

# PROGRESS.

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## MAYOR SEARS EXPLAINS.

### WHY HE DID NOT OFFICIALLY ATTEND THE OPENING.

The Mayor and Common Council were passed over by the Association—Mr. President Pitfield Talks in a Different Strain and Speaks His Mind.

Progress found his Worship Mayor Sears in his office in the city building, Wednesday morning. He looked placid and happy as is his wont, and didn't seem a bit disturbed with the discussion that had taken place in the newspapers about his differences with the exhibition association. When asked what all the fuss was about, he did not seem particularly anxious to talk about the matter, but finally expressed his views in a conversational way.

"I do not suppose," said Mr. Sears, "that this matter would have been called to the attention of the Exhibition Association at all, had it not been for the fact that on the morning of the arrival of Sir Charles Tupper in this city, I met Mr. Geo. Robertson, the ex-mayor. Mr. Robertson ventured to remark that he supposed that I was going down to the station to meet Sir Charles, and when I stated that I was not, because I had not been invited to do so," he remarked, "you do not mean to say, your Worship, that you have not been invited to meet Sir Charles Tupper? I will speak to the directors of the Exhibition Association at once about it." After assuring him that that was not necessary, and that an invitation at that hour was a little late in the day, we parted. Other gentlemen, who were about starting for the station to meet Sir Charles, learning that I, as the chief magistrate of the city, had not been invited, expressed their surprise at the action of the directors of the Exhibition Association as well as their disappointment that the city should not be represented by the Mayor.

"Sir Charles arrived in the city on Monday, and it appears that that afternoon one of the aldermen met Manager Everett of the Exhibition Association and asked him if he didn't think that it was about time that they were sending out their invitations to the Mayor and Common Council to attend the opening ceremonies at the Exhibition. Mr. Everett's reply was to the effect, I understood him to say, that they were not issuing any invitations. In that, of course, he was mistaken, as the premier of the province, the Hon. Mr. Emmerson, was invited. Some person, probably Mr. Robertson, must have drawn the attention of the exhibition directors to the oversight, for, quite early Tuesday morning, when I was out of my office for a few moments, a delegation or committee from the association called upon me, presumably to explain the matter. Still later, while attending a meeting of the yacht club committee in my inner office, Mr. President Pitfield of the association called me out and extended a verbal invitation to me to be present that afternoon at the opening of the exhibition. I felt then, as I told him, that the distinguished guest of the occasion having arrived the day before, and having been received without the city being represented, it would not be in order for me, as chief magistrate, to accept an invitation at that late date.

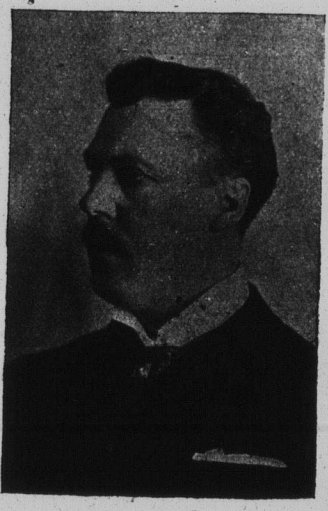
"I told him that I proposed to attend the opening as a private citizen, but not in my official capacity. I was not the only one who was overlooked in this manner. Even the Governor of the province didn't receive an invitation, the Sheriff of the county was in the same position, and I doubt very much if the Governor would have received an invitation to meet the Governor of Maine had not the attention of the directors of the Exhibition Association been sharpened with the affair with me.

"However, though not invited to meet Sir Charles in a formal way, I, in company with Alderman Barclay Robinson along with Sheriff Sturdee and Mrs. Sears, called upon Sir Charles and Lady Tupper Wednesday morning and spent a very pleasant half hour. Unfortunately they were unable, on account of previous engagements to accept of some courtesies I wished to extend to them; but so far as I was able, in that manner, I did what I considered to be my duty as the mayor of the city.

"The fact that I was not invited to meet the Governor of Maine is not of much consequence in itself, but it shows, apparently, a disposition on the part of the directors of the Exhibition Association to dispense with those courtesies that are usually extended to the Mayor of the city. I care not a jot for these matters in my

personal capacity, but as chief magistrate of the city, as the representative of the people, I consider such an oversight can hardly be excused. How pleasant it would have been had the directors of the Exhibition Association been thoughtful enough to extend an invitation to all the distinguished visitors in the city on the day of the opening of the Exhibition. The Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance; Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways; Hon. Mr. Patterson, Minister of Customs; were all with us and no doubt would have been pleased to have been on the platform at the opening ceremonies. They attended in their private capacity, but not otherwise.

"I have felt all along that while the exhibition was being held and a large number of strangers and visitors in the city, it would



MAYOR SEARS.

not be becoming in me to discuss the lack of courtesy on the part of the directors of the Exhibition Association, or to air any differences I might have with them. I am sorry the matter has been discussed during the exhibition by the press, but now that the show is over this statement may not come amiss from me."

Mr. W. C. Pitfield, the president of the Exhibition Association, was not a well pleased man at the action of His Worship the Mayor in regard to the opening ceremonies. Explaining himself to Progress in quite a general way, he said that no matter how hard the directors of the exhibition worked, or how strenuously they strived to do everything that was right, and to meet the views of all right thinking citizens it appears that they were not able to do so. For years they had given their time, attention, and some, at least, their money, towards making the exhibition a success, and it was an unpleasant thing that this year when everything seemed to be going much better than in previous years, such a small question as to whether a formal invitation went to the mayor or not, should have been brought before the notice of the public. He did think that Mayor Sears should have regarded the matter in a broader light, and knowing them all as intimately as he did, when he found that he did not receive a formal invitation, why did he not express himself in a friendly fashion to some of the directors? How willingly would they have met his views and how cordially would they have extended a formal invitation to the chief magistrate and the members of the common council.

As soon as he found out that there was to be any difficulty, he called upon the mayor personally and extended a verbal invitation to him to be present. If Mayor Sears thought he acted in the proper spirit by refusing to co-operate with them to make the exhibition a success and make the show go along without any friction, he could not agree with him.

"Why," he asked, "didn't the common council, when they heard that Sir Charles Tupper was coming here, resolve to present him with an address as they did Premier Laurier, when he was here last year? Would it not have been a fitting recognition of the services of the greatest statesman in Canada, a pleasant tribute to a man, who has done so much towards making this young country of ours what it is today?"

Mr. Pitfield spoke generally of the effort that had been made to criticize their entertainment of the Governor of Maine. He

felt that the representatives of the people should have considered it their duty to have called on the Governor and not have waited for a formal invitation to meet him. When the Globe stated that the Governor and his party spent the evening quietly at the Royal Hotel, they must have known that they were wrong, for they were their guests at the Union Club and were in charge of Mr. W. H. Thorne, one of the members of the Exhibition Executive. With a final remark, that politics had too much to do with anything and everything of a public character that went on in St. John, Mr. Pitfield hurried away and took a car for the Exhibition grounds.

## MAKES SOME EXPLANATION.

### The Trustees of the Police Fund Should Make a Statement About It.

Nothing has come to light as yet concerning the police fund. Of course during exhibition times there was too much else to think and talk about for the policemen, and those interested in it who are not on the force, to talk much about it. Still they have not forgotten it and there is no likelihood of the fund passing out of their minds until there has been some explanation of its whereabouts and present condition. Why the officers, who have charge of it, should be so reticent concerning it, is as unexplainable as it is suspicious. There is no reason, whatever, why the people who contributed to the fund and the men who are entitled to a share of it should not have the fullest knowledge of how it stands.

The chief of police may, like Caesar's wife, be above suspicion, and Progress would be very sorry to make any reflections upon his probity, but as this paper stated before, he owes it to himself and the men under him to make a full and explicit statement of the funds that are in his charge.

The manager of the Savings Bank, Mr. McLeod, cannot of course give any explanation of the condition of any deposit, public or otherwise, that is in his charge, and so he told Progress the other day. He was perfectly mute when approached on the subject. But when asked what effect the loss of the Savings Bank book would have, he replied "that upon making a certain application, any depositor who had lost their book could obtain another." And he said that while the book of the police fund might have been lost, that he had not been informed to that effect, and no application had been made for another.

Now is it not in order for the chief of police and the trustees of the fund associated with him to give the people some idea of how the police fund stands?

## Good Races But Not Paying Ones.

The races at Moosepath were interesting but not successful from a financial point of view. The management has not succeeded in getting the people to go three miles to see a horse race and they never will succeed. The feature of the meeting was the good work of Nellie Eaton, Special Blend and Clayson. This is Special Blend's first real race since the operation was performed on his throat and his work surprised and delighted his owner and friends. The day was dusty and windy and those were drawbacks to him. But the heat he won was well fought out. Clayson proved the sturdy little wonder he is and delighted the strangers. It seemed a pity that those who did not know the horses should not have been provided with some information upon the race score card as is usual. The sex and color of the horse is always shown and the number of the driver has been given of late but at this meeting all these were lacking. In fact the score card did not do credit to the track.

## His Dog Isn't Licensed.

Mayor Sears likes a good dog and he provides him with a license to roam about like other free and independent dogs. So does A. Chipman-Smith director of public works. His dog is small but worth paying a dollar a year for in the opinion of the owner. Magistrate Ritchie on the contrary has a great big unlicensed dog. He takes up a lot of room at times in the police station and make a lot of fuss but his owner has forgotten to pay the city dues upon him. Progress begs to remind him of the fact because some fine morning when a lot of delinquent dog owners are before him he might feel like leaving the bench and taking his place among them. That would lessen the dignity of the court and bring a reproach upon it which the magistrate will surely avoid.

## NURSING THE WOUNDED.

### TWO ST. JOHN LADIES WHO ARE AT LONG ISLAND.

#### They Tell of Their Life in Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, Long Island With all its Strange Experiences—Extracts From Their Letters, and Photos.

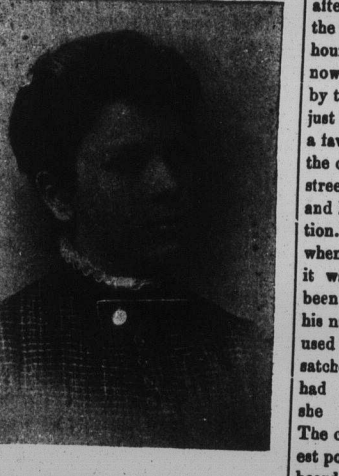
Among the nurses who are caring for the sick American soldiers at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, Long Island, are two St. John young ladies, the Misses Ida and Emma Marsh, whose family resides on Elliott row. The Misses Marsh spent the summer here and immediately upon their return to New York were engaged by a very wealthy lady to go to Montauk point and assist in the care of the sick soldiers. Since going into camp the Misses Marsh have written interesting bits of experiences



MISS EMMA MARSH.

to their friends here; and an extract from a letter written the day after their arrival at Camp Wikoff says: "We left New York at 3 p. m. yesterday and reached here at seven. We staged it for two miles before we reached camp, and here we are safe and sound; imagine an escort of five soldiers to conduct us to our tent if you can. For miles and miles, or as far as the eye can reach there is nothing to be seen but tents; the thousands of soldiers, all of whom are ill or convalescent will claim all our time now and give every nurse here plenty to do.

