humor left in the situation. The attack on the gunboats and the reduction of the Taku forts had occurred. China was at war with all the great powers. There was ground for believing that even the more serious of the reports which had so stirred up Hong Kong might have unpleasant foundation in fact.

Shanghai is very much excited. The volunteers are recruiting as fast as they can. It is a common thing to see a young fellow riding about in a ricksha with a rifle beside him, showing off his enlistment before he goes home. Men in uniform are seen in the clubs every evening. The newspapers issue little 'expresses' on the receipt of any telegram from Chefoo, and all sort of stories have circulation and some credence.

There were three of us Americans, come up from Manila together and one of the first men we met in Shanghai was the cor-

respondent of the London Times. He went straight to the point at once. If we Americans would only join with him in respect to the policy to be pursued in the settlement of the affair everything undoubtedly would go all right, and with the United States and Great Britain acting together no other power could interfere in a way we did not like. The main thing was to have the newspapers take the right view next step would be a suit for libel.

and that they did so was to be our part of the lookout. When it came to a discussion of the news and how to get it through our papers, the Times man not nearly so clear.

At tiffin everybody in Shanghai was at the club and all the talk was of the latest news. There was astonishing news for us Americans. [A big white transport, crowded with troops, had been seen off the Sbantung promontory on the 17th, the Ninth Infantry had started already from Manila and the President had ordered 5,000 more men to be sent at once. The fact that no American army transport could possibly have been where the white ship was seen when she was seen did not disturb the calculations of Shanghai in the least. The news had been brought by the skipper of a Shanghai ship and he had seen the white transport. It must be so. It turned out when we had telegraphed to Manila that it might have been the Solace with the marines. The news of the ordering out of 5,000 men from the Philippines came from London, and Manila's advice that only the Ninth had been ordered was not valid against that.

If Hong Kong had been full of rumors and strange stories, Shanghai was overflowing with them. The added seriousness of the situation, the undoubted gravity of it, served to increase in astonishing fashion the tales of possible danger to Shanghai. Men gave voice to the most

curious reports without stopping to consider their absurdity. One man gravely told me that the guns of the arsenal were believed to be trained upon the settlements as the foreign concessions are called. It seemed not to have occurred to any one to go over to the arsenal and find out if that were the fact. The Chinese were said to have brought 1,500 special troops into the arsenal ready for the attack on the foreigners. Business was at a standstill.

The one yellow journal of Shanghai has been having a fine time with all this chance to distinguish itself. But there is a different sort of government in Shanghai to that which obtains in the real home of the yellow journal, and the British consul sent for the editor of the Shanghai paper and told him either to submit everything intended for publication to him for approval or shut up shop all together, so that the tone of the paper altered materially.

There is genuine reason for apprehension on the part of Shanghai, where Hong Kong has very little. Shanghai is situated very awkwardly if it should come to a fight with the Chinese. The forts at Woosung below it and the arsenal with its guns, just opposite the concessions, are in position to leave very little if they once open up. And just now there is practically no force in Shanghai to oppose either. The little Castine is lying in the river near the arsenal, but her boilers are undergoing repairs so that literally she is not able to get out of her own way. The British cruiser Undaunted is lying near the Woosung forts, but Shanghai would feel much better and safer if the Oregon were not with her. In the city itself there are perhaps a thousand men who could be depended upon to turn out and give an account of themselves in case of a fight. No power is in position to send any help in time to do any good if the emergency comes, and after all is said and done

Shanghai is really resting on the belief that whatever happens in the north the Chinese will not molest her.

One element of the situation out here is refreshing to the American who has been accustomed for so long to hear [the American consular service] decried on all hands, and particularly by Britishers. Now that the storm has broken, the average Britisher here is shouting that he has seen it all along and that for months he has been calling the attention of the officials to the fact that it was coming. But the stupid officials, who never of any use whatever, have steadily refused to believe the alarmist talk, and now the emergency has come and Great Britain is almost totally unprepared to meet it. On the other hand, say the men who talk thus, the American Consuls have taken the reasonable view all along, and now events have proved their wisdom.

### Fishing for an Object.

'After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brickyard pond for forty minutes without pulling up his hook,' said the traveller, 'I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught.'

'No sah, I reckon not,' he replied.

'But you seem to be fishing.'

'Yes, sah.'

'But perhaps you are not fishing for fish.'

'No sah'

'I waited ten minutes for him to explain, but as he did not I finally asked him what particular object he had in view.'

'De objick, sah,' he repeated without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole, 'de objick of my fishin' fur fish whar dere han't any is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to pick up de hoe and work in de truck patch!'



THE WRITING LESSON.



Chat of the Boudoir.

Cut and accessories—There you have the two fetiches of Paris dressmaking. Material is a minor consideration. This season, in all the trimmings, gold and silver play important parts.

A simple tailor gown in reseed green cloth has a plain skirt and a blouse jacket whose yoke and collar revers are edged with black and gold braid.

The prevailing tendency to avoid tight fitting lines and affect clinging curves is shown in the pouched effect which many of the French frocks carry all around the bodices, above the girdle.

This feature of the bodice is shown in a rose crepe in one of the cuts. The bodice is tucked finely and droops over a girdle of black velvet.

The craze for gold trimming is developing in a most effective way through combination with heavy lace. Boleros of guipure, point de Venise, Carrickross, &c., are applied upon gold tissue and used upon cloth or silk with excellent results.

Autofobile coats for autumn are shown in cranberry red cloth, heavily strapped, severely plain, and three quarter length. The three quarter length coats seem destined to take the place of the trailing coats of last season, so far as severe cloth coats are concerned.

A new garniture much in favor consists of rings of guipure linked one through the other and applied as a band.

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TRILLS OF FASHION.

New York furriers are mute on the subject of coming fashions in furs; but for the benefit of travelling American novelties in furs are being shown by Paris and London houses.

White satin is preeminently the lining for fall coats. Little else is used by knowing tailors, and the quality of the satin must be excellent. Colored satins of mediocre quality may be used for lining and give respectable service, but it is the poorest economy to line a coat with cheap white satin which neither wears, or cleans well.

The short skirt has at last, so say many authorities, found some small favors in Paris. Perhaps the summer invasion of American girls in walking skirts has wrought the miracle; but, whatever the cause, Parisian tailors have evolved what they call "the exposition skirt."

The following anecdote, taken from the Western Record, is said to be one of the traditions of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland. Whether it be anything more than a tradition or not, it is a characteristic story of Scotch pluck and persistency.

A barefooted, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the head of an important firm, and asked for work as an errand-boy.

There's a deal o' running to be done," said Mr. Blank, jestingly affecting a broad Scotch accent.

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed, before he had saved money enough to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning and held out a package.

"I have the shoon, sir," he said. Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstances. "Oh, you want a place? Not in those rags, my lad! You would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had staid himself of food in order to buy the clothes. The manufacturer questioned him, and found, to his regret, that he could neither read nor write.

most popular materials for young girls' evening gowns during the winter. It is more durable than chiffon or mousseline and achieves considerable distinction through skillful use of the lace.

Frocks for little girls have not, in many seasons, been so charming as now. They reproduce the general characteristics of the gowns worn by the children's elders; but, fortunately, these features at present are effective upon the wee women. Empire frocks with rather long skirts and soft sashes are delightful upon small girls, and the inevitable bolero, with its infinite variety in shape and trimming, redeems even the simplest child's dress from the commonplace.

Once more it is prophesied that lingerie petticoats are to oust silk petticoats. It is unquestionably true that fewer silk petticoats have been sold in the shops this season, but doubtless this is due to the universal use of light-weight and light-lined materials. Whether white petticoats will be in favor under heavier winter gowns remains to be seen, although fashion makers announce the departure decisively, and buyers are governing their stocks by the prophecy.

The clumsy, ready made satin stocks which were the unsatisfactory resort of the girl who does not sew need worry her soul no longer. Tucked and lined soft satin stocks is now sold by the yard at the ribbon counter, and a very few stitches will achieve a fresh and comfortable stock around which to fold any one of the becoming scarfs or barbes.

Among the new trimmings are highly effective bands of crash, beige cloth and heavy ecru silk embroidered in Balgarian cross stitch, with silk of Oriental colors.

The horseshoe, while not a particularly refined and subtle design for jewelry, is unquestionable here in force, and fastens sharp point of the belt ribbon, the cravat, or the scarf of the outing girl.

The column moved on; "nor all the pretty nor all the wit" of the Zulu could lure it back to recover the concertina. But the leader of the mounted company, coming behind, noticed the instrument lying on the ground.

"Mind that concertina!" he shouted. "Pass the word!" He pulled his horse aside; the word was passed, a line of horses in the middle of the company swerved, the forest of legs passed, and behold! the concertina lay untouched.

The next company leader threw up his hand like a driver in the Strand. Look out! Mind the concertina!" he said.

"Mind the wind jammer!" said one man to another in tones—as they seemed—of deep personal resentment if a rider let his horse's hoofs go dangerously near the picnic thing.

Mr. Plunkett, a citizen of some prominence in political circles, came home from his office one day in high excitement. "I have just had a very disagreeable experience with a contemptible fellow named Rinkle," he said to his wife. "He tried to bribe me into recommending him for a consulship. It was all I could do to keep from throwing him out of the door, and I am not sure but I should have done it in spite of myself if he had not hurried away. When I think of his infamous offer, I am

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before we can employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country, and found work in stables near a night-school. At the end of the year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

There is nothing nerve-racking about this war story, taken from "The Relief of Ladysmith." On the contrary, it is one of those trifling but delightfully vivid incidents which seize the mind on a grand occasion.

Advantage of Yawning. A German scientist with all kinds of knobs on his head has discovered that yawning is a healthy pastime. It is wholesome, like oatmeal and brown bread. Yawning, it is said, stretches the muscles of the brain, maybe, or the tendons of the head, sends the blood to the jaws and sharpens appetite and intellect. It is a cheap remedy, accessible to young and old, rich and poor, and if it is as efficacious as our Teuton says health is surely within the reach of every one in this country.

An English Sentry once stopped a carriage which was out of order on the night of a court ball. A lady put her head out of the window and remarked that she had the right to go on, because she was the wife of a cabinet minister. Beg pardon, ma'am, was the firm reply, but I couldn't let you pass, even if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Richard's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700 Eighth Avenue, New York.



### Scenes in Breadless India.

Dr. Louis Klopfch Tells His Personal Experience in the Stricken Land.

This famine still stalks abroad in India, despite the falling of rain, is vouchered for by all travelers returning from the stricken land. Help is still needed, and immediate help at that. Relief Committees all over the country are increasing, rather than decreasing, their efforts to collect money for the starving millions. The principal agency for the receiving and distributing of money for the sufferers, The Christian Herald of New York, is in receipt of some \$3,000 a day and is forwarding the cash as fast as it is received. At the Bible House, the office of the paper, a large force is employed to open and sort the huge mail that comes addressed to the India Famine Relief Work. Every remittance is promptly acknowledged in print. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, the editor, is in Europe addressing great audiences in behalf of the relief fund. In this country from all sources probably one million dollars has already been collected and forwarded to the committees who distribute the money in India. Much more money is needed to save the breathless ones from death and to take care of the half million helpless orphans left by parents who have already perished.

Dr. Louis Klopfch, proprietor of The Christian Herald, who recently returned from India, gives a chapter from his personal experiences, as follows:

"You surely will go to Agra and see the Taj Mahal before you sail," said my companion, when I informed him that we were that day to begin the last trip before our return home. "Everybody that comes to India visits at least that," added he, by way of encouragement when I shook my head negatively. We had come to see the famine fields and our time was getting short and every moment of it was mortgaged in advance up to the hour of our departure. Relief operations were of immediate and urgent importance while sightseeing could be deferred. So we started off that night for Baroda a city of 110,000 inhabitants, the capital of a Native State of that name, arriving at 7 a. m.

The Gaekwar was off on a visit to England there to be presented to the Prince of Wales and the Queen, hence there was no invitation awaiting us to visit the new and imposing princely palace, but nevertheless on our way from the station we passed through it and admired its magnificent architecture and sumptuous modern furnishings. Strange to relate there was not a soul to inquire into the why and wherefore of our presence. All was as quiet as the interior of a magnificent mausoleum. The garden surrounding the palace was in a fair state of cultivation but no bird carolled its morning lay, and neither the buzz of the bee, nor the chirp of the cricket relieved the dreadful monotony of the oppressive silence.

We spent a few moments inspecting the never failing well—dug at an expense of 9 lakhs or rupees, or about \$300,000. We then wended our way through the narrow dirty streets of the capital to the place where once the poor-house was located, but on our arrival there we were informed that, owing to the abnormal increase in the number of its inmates, it had been removed to more capacious quarters a mile off. Thither we directed our steps and in due time we reached the antithesis of the Gaekwar's Palace. As rich as were his quarters so destitute was the poor-house. In my notebook I wrote a line that reads: "This is the worst I have yet seen," and as I recall it now, I marvel that I ever had the courage to pass into and through the filthy wards, and more filthy yard that constituted this shocking blot on civilization.

I had become accustomed to sights nauseating and revolting, but the Baroda poor house stands out as the most terrible conglomeration of abject misery that ever met my gaze. The sun's rays penetrated my pith hat and dazed brain and eyes, while an effluvia of concentrated decomposition rendered breathing both difficult and dangerous. Almost stifled and stupefied we wended our way through the dead and the dying, with small-pox, dysentery, fever and cholera to the right and to the left, leaving terror behind us only to find horror awaiting us.

I left Baroda for the last of these letters because I was painfully conscious of the paucity of my vocabulary to do justice to the subject and after I have written the worst I shall feel that even then, I have only faintly indicated the real condition of affairs.

At the entrance to the poor-house stood

a woman blind. I had often seen women who had lost their sight as the result of the horrible famine, but I had never seen one who looked as did this woman. Reduced to a living skeleton; the balls of her eyes were actually decaying in the sockets of her ghastly skull and flies innumerable were acting the part of scavengers undisturbed.

She stood bareheaded in a sun which would have proved fatal to me in less time than it takes to write this incident. Her claw like hands inactively hung down her sides until she heard our footsteps. Then they were raised appealingly in the direction of the sound while she mumbled almost inaudibly her plaintive petition. Not realizing at first that she was blind I walked up close to her when another more frantic effort on her part brought her two hands into direct contact with my face.

I shuddered as I felt the cold, clammy touch, but being blind she could not see it. I quickly got beyond her reach and then, as I supposed, unobserved placed a rupee in her hand. In another instant a dozen other miserable remnants of humanity pressed forward pleading vociferously for help. Just then the attendant appeared and promptly ordered them back. What might have happened but for his timely interference I dread to contemplate, as Mr. Frazer and Mr. Hudson who has since died of the cholera, with my other companions had advanced more quickly and were beyond the reach of my voice.

I entered the first of many wards separated from one another by a bamboo partition. It was full of patients suffering from every manner of ailment. Cholera, dysentery and guinea worm predominated. On some cots the unfortunates were doubled up. The temperature was appallingly high. The air was laden with an odor superlatively offensive. It was thick with effluvia of the vilest stamp. The cots were defiled, reeking with filth. Pain, misery helplessness were on every hand. The agonizing groans of men and women writhing in cholera's fatal and unyielding grip were almost beyond endurance.

No attempt was made at a treatment. I called for the physician. There was none. A hospital assistant with not as much knowledge of medicine as an apprentice in a pharmacy was in charge. "How many of these people will be saved?" I asked. "They come here to die," was the stoic response. It was the abomination of desolation, and I was as helpless to help as the victims themselves. Yet I would have gladly given at that moment all I possessed had it been in my power to afford relief even for one single hour to those whose piteous gaze between the spasms mutely appealed to the white man for the help that they vaguely longed for yet did not expect, and which he unfortunately was unable to render. Never, never shall I forget that sad experience. But what I saw in the first ward was only a specimen of all the others. We travelled from ward to ward only to repeat the same experience. Our heart strings were wrung until the ever present consciousness of our own utter helplessness became so oppressive that a continuation of the tour threatened to unnerve us.

We stepped out into the square skirted by the bamboo enclosure and into the brazen sun. There before us on the ground without shade or protection of any kind, stark naked, lay a number of women in the last throes of the cholera. They seemed unconscious, yet the contortions of their bodies indicated that they were suffering intense pain. We called an attendant and ordered him to carry the women under shelter from the burning rays.

We did not stop to think that we lacked authority to enforce our demands. Fortunately there was no objection, and the women were one by one carried under a roof. One of them was practically dead, and at our request a few rags were thrown over her for decency's sake. She was not removed, and then and there she died. We had seen enough. We were anxious to get away. But it occurred to us that thus far no children had been in evidence. So we made inquiry concerning them and learned that they were kept in what is termed the kitchen. We asked to be shown there.

The kitchen in the Baroda Poor-house must be seen to be realized. In a bamboo enclosure under the supervision of a fat, turbaned Hindoo, sat three hundred skeletonized, diminutive creatures, mostly naked all sickly and miserable and many of them totally blind. In the entire number there

was not a single child which in our country would not be considered hopelessly afflicted with marasmus.

Millions of flies gorged themselves on festering sores and on eyes sealed with nauseating exudations. The sight of these poor little helpless human beings was sardening beyond description. Never have I seen anything approximating in abject misery and utter destitution as this gathering of innocents. Not a cry escaped their lips. The place was as silent as the abode of death. Hardly a hand stirred. Not a sound was heard. With the exception of the blinking of the eyelids there was no indication of life. Had our eyes been blind we could have passed by this place in total ignorance of the presence of a living being. We walked in and no one paid the slightest attention to our movements.

The Hindoo seemed as lifeless as the children. The sanitary conveniences and the kitchen were one. We entered and cautiously advanced step by step zig zig fashion in our efforts to escape pollution. We reached the center of the enclosure. The Hindoo looked on silently. The whole concern seemed dazed. Stupor was creeping upon us. Death seemed to be encircling the Baroda kitchen and all it contained, first mercifully numbing the senses as the surgeon administers an anesthetic before he performs the operation.