"We are very comfortable and have beds with a mattress, and grey army blankets to roll ourselves in—and by the way we are going to try and get those blankets for souvenirs—but this morning we look



MISS IDA MARSH.

like Indians. We had to wash in alcohol as there was no water around, but such is camp life. It is terribly cold now, quite like November, which makes it a trifle unpleasant.

"The girls are somewhere around but we cannot find each other. We may meet while here and we may not. We have not reported yet for duty but will do so at 10 o'clock this (Sunday) morning. We are in new tents, and 250 sick boys are coming to us so I thought it better to write this a. m. Do not worry if you do not hear from us very soon again, for we are in charge of two very able physicians who will look out for us, and the nicest little orderly imaginable. It seemed so funny to be awakened by a bugle call this morning and to have a sentry walk round the tent all night."

A day or two later one of the young ladies writes: "What shall I say of our experience here. There is so much that is intensely interesting to write about that

one hardly knows just what to say. I would not miss being here for half the money in New York, and that is saying a good deal, isn't it? It is the experience of a life time, and such as may never come to us again—in fact is never likely to do so. We are here to assist in the nursing of the sick soldiers for Mrs. Nicholas Fish, in memory of her son's connection with the army. We had other offers of engagements in New York but accepted this unhesitatingly. You cannot faintly imagine the scene here. An almost level country, with miles of white tents stretching everywhere, and the ocean dashing and booming against the shores of Montauk Point. We started out last night to find Ida. We walked miles I am sure, going here there and everywhere in our search for her. When we finally found her it was within a quarter of a mile of out (CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

## DRIVEN TO THE ASYLUM.

### Demented Capt. James Made Worse by Thoughtless Jokers.

That unfortunate fellow, Capt. James, went from the police station to the asylum a few days ago, for upon the opinion of Dr. Berryman he was not in a fit condition to be at large. It is quite right that he should be where he is at present but the fact that he is there should be a warning to a lot of thoughtless youths—some of them it may be, aspiring to manhood—who have largely assisted in the overthrow of his reason. A man or woman with a tendency to unsoundness of mind should always be regarded as an object of pity rather than a subject for sport, and the absurd and ridiculous jokes played on the demented captain proved it to be like the frog in the fable, "death to him but sport for the boys."

Capt. James was once an enterprising seafaring man, well acquainted with his business and fairly well to do. Only a few months ago he began to attract attention on this side of the harbor by wandering around somewhat aimlessly with a silk hat and carrying an umbrella, no matter how fine the weather. The writer has seen him walking along one of the principal streets on a beautiful day with his umbrella in hand. While it might have been sufficient to provoke smiles on the part of some, it proved to be enough to make the captain an object of sport on the part of others. He was made to believe that one or two young ladies were seeking his affections. He was handed what was called a picture of Miss Anna Gould and persuaded thoroughly that she not only intended to leave him all her money, but to look after him and care for him. According to the reports that he received from hour to hour from these lively "sports" she was now in this street, or that she was arriving by train to-day or to-morrow, that she had just passed down King street and had lost a favorite dog, (which was enough to set the captain chasing every canine on the street) all of which excited the poor man and kept him in a continual state of agitation. This culminated a few days ago, when he was told on Charlotte street that it was a great shame that Miss Gould had been waylaid, while having a satchel with his name on it, that violence had been used towards her, the contents of the satchel, a large amount of money, had been abstracted, and that she was in danger of her life. The captain immediately ran to the nearest policeman informing him what he had heard, and that a foul murder was being done and upon no attention being paid to him started for the police station. There his demands were so urgent, his state of mind so agitated that the chief of police decided to hold him for examination. As a result of this he is now in the asylum, whereas if the young men, who met him from day to day had been thoughtful and kind, he might have been still enjoying his freedom.

## A Good Advertisement for Them.

If Mr. Sterling Lordly, who was in charge of the Lordly Manufacturing exhibit at the Exhibition this year had placed the imprint of the firm upon those cute little hive banks that they were making for children in the machinery hall, they would have had quite a permanent advertisement. The exhibit was a novel one and interested very many people. Perhaps it was, the only one that attracted the little ones. It is too late to see it now for the Exhibition is closed but it will no doubt be there again or something equally as taking.



NO LOVE BETWEEN THEM

THE WANDERERS AND MILITARY ARE AT SWORN ENEMIES.

Cricket is not very popular in Halifax and the games are poorly attended—The Wanderers Always Ahead so far this Season.

HALIFAX Sept. 21.—The cricket season here has just been brought to a close, and the Wanderers have many victories to their credit. For some reason or other cricket does not seem to become popular here. The games are poorly attended even when the admission fee to the grounds is placed at a nominal figure, or when the gates are thrown open. The Wanderers and the Garrison have met several times this season, and the former team has always proved victorious. These teams do not seem to play in harmony, and it is very difficult to ascertain just what causes the unpleasantness between them. At mostly every match some unpleasantness has arisen and it seems to have originated on the part of military. They seem to make a point of finding fault with something, or somebody everytime.

In the last match played this was particularly noticeable. The Wanderers umpire Mr. Ackhurst gave a couple of close decisions against the military, and of course they were much put out about it. They kicked and grumbled so much over his rulings that it would make one feel tired. They became so worked up over it that Lieut. Rumbald called for the removal of the umpire, and the Wanderers rather than have any further trouble requested Mr. Ackhurst to retire and he did so. The Wanderers have always taken care to select gentlemen who are above suspicion and renders fearless and impartial decisions in this position. The Wanderers did not say much about it at the time but after the match was over, Henry, the captain of them, gave Lieut. Rumbald just as nice a dressing down before a crowd, as one would wish to hear. The strangest feature of the whole affair is that some of the players on the Garrison team acknowledged afterwards that the decisions given by the umpire were correct. The old trouble seems to be still burning in the breasts of the Garrison, and it is a good thing that the season is over as the teams had about given up not to play against each other. About three years ago the Garrison did not play very much cricket and they refused to take part in any game with the Wanderers. It is very regrettable that anything of the kind should occur and it is hoped they will patch up their difficulties, and prevent the like happening again. The officer who captains the Garrison team does not seem to be a favorite with the Wanderers players.

THEY ARE HUMAN SHARKS.

How Some Halifax Lawyers Get Out a Living.

HALIFAX Sept. 20.—Of late there has been inaugurated in this city, a system by which a number of the legal fraternity are given some soft jobs in prosecuting criminals. A few of the favored ones only are in the scheme, and they take turn about month after month in prosecuting an unfortunate that should happen to commit themselves and fall into the hands of the law. Some of them pay very little attention to it, while others work the scheme for all it is worth, and they have made a pretty good thing out of it. The way that they conduct themselves in many of the cases has brought forth unfavorable comment from those who are conversant with the workings of matters of this kind, and who have had an eye on the lawyers who are after prey. The prisoners in all cases except ones who commit petty offences, are obliged to undergo a preliminary examination before a magistrate. The lawyers in question are always on hand to prosecute, as it is to their interests to do so. They receive no remuneration for being present at these examinations, but if the prisoner is committed to stand his trial at a higher court, the enterprising solicitor steps in and prosecutes, and for each case he receives the very handsome sum of \$20. If there is more than one charge against the prisoner, the lawyer always sees that he is only tried on one at a time and by this means he makes an extra \$20. It has been known of them to trump up additional charges against prisoners, just for the purpose of getting the money. By many they are termed sharks as they are always on the lookout for anything that may fall in their way. They pay daily visits to the stations, and always make a careful observation of the cells to see who is in. Some of them have made a financial success of it, though their mode of procedure is not very well received.

Ten Things a Baby Can Do. It can beat any alarm clock ever invented for waking a family up in the morning. Give it fair show, and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant

girl in the country. It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring. It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken back. It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch that was ever executed. It can keep a family in constant turmoil from morning till night, and night till morning, without once varying its tunes. It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when its father is down town, and cry all night when he is particularly sleepy. It may be the naughtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in all the world, but you can never make its mother believe it, and you never let her try it. It can be a charming and model infant when no one is around; but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both of its parents together. It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made, make sweeter music than the finest orchestra organized, fill a larger space in its parents' breasts than they know they had, and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together.

SOME AUTUMN STYLES.

What the Ladies will Wear During the Early Fall and Winter.

There have been times when Dame Fashion judging by the glistening effect, advised us to rise and shine, but this time judging by the trimming imported for winter headgear the mandate will be arise and fly.

Without any exaggeration each wing in a pair seen at a millinery opening this week was a foot long. Soft curling quills are with us too, only this season they come in bunches, one dainty cream and castor mottled quartet is set off by a long one in metallic bronze green; bows and loops abound everywhere and the broad effect still prevails. The wholesale opening were held here early in the week and they were closely followed by the retail houses. On Wednesday and Thursday Charles K. Cameron and Company held their annual opening and all throughout the opening day hundreds of ladies visited the establishment, in fact at times it was almost impossible to get anywhere near the brilliant display of millinery, which was far ahead of anything previously shown by this firm. Among the elegant confections noticed was a heliotrop felt hat trimmed in white silk ribbon; large loops and ends were at the front while at the left was a large white plume; cerise velvet flowers were disposed over crown and at the back which was caught up, were two sequin tipped wings. A black velvet toque had a fluted brim and crown, with large bows and ends of ribbon which was deep cerise on one side and on the reverse a pale pink. Coques feathers were also arranged at the left side. A very elegant but somewhat startlingly large hat was of black velvet with fancy black and white full crown. It was caught up at the front with a large white rosette and two large plumes falling towards the back. Twenty-four white and black ospreys and some beautiful black plumes were used on this hat; black flowers and ornaments were also used. Another artistic black velvet hat was caught up at the front and trimmed with large black plumes and jet ornaments. A very stylish black velvet dotted with white chenille was made into a very stylish hat with a double brim effect. The crown was fluted and two sequin quills were placed at the left side. A black and heliotrop velvet bonnet with sequins and tips was also greatly admired. Two other bonnets also attracted admiring attention because of their chic appearance: the first had a black sequin front with jetted ospreys and one beautiful rhine stone dagger; and the second was in turquoise and black with sequin wings, tips and satin ties. A large white felt hat that had a very swell look was trimmed with white chiffon, white and black quills and ospreys in the front; the fancy crown was in dotted black velvet. Cameron and Company show a very large assortment of untrimmed hats, toques and bonnets, and in their work room are skilled artists who are kept constantly at work supplying the numerous orders which come to the establishment. There is also a splendid stock of children's headwear to choose from.

Another opening of the week was at the Misses Kane's establishment on Union street, always an acknowledged centre for whatever is new and stylish in millinery. This year they had the very prettiest creations seen so far, and at a very early hour the most expensive hats were marked sold. The Misses Kane visited all the leading New York houses this season and the result was seen on the opening days in

the very handsome and stylish work displayed. The models were all elegant and many of them bore the name of the best Parisian milliners. Visitors to the city, as well as others will find a visit to the Misses Kane's store a real treat, and one which no lady can afford to miss.

VICTORIA TO AN INDIAN CHIEF. The Queen has a Letter Sent to Chief Shakes, Who Sent her a \$100. A recent arrival from the Kitimaat district, B. C., says an Ottawa Dispatch tells a story concerning Queen Victoria and a chief of the Kitimaats. Chief Shakes, who has a very good house at Lowe Inlet, also owns the fishing privilege below the falls on a stream close by. The chief sold 60,000 fish, for which the manager of a cannery paid him \$5,000. In the exuberance of his spirits and loyalty the chief conceived the idea of sending \$100 as a present to Queen Victoria, and handed the sum to Indian Agent Todd to be forwarded, which was accordingly done. In due time the Queen caused to be sent to Chief Shakes a letter showing her appreciation of his loyalty, and she asked him to accept a steel engraving of herself, set in a handsome frame, together with two plaids of sheep's wool, just the kind to delight any native chief.