Suddenly there was a stir. Two men bearing a can of milk appeared in front of the Baroda tent. The children became animated. The Hindoo revived. He came over to where we were standing and informed us that milk was to be given to the feeble children. We followed him to the entrance and watched its distribution. As soon as some of the tin cups were filled the children scrambled for them. There was not enough for more than four of the number, and the more vigorous ones got what there was. The feeble ones went without it.

Some of them were too weak to rise. They cried inaudibly, but their grief was more pitiful than if it had sought noisy expression. Perhaps punishment awaited every demonstration on their part, and hence they dared not complain. God only knows. We protested against the totally inadequate supply of milk and lack of proper management. The Hindoo explained that more milk would be served in the evening. Eight long hours! And then perhaps only as much more. How could these hungry ones survive?

We asked the Hindoo how many of the little ones died daily. He professed ignorance but volunteered the information that their bodies were burned.

We crossed the square that led to the gate. But before we reached it we were surrounded by groups of starving people piteously pleading for a few pice with which to purchase grain. Tears actually trickled down the cheeks of many of the supplicants as they held up to our gaze their emaciated shriveled little ones in ocular demonstration of their deplorable condition. Mothers swayed to and fro moaning out unintelligible petitions.

Children prostrated themselves to the ground chattering a strange tongue and with frightful rapidity utterance the story of their woes as though anxious to tell all before we made our escape. "Oh my King" cried they, "it will be very well if you will help us, for we are very hungry. And driven to despair at the thought that their appeal lacked eloquence or earnestness, they slapped their hollow stomach and persuasively added "I'm starving—if you will help me God will give you many children." My heart sank within me.

Why should I have been called to witness all this suffering. Why not some wealthy man, who with a stroke of the pen could fill these empty stomachs and yet never miss the cost. I took one of the children in my arms. The mother said it was ten years of age. It could not have weighed more than thirty pounds. It was a skeleton absolutely denuded of flesh. The large glistening eyes were fixed on mine as though eager to catch the promise of help. And yet I could not give any for I remembered my experience at the gate. A rupee given at that moment might mean death for these people were desperate. They were beyond reasoning. Their own sufferings and their children's woes had driven them nearly mad. If help was to be given it had to be given generally and the coin I had with me would not have satisfied a measurable fraction of the requirements. I handed the child back to its mother. It was but a matter of hours, and long before I left India for home the vultures had devoured or the flames had consumed all that was left when the catastrophe overtook it.

As I write this I verily believe that not one of the twelve hundred who were in the Baroda Poor-house came out alive. It was a veritable dead-house, and those who once entered seemed hopelessly doomed. This is the last of my letters descriptive of my tour of the famine fields of starving

India. 'Ma bab' rings in my ears. Would to God I had the means to be father and mother to them all and give them enough to still the pangs of hunger until Providence graciously sends a harvest so genial and abundant that it shall satisfy every hungry man, woman and child in starving India.

LOUIS KLOPFCH.

#### DYSPEPSIA AND HEADACHE.

An Elderly Lady Tells of Her Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After a Series of Other Remedies Had Failed.

Dyspepsia causes more genuine distress than most diseases that afflict mankind. In this country from one cause or another, its victims are numbered by the thousands, and those afflicted always feel tired, worn out and miserable, and are subject to fits of melancholy or ill temper without apparent cause. It is obvious that the human body, in order to perform its functions, must be properly nourished, and this cannot be done when the food is improperly digested. Those who suffer from indigestion should exercise care as to diet, and only easily digested foods should be taken. But more than this is required—the blood needs attention in order that the stomach may be strengthened, and the secretion of the gastric juices properly carried on. There is no other medicine offered the public that will act so promptly and effectively as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this is given in the case of Mrs. F. X. Doddridge, St. Sauter, Que. In conversation with a reporter, Mrs. Doddridge said:—"For quite a number of years I have been a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, accompanied by the sick headaches that almost invariably come with this trouble. I suffered from terrible pains in the stomach, bloating and belching wind. All food seemed to disagree with me, and as a result of the trouble, I was very much run down, and at times I was unable to do even light household work. I am sure I tried a score of different medicines, but without success, and as I am sixty years of age, I had come to believe that it was hopeless to expect a cure. A friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with good results, urged me to try this medicine, and my husband brought home a couple of boxes. Before they were finished, I felt much better, and we then got another half dozen boxes, and these have completely restored my health, and I not only feel better than I have done for years, but actually feel younger. I very cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers.

If your dealer does not keep these pills, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### THE DANGER IN ELECTRICITY.

Novel Electrical Experiments by a Swiss Scientist.

Some very interesting experiments have just been made in Zurich, with the object of ascertaining the precise conditions under which electricity is dangerous to human life. The general impression has been that currents of less than 500 volts could not be fatal, yet a few cases of deaths have been recorded through currents which were as low as 120 volts. Alternating currents of 100 volts have in like manner been regarded as absolutely harmless, yet experience shows that this conclusion is not always correct.

With the object of arriving at definite truth on the vexed questions, Professor Weber, a distinguished Swiss scientist, made several experiments on himself. He first made a test with 30 volts, and found that when he grasped the wires with moistened hands, his arms, wrists and hands were practically paralyzed. It was impossible for him to move a hand, an arm or even a finger, and the pain in these parts of his body was so acute that he could not endure it for more than ten minutes. He also experienced considerable difficulty in freeing his hands from the wires. His next test was with 50 volts, and the pain in this instance was so acute that he could not endure it for more than two seconds.

Neither was it possible for him to free his hands from the wires, and for the reason that his hands and fingers were so benumbed by paralysis as to be practically lifeless. A similar result was obtained when he made tests with dry hands, but not until the intensity of the currents had reached 90 volts.

The conclusion at which Professor Weber has arrived is that 'there is danger in grasping the conductors of two alternate currents with the hands while in a dry condition whenever the difference between the intensity of the two conductors exceeds 100 volts. At the same time he points out that, while currents of such comparatively low intensity are under different conditions absolute harmless. In explanation it is said that these strong currents affect so quickly the surface of the body that it is impossible for them to press into the interior and produce physiological changes there.

Another notable discovery was made by Professor Weber. He knew that many a workman had been killed while handling a conductor in which the current was 115 volts, while engineers had constantly handled a similar conductor without meeting with any injury, and he determined to find

out why the current has proved so fatal in the case of workmen. One reason, he claims, is because engineers, owing to their training, are constantly on their guard against danger from electricity, and, furthermore, while performing such work are isolated from the ground through the soles of their shoes. The workmen, on the other hand, sometimes work in their bare feet and sometimes in damp leather shoes, the result being that either through this dampness or through their own bodies a connection is established between them and the earth which necessarily leads to their death.

Professor Weber's experiments have attracted widespread attention among scientists, and the belief among them is general that our knowledge of electricity is more likely to be increased by practical tests of this kind than in any other way.

#### Feeding the Monkeys.

At a time when reports of famine are brought from India and our sympathies are so heavily drawn upon our suffering poor, we cannot help feeling how hard the lack of food must fall upon the wild creatures as well. To understand how directly the life of the jungle is dependent upon the life of the town we need only to read such accounts as this, which is given by an English lady from Dumraon, India:

We drove some distance into the jungle, and stopped at a sort of stone erection at four cross roads. We went up several steps, and the gardener gave a loud call of 'Ow! Ow! Ow!' and from all directions came running monkeys, some about three feet high, and several mothers with tiny babies in their arms.

The monkeys were in distinct tribes, and those on one side would not go near those on the other. We threw them grain, which they rapidly picked up, and at last I could not resist going down to see if they would feed out of hands.

They crouched around me, and to my surprise a few of the big ones came up, and with one little hand held mine, while with the other they picked food from my palm.

All the time they looked anxiously into my face; but if I squeezed their fingers over so little they gave a screech and bounded off, showing all their teeth at me. One female trotted along by my side for a long way, holding on to my finger.

I was shocked to see the bad manners of the gentlemen, who smacked the ladies' heads and knocked over the little ones in their eagerness to get at the grain. I was sorry when the food was all gone; but every day while we were at Dumraon we paid the monkeys a visit.

#### Aunt Edey's Bonnet.

While visiting Boston not long ago Aunt Edey, a lovely old Quakeress, took a morning walk in the Public Garden. Feeling tired after a while, she sat down on a bench, and as she sat there, a picture of serenity and dignity in the dress of her sect, she attracted the attention of a passing gentleman.

He was 'doing' the garden, and was borne along by several women, a wife and four daughters, all of whom were clothed with transcendent splendor, gowns of the latest mode, and elaborate hats perched on enormous rolls of hair, which overhung the temples with the bulge of a haymow.

The gentleman, evidently, was unfamiliar with Quaker dress, for he halted and gazed open-mouthed at Aunt Edey, his eyes lingering longest on the gray silk bonnet which did not quite hide the smooth hair. His party passed along, but he did not move. Presently he glanced furtively at his conveyance, and then took a step toward Aunt Edey.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but that's the most splendid bonnet I have ever seen."