Shakes called his people together on the day of presentation, and the Indian agent read and interpreted the Queen's letter. The venerable chief, in responding, said that it made his heart glad to know that an humble being residing so far away from his good mother had not been forgotten by her adding that, although he could never expect to see her on earth, he would try to lead such a life that would enable him to meet her in heaven. And then, overcome with emotion, the chief burst into tears.

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Out of His Element.

The story of the woman who said that she was glad to have her daughters read 'Scott and such authors, but could not countenance novels and works of fiction,' is incredible to some lovers of Sir Walter. To them the name of Scott calls up no other image than that of the tender hearted author of 'Waverley.'

The careful mother, however meant to encourage the reading of the works of Dr. Thomas Scott, who wrote Commentaries on the Bible, which are highly valued. The 'Concord philosopher' was not the only well-known bearer of the name of Emerson. There were two men who won local fame as teachers in Boston, and wrote a number of excellent text-books for use in the schools. One of these were firmly planted in the mind of a listener to one of Ralph Waldo Emerson's lectures. At the end of the evening a friend said to her, 'Mr. Emerson was most eloquent to night.'

'Yes,' said the lady, doubtfully, 'but not as clear as I had expected.'

'Ab!' said the other. 'Well he varies somewhat as to clearness, you know.'

'Not in his arithmetic,' said his critic, decidedly. 'In his arithmetic everything is explained in the clearest manner. I should say he would have done better to keep to figures than to go wandering off among uncertainties, as he did to-night. It's a great falling off from his arithmetic!'

A Pleasant Letter. It takes a clever man to find a good word to say on every occasion. It is said of Thomas Bailey Aldrich that he once received a letter from his friend, Prof. Edward S. Morse, and found the handwriting wholly illegible. Mr. Aldrich was not at a loss for an answer. In due time there came to Mr. Morse the following reply:

My dear Morse: It was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date and the signature, at which I guessed. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, and it never loses its novelty. One can say every morning, as one looks at it, 'Here's a letter of Morse's I haven't read yet. I think I shall take another shy at it today, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those 's' that look like 'w's, and those 't's that haven't any eyebrows.'

Other letters are read, and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable lifetime.'

Long Service. A description of the old New England Sabbath is calculated to make restless children of the present day, and possibly some of their elders thankful they were not born two centuries ago. The Sabbath began Saturday afternoon with the going down of the sun. Sunday morning a horn was loudly blown to announce the hour of worship; service began at nine o'clock and lasted for eight hours, with an intermission of one hour for dinner and conversation. In the earliest days the congregation sat on rude benches, their seats being assigned them at town-meeting. The service consisted of several parts, which are chronicled in an ancient diary as follows: 'Preliminary prayer or invocation; chapter of bible read and expounded; Psalm in metre read line by line by Deacon S.; long prayer on various matters, one hour and a half; sermon from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pages. At close of service baptism; sinners put on trial, confessed

Best of Tea Value. HOUSEKEEPERS, if you have not tried Tetley's Elephant Brand Teas, you should do so at once. These Teas are put up especially for family use.—Wrapped in air tight lead packets, the flavor and purity is ensured to the consumer, who is also protected as to the correct value by having the RETAIL PRICE PRINTED ON EVERY PACKET. Sold by most grocers in Canada and the United States. 25c. to \$1.00 per lb. in 1/2 and 1 lb. Packets. If your grocer cannot supply you, write us and we will see that your order is filled. JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., London, Eng., Canadian Head Office: 14 Melrose St., Montreal.

before congregation. Minister C. bowed right and left, no person stirring till he had passed down and out of the meeting-house.'

Guarding the Bank of France. The Bank of France is guarded by soldiers, who do sentry duty outside the bank a close watch being also kept within its precincts. A former practice of protecting this bank was to get masons to wall up the doors of the vaults in the cellar with hydraulic mortar as soon as the money was deposited each day in these receptacles. The water was then turned on, and kept running until the cellar was flooded. A burglar would thus be obliged to work in a diving-suit and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to plunder the vaults. When the bank officers arrived each morning the water was drawn off, the masonry torn down, and the vaults opened. The Bank of Germany, like most other German public buildings, has a military guard to protect it. In a very strongly fortified fortress at Spandau is kept the great war treasure of the Imperial Government, part of the French indemnity, amounting to several million pounds.

The Thousandth Part of a Second. The celebrated watchmaker, Herr F. L. Lohner, of Berlin, who has gained a European reputation by the invention of an apparatus for measuring to the 100th part of a second, has again excelled himself and has now perfected a mechanism for measuring and recording the 1000th part of a second. This wonderful machine consists of a clock, mounted on a movable carriage, and with a dial plate three metres in diameter. At the edge of the latter are two concentric rings, the outer inner one divided into 200 parts. The clockwork moves the single hand at such a rate that it can make five complete turns in a second, thus enabling the 1,000 part of a second to be read on the inner ring.

More Customers, Less Money. Said a department manager in a large store—'Do you know that a considerable number of the customers you see in our place have come to buy nothing at all? They come here, and simply walk about from one department to another. Of course, when they enter one section and walk out without making any purchase, they imagine they have given the impression that they have brought something downstairs. These people give our detectives plenty to do, for, noticing that they are not buying, an eye has to be kept upon them. The presence of such people as these explains why it is our departments are always crowded when a morning or afternoon turns out wet, and less money than usual is taken.'

VIGOROUS OLD AGE. MR WM. ELLIOT TELLS HOW TO OBTAIN IT. He has Been Subject to Fainting Spells and Cramps—was Gradually Growing Weaker and Weaker. From the Echo, Plattsville, Ont. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have attained a most enviable reputation in this community. Probably no other medicine has had such a large and increasing sale here. The reason is that this medicine cures. Old and young alike are benefited by its use. Recently we printed an account of a remarkable cure of a well known lady of this place through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since publishing that we have heard of a similar case. Mr. Wm. Elliott, a farmer living near Bright, is a well known figure there. Although an old man he almost daily walks to the village, a distance of nearly a mile for his mail. Many years ago he came from Scotland to the farm on which he now lives and cleared it of forest. In conversation with him he related to an Echo reporter the following: I am 78 years of age and strong and healthy for an old man. Mine has been a vigorous constitution and up till six years ago I hardly knew what

it was to have a day's illness. But then my health began to fail. I became subject to cramps in the stomach. I was treated by doctors, but received no benefit. I gradually grew weaker and as I was past the three score and ten I thought my time had come. Next I took fainting fits and often I would have to be carried back to the house entirely helpless. The doctors said my trouble was general weakness due to old age and advised me to carry some stimulant with me to use when I felt a faintness coming on, but this I refused to do. I had read in the paper of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought they would be specially adapted to my case. I tried one box but they did not seem to help me. In fact I thought I felt worse. I decided to continue them, however, and after taking four boxes there was a marked improvement. My strength returned and I was no longer troubled with fainting spells. In six months time with this treatment I gained fifteen pounds, taking in all eight boxes of the Pills. To-day I am a well man and I owe my complete recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

BICYCLE THIS YEAR 'MASSEY-HARRIS' FOR SALE. A 1898 model Massey-Harris bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the owner having to discontinue its use through ill health. Cost \$75. Cash will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheel is 22 inch frame and handlessly assembled and nickel-plated. Address communication to 'Bicycle' Progress Office.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business, then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$800. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

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RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property, about one and a half miles from Bathurst Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fensley, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24 2-4

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CHRONICLES.

Blanche Marchesi makes her American debut in New York in January. She is the daughter of Mrs. Marchesi, the world famous vocal teacher, and is little known as a concert singer outside of London.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn, who has been in Germany all summer, will return to this city the latter part of next month and will devote his time to teaching the art of conducting and coaching singers for oratorio work.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is back in London much improved in health and has already begun the Leeds Festival rehearsals.

The Kneisel quartette will give a series of eight concerts in New York this winter.

Patti is taking the waters at Schinznach-Bains, Switzerland.

Ovid Musin, the violinist is going to give a series of concerts in the West during the first week in November in conjunction with Jerome Belmont and Lillian Apel.

No more important operatic step has been made for years than the one taken by Maurice Grau made public last week just before he sailed for Europe. It is his final decision to give two Wagner cycles in New York, similar to those given at Covent Garden, London last spring. They will be given with no cuts, and the models of scenery and effects used at the Festspielhaus will be copied. One of the cycles will be given in the evening and one in the afternoon. The evening performances will take place on Jan. 12, 17, 19 and 24. "Das Rheingold" will begin at 8.30 and will be played without intermission. "Die Walkure" and "Siegfried" will begin at 7 o'clock and "Gotterdammerung" at 6.45. The afternoon performances will be given on Feb. 7, 14 and 16, with "Das Rheingold" beginning at 2.15. "Die Walkure" and "Siegfried" at 1.15 and "Gotterdammerung" at 12.45.

This will be such an opportunity to hear "Ring" as the devotees of Wagner have not before enjoyed without a trip across the Atlantic. Mr. Grau says that his artists will eclipse those of Bayreuth and even London.

The company will sail Oct. 20 and will open in Chicago on Nov. 7.

Madame Nordica is at Lucerne, Hotel L'Europe, and will leave for America October 26.

Maurice Grau just previous to his departure for Europe arranged with Rudolph Aronson for the initial appearance this season of Signor Campanari (now in Genoa), at the first Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, October 23, by the British Guards band under the conductorship of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey. Other artists of the Maurice Grau Opera company will assist at succeeding concerts.

Edouard Milher, the original Gaspard of "The Chimes of Normandy," died recently in Paris.

Two American virtuosi—Fanny Bloomfield-Zisler, the pianist, and Leonora Jackson, the violinist—are to be among the soloists at the Halle symphony concerts in Manchester, England.

Armand Liotard, the librettist of an operetta accepted for the Folies Dramatiques, was about to read the work to the company, but at the end of an hour the manager telephoned to his home to learn that he had died suddenly. Liotard had provided the words for many operettas and burlesques. He was employed in one of the French administrative departments and was 60 years old.

Clara Thropp is said to have achieved a great success in her starring venture in the operatic comedy, "Where's Matilda?" the book and music by Leopold Jordan.

Rosenthal makes his first American appearance this year in Carnegie hall, New York, Oct. 26, and then gives two afternoon concerts in the same hall, Oct. 29 and Nov. 1. A.

Emil Paur will conduct this year's concerts at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. There will be 12 of them given on alternate Thursdays, beginning Nov. 3.

Lillian Blauvelt makes her London debut Oct. 31 in St. James hall in Newman orchestra concert.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach of Boston has published her opus 41 in the form of three songs, "Anita," "Thy Beauty" and "Forgotten."

Lillian Russell's failure to satisfy expectation in Berlin appears to have been caused by the preliminary accounts of her talents and the character of the theatre in which she appeared. The Winter Garden is the largest music hall in Berlin, and the

CHRONIC ECZEMA

CURED BY CUTICURA

I was troubled several years with chronic Eczema, on my head and face. I took medical treatment from two doctors and several lotions, but received little relief. At times, the dreadful itching became almost intolerable. When I was treated, the Eczema became painful, and almost distracted me. I tried CUTICURA REMEDY. The Eczema rapidly disappeared, and I am well, with no trace of any cutaneous disease. J. EMMETT REEVES, Feb. 22, 1898. Box 125, Thornloven, Ind.

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audiences expected a vaudeville singer of the Anna Held type. Miss Russell's voice and her beauty were admired, but she was not in the least the kind of a performer the audiences had awaited. She sang some airs from her operetta repertoire, and she may be heard later in comic opera, the field in which she is almost sure to be successful.

If Julie Kopacz represents the best of the German operetta singers Miss Russell should triumph there. She has a better voice and is a finer singer than many women in the grand opera houses of Germany.—New York Sun.

Victor Thrane, a New York manager, has gone to Wales to offer Patti inducements for another finally-conclusive farewell tour.

Over \$10,000 has already been collected for the Wagner monument to be erected in Berlin.

Maurice Grau sailed for England, Tuesday, but will return to America the early part of Oct. with the members of his opera company. Their season begins in Chicago, Oct. 7.

"Lohengrin" has just received its 400th performance in Berlin.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The stage of the opera house has been occupied this week by the Joseph Greene Company. The patronage bestowed upon the evening performances has been fair only, but the daily matinees have been largely attended. One or two new pieces have been added to the company's repertoire, and a singing comedian with a very good voice is also among the attractions.

To all lovers of the pure and unadulterated classic drama a treat of unusual magnitude is assured in the coming production of Goethe's "Faust," as presented by that eminent actor-dramatist, Lewis Morrison, and his most excellent company, next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings Sept. 27th, and 28th, with a special matinee on Wednesday. This will be the last opportunity local playgoers will have to witness this wonderful dramatization with the illustrious Morrison in his great and original creation of "Mephisto," a character which has made him famous and one which stands preeminently alone in the world of dramatic art. Never in the history of this romance has it been presented in as effective and elaborate a manner as now. A complete new treatment of magnificent scenery, electrical effects, ingenious mechanicals and handsome costumes have been given the production, making it in fact an entirely new "Faust." Among the many innovations introduced, special attention has been devoted to the garden scene in the second act in which there will be a phenomenal electrical display. Nearly 1,000 iridescent globules are brought into requisition, making an effect without a rival upon the stage. The mechanical and electrical embellishments in the already weird "Witches' Brocken" are conceded to be marvels in ingenuity and effectiveness. This scene is nightly received with a storm of applause, which only abates after the curtain has been repeatedly raised to disclose this truly wonderful conception of stage craft. As the engagement will be Mr. Morrison's farewell in "Faust," and as attractions of this magnitude and merit are rare, a packed house will undoubtedly reward the excellent actor.

Lewis Waller is arranging to follow up his London production of "The Three Musketeers" with versions of "Twenty Years After" and "The Vicomte de Bragelonne."

Ada Rehan will probably open her season in "Mme. Sans Gene."

The catastrophe of Charles Coghlan's new play is borrowed from one of the dramas of the elder Dumas.

"A Brace of Partridges" at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, will be followed by a native stock company in three comedies, entitled "On and Off," "Self and Lady" and "His Excellency the Governor." Fritz Williams will appear in the first of the trio.

In his new fantastic piece, "The Land

of Nod," Albert Chevalier will represent a certain Professor Peter Funder, with a wife and daughter, played respectively by Amy Singleton and Lettice Fairfax.

Mabel Clark is in an invalid's home. Forbes Robertson is to revive "Anthony and Cleopatra" and "Othello" after "Macbeth."

The Earl of Rosalyn is to appear in a new play by Leo Trevor.

In Chicago it was observed, when the season opened, that but two theatres in that city will be wholly devoted to the legitimate drama, while two others will present high-class drama, alternating with farce comedy. A few years ago six theatres in that city presented plays of serious interest.

Dore Davidson has made a production for copyright purposes of his new, romantic drama, which he has named "Rough Riders."

Delia Fox's new piece is after all, to be called "The Little Host." It will be tried on the dog at Pongkepsie, next month.

During the James-Kidder-Warde tour, Kathryn Kidder will be seen as Desdemona Portia, Ophelia and Lady Teazle.

Chester Bailey Fernald, author of "The Cat and the Cherrub," has written a Japanese romantic comedy called "The Moonlight Blossom," in which music from Japanese themes is introduced.

"The Christian" opened in Albany on Friday of this week instead of in Washington.

Roland Reed has received from Madeline Luette Ryley her new four-act comedy, "The Voyagers," which he will produce in Chicago on October 3. The scenes are laid in San Francisco and Honolulu.

Flora Fairchild is the trade name of a younger sister of Julia Arthur. She is playing, and will soon be playing, in the company of Thomas Shea, an aspirant for the honors of "legitimate" acting.

Sarah Bernhardt will reopen her theatre with "Medea," a tragedy based on the classical story by Catulle Mendes. Vincent D'Indy has composed the incidental music.

Ada Rehan begins her season in Philadelphia Oct. 9.

J. H. Stoddart will be seen in vaudeville again this season.

Mrs. Fiske has definitely abandoned Becky Sharp for this year.

Delia Fox will begin her starring tour in "The Little Host" Oct. 6.

Mrs. Langtry wants to sell her California ranch. She has spent \$100,000 on it. Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett and John Hare are all contemplating visits to this country.

Melbourne MacDowell and Blanche Walsh opened their joint starring tour this week in Providence.

"A French Maid" will have its first Boston presentation on Monday evening Oct. 3, at the Park theatre.

Mrs. Craigie is now engaged upon a historical play to be called "Gwendoline and Loeline."

Mlle Anna Held is amazing New York with new and Parisian gowns. The chic little French woman begins her tour of the country early in October, with a new repertoire.

Next Monday will be a lively date in Boston theatricals. There will be the Bostonians at the Boston, Maude Adams at the Hollis and "The Sign of the Cross" at the Museum.

Jack Mason is in his old form again and will be heard from when Udger leaves Allen's company to join the Lyceum theatre forces. Mason is to take the part of John Storm then.

David Belasco intends to send Mrs. Carter to London in the spring of 1900 in the play which he is now working on to be called "The Queen's Drawing Room." She will also play in France at the Paris exposition.

Miss Evelyn Carter, the Boston girl who was a member of Froham's Lyceum Theatre company last year, appeared at Keith's Boston house this week as one of the cast in "Papa Eccles," in which Horace Lewis was papa.

Julie Opp, who was the sensation of the whole dramatic season in the United States last year, will have a prominent role in the play by Walter Fritsch, called "A Man of Forty," which will be produced at the St. James theatre, London, this fall.

\$7 to \$10 a Week in leisure hours; any one can do the work. We want reliable families in every locality to help us manufacture Children's Toques, Gaiters and Bicycle Leggings for the trade, by a new process. No canvassing or experience required. Steady work, good pay, whole or spare time. Write to-day. Address: THE CO-OPERATIVE KNITTING Co., 15 Leader Lane, Toronto.

Nat Goodwin was thrown from his horse while riding near Woolwich, Eng., Monday and sustained two bad fractures of the leg so that he couldn't sail for this country Tuesday, as was his intention. He hoped to be able to sail Sunday last.

Curiously enough, the much discussed French farce, "The Turtle," which the critics are furiously denouncing as risqué and audacious and all New York is crowding into Manhattan theatre to witness does not deal with the hackneyed theme of martial infidelity and all its personages are very proper people. Sadie Marinet has made the hit of her life despite the daring of her disrobement scene.

HOW A SAILOR'S WAGES GO.

Jack Squanders his Hard Earned Money Sometimes by Proxy.

What do the jack tars in the navy do with all their money? Has often been asked although most people have answered the question to their own satisfaction beforehand by deciding they spend it the first chance they got. Many of the younger or newer ones do get rid of their cash at the first opportunity, but they spend it themselves, and get their money's worth, or what they think or are made to believe is their money's worth. Those who are really warm in their following seldom take all their wages from the paymaster. They let him keep it during the cruise and draw 4 per cent interest on it until the cruise is over. Then, of course, some spend all before they get back to the ship. They have a good time all in a lump and are satisfied to wait for extravagant days again until another cruise is over. These are the men who have no one except themselves to care for. While on the man-of-war they need not go short of anything and yet not use their money. Moreover they will probably attend to their duties better and have a much finer time than when the cruise is at an end. Those who have wives or families or relatives to care for usually send their money home regularly and faithfully. Often however, their confidence is meanly abused. Married men make up this class. They send their wives comfortable incomes, and that is all these wives care for them for. These are the wives who married simply for what there was in marriage in a money way, with the additional advantage or convenience of not having a husband around much. Unluckily for women of this class not all jack tars can maintain wives. Only chief petty officers or first rate petty officers can afford the luxury of marriage, and even they have to watch out pretty keenly not to impair the due to their better halves.

Not So Clever As He Thought.

Impudence occasionally meets with its just reward, and possibly none would envy the feelings of the youth who, when Sir Evelyn Wood was appointed quarter-master-general of the British forces, attempted to show his wit at the expense of his wisdom. Sir Evelyn was little known at the office, and it happened that some of the clerks in a certain room were engaged in "larking," when a quiet-looking gentleman walked in. The most impudent of the young men, thinking that the visitor was a stranger was a visitor who had by mistake come into the wrong room, demanded in a peremptory voice: "What is your business here?" "My business?" repeated the stranger, in a tone of mingled surprise and sternness. "Yes, sir, your business," persisted the clerk. "It is with the duke," was the answer. "He has been suddenly summoned to Windsor, and Lord Wolsley's in bed with the mumps," ventured the young man, bent on carrying on his joke at the expense of this inexperienced stranger, as he deemed him. "Your name, sir!" demanded that stranger, in an imperative tone. "My name is Plantagenet Zima, distant relation to her gracious majesty." "Indeed! and mine is Sir Evelyn Wood. I am quarter-master-general to the forces, and I see now how her majesty is served." The unfortunate clerk, who was not yet aware that his impudence had cost him dear, looked round with a grin, expecting to meet with every applause for his talent and became suddenly aware that all his companions were working away with the most extraordinary earnestness. Instantly the full force of the situation dawned upon him. "Horrors!" he ejaculated. "I took you for a crank with a grievance!" and then he subsided.

Ironbound.

A newspaper editor of some celebrity as a disciplinarian was noted among his colleagues for the extreme disorder of his own desk. Though insisting upon methodical habits on the part of his subordinates, he gave his own pigeon-holes a cleaning out and sorting over only once a year, and his regular time for doing this, oddly enough, was the Queen's Birthday.

It happened one year, nevertheless, that he forgot to perform this task at the proper time, and a friend who chanced to be in his office on the morning of May 25th was surprised at finding him surrounded by his usual hopeless litter of letters and papers. "How's this, Mr.—?" he asked. "Forgot it," shortly answered the editor.

Fall AND Winter Millinery Opening.

Our annual opening of Fall and Winter Millinery which commenced this week has been a great success and will be continued every day next week. We cordially invite all who have not yet called to do so as the display of French, English and American

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"Well, you're going to clean things up to-day, aren't you?"

"No," was the reply. "That job goes over, under the rules, for another year. You don't suppose I am going to set an example of irregularity to the others, do you? Certainly not!"

And he cleared a space on his desk and began an article on the advantages of good order.

As to Sea Dust.