"I am glad thee likes it," returned Aunt Edey, placidly.

#### Village or City.

The line has been drawn, it seems, at which a small town emerges from its chrysalis condition and becomes a city.

Farmer Oatcake was a witness in a case in circuit court. He had given his testimony and was about to step down, when the lawyer who was cross examining him asked, as a matter of fact:

"This took place, did it, in the village of Bunkertown?"

"Yes, sir," replied Farmer Oatcake, "in the city of Bunkertown."

"You call it a city, do you?" said the lawyer. "What is your idea of the difference between a village and a city?"

"Well," rejoined the farmer, on reflecting a moment, "a village is a place you can take a drove of cattle through the main street, and a city is a place where you can't."

PAIN-KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Takes internally it cures diarrhea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis. 35c. and 50c.



current has proved so fatal in its work. One reason, he believes, is because engineers, owing to their constant work on their feet, are constantly in danger from electricity, and while performing such work from the ground through the shoes. The workmen, on the other hand, sometimes work in their bare feet in damp leather shoes, being that either through this or through their own bodies a connection is established between them and the electricity which necessarily leads to their death.

Weber's experiments have attracted attention among scientists, and his belief in the general principle of electricity is more and more confirmed by practical tests of it in any other way.

feeding the Monkeys. When reports of famine are sent from India and our sympathies are drawn upon our suffering poor, we feel how hard the lack of food is to the wild creatures. We understand how directly the angle is dependent upon the amount of food we need only to read such a paper as this, which is given by an Englishman, Dumraon, India:

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CONTINUED FROM THE LAST PAGE.

She had been entrusted by her parents to his care, he told her, and, therefore, it was his bounden duty to see that she did nothing to injure her own prospects.

To become the wife of Mr. Silas Gorman, millionaire, and potential member of Parliament and even peer, was something that could not be improved upon.

That, consequently must come about. She was to marry Mr. Gorman at Sydney have a week's honeymoon on land, and return to England in the Albatross.

'Stands to reason the man can't waste half his life following you about, and being laughed at for his pains,' he said indignantly. 'So I have given my word that you'll say "Yes," and it's fixed up for Sydney all right.'

Were gazed at him in vague alarm. She knew very little how far a legal guardian could carry his authority, but surely, she told herself, he could not marry her to anyone against her will.

Mr. Gorman then appeared on the scene and taking her hand in his, remarked, with a satisfied smile—

'Yes, dear Vere, your uncle and I have made all arrangements together, and the marriage is to take place at Sydney during our stay here. Girls take so long to make up their minds, and the affair has already been protracted to a ridiculous length.'

'But I refuse to do anything of the kind,' she protested in some alarm. 'Uncle—Mr. Gorman, indeed you are mistaken, for nothing—'

'Come, come—slipping a lovely half-hoop diamond ring on her left hand, "it is all settled. We will leave you to think it over, and reconcile yourself to the idea."

Then, bending his head he kissed her with unmistakable triumph before she realised his intention, and not paying any attention to her intense indignation, hurried away after her uncle to chuckle over their device.

'Nothing like carrying them by storm,' he said. 'Faint heart never won a fair lady,' you know, and she's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life.'

As Fate would have it, Tanner happened to be an eye witness of this scene, and his face grew stern, and white and haughty.

'To be false, after all I've muttered but me, and now thrown off the meek? If I thought so my life would be worthless. Vere! Vere! little Vere, be true to me! I have given up all for you—home, fortune and friends. You promised to wait until I could come back to claim you for my wife—don't say you've thrown me overboard now, even right and wrong, or it is so, perdition be to you!'

'Then, after minutes which seemed like hours, one after another descended into that little cockpit of boat until it contained four men and Vere.

Then, last of all, the captain himself slid down the rope, and seizing the oars they pulled away for dear life—only just in time, too, for with a crack like thunder, the old Albatross split in two and went under with a gurgling sound like a dying groan.

When day dawned it found them on the open sea, turning weary, anxious faces all around to ascertain their position.

There was not a sign of the other boats. What had become of them could only be conjectured.

'She struck on a reef that is not in the chart,' said the captain; 'it must be the same one that the Victor went down on three months ago. We are ten days from shore, even in calm weather, relying only on the oars.'

'And we've only food for a week,' said the mate quietly. 'If anything hinders us—storms or fog—may Heaven help us! Then they portaged on the food in half rations, for it must last ten days, in case they were not picked up beforehand.'

Tanner helped in dividing it into portions, and as he handed Vere hers the captain saw him quietly add part of his own share to it.

Seeing he was observed, he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence, and the captain felt constrained to obey; but a little later, he asked—

'Now, my lad, what was that for? I hon our you for it, but it mustn't happen again. You don't know, as I do, the awful hunger that will come to us all after a day or two of semi-starvation—men become like brute animals.'

'Hush! She is so weak and frail, and I am strong; it will take a lot to kill me. Look at her. Unless we keep her strength up she will die before our eyes, and she is more than life to me.'

'It's a hopeless outlook,' protested the captain. 'You a sailor—'

'The time has come for you to know our secret,' replied Tanner quietly. 'I am her equal in birth and position, being the nephew and adopted son of Sir Humphrey Tempest. Vere and I fell in love with each other at first sight, and plighted our troth for real or we on the night of Lady Howard's ball, before we left London.'

'My uncle had disinherited me for refusing to agree to a match of his making. I told her all, and she promised to wait until I could make a home for her. I arranged to emigrate to Australia, and try the gold-ids, of course working my passage out, writing to her on landing, and at regular intervals afterwards, to report progress.'

'As Fate would have it, I chanced to get on board your ship by pure accident, and more wonderful still, Vere came too, and recognised me the very first time I passed by her. To say that we were overjoyed in putting it mildly, especially after you told me off as her attendant. I contrived to prosecute my own courtship and keep Gorman off at the same time. Still, the contrast in our financial positions made me wretched and despondent many and many a time—'

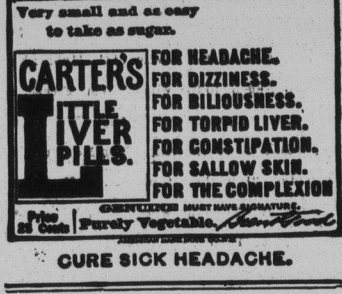
'A sail! A sail!' cried out a joyful voice from the stern, and the next minute others echoed the good news, for there lay away in the distance, a ship was coming towards them.

On and on it came until those who were in it caught sight of the boat; nearer and nearer it drew, and at last the outlaws

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

ible even amidst the turmoil; 'we live or die together.'

'God bless you, my lad, you'll be true to your trust. Get in the boat with the Englishmen if you can. Gregson, Smith are you here?'

'Aye, aye, sir,' replied a voice in clear, hearty tone, 'and there's precious few besides. We are left with the jolly boat only six; those cursed niggers, with the others, cut them adrift, and gone off anyhow.'

'There's no time to lose, she may break in two any minute.'

'Mr. Jackson is below, sir, fetching food and drink—the others have gone off without any—may as well go down now, as drift about in an open boat without provisions, if they did know it.'

Then, after minutes which seemed like hours, one after another descended into that little cockpit of boat until it contained four men and Vere.

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were taken on board.

There a surprise awaited them, for, during the night, two other boats loaded from the Albatross had been picked up, amongst the rescued being Mr. Gorman.

He looked a little shy just at first, as if conscious that his conduct would hardly be termed heroic; but, after awhile, he tried to reassert himself, and explained that he had been literally carried off the ship by the first rush, and was quite sure someone told him that Miss Chetwynd was the first to be lowered to the boat.

His valet told a different version, however with slightly veiled contempt.

His master, with an ardent cord he said, and, at the first alarm, had offered a large reward to anyone who would help to save his life.

He himself, with half a dozen others, had saved him, with themselves, and from first to last he had never once even vaguely asked what had become of Miss Chetwynd.

Vere listened to the account with a half scornful look; then, shuddering, she crept into Claude's arms.

'Are you not ashamed of yourself, uncle,' she inquired severely, 'when you reflect that you tried to force your niece to marry a coward, just because he was rich?'

'My lass, when I think of it, I could kick myself cheerfully,' the captain replied. 'To get in the first boat, and leave a woman on a sinking ship—any woman, not to say the one he wished to make his wife! You've the laugh of me for life over that; but, as you are strong be merciful!'

The ship that picked them up was home-bound, and Vere always said afterwards that that return voyage was the most delightful period of her whole life.

Her uncle was now enthusiastically fond of Claude Tempest, cheerfully consented to the engagement, and declared that, until the young fellow got something to do they could both come and keep house for him.

'It won't be a mansion, you know, but just a sailor's cottage by the sea. I'll use all my influence—and I have more than you think—to get Claude made secretary to some political agent, or slip him into a good government appointment. Little did I think, when I shipped him as a new hand aboard the poor old Albatross, that my niece would find her fate in a common sailor's cabin.'

'When the Stormy Winds did Blow.' But a strange and pleasant surprise awaited them on their return home.