We have heard of waterspouts, of showers of fish, of salt rain, and many other curiosities which present themselves in the atmosphere, but to assert that there is such a thing as sea dust is to transcend all reasonable bounds. The evidence, however, in favour of its existence is exceedingly great—indisputable in fact—and this is the story told by an eye-witness. He states that in certain parts of the world, notably about the Cape de Verde Islands, there are constantly met at sea, several hundred of miles away from land, thick yellowish fogs, not unlike London fogs in November. These fogs obscure the atmosphere and are very injurious to navigation, but they have not the baleful odour of their London prototypes, nor do they affect the breathing in the same way. While sailing through them it is found that the ship, sails and rigging, are covered with a fine, impalpable powder, which falls as dry as rain and covers the surface on which it falls sometimes to the depth of fully two inches. In colour it is of a bright brick-dust hue, sometimes of a light yellow. No place is free from its presence its fineness giving it power to penetrate everywhere. The sea, while the dust is falling, looks as if it had been peppered, and is discolored to some distance down. Sometimes the dust comes in a shower and passes off again. The fogs are nothing but vast quantities of the dust suspended in air.

The Longevity of Ballet Dancers

A statistician has been devoting himself to a study of the eminent in this particular art, and his investigations seem to establish the fact that they are an unusually long-lived lot. The famous Carlotta Grieg is living now at the age of 77, and one of the ballet dancers at the Opera in Paris is 70. But he is a man. Amalia Ferraris is still teaching at the age of 78 in Paris, and seems likely to continue that work for some time to come. Fanny Esler was 74 when she died, and Taglioni has passed her 80th year. Rosita Mauri, the popular premiere at the Opera in Paris, is over 50, and has begun to talk of retiring.

It is less fun waving the torch of war after it has had time to burn down short.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, SEPT. 24th

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

THE DRY DOCK PROJECT.

Mr. Geo. ROBERTSON'S plan for the building of a dry dock is before the people of St. John in somewhat desultory way. They would like to make up their minds about it, but apparently they have nothing upon which to decide. Mr. ROBERTSON has not told them, as yet, what the chances are for a certain revenue from the dry dock. There are docks in Halifax and St. John's, Newfoundland, and it seems to us that it would be an easy matter for the promoter of this enterprise to obtain all the information that the people of St. John should have upon this subject. It has been said that \$2,500 is not a large sum for the city to grant in aid of such a project. That is quite true, looking at it from one point of view, but the amount asked for is not inconsiderable and is worthy of the most careful investigation and fullest information. Mr. ROBERTSON, we trust, is not promoting a dry dock simply for the sake of having it said that the port of St. John is so equipped. He must have his statistics and some information regarding the dry docks of other ports. How they are built, what their cost is, and what their annual revenue is. We understand that an annual subsidy is provided for, both by the Dominion and Provincial governments, and a further grant and a free site are asked from the city of St. John. The estimated cost of the dock is about \$1,000,000. Upon this sum five per cent at least, would have to be paid, which would mean \$50,000 annually for interest. In addition to this there will be the expenses of running the dock, which would, no doubt, be considerable. Now, if Mr. ROBERTSON could point out just how many "lameducks" it would take to make the dry dock pay, the people of St. John would have some information that they have not now. No doubt he has considered all these things and all the facts that PROGRESS asks for may be in his hands. If they are we will be glad to print them at an early date, but if they are not, let us suggest that they be obtained as soon as possible.

DOTS AND DASHES.

The recent war between Spain and the United States calls to mind the old saying, charity begins at home. The United States forces went into Cuba, many of them poorly drilled, poorly equipped and miserably fed, to free a lot of rebels who have neither the manners to be grateful for their liberation nor the stability to govern themselves after the removal of Spanish tyranny. Everywhere is to be heard praise of the kindness and consideration shown the Spanish men, prisoners and wounded, by the Americans. This is very just and commendable, but in the face of the cruelty and neglect shown their own sick and wounded it sounds rather anomalous. Some of the stories of the misery and privation endured by the men who unhesitatingly offered their lives at the call of their government are incredible, but only too true. Such a disgrace and insult to the army is almost enough to quench the fire of patriotism in the breast of every soldier in the Union.

What a pity it is that the Kaiser, didn't get a chance for his coup de theatre by issuing the peace manifests from Jerusalem! Rulers, now-a-days are so tied up by conventionalities that the chance to be really dramatic comes infrequently. However, perhaps Jerusalem would be a good place from which the Emperor could speak out and clear up the Dreyfus mystery.

We talk in this country of politics and the political scandals, but in comparison with the Old World Governments those of the New are but novices in infancy. Money may be squandered and jobs manipulated,

but the "intensity" which characterizes foreign political schemers is lacking in American boodlers. And we can be profoundly thankful that political imprisonment is not in vogue. Nothing could be more diabolical. But imagine a Dreyfus in America!

One or two publications have recently contained accounts of deserted villages and cities. How many persons know that there is a deserted village in New Brunswick, and not so very far from St. John at that. Up the Bay Shore near the mouth of the Shepody river a point of land jut out to sea, containing, amid its rocks and desolation, the remains of a once thriving little village. The place is known as Mary's Point, and some years ago brown stone for exportation to the United States was quarried there in considerable quantities. Now a more eerie and desolate spot could not be imagined. One wanders past the empty postoffice with its rusty lock, around among the deserted windowless house and the silence becomes awful. The dismal roar of the surf against the rocks serves rather to intensify this stillness than break it. It is like low mournful music, played while one gazes on a sad, pathetic picture.

There is a good story of a New Brunswick girl who visited a Western town not long ago. She happened into a drug store one day and the proprietor came forward to serve her. Being fairly young and somewhat impressionable he skillfully sandwiched general questions and remarks with his "shop-talk," the while he brought forward for her inspection his choicest pomades, powders and perfumes. By his adroit and ingenious conversation he learned that she was from the Maritime provinces, and also ascertained the name of her hotel in the city. The young lady went on her way, and not of the comment she had raised in the 1-ft breast of the young man, and cared not either, for she was head over ears in love with a young chap whom she had married not a month previously. Next day her husband walked down street and passing the drug store was saluted by the proprietor, whom he had known several years ago.

"Hallo! old man, where in the world did you come from?" "Oh, just passing through. Been down to New Brunswick." "New Brunswick! What were you doing down there?" "I got married down there the other day." "Married! You don't say. Let me congratulate you." Then as if a sudden thought struck him. "Say, by Jove,—Where are you staying?" "At the—House." "Say, look here, old chap. There was a young lady in here yesterday and she's from New Brunswick and she's staying at the very hotel you're at. Now I'd give my eyes to meet that girl again. Perhaps your wife knows her. Say, if you'll get me an introduction to that girl I'll be your debtor for life."

"What was she like?" queried the young Benedict. "Like! Oh, 'a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." Have you seen anyone like her at the—House? She wore a plaid silk shirt waist, red. If anything ever did get all over me it was always a red plaid silk shirt waist," the druggist went on wildly. "Say, old man, don't you suppose your wife could get acquainted with her?" "Oh, I know whom you mean. Yes, she is staying at our hotel. I know her." "You do! What luck! What is her name? Say, you'll introduce me, won't you? When can I call?" "Introduce you? Yes, of course I will, at any time. Call tonight if you like. Her name?—Well, she's my wife."

ELSIE G.

Mr. Geo. F. Beverly Has a Show Idea. There are a good many people chewing gum nowadays, but that interesting industry is more popular in the exhibition building at the present time than any where else. This is largely due to the fact that a young and enterprising merchant of this city, Mr. George F. Beverly has three-cent-in-the-slot-gum chewing machines placed around the main hall of the exhibition. It has proved a good deal harder for people to pass those modest machines upon the wall that so willingly give down a package of gum for every cent that is put in the slot, than it is to encourage the enticing weighing machine that gives you an idea of how much you weigh before dinner and how much after. Mr. Beverly is the agent for the gum chewing machines and he tells PROGRESS that he has disposed of a great number of them in the city and province. The revenue only comes in a cent at a time, but when it comes often it pays pretty well. This is the only thing Mr. Beverly is interested in at the exhibition, but at his hardware

store on Germain street he has enough business to keep not only himself but an efficient staff of clerks busy. Hardware of all sorts; but more particularly that adapted to the household can be found upon his premises. His prices are right, the attention he gives to his customers is particular, and with such a combination satisfaction invariably follows.

SOME NOTES OF THE GREAT FAIR.

Two Well-Known Exhibits Away—How the Staff Handled Their Affairs.

The thousands who attended the Exhibition this year missed those old and favorite exhibits—The St. Croix Soap Co. and the Ganong Manufacturing Co. Their exhibits were always associated with something especially attractive, which made their centres of observation and a decided attraction to the show. Mr. G. W. Ganong told PROGRESS the other day that they had exhibited every year in many places, but that this year they had decided to take a rest. While the public generally and those interested in Exhibition management must regret such a decision, still it is only fair that these enterprising concerns should reap for one year, at least, the results of their energy in this direction.

Just a word about the courtesy and kindness of the staff at the Exhibition. They had to be every where, were besieged by inquiries of all sorts, by requests for permission to do this or that, and by impossible demands of every description, still the courtesy and good nature of the staff was remarkable under the circumstances. Working from early morning until late at night under an intense strain they still managed to satisfy those who could be satisfied at all.

In the machinery hall, Supt. Harris Allan did everything in his power, not only to make it pleasant for the exhibitors, but for those who came into that department. He was on hand at all times and ready and willing to explain to any sight-seer the working of the machinery.

A Disgrace to Base Ball.

If the Exhibition association had been as fortunate in the third special feature of their show as they were with the high diver and the Watson sisters they would not have had to record a decreased attendance on the last days. But the drunken aggregation of ball tossers that accepted the snap presented in St. John and came down here from Boston for a soft thing disgusted the people who love to see a good game and for that purpose would attend day after day. The captain and two pitchers were marked as quiet gentlemanly fellows but the rest of the crowd were a disgrace to the game and the place they hailed from. They came to St. John engaged to play good ball but their main business was to get all the "booz" they could and as cheaply as possible. As a result their manager ran into a police officer who looked after his interests.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Heavenly Twilight. Heavenly twilight wiled and still, Has silver lilies dipped in gold; They bloom far o'er the purple hill, Where sunset clouds their robes unfold. If thou hadst come at this sweet time, To meet me in the red rose glen; The farwells of the evening chime, Had been the less within my ken, If thou hadst met me then. And still the heavenly twilight's fall, And that fond place remains the same; Our parting words my soul recall, Again I breathe thy cherished name, Come thou beloved unto me, Ere this sweet time shall fade and die; How heavenly here thy face to see, If but once more to have the night, Forgetting that good bye. C. PAUL GELDER.

The Ferns, Sept. 1898.

The Shower. The landscape like the awed face of a chief, Grew curiously blurred; a hush of death Fell on the folds of the darkness wild The zephyr held its breath.

No wavering glamour work of light and shade Dappled the shivering surface of the brook; The lightning rattles in their ambuscade Of willows thrilled and shook. The sudden day grew darker, and anon Diver's flashes of pent anger lit the sky; With rumbling wheels of wrath came rolling on The storm's artillery.

The cloud put on its blackest frown And, then, as with a vengeful cry of pain The lightning snatched it, tipped and flung it down In raveled shreds of rain. While I, transfixed by some wondrous art Bowed with the thirsty lilies to the sod, My empty soul brimmed over and my heart Drenched with the love of God. —James Whitcomb Riley.

Tipsey Autumn. I had a chat with Autumn but today Out in the vineyard, 'twas two purple rows; Her hands were full of grapes and she could not Shake hands with me; her rosy-fingered arms Seemed stained with wine I think she'd had a sip She was in such a merry mood! Her hair Was fastened up with some brown twigs. It looked As yellow as a golden blade of corn. With which the field had fought and richly won. Her dreamy eyes were just a hazy blue; Two soft dull respers that had harvested The hazel aure of the skies. As red Were as two bows of ruby drawn around Mirth's lodge of pearl. It was her busy day And she kept working as she talked; next week She said she would be shockin' corn. —New York Sun.

Use in place of Cream of Tartar and Soda. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. More convenient, Makes the food lighter and more healthful. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

NURSING THE WOUNDED.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

tent, but every place looks alike and we had to have a soldier to find our way back for us. I am sorry to say she is not nearly as comfortably cared for as we, but perhaps things may improve. The departure of many of the regiments from Camp Wik-off has lessened the need of Red Cross work here but it has afforded increased opportunities for aid to the relief station at Long Island city. Hundreds of hungry men have been fed and many weak convalescents cared for at the emergency hospital there. The work of distributing heavy clothing to soldiers who are in need of it also progresses with much facility.

"There are plenty of nurses here and the poor fellows are getting good care. It is terribly sad to see the large frames of the men with scarcely a bit of flesh on them. The hospital tents contain about 20 patients and are very comfortable. The weather continues cold and though I was wrapt in three army blankets last night I was none too warm. I have many souvenirs that have been through the thickest of the war and hope to have several more before we leave. Our hours as you can imagine are all taken up and the days pass quickly from the time we rise at bugle call until we retire. We have breakfast at 6.30 and roll call at 7 a. m. We listen with almost breathless interest while the soldiers tell their story of the war. Not one of them would be willing to have it over again. They are terribly bitter against the Cubans but all speak so well of the Spaniards both as soldiers and men.

"We have about ten hospital tents on one division and these with the mess room, kitchen and diet kitchen make quite a showing on a little elevation of ground." A third letter bears date of Sept. 15, 2 a. m. and says: "Most of my boys are sleeping and I am trying to keep warm by writing—and I assure you I find it hard work to keep from freezing to death after midnight. I do not think we shall be here much longer as it is too cold to keep the sick boys in the tents. As soon as they can stand the four hours ride to New York they are being sent there and this camp is being broken up as quickly as possible. At present I have thirty men in my tent and all are doing fairly well. One poor boy is having an awful chill. It is simply terrible the way they shake.

"In my division we have had a doctor who gives the cold water cure. He tried it on our men and more than one poor fellow has died for the want of nourishment and medicine. I went and complained about it and we got whiskey and gave it to our men with all the hot and cold milk they could drink. We made it so hot for the doctor mentioned that today his resignation was accepted and a new man takes his place tonight. I thought that 90 men—the number we had under him too many to risk in that way. It is the talk of the camp, and now that it has had such a good result I'm glad I complained.

"A ride in an ambulance may not be the most cheerful way to take an outing but I did enjoy the one I had yesterday in that gruesome vehicle. On a clear day it is lovely to go to one of the hills and get a view of the camp. This morning—or rather yesterday morning—I saw the colored regiment taking the horses down to the water in squads of one hundred, and such number of horses. All the teaming and heavy work is done by mules and their antics afford considerable amusement for us all. I missed a chance of going to Turkey recently. A former patient of mine—Mrs. Strauss, was sending her notice out to the latter's father, who is Minister to Turkey and tried everywhere to find me. She didn't think of St. John of course and I—but there, I must stop, a poor boy grows restless and I must look after his comfort—good night."

THE QUEEN LIKES GOOD WHISKEY.

A Fact That is Made Apparent by Recent Warrants.

In these days of prohibition politics it is an unusual thing to have a document come to this country which proves that Her Gracious Majesty the Queen likes a drop of Scotch whiskey. The fact that she does so is not likely to lessen the estimation of her in the minds of her loyal subjects. For the Queen to drink whiskey is no harm upon the same principle "that the king can do no wrong"; but for one of her loyal subjects in Canada to drink it, will, according to the ideas of the prohibitionists in the near future, be against the law of the land. What follows in the document below is not intended for a campaign document, but it simply shows that while the good people of Canada are spending from one quarter to one half a million dollars to find out what the majority think upon the whiskey subject, Her Majesty the Queen has appointed Messrs. Jas. Buchanan & Co. purveyors to her of Scotch whiskey.

The fact that the Prince of Wales should give them such a warrant as he has done does not excite any surprise, for like a dutiful son he follows in the footsteps of his good mother, and shows his appreciation and extends his approbation to the good Scotch whisky distilled by Messrs. James Buchanan & Co. Their agent in this city is Mr. M. A. Finn, who has pushed the sale and extended the reputation of the goods of this concern. That the business could not be in better hands will generally be conceded. Article 5 of merit, whether they are whisky or anything else, will always sell, but they will sell a good deal more under proper direction—so it is with "House of Commons."

THE BLACK SWAN DISTILLERY, 26 Holburn, London, August, 1898.

M. A. FINN Esq., St. John, N. B. Dear Sir:—We have the pleasure to inform you that we have been appointed by royal warrants, distillers and purveyors of Scotch whisky to Her Majesty the Queen and to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

We are sending you by this post a fac-simile of the warrants which kindly have framed, and hung up in your offices, as it will doubtless be conducive to our mutual interests. Assuring you of our best and prompt attention to your esteemed commands

We are dear sir, Yours faithfully, JAMES BUCHANAN & CO.

The Queen's Warrant.

This is to certify that I have appointed MR JAMES BUCHANAN trading as James Buchanan & Co., into the place and quality of purveyor of Scotch whisky to Her Majesty. To hold the said place so long as shall seem fit to the Lord Steward for the time being. This warrant is strictly personal and will become void on the death, retirement or bankruptcy of the person named therein. Given under my hand this sixteenth day of July, 1898, in the sixty second year of Her Majesty's reign. FENROCK MONTGOMERY, Lord Steward. (Seal)

The Prince of Wales' Warrant.

Messrs JAMES BUCHANAN & COMPANY You are hereby appointed purveyors of whiskey to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Given under my hand and seal at Marlborough House, this sixth day of July 1898. D. M. PROSEE, Comptroller General. This warrant is granted to James Buchanan personally, trading under the title of JAMES BUCHANAN & COMPANY. It is only held during the pleasure of the Prince of Wales, and is to be returned to the Comptroller of His Royal Highness' household in the event of any change taking place in the firm from death, bankruptcy, retirement or other cause. The following letter explains itself.

HOUSE OF LORDS, REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT, JUNE 24 1898.

To Messrs James Buchanan & Co. Scotch whisky merchants, London, E. C. Gentlemen, I am glad you have brought the matter before me, that a Scotch whisky is being sold in the colonies entitled "House of Lords" Scotch whisky. This may be to a certain extent misleading to the general public. You are the only firm who supplies this department with Scotch whisky in bottles, and I know nothing of any other whisky sold on the market as "House of Lords." You are at liberty to make use of this fact if you deem it desirable. I am, Gentlemen, Yours faithfully, WILLIAM AGGLES, Manager, Refreshment Department.

A Low Rate for Trial Subscriptions.

Up to and including October 10 the publishers of PROGRESS will receive subscriptions for PROGRESS and the Family Herald and Weekly Star, both of which will be sent to subscribers until January 1st 1899, at the low rate of fifty cents.

When you are in Need

Of anything done in our line you can rest assured you will be satisfied. UNGER'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor, and because the perspiration cools the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes.





One of the prettiest nuptial events of the season was the ceremony which united in matrimony Miss Eleanor Montgomery West, daughter of Rev. Dr. G. M. W. Carey with Dr. Thomas Gibson, M. A. M. D., late of Edinburgh, and recently house physician in the family of Lord Aberdeen. Dr. Gibson came from Scotland with the vice-regal household, but will remain in Ottawa where he has an extensive practice. The marriage ceremony was performed by Dr. Carey assisted by Rev. George Bruce.

The decorations of Mr. John McGinty's residence on Paddock street where Dr. Carey and family have been boarding for sometime, were on an elaborate scale, pink and white colors prevailing. Large quantities of cut flowers were disposed artistically around, and the at all times elegant drawing rooms were on that occasion particularly bright. The bride was gowned in white duchesse satin trimmed with honiton lace, and wore a veil. Her bouquet was of white sweet peas and maiden hair fern. On the long loops and ends of the ribbons which tied the bouquets of the bride and her attendant were fastened numerous clusters of the dainty flowers which composed them. They were from the establishment of Mrs. W. H. Jones. The bride's sister Miss Alice Carey was bridesmaid and was charmingly gowned in white china silk trimmed with lace and pink ribbons, with a bouquet of pink sweet peas and maiden hair fern. Both ladies wore amethyst pendants, gifts of the groom and his mother. Rev. Dr. Tait McKenzie of McGill University supported the groom. After a wedding luncheon Dr. and Mrs. Gibson left for Ottawa, and will visit intermediate points on the way to their future home.

Many handsome presents were received by the bride and groom, among which the following were particularly noticeable: Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen, a pair of very beautiful cut glass jars with beaten silver tops. Lady Marjorie, Hon. Dudley and Hon. Archie Gordon a silver pen tray. Lt. Governor and Mrs. McClellan, a solid silver tea service on tray. Honorable Josiah and Mrs. Wood, a valuable oil painting by Hammond of Market Slip St. John in olden times.

Hon. Geo. E. and Mrs. Foster, dozen silver spoons in case. Prof. and Mrs. Prince, Ottawa, silver tray. Prof. and Mrs. Roberts, Ottawa, silver pudding dish. Dr. and Mrs. Hewitt, London Eng., Life of Queen Victoria (3 vols.). E. C. Whitman of Canoe N. S. travelling bag with fittings. Miss Alice Carey, two sofa pillows. Prof. and Mrs. J. B. Tyrell black bear skin. Miss Cameron cut glass jar. Judge and Mrs. Hardy of Brantford, Ont., silver bon-bon dish.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray of Ottawa, cut glass dish. Mr. H. Vaughan city, silver tea spoon. Mrs. Prescott, city, beautiful tea set. Mrs. A. Vaughan Montreal, silver salver. Mr. and Mrs. Struan Robertson, cut glass carafe. Mr. and Mrs. A. McDonald, Dresden figures. Mr. Frank McDonald, Dresden figure. Dr. Berryman, silver berry spoon. Miss Berryman, silver coffee spoons. G. B. Killmaster Am. Consul at Fort Rowan Ont., desert knives.

Mr. A. Blair, city, candelabra and mirror. Miss Ada Blair, doilies. Miss L. Steves, sardine fork. Mr. Thos. Blair, silver fern dish. Miss Blair, Bohemian glass vase. Dr. and Mrs. Sterling of Montreal, fish plate and fork. Dr. Webster of Montreal, beautiful head of Romney.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller of Perth, Scotland, silver tea spoons and sugar tongs. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kreffer of Ottawa, coffee spoons. Several cheques were also received besides many other gifts from various parts.