Sir Humphrey Tempest had quickly recovered his temper, and bitterly regretted having banished from his side the nephew who was dear to him as a son.

Having read in the papers an account of the wreck, and having identified the lost Claude with Tanner, the sailor, he was among the joyful crowd of relatives and friends who awaited the arrival of the vessel which had picked up the survivors, and the grip in which the old baronet seized his nephew's hand spoke volumes and wiped out all the bitter past.

'Say no more a word, but come straight home, and bring the bride-to-be with you. What! this girl! Why, Claude, my boy, if you had only shown me her photograph, our little quarrel would never have taken place. Give me a kiss, Vere, my child; shake hands, Captain Wintour. The carriage is waiting outside. We old fogies will entertain each other, and leave the young people to their own devices. I only stipulate for one thing; they live with me at the court, and you take your cottage as near to us as possible—eh? No objection? Carried unanimously. And it was.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

A Tribute to the Ready Resourcefulness of the Man Who Ran the Show.

'I do really believe,' said the old circus man, 'that for ingenuity in advertising the old man never had his equal. Look at the way he used to work the greatest of all things. We never struck a town that he didn't find a chance for him to do something wonderful that set everybody talking.'

If there was a town clock there he'd have the giant, when he came along that way, stop and turn the hands back and forth two or three times. If there was nothing else to do in a town he'd get somebody to take the giant out gunning, and then have the giant turn up with a shotgun over his shoulder with barrels as long and as big around as telegraph poles. He never failed to find something for him to do that would attract attention; and some of the very simplest of these things were the most effective. A thing of this sort that the giant did was his helping people over a stream. I always thought myself that this was one of the best things.

'There'd be, say, running along on the outskirts of some town where we were going to show, a big brook, or a little branch, maybe fifteen or twenty feet wide, with a bridge over it on the road approaching the town, stream broadening out here a little, where it was shallow, and a ford close to the bridge where people used to drive across in summer, to give their horses a drink. The bridge here, you know, was generally just the very simplest sort of construction, a couple of timbers laid across and braced, with their ends on stone laid up far pier on either side of the streams, and these timbers planked and furnished with a railing along the sides. If there was nothing else that the old man could see to do in a town when he looked it over, and there was a stream and a bridge like this, then, in the morning before people were up he would just simply have the elephant hooked onto one end of it and had the bridge out of place, in the

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is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

line of the road, enough so that it would drop down off the supporting stone work on the other end, we used to put short skids under that end for the ends to rest and slide on, so, that they wouldn't jolt down when we pulled 'em off and smash the bridge up.

'When people began to get around in the morning and found the bridge down the old man would give out that it went down under the weight of the elephant in crossing over; and when this got out around, why the whole town would turn out to see the bridge that had been broken down by the elephant. And in the natural course of things there'd be more or less people coming along this road, too from one way or the other, wanting to cross over; and finding the bridge down they wouldn't know what to do, and they'd stand there and wait; and then, when these people that wanted to get across began to add up a little, then was when the old man would rise up.

'Send up the giant,' he'd say to somebody he had with him, and this man would go back and bring up the giant; we'd kept him till then down the other end of the line, out of sight as much as possible, in the woods.

'This stream, there at the bridge would be, maybe, twenty feet wide. The great giant would come striding up the road to the stream and first step one foot across it and halt and stand there with a foot on either bank. And then he proceeded to just lift the people over the stream—that is women and children. The bridge wasn't down so bad but that men and boys could scramble up from the dropped end to the road. But the women and children couldn't do this, and they were the ones we wanted to please, anyway.

'And the giant could please them easily. As a matter of fact he was a gentle hearted man and he had a pleasant kindly face that captivated the children; and he'd begin on them. He'd looked down at some little girl that had been standing on one of the banks waiting to go across and looking up at him as she would at a steeple on a church.

'Well, little girl,' he'd say bending down to her at the same time, 'you want to go across?'

'And he'd put his great hands around her hands so big that just lapped over each other, and lift her up as gently as could be and up and over with a great sweep through the air and set her down on the other bank almost before she knew it.

'Well, now you know, by gracious! it was the most astonishing thing the people had ever seen—this man standing there across this twenty foot stream—and not having to stretch his legs a bit to do it, either—helping people over, and it just simply carried them away. Before he'd finished with the little bunch of people on either side that really wanted to go over, he'd be besieged by people, women and children in the crowd, that wanted to be lifted over for fun. And he'd lift them all right, he could do it easily. He'd pick up a little child on one bank and swing her over and set her down on the other bank and then pick up a young woman and swing her gently over to the bank that he had brought the child from. And when he had set the young woman down he'd pick up somebody there and swing her over to where he'd brought the child from. When he set down one he'd pick up another and that's the way he kept 'em going back and forth through the air, working up the darndest, strangest, most curious excitement the town had ever known.

'But of course you couldn't keep this up always; and the way in which the old man used to change the subject, so to speak, showed his genius too. While the great giant was gently tossing 'em over like that and everybody would be just simply glad to the spot looking at him, the old man would have some men at work planting in the road about fifteen or twenty feet away from the end of the bridge that was down a stout post. Then they'd make one block of tackle fast unto the dropped end of the

bridge and make the other block fast to that post in the road and then hook the elephant onto the fall. When everything was ready and they called to the elephant to start him, the giant would look to see what was up.

'When the giant looked of course everybody looked, and they saw the elephant sitting on the fall, and the end of the bridge rising slowly into place, we'd let those skids under it you know, and now they helped to guide it, and they had the bridge back where it belonged in mighty short order. And then the giant would step back to the far bank of the stream and walk across the bridge with everybody on that side following him; and that show was over.

'Now, you know, everybody in that that town would have heard of our circus, but not everybody would have been impressed by it as they were sure to be by such a thing as this. There wasn't a living soul that saw the giant at the brook that morning but what wanted to see him in the show; and when we got a chance at 'em like that the circus wouldn't hold the people that wanted to come in. He was a great man, the giant; but I don't know but what in his way the old man was greater.

The Queen Escorted.

'My queen!'

It was young Mr. Kilduff who spoke, and he addressed Miss Mullins, at the same time placing his arm round her waist and attempting to deposit a kiss upon her lips.

This was all proper enough, for the two were engaged, and had been betrothed for a year; but the girl evaded the salute, disengaged herself from his embrace, and stood apart.

'I am not your queen!' she replied, with stately, if not regal, dignity.

'Why, what's up, Carrie?' asked the young man, in surprise.

'You have no right to speak to me like that,' she protested.

'I am very sorry, dearest. But I don't understand.'

'You call me your queen. You have often called me that, but I am not. I have read that when Queen Victoria appears in the Drawing Room it is no uncommon thing to see her display tens of thousands of pounds' worth of jewellery. How much do I display? Not even an engagement ring!'

And she held out her ringless fingers for Mr. Kilduff's inspection.

He caught hold of the extended hand, and this time he got his kiss, for he replied:—

'I can't give you as many jewels as Queen Victoria wears, but my queen shall have a diamond ring to-morrow.'

## A CARD

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headaches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used.

- A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
- W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
- Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
- W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
- E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
- G. W. Hobes, Chemist, 327 Main St., St. John, N. B.
- R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
- S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
- Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
- C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
- S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
- N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
- G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
- C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
- Hastings & Pines, Druggist, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.



### Fort Bob Cat.

Mr. Jacob Owen was tipping sugar-  
naples in one of the recent settlements of  
northwestern Ontario, when his feet slip-  
ped; he fell; the tapper, a peculiar tool,  
dropped point up in the snow and pumched  
an ugly gash in his right leg. Veins were  
torn and he bled terribly.

John, who, with an ox-team, was haul-  
ing and setting spruce, ran up.  
Tearing strips from his clothing, he band-  
aged the wound trying these bandages as  
tightly as he could draw them above and  
below the gash.

Mr. Owen rode home upon the ox-sled,  
and lay upon a couch, weak from loss of  
blood. Mrs Owen wished John to go for  
a doctor, but Jacob objected. It would  
be a journey of miles; the doctor could not  
arrive until after many hours. A small  
roll of adhesive plaster was kept in the  
house, with strips of which John and Mrs.  
Owen bound the edges of the wound to-  
gether, carefully replacing the torn parts,  
and then washed and bandaged it.

Jacob assisted with querulous advice and  
railings at his luck. During the operation  
he lost more blood and turned pallid. Mrs.  
Owen administered a glass of hot cordial;  
he revived and talked.

"There, Maria Owen, that's as good as  
the best doctor could fix it, and saves five  
dollars' cost! I'll be able to hobble soon  
as them veins and things sort o' jine and  
glue together, so's not to bleed when I stir.  
But this luck is like to upset my whole  
year's calculations. I was counting on a  
big sugar-make for a starter, and fair crops  
following would let me pay off the farm  
debt this year. Hang! work's got to  
go on anyhow if I be laid up. John, yoke  
up your steers and go to the village and  
bring home my sap tank. Deacon Wait,  
the cooper, you know, promised to have  
my tank done last Saturday. But I don't  
believe he did it, and you may have to wait.  
Stand right over him, and don't come home  
till you get it. Take the light rifle; this  
long winter has brought no end of wolves  
and bob-cats down from the north, driving  
in all sorts of game. You may kill some-  
thing. Every cent earned by the rifle this  
year will count as a sort of special provi-  
dence, as your mother would call it."