Miss Nellie Cooper, of Shelvic was in the city for a short time lately. Hon. A. S. White and Mrs. White of St. Stephen were among the city's visitors this week. Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Christie are entertaining Mrs. James Howard of Amherst this week. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Atchison of Kent county paid a short visit to the city this week. Mrs. A. W. Reed of Carleton has this week as her guest Miss Edith Porter of St. Stephen.

Miss Alice Nichol's of Calais is visiting city friends. Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor of Harvey station were in the city for a day or two during the week. Miss Mary Hayes of Elliott Row is spending several weeks in Boston and other parts of Massachusetts.

Mrs. J. W. Scammell and Miss Scammell who have been visiting Mrs. Charles E. Scammell returned this week to New York. Mayor and Mrs. Gibson of Marysville spent part of this week in the city. Miss Kitty Commins and Miss Jennie McMahon who were visiting friends here have returned to St. Stephen.

Miss M. Walsh and Miss Haley of Milltown are staying with Mrs. T. O'Leary, Harding street for a few days. Mr. Bert Gorow went to Boston Wednesday to spend a two weeks vacation. Mrs. Nellie and Mrs. Barbara Brown of Gtison are visiting city friends. Mrs. G. E. Price arrived home Wednesday from Boston where she has been for the past six months for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. Andrew McNicol of King street east is entertaining Mrs. Robert McNicol and Miss McNicol of Montreal. Miss Ethel Johnston of Ellenville, N. S. is paying a visit to city friends. Mrs. J. D. Steeves of Wigan A. C. is the guest of Mrs. B. A. Stammers of King street E. Mrs. W. C. H. Grimmer and Mrs. George E. Raymond of St. Stephen are staying with city friends. Miss Maud Fleming who has been visiting relatives here returned Wednesday to New York. Mrs. William Forbes is in the city visiting friends.

Miss Alice McFarlane is here from the capital paying a short visit to friends. Senator and Mrs. Temple who spent the summer at St. Andrews were in St. John for a short time this week.

The marriage took place in St. Luke's church N. B. on Wednesday morning of Miss Ella G. Kilpatrick and Mr. Cecil Mitchell. The bride was beautifully attired in a travelling suit of blue with a dainty and becoming hat trimmed in blue shades and her attendant Miss Albin Mitchell, sister of the groom wore a handsome blue serge prettily trimmed with military braid. Mr. John I. Robinson performed the duties of groomsmen, and the officiating was Mr. John Edwards and Mr. Robert McConnell, Rev. R. P. McKim performed the ceremony that made them one, the bride's father giving away the bride. The choir sang the wedding hymns "The Voice That Breathed Our Eden" and as the wedding party departed from the church the joyful strains of the wedding march sounded from the organ. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell left by the Prince Rupert for Dixby and will take a trip through Nova Scotia. They received many beautiful presents. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch and to the bridesmaid a fine gold brooch. The groom was handsomely remembered by the Salvage Corps of which he is a member.

Miss Patterson has returned from a visit to St. Andrews friends. Mr. O. S. Newnam and her daughter Mrs. J. M. Deacon were here a short time ago on their way home to St. Stephen from a visit to Farsboro, N. S.

Miss Mary Vose of Milltown is the guest of city friends. Miss Lizzie Reid returned to Boston this week after a very agreeable visit at her home here. Dr. A. G. and Mrs. Downey of Somerville Carleton Co. arrived in the city Wednesday and are guests of Mrs. George A. Blecker of Harrison street. They bring with them their little daughter who met with the loss of an eye while playing at school, for treatment to prevent the loss of the other eye.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. McLatchey and Mrs. Muirhead were here from Campbellton for a few days during last week. Centenary church was the scene of an interesting event on Wednesday afternoon when Miss Janet L. Lawson and Mr. William T. Bell were united in marriage by Rev. John Reed. The bride, who was given away by Mr. James Monison wore a heliotrope travelling dress with cream trimmings, and a heliotrope velvet hat with white aggrates and steel buckles. She carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. Miss Edith Lawson, who officiated as bridesmaid, wore a pale green dress trimmed with a darker shade of green silk. Her bouquet was of white roses. Fred J. Fairweather supported the groom. The bride was the recipient of many handsome gifts from her friends, the groom's present to the bride and her attendant being gold bracelets. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Bell left on a short wedding trip through New Brunswick, and purpose visiting Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia. Upon their return they will reside on Union street.

Mr. Thomas L. Hay left this week on a two weeks trip to Boston. Mrs. Hay who has been visiting relatives in that city for some time past will return with him. Miss Nellie is visiting the Misses Armstrong of Sidney street.

Miss Georgia Smith has returned to New York after a very pleasant stay with her aunt Mrs. J. W. Montgomery. Friends of Miss Ertha Holt formerly of this city and Dr. Frank Hart will be interested in hearing of their marriage which took place in Boston a few days ago. Miss Holt is a graduate of the Hartford hospital training school and for some time has been matron of the State Asylum at Taunton, Mass. Good wishes will be extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hart by many in this city.

Mr. H. C. Creed and Mrs. Clifford Creed of Fredericton spent part of this week in the city. Mr. Stanley Downey has returned to Harvard to resume his studies. He spent a very pleasant time in the city. Among those from the St. Croix who are visiting city friends are Misses Bessie and Josephine McVey who are staying with Miss Maud McCleary; Misses Jessie Wall and Roberta Murchie who are Miss Ada Fern's guests. Miss Kate Newnam is also here for a few days visit.

Miss Pidgeon has returned from a visit to Miss Beverly at the capital. Miss Ethel Hatt is the guest of Miss McAvity for a week or two. Mrs. Vaughan has returned from a very pleasant visit to her friend Miss Maud Taylor of Moncton. Miss Belle Jarvis and Miss Crisp are here from Moncton for a two weeks visit.

Rev. Dr. D. M. Gordon of Pine Hill College, Halifax, and his two sons are guests of Mr. George McCleod. Mrs. W. G. Cross and her daughters the Misses Lola and Audrey left this week for a visit to Rev. Henry Cross of Mansquan N. J.

Miss Helen M. Lunney left a few days ago to resume her studies at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Beccollet, Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. George B. Jones of Apohaqui are spending a few days in the city. Mr. G. W. Ganong, M. P. Mrs. Ganong and Miss Robinson of St. Stephen made a brief visit to the city this week.

Miss Boach and Miss M. E. Rand left Friday morning for a trip to Nova Scotia. They will spend a few days in visiting the Halifax Exposition. Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Brown of New York are spending a little while in the city. Mr. Thomas H. Lunney has returned to McGill University to resume his medical studies, after a rest of some months at his home here.

Mrs. Sedge Webber of St. Stephen and Miss M. M. Clark of Hulton spent most of the week in the city this week. Mr. Willie Gallagher of Dorchester was in the city the first of the week, and left on Thursday for Montreal where he will enter college to study for the priesthood. He was the guest of his aunt Mrs. John McCann, North end.

Dr. E. G. Gills of P. E. I. has returned to Montreal, after a brief visit to his cousins the Misses Rodgers, City Road. Miss Gertrude Green and master Fred Green came from St. Stephen during the week to attend the exposition. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. John Prince are guests of Mr. S. T. Golding, Princess street. Mr. Edmund Ritchie left this week for a trip to Boston.

Miss Harriett S. Olive, M. A. of Sackville university left this week for Cambridge to enter upon a post graduate course at Radcliffe college, the Harvard annex. Miss Angria Layton of Blackville, N. B., is spending a few weeks with her sister Mrs. John King of Pitt street. Mrs. (Dr.) Benson and Miss Bowser of Chatham are guests of Mrs. Isaac Stevens, Wright street. Miss M. Welch, Miss A. Haley, Mr. Joseph Haley and Mr. Walter Haley have been the guests of Mrs. T. Leary of Harding Street for a few days. Miss Mary Steves is the guest of Miss Elliot, Germain street, for a few weeks.

PROCESSION is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenny and J. H. Hawthorne.

Sept. 21.—On Saturday evening Camp Comfort held a very jolly party of gentlemen friends of Mr. D. G. Chalmer's the retiring manager of the bank of Nova Scotia who receiving very much the departure of so congenial a comrade conceived the happy idea of giving him a send off. Camp Comfort being an ideal spot in which to make their adieux Mr. Chalmer's was most royally entertained.

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. T. Carleton Allen, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. E. Byron Winslow, and Collector Street leave on Wednesday next for a trip to New York.

Miss Maggie Allen leaves on Monday for Boston to continue her duties at St. Margaret's Home. Mrs. J. J. Fraser is visiting Mrs. Kellor at Dorchester.

Mrs. Botsford and Miss Botsford left for Boston yesterday to spend the winter with Mrs. Botsford's son Harry.

Mr. H. V. Edgecombe, Mr. Fraser Winslow, Mr. R. S. Barker and Chas. Allen were in St. John doing the exhibition this week. Dr. and Mrs. Crockett left on Monday for a holiday trip to New York and Boston, and will be absent two weeks.

M. and Mrs. McN. Shaw have returned from a pleasant visit to Niagara Falls and New York. Miss Mary Wilton left today for the Pacific coast and will spend the winter with Mrs. Robin Jack.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Taylor left on Monday on a vacation trip to Montreal. Mrs. John Robinson has returned home from St. Andrews where she spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fowler returned on Saturday evening from a visit to Indianapolis; they made a short visit in Boston on their return.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of this week Mrs. Thos. Fowler has been receiving her bridal callers at her pleasant home on Regent street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Grimmer of St. Andrews paid a short visit to the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wade of Portland are spending a few days here. Mrs. Robinson of Millerton, N. B., and daughter Miss Susie Robinson are spending a few days in the city the guests of Mrs. Joseph Phillips.

Miss Alma Gibson has returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Miramichi. Miss Pidgeon who has been visiting Miss Jeanette Beverly, returned home on Monday. Alderman and Mrs. Risteen and Miss Teasdale have been spending a few days at St. John taking in the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter of Mexico are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Williams at Marysville. Mrs. Alex. Gibson of Marysville and sister Mrs. J. E. Colter are spending a few days in St. John. Mrs. Colter will visit her son at Sackville before she returns home.

Mrs. Chas. East of Marysville is visiting her son at St. John. Mrs. Robt Glasgow and young son are spending a week with city friends.

Miss Annie Lugin is visiting her sister Mrs. W. F. Flewelling. Mr. Jas. McMurray and son Bert left today for Boston where Mr. Bert will enter as a student at Harvard Dental college.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe, are visiting at St. Stephen for a few days. Mrs. Gertrude Eaton, Miss Francis Lowell and Miss Boss have returned to their home in Calais after a pleasant visit in Fredericton, where they are guests at "Ashburton Place."

Mrs. A. M. Letteny of Dixby, N. S., is visiting her parents the Rev. J. J. and Mrs. Teasdale. Miss Annie Carlisle has returned to Boston after spending several weeks at her home at Douglas.

Miss Fannie Burnside is home from Waltham on a vacation trip. Mrs. Charles Biggs who has been spending the summer with friends here, returned to her home at Brooklyn, New York on Monday.

Mrs. C. E. Jamieson of Stillwater, Minn., and two children are visiting here and are guests at the Queen. Miss Ethel Hatt is visiting Miss McAvity, St. John. Mr. Wm. Cunningham of London, England, is in town.