Mrs Owen remonstrated: "I shouldn't  
like to have John drive past Long Swamp  
after dark. Can't he wait till tomorrow  
morning?"

"No, he can't. By my judgement of the  
weather, sap's going to drip like all pos-  
sessed to-morrow and John'll have to huss-  
le to gather it. We must have that tank  
put in it."

"But Peter Oldham and Vert Vanneck  
and James Olmehage were followed by  
wolves and bob-cats right in daylight,"  
persisted Mrs Owens, "and they might at-  
tacked John after dark, close by Long  
Swamp, too."

"Fool! John isn't any baby! They may  
gather and snarl, but who ever heard  
of the cowardly things actually tackling a  
young man with a team, lantern, rifle and  
axe? Do all the chores you can before you  
start, John; I don't want your mother to  
do extra work. She has more to do in the  
house than I ever meant she should. The  
very first minute I can hobble I'll do the  
farm work myself; but you'll have to hussle  
in the sugar-bush."

The steers were quick steppers; they  
were full fed and warm from their stalls,  
and John drove eight miles to the village  
by half past two o'clock.

Deacon Wait had not completed the  
tank but he went to work vigorously under  
John's urging. He said that he knew he  
ought to have had it done, but a woman  
came in and wanted her tub right off, and  
another customer wanted his barrel, and so  
things went. A man couldn't do business  
if he put people off who insisted and  
wouldn't wait their fair turns.

Several customers came and wanted  
work done 'right off' while John waited;  
but seeing John was there, keeping the  
deacon right down to his job, they had to  
wait. Perhaps partly for revenge, partly  
to try John's nerve, they sat round and re-  
lated lugubrious yarns of the unusual rav-  
ages of wolves and bob-cats.

They told how Jake Smith caught a pack  
of wolves pulling down his pet better in  
broad daylight, and killed two; the others  
almost turned upon him, but at last relent-  
ingly drew off. Smith had to butcher the  
beaver. They told how Bob Brown heard  
his cattle bellowing only last Thursday at-  
ternoon, and found one of his young cows  
still alive and moaning, partly devoured.  
He shot one of the wolves; the others  
threatened to attack him—probably would  
have done so had he been after dark.

Philbrick and Timmins and others had  
had bob-cats come boldly right up to their  
houses, and even into their barns, and kill  
fowls and young calves and small pigs and  
a colt. And they wouldn't risk one of their  
boys for any money to drive a pair of young  
steers past Long Swamp in the night.

If they thought to shake John's nerve,  
they failed. He rather hoped to get a shot  
at these fierce marauders, but he didn't be-  
lieve they would venture near enough to  
give him the chance. He regretted that  
the evening would be so dark that one  
could see only objects close by, and could  
not shoot with any certainty. If he should  
have the good luck to have his steers at-  
tacked, and if he should kill several wolves  
or bob-cats in an exciting night affray, it  
would set him up as a hero among the  
young fellows all over the county.

After awhile, finding Deacon Wait eager  
to finish the tank, John went out to see to  
his steers and explore the village. While  
strolling, he met Mrs. Farman and Myra.  
Myra nudged her mother, and smiled at  
John.

Myra was fifteen, but looked seventeen,  
with the grace and charm of a young lady.  
John was careless of girls in general, but  
—alas, for his heroism!—he was actually  
afraid of Myra Farman, who, although the

gentlest, best-liked girl of the whole town-  
ship, had mercilessly pricked the bubbles  
of his vanity. When, after many strenu-  
ous contests, he had risen to the dignity of  
champion wrestler of his age in school, and  
had lamed Bill Archer for a week with a  
hard back fall, Myra Farman had remarked:  
"If John Owen's brains were as strong as  
his legs, oh, my!"

Measer and envious boys nicknamed  
him "Luger," when they dared. That was  
only one instance of the witty disparage-  
ments by which she irritated his youthful  
ambitions. John thought she kept a spe-  
cial watch upon his foibles. A grown man  
would have been flattered by her notice of  
his faults, but John's wisdom teeth were  
not yet grown.

He shook hands cordially with Mrs.  
Farman and made Myra a bow he intend-  
ed to dignify.

"Why, John Owen how you have grown!  
You're with a team of course. How's  
your mother? I'm just longing to see her!  
Did your father come? No? Tell him I  
do. Doesn't bring Maria to visit me soon?  
I shall scold. Why, John, you're growing  
to look a man! I do believe you'll be  
bigger than your father. Teacher Trouty  
tells me you're one of his best pupils.

Myra says you're class companion in one  
thing—elementary physics, wasn't it Myra?  
This prattle wearied John. He liked  
Mrs. Farman, but she did make a fellow  
so embarrassed. And besides he fancied  
that Myra looked amused.

Why didn't Mr. Owen come? asked  
Myra.

John related the days mishap.  
"Dear me," cried Mrs. Farman, "and no-  
body to help poor Maria. Myra, you'll  
have to go. Run home, dear, and get  
your things ready. Come along, John;  
we'll give you a warm supper before you  
start. Myra'll be delighted. How Jacob  
Owen will fret! Where's your team?"

John tried to demur against taking  
Myra. His mother would have to do ex-  
tra work; he was afraid she could not  
certain company for some time.

"Company? Of course not! She needs  
help; that's what Myra goes. Myra will do  
most all her household work—she's a neat  
house-keeper. Myra has tact; she won't allow  
company to hinder her work, though I  
suppose all the neighbors will call to see  
your father. Such a dreadful hurt, too!

Dear! dear!

John was appalled. A long, lonely ride  
with Myra! Then Myra for two or three  
weeks! It was a dreadful prospect! He  
had to be on his best behavior all the  
time. He'd tried to demur a-ain. He  
mentioned the alleged danger of passing  
Long Swamp after dark, and said that  
Deacon Wait would not be ready to start  
him before dark.

Mrs. Farman wasn't timid. "Wolves and  
lynxes! You should hear Eugene Farman  
talk about 'em up north, where he goes to  
look up timber lands. I do believe he'd  
like to bring home a pack to howl and  
shriek in our garden, so he could sleep  
sounder nights. I went with him one  
season, but I couldn't learn to like wolves  
a bit—they're so dismal! They don't hurt  
folks, but they're such thieves! There are  
dozens all around you; you fire a gun, and  
there isn't one within a mile. Bob-cats I  
abominate—they make such distressful  
screams, and so unexpected! You needn't  
fear for Myra. If she thought she  
could really see those night creatures, wild  
and alive, in the woods, she wouldn't miss  
it for anything."

Deacon Wait completed the tank at  
dusk. It was awkward to load—over  
seven feet in diameter at bottom, six on  
top and six feet high, with a cover. In  
the middle of this was a trap through  
which the sap could be poured, and there  
was a large wooden faucet near the bot-  
tom for drawing off the contents. Although  
made of cedar, the tank was heavy to  
handle. John and the deacon fastened it  
with sled stakes and an old rope. It might  
shake about some, but the deacon war-  
ranted it would not slip off. There was  
barely room in front for John and Myra  
to sit, and the lantern hung over their  
heads.

Myra began to chat pleasantly; but  
John was glum and shy, and she soon  
ceased. They entered the woods in silence  
except for the breathing of the eager  
steers, whose feet and the sled made al-  
most no sound over the soft snow. The  
lantern glowed like a ghost star through  
the darkening forest.

About a mile and a half out John grab-  
bed the rifle, ran alongside of the steers  
stopped them without speaking, crouched  
upon one knee and fired. Myra saw mere-  
ly a large dark shadow beside the road,  
from which two eyes stared at them. At  
the flash and report close to their faces,  
the steers shied violently. John stopped  
them; he was breathing eagerly and star-  
tling.

"What was it, John?"

"Deer! I got him."

He snatched the lantern and ran forward  
Myra followed. The deer lay quivering  
in the road. John bled and opened it  
with jack-knife and axe, and managed,  
with much exertion, to load the carcass on  
top of the tank. The animal was fat for  
the season; it had fed on outlying haystacks  
and green winter wheat-fields under the  
snow.

By this time the moonless night had  
become pitch-dark. The lantern barely  
showed their way. But John now talked.  
His heroism returned sevenfold. It was  
an excellent shot; he doubted if any fellow  
could do better in broad daylight. Right  
through the top of the head. Maybe an  
inch lower would have been better, but  
nobody could hit exactly the place after  
dark. Just in time for sugar-making, too  
—venison steaks, venison pastry, maple-  
syrup and griddle-cakes and hot biscuits!

He only wanted one more piece of luck  
this trip—to get a shot at a wolf or bob-  
cat. He reckoned none of the fellows  
would crew over him after this.

Thus John talked for two miles, stimu-  
lated by Myra's delusive pretence of sym-  
pathy. He began to think her one of the  
nicest girls. True, she liked to torment a  
fellow sometimes, but that was her frolic;

when a fellow really deserved admiration,  
she was so sincere!

Approaching Long Swamp, they heard  
ominous sounds in the forest—melancholy  
howlings and wild screams, each moment  
nearer. Presently wolves, attracted by  
the scent of fresh venison, howled along  
the road half a mile behind them. Soon  
there were stealthy rustlings in bushes near  
by. The steers grew nervous, tried to  
run and shied uncertainly. John took the  
lantern and whip and went to their heads.  
They pushed their muzzles against his  
clothes, smelling loudly to assure them-  
selves of human protection.

Soon Myra ran forward with the rifle.  
They've come up close behind! Give me  
the lantern and whip, and you go back and  
shoot; maybe you'll hit one."

John stopped aside and let the sled go  
ahead some yards. Straining his vision  
and listening, he thought he detected some  
dark objects crossing the road and fired at  
them. A surprised yelp followed, then  
quick rushes through the bushes, then a  
deep silence. He explored with the lan-  
tern, but found nothing. Previous sounds  
had led him to think a dozen prowlers had  
been near, but he heard only three or four  
retreating.

He went to Myra disappointed. "Hang  
it! I hit one, certain, but he got away.  
Hide and bounty both lost!"

They sat on the sled again, and the  
steers plodded quietly, seeming to take it  
as a reassuring cue when John touched  
them with the whip.

Wolves howled again far off. Bob-cats  
screamed nearer, especially along the hol-  
low of a rill which the oxen must presently  
cross. The thirty steers ran down the  
short incline and across some eight rods of  
level bottom, and stopped to drink beside  
the rude little log bridge. A severe jolt,  
just as they started to run, loosened the  
tank and flung the deer off on the road.

Here was a halt. John would have to  
unlash the tank, pry it into place, release it  
from the deer. He scolded and work-  
ed. Myra held the lantern and laughed; the  
steers chewed their cud, contented to rest.  
Meanwhile the woods all about echoed  
savage screams. Just as John had got the  
steers ready to start, a chorus of snarls  
burst from the little hill down which they  
had come.

"Plagueation!" cried John. "They've got  
my deer!"

He ran back with the rifle, bidding Myra  
to start the steers. Fortunately the steers  
did not care for bob-cats, they were afraid  
of wolves only, and they marched resolu-  
tely toward the tumult. Myra, like her  
mother, dreaded lynxes—they uttered such  
unearthly shrieks; but she bravely plied  
the whip and lifted the lantern.

Running into the dark, John could hard-  
ly keep in the road. Luckily the sky was  
clearing. Although there was no moon,  
brook space of starlight shone on the road-  
way, which was cut away wider on the hill,  
and peering sharply, John saw the outlines  
of the dark mass of the deer upon the snow.  
Half a dozen shadowy creatures were tear-  
ing at it, snarling and striking armed claws  
at one another. They did not yield their  
prey, but faced him with glaring defiance,  
threatening to spring.

John was certainly scared. His scalp  
pricked; his knees felt weak, but he would  
not abandon his deer. Besides, to back  
out under Myra's eyes was not to be thought  
of. He braced his nerves, walked cautious-  
ly close to the snarling heap, and fired half  
a dozen shots as rapidly as he could manu-  
pulate the repeating rifle. Although he could  
not see to aim, he could hardly miss. Two  
lynxes sprawled in the road; one leaped  
toward him, striving to attack; one leop-  
ard was shot in the air, and rushed scream-  
ing into the brush.

He heard others gathering in the brush  
and tree-tops all about. But the steers  
were urged by Myra; the lantern began to  
shine around him; the forest ministers of  
murder and rapine feared the growing  
light more than rifle or human strength,  
and slunk away to their lurking places in  
the dark.

The deer was mangled, but not spoiled.  
John soon had it roiled, with three bob-  
cats added. All the way home he alternat-  
edly grumbled and bragged. The deer's hide  
being torn, it might not sell, but it would  
be proof of his fight for it. Myra jested  
and laughed, although bob-cats followed  
and screamed to the very edge of Smith's  
clearing, which was next to Owen's.

Mrs. Owen welcomed Myra as a special  
providence; she would be just the help  
needed.

At table John narrated large, Myra small,  
gently checking his boasting. Where he  
exaggerated she diminished. But when she  
went to her room with Mrs. Owen, she  
sat down and cried a little then explained:  
"O Mrs. Owen, it was terrible! If John  
had shown the least scare, I felt I should  
scream. But I know John is brave. I do  
wish he would not brag—he doesn't need  
to."

"It's only his boy bumpiness. His  
father was so at his age. He'll outgrow it."  
When M. S. Owen and Myra visited the  
sugarbush, Myra heated an end of the big  
iron poker and burnt into the wood of the  
tank: "Fort Bob-cat, John Owen, Trumpt-  
et Major." Nevertheless, John now  
thinks Myra Farman the nicest and bravest  
girl in all the Ratsky Lake country.

#### Results Tell.

The proof of the pudding is the eating,  
and the proof of the extraordinary power  
over pain of Polson's Nervine is in using  
it. Polson's Nervine never fails to per-  
form wonders in every case of pain. It  
cannot fail, for it is composed of powerful  
pain subduing remedies. It goes right to  
the bottom, and pain is banished at once.  
Nervine cures all kinds of pain, internal  
or external. Go to any drug store and get  
a bottle, and be delighted by its prompt-  
itude in doing its work.

Brain Workers Long Lived.  
Brain workers, according to statistics  
which have been published recently, are  
long lived. Five hundred and thirty emi-

nent men and women of the present cen-  
tury were taken, and their duration of life  
gives an average of about sixty eight years  
and eight months.

Bixby went into a French restaurant  
and called for 'cassé or lay.'  
'That's all right. 'Coffee with milk.'  
What then?  
'Why, he got mad.'  
'What for?'  
'Because they didn't bring him coffee  
and an egg.'

'Yes, we had quite a blowout at our  
house early this morning.'  
'Peculiar time for it.'  
'Yes. The new hired girl blew out the  
gas in the gas stove, and the gas blew out  
the side of the kitchen.'

#### BORN.

Hallifax, Aug. 4, to the wife of F. S. Feder, a son.  
Pawtucket, Aug. 2, to the wife of R. F. Black, a son.  
Truro, Aug. 2, to the wife of Howard Christie, a son.  
Carleton, July 31, to the wife of C. Hubbard, a son.  
Moncton, Aug. 6, to the wife of Wm. Freeze, a son.  
Amherst, Aug. 1, to the wife of Angus McLimp, a son.  
Boston, July 30, to the wife of John McKinnon, a son.  
Picton, July 24, to the wife of Chas. E. Hamilton, a son.  
Westville, July 30, to the wife of Ronald Carrigan, a son.  
Amherst, Aug. 1, to the wife of Harry Miner, a daughter.  
Halifax, Aug. 8, to the wife of W. E. Thompson, a daughter.  
Amherst, Aug. 4, to the wife of A. G. Bradshaw, a daughter.  
Valley Station, July 24, to the wife of Will Reten-  
bach, a son.  
Yarmouth, July 31, to the wife of A. Roy Wil-  
liams, a son.  
North Kingston, July 30, to the wife of Hebron  
Candlish, a son.  
Middle Stewiacke, Aug. 2, to the wife of G. L.  
Flahar, a son.  
Hillsboro, July 31, to the wife of Frederick Long-  
den, a daughter.  
Roxbury, Mass., July 28, to the wife of Fred O.  
Gay, a daughter.  
Lunenburg, July 29, to the wife of Dr. R. H. Bur-  
dett, a daughter.  
Dedham, Mass., July 17, to the wife of Frances  
Loden, a daughter.  
Black Rock, July 15, to the wife of Capt. James  
Harron, a daughter.  
Clark's Harbor, Aug. 1, to the wife of Thomas N.  
Nickerson, a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

Wilmadate, Aug. 1, Noble M. Wood, to Berte,  
his wife.  
Sussex, Aug. 8, by Rev. E. H. Nobles, John A. Gally  
Timber Bunting.  
Truro, Aug. 2, by Rev. E. J. Bates, Geo. A. Robert-  
son to Jennie Ross.  
St. Andrews, Aug. 1, by Rev. A. W. Mason, F. C. Pike  
to Adelle Tourtelotte.  
Liverpool, July 23, by Rev. Geo. W. Ball, I. E. Pay-  
son, a daughter.  
Springhill, Aug. 1, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Axel  
W. Boe, to Edna Brown.  
Digby, Aug. 4, by Rev. Byron B. Thim, Dennis E.  
Fews, to Jessie Watkins.  
Alberton, July 18, by Rev. Edwin Hamilton, Vernon  
shaw, to Margaret Frank.  
Springhill, July 30, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, John  
Harron, to Mamie Gould.  
Milltown, N. B., July 28, by Rev. S. Belyes, Samuel  
B. Hall, to Jennie G. Swan.  
Bridgetown, Aug. 1, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Guy C.  
Tull, to Lizette Goldsmith.  
Gwynboro, July 24, by Rev. T. C. Mellor, George  
Carter, to Charity Williams.  
Liverpool, July 25, by Rev. Geo. W. Ball, William  
Peach, to Mand Westhaver.  
New Sydney, July 27, by Rev. J. A. Gullis, R.  
D. Durkin, to Katie Nugent.  
Milltown, N. B., Aug. 1, by Rev. F. W. Murray, R. S.  
Bayer, to Jennie C. Quinson.  
East Pictou, Aug. 2, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Forman  
Nickerson, to Sophia Blades.  
Watersville, Kings Co., July 25, by Rev. E. O. Ford,  
John B. Ruse, to Ella M. Clark.  
Millville, N. B., July 23, by Rev. James Lumsden, El-  
dred Danphney, to May Leslie.  
Georgetown, Aug. 6, by Hon. D. Gordon, Wm. D.  
Jamieson, to Matilda Blackett.  
Calcutta, Aug. 1, by Rev. S. A. Bender, Thomas B.  
Trot, to Sarah Elizabeth Berry.  
West Branch, Pictou, Aug. 1, by Rev. John Geo.  
Boyd Calhoun, to Friedilla Perry.  
Stonington, Aug. 4, by Rev. John Merrill, Avery  
L. Powell, to Cassie Cunningham.  
Black Rock, July 29, by Rev. E. O. Read, Starratt  
W. Stanford, to Jennie R. Vaughan.  
Kingsboro, Aug. 1, by Rev. G. M. Montgomery, Hon.  
Robt. Marshall, to Sarah Benard.  
Yarmouth, July 21, by Rev. E. E. Braithwaite,  
Adelbert Wyman, to Jessie C. Allan.  
Pawtucket, July 31, by Rev. C. H. Havenstock, Mrs.  
Emma J. Ross, to Samuel Colbourne.  
Hill Grove, Digby, July 26, by Rev. W. L. Parker,  
Howard Cecil, to Bertha Van Tassel.  
Yarmouth, Aug. 8, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Willard  
Barber, to Edna May.  
Chipman, N. B., Aug. 8, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre,  
Surbage I. Bishop, to Carrie A. Chase.  
St. Stephen, July 29, by Rev. W. C. Goncher, Arthur  
S. Spiny, to Miss Emma E. Fairbairn.  
Clark's Harbor, Aug. 1, by Rev. A. M. Mcintosh,  
E. Clifford McKinnon, to Sylvia Nickerson.  
Clark's Harbor, Cape Island, Aug. 1, by Elder Wm.  
Halliday, Herbert McKinnon, to Sophia J. Nick-  
erson.

#### DIED.

Hallifax, John F. Miller, 27.  
Weston, July 31, John Power, 60.  
West Virginia, William McGrath.  
Boston, July 28, Jas. E. Budd, 28.  
Riverside, A. Co., Mrs. Edgett, 91.  
Milltown, July 22, Grace Barry, 18.  
Calais, July 24, Albert Q. Hill, 87.  
Whycocomagh, July 2, Mrs. Grant.  
Central Ontario, July - Ann Carter.  
Mahone Bay, July 28, Mrs. Frigina.  
Shelburne, July 31, Andrew Wall, 92.  
Debert, Aug. 1, Capt. Thos Carroll, 78.  
Westville, July 30, Thomas Baker, 84.  
Solma, July 30, Robert Woodworth, 62.  
Amherst, Aug. 1, Miss Justine Stiles, 26.  
Harvey Road, A. Co., John Wilbur, 68.  
Yarmouth, July 26, Chas. E. Foster, 67.  
Bay Road, July 24, Sarah McBride, 40.  
St. John, Aug. 11, Thomas Simpson, 62.  
Windsor, Aug. 5, Lon Jack Bancroft, 8.  
Little Harbor, July 27, Beale Decker, 17.  
Debert River, July 29, James Deyarmond.  
Fleasant Ridge, July 28, Thomas Steen, 74.  
Corner Onslow, July 29, Charles Johnson, 76.  
Calais, July 27, Henry Augustus Redding, 48.  
Fraser's Grant, July 23, Duncan Campbell, 51.  
Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 9, James W. Olive, 68.  
Lower Economy, Aug. 1, Charles McLellan, 60.

New Ireland, Albert Co., Aug. 6, John Kent, 86.  
St. Stephen, July 27, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, 78.  
Pawtucket, July 20, Mrs. wife of Supt. Robt. Smith.  
Halifax, Aug. 7, Annie, wife of Clement Hand, 45.  
Calabona Mills, July 29, Ronald McMillan, 17.  
East Santa Cruz, Cal., July 5, M. C. Whidden, 80.  
Westville, Aug. 9, Marie W., wife of J. F. Tufts,  
80.  
Dartmouth, Aug. 10, Janet, wife of Wm. Lethbridge,  
72.  
Westville, Aug. 2, Nancy, wife of John F. Godfrey,  
67.  
Old Ridge, Aug. 3, Mary, wife of Alexander Dun-  
can, 87.  
St. Stephen, Aug. 6, Iry Neemia Williams, 8  
months.  
Picton, July 30, Martha Fraser, wife of John Cam-  
eron, 74.  
Milltown, July 26, Isabel, widow of the late James  
Brown, 82.  
Lower Sackville, Aug. 9, Daniel Tholman Mc  
Keefe, 74.  
Yarmouth, July 30, Elizabeth, wife of John L.  
Gouday, 34.  
Leopardsville, Aug. 8, Cynthia M., wife of Rev. E.  
Sheldon, 84.  
Taylor's Head, Laura, daughter of Alexander  
McCarthy, 9.  
Lower South River, July 28, Mary, wife of Ronald  
Cameron, 52.  
Sackville, Aug. 12, Elizabeth, widow of the late T.  
E. Oulton, 88.  
Nickanz Falls, July 26, Rachel, widow of the late  
Alex. Moore, 84.  
Cheverie, July 25, Percy, child of Mr. and Mrs.  
Mack Rabbitt, 7 months.  
Dartmouth, Aug. 10, Blanche-Ruth, only child of  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank James, 2 months.  
Chelsea, Mass., July 29, Gladys Pearl, child of  
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Boyd, 11 months.

#### RAILROADS.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

### Short Line to Quebec

VIA MEGANTIC.  
Lv. St. John 6:15 p. m. daily, except Sunday.  
Ar. Quebec 9:30 a. m. daily, except Monday.

#### "IMPERIAL LIMITED"

Ocean to Ocean in 116 Hours.  
Knights of Pythias Meeting,  
Detroit, Mich.

#### Summer Tours, 1900.

Send for booklet. Shall be glad to quote rates  
for special tours on application.  
A. J. HEATH,  
D. F. A. C. F. R.  
C. P. A. C. P. K.  
St. John, N. B.

### Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Wednesday, July 4th, 1900, the  
Steamship and Train service of this Railway will  
be as follows:

#### Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.  
Lv. St. John at 7:00 a. m., daily arrive at Digby  
9:45 a. m.  
Returning leaves Digby daily at 2:00 p. m.  
arr. at St. John, 4:45 p. m.

#### EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).  
Lv. Halifax 6:35 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:36 p. m.  
Lv. Digby 12:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:25 p. m.  
Lv. Yarmouth 3:45 p. m., arr. Digby 11:35 a. m.  
Lv. Digby 11:45 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:30 p. m.  
Lv. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 8:30 a. m.  
Lv. Digby 8:40 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4:46 p. m.

#### FLYING BLUEONE.

Lv. Halifax 9:00 a. m. arr. in Yarmouth 4:00 p. m.  
Lv. Yarmouth 8:15 a. m. arr. Halifax 3:15 p. m.

#### S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.  
By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out  
of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., daily  
except Sunday immediately on arrival of  
the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in  
Boston early next morning. Returning leaves  
Long Wharf, Boston, daily except Saturday at  
4:00 p. m. Unparalleled cuisine on Dominion At-  
lantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express  
Trains.

Starometers can be obtained on application to  
City Agent.  
Close connections with trains at Digby  
Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William  
Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on  
steamer, from whom time-tables and all informa-  
tion can be obtained.  
P. GIPKINS, superintendent,  
Kentville, N. S.

### Intercolonial Railway!

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily  
(Sundays excepted) as follows:

#### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton..... 6:30  
Express for Campbellton, Pictou,  
and Halifax..... 7:15  
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and  
Picton..... 11:10  
Picton..... 11:45  
Picton..... 12:00  
Express for Moncton and Point du  
Chene..... 12:45  
Express for Hampton..... 12:45  
Express for Moncton and Point du  
Chene..... 12:45  
Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 2:45  
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leav-  
ing St. John at 12:45 o'clock for Quebec and Mon-  
cton. Passengers transfer at Moncton.  
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leav-  
ing St. John at 2:45 o'clock for Halifax.  
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the  
Quebec and Montreal express.

#### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sydney and Halifax..... 6:00  
Suburban from Hampton..... 6:15  
Express from Hampton..... 8:35  
Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 11:50  
Express from Halifax..... 12:45  
Express from Hampton..... 12:45  
All train are run by Eastern Standard time  
Twenty-four hours notation.

DJ POTTINGER  
Gen. Manage  
Moncton, N. B., June 18, 1900.  
CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

VOL.

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