Miss Alice McFarlane is visiting friends at St. John. Miss Bessie Dunn has returned from a pleasant visit of two weeks at St. John. Aid. and Mrs. C. F. McKendrick are doing the exhibition at St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Holmes and Miss M. E. Pratt of New Bedford Mass are among the strangers in the city. Miss Lizzie Ryan and Miss Minnie Flannigan are visiting friends in St. Stephen. Miss Mabel Brittain has gone to South Farmingham Mass where she will enter the hospital in training for a nurse.

Miss Maria Anderson has returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Burts Cove. She was accompanied home by her sister and Miss Lawrence. (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

The Test of Time. It is important to know that there is as much difference in Soaps as in other articles used in the home, some are fairly good, others are not fit to use, one cannot always judge by appearance, adulterated goods often look like the genuine. There is not an impure thing in Welcome Soap, it is made with the greatest of care. The true test is in use and Welcome Soap has stood this so exact test for more than 20 years. WELCOME SOAP. Smooth on the Hands. Rough on the Dirt. Welcome Soap Co., St. John N. B. (Save your wrappers and send for premium list.)

Style. The woman who wears stylish winter clothing is not necessarily an extravagant woman—thanks to that peerless Home Dye—that gives a brilliant color and one that won't fade or crack or streak—Maypole Soap. And, too, it saves much hard work because it washes and dyes at one operation. Maypole Soap Dyes. 10 cents (25 for black) of leading druggists and grocers.

Confidence. Every business man who expects to make a permanent success of his vocation in life, must have the confidence of the people who trade with him. This is sound natural law that is applicable to every legitimate trade that we know of, and no matter what the disposition of the individual may be, if he has ordinary common sense he must realize that IT PAYS TO BE HONEST with his customers. We have built up a very large business in various kinds of musical instruments throughout the Maritime Provinces during the past twenty-five years, and we owe it to the fact that we are more energetic than our competitors, not that we have a monopoly of the best PIANOS and ORGANS made in the world, but simply by doing the very best we could for our clients under all circumstances. This is an absolute fact and one that we can furnish you ample proof of, if you ask for it. The W. H. JOHNSON CO. Ltd., Halifax.

The Famous Model WOOD COOK STOVE. Our Latest and Best. The result of 50 years experience. Its good working is guaranteed. The Oven has a steel bottom. Thermometer in oven door shows exact heat, no guessing as to whether it is hot enough, while the system of hot air circulation thoroughly ventilates the oven and carries all fumes into the chimney. Top of Stove is made so as to prevent cracking. This Stove baked 212 loaves in 6 1/2 hours with 2 1/2 cubic feet of wood. The McClary M'fg. Co. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER. If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

Cocoa Economy. Fry's Concentrated Cocoa is very economical to use because it is absolutely pure Cocoa in its most concentrated form. It has great strength and hence naturally a rich true Cocoa flavor. A little of it goes a great way—it dissolves easily. Over 200 medals and awards have been taken by the Messrs Fry for the general excellence of their Fry's Cocoa. Best grocers sell them.

When You Order..... PELLET'S ISLAND WINES .....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no product of nature or art.—PROFESSOR LEAHOE. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine.—DR. DRUZZI. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.



FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



BALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and corners. C. S. DEFRATTA, Brunswick street...

On Monday afternoon there was a small tennis party at Wellington Barracks, when croquet was almost more popular than tennis...

On Wednesday Mrs. Anstruther Duncan gave a large party at her home at the Garrison tennis grounds. The day was delightfully warm...

On Thursday afternoon there were no less than three picnics, the fine weather being made the most of.

Mr. J. Taylor Wood had a sailing party of forty or fifty people. Mrs. John F. Stairs gave a party on the Uiala at Birch Cove...

Mr. and Mrs. Drexel of Philadelphia who came here in their steam yacht the Alcide, last Sunday, have gone to Cape Breton in her...

There are rumors of another dance at Bellevue, which will be looked forward to by the masses, after the very successful one given by Lady William Seymour last month.

Another cheerful one did it that H. M. S. Renown's officers are to give a small and early dance on their return from their cruise...

Was there ever a woman in the wide world who did not yearn to be the mother of a bright faced, happy, healthy, laughing, rolling child?

It was God's and Nature's intention that every woman should be the mother of healthy children. Tens of thousands of women defeat this beneficent design by their ignorance and neglect...

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser sent for at one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only. Cloth binding, Buffalo, N. Y.

Capl. Mrs. and Miss Siroon, Mr. and Mrs. Cogswell, Dr. and Mrs. Farrell. The costumes worn by the ladies were remarkably pretty and original.

Miss Edith Weeks looked particularly well in a Grecian dress. Miss Lillie Edgcombe wore white silk with white satin sash edged with chiffon...

Miss Conal Hill wore a very pretty dress of pale green chiffon over silk. Miss Clara Miller wore cream silk trimmed with natural flowers.

Miss Siroon, looked very pretty as a flower girl. She wore a pink silk skirt, overskirt and bodice of flowered silk, and carried a basket of flowers.

Miss Hattie James is visiting friends in P. E. Island. She will be away for several weeks. Harry Pierce is visiting his father Chief Engineer Pierce of the steamer Luenburg.

Thos. Cutler, secretary of the Acadie Sugar Refinery, left today by the maritime express for Montreal. Henry Dastan left this afternoon for Montreal on a week's visit.

Mrs. E. Eldricka wife of Dr. E. Eldricka of Weymouth, Digby Co., and two children have been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith...

Mr. John D. Chapman M. P. P. has returned from St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Ganong are visiting Moncton and other towns through the province.

Mr. Fred Christie's handsome new residence on Albion street, will be ready for occupancy in two weeks. Master Harry George who has been visiting his many relatives in town leaves this week on his return to his home in Newton Centre, Mass.

Mr. F. C. Cotton is enjoying a short vacation with home friends at Charlottetown P. E. I. Mrs. Fred France has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morrison, Halifax were visiting friends in town, for a few days, last week. Mrs. John Barry who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. S. L. Walker, leaves for her home in Dakota this afternoon.

The Ladies Dance last Wednesday night, was a huge success. The committee had decorated the large hall, with charming effect, the result never being more pleasing. The affair was ably chaperoned by Mesdames A. C. Parrish and J. J. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Buzz are visiting friends here. Mr. Buzz is employed on the Pacific Express, New Mexico Division of the Santa Fe Route, and their home is in East Las Vega, New Mexico.

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THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir. To his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir restores weakness, when applied, by stimulating...

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

Fall Millinery LONDON, PARIS and NEW YORK Pattern Hats and Bonnets -AND- Millinery Novelties.

We are now successfully launched on the fall trade of 1898. COME AND SEE US. The Parisian 163 Union Street,

OUT OF SORTS? If you are run down, loosing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use Puttner's Emulsion. Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE! A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lycenostsky" Method; also "Synthal System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

BLACK RIVER DULSE. JUST RECEIVED 5 Bbls. Choice Dulse. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

BILLIARDS The Largest Assortment in the Dominion. E. L. ETHIER & CO., 88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

VEAL, DUCK, WOODCOCK. THOMAS DEAN, City Market. LAGER BEER. On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Smeeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE. On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Smeeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.



HORSE CAN'T... Tuttle's Elixir

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BABY'S OWN SOAP advertisement featuring an illustration of a baby and text: 'Please Mama I want to be bathed with BABY'S OWN SOAP'

MONCTON. Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore...

Mr. James Bruce, second son of Mr. J. K. Bruce and of the I. C. R. left town last week for Montreal to continue his medical studies at McGill University.

Hansen's Junket Tablets advertisement with an illustration of a teacup and saucer and text: 'Hansen's Junket Tablets'.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

Mr. James Bruce, second son of Mr. J. K. Bruce and of the I. C. R. left town last week for Montreal to continue his medical studies at McGill University.

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Monsoon Tea advertisement with text: 'Few teas are grown, gathered, cured and packed with the nice care which attends Monsoon Tea' and an illustration of a tea box.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

EXHIBITION is getting near at hand: surely you are not going to miss the opportunity to brighten up your business a little...

OUR SHEET STEEL PRESSED BRICK advertisement with text: 'Makes a Most Handsome Finish For New Buildings, and is also Very Desirable for use in Improving Old Ones' and an illustration of a brick.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION. NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as

E. LAWTON & CO. CARD. E LAWTON. Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 115 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Horn Building, and by keeping the very choicest stock of Wines and Liquors.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

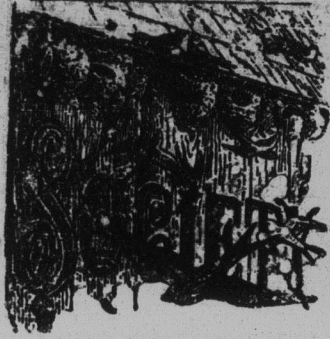
CAFÉ ROYAL, BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. W. M. CLARK, Proprietor.

OUR SHEET STEEL PRESSED BRICK advertisement with text: 'Makes a Most Handsome Finish For New Buildings, and is also Very Desirable for use in Improving Old Ones'.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION. NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist. 35 King Street. Telephone 239. Have you tried my delicious Phosphate and Cream Soda?





Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Mrs. Isaac Wain who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Graham has returned to her home at Lewistown, accompanied by her sister Mrs. Bertha Graham.

Mrs. Bowman and Miss Beattie Bowman are the guests of Mrs. Rowling at Marysville.

Miss Mary Purdie will return to Boston to resume her studies at the dental college on Monday.

Miss Minnie Smith is visiting friends in Boston.

Mrs. Malcolm MacDonald after spending the summer with relatives here has returned to her home in Chicago.

GAGETOWN.

SEPT. 23.—One of the prettiest weddings ever held in the quaint little village of Gagetown, was that of E. DuVernett Esq., of Gagetown, Nova Scotia son of H. J. DuVernett Esq., of Gagetown, grand-nephew of Major DuVernett of the British Army, with Miss Mabel L. Peters eldest daughter of T. Sherman Peters, grand daughter of Honorable Mr. Justice Peters and Rev. Wm. Armstrong, and great granddaughter of Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart., was celebrated on the 14th inst. at St. John's church Gagetown, Queens County, New Brunswick, in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering from various parts of the Maritime provinces and Upper Canada. The bride was given away by her father. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Wm. B. Armstrong, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. N. C. Hansen, rector.

The best man was T. Dyson Walker, M. D. of St. John, the groomsmen Oliver Russell Peters, brother of the bride, and Beverly Armstrong, usher.

The bridesmaids, Miss Carrie E. Peters, sister of the bride, and Miss Celia Armstrong were dressed in pale blue silk trimmed with mousseline de soie and black velvet hats, and carried shower bouquets of pink and white asters. The maid of honor Miss Nora S. Peters looked very sweet in muslin. The church was beautifully decorated with ferns and banks of white and yellow flowers. The bride looked charmingly beautiful dressed in white tulle silk, with pearl trimmings and train, white veil and orange blossoms.

Miss Currie presided at the organ during the ceremony. As the wedding procession proceeded down the aisle of the church Miss Beatrice Armstrong played the beautiful wedding march by Mendelssohn. Uper the joyous peals of the wedding bells the bride and groom drove away.

After the ceremony the parents of the bride entertained the wedding party at their residence "Glenora" where the presents (which were numerous and handsome) were displayed. After a very pleasant breakfast the happy couple drove away to Upper Gagetown en route for Fredericton, the bride attired in an electric blue travelling dress and blue hat with red silk trimmings looked very pretty.

FARRBORO.

[Prognosis is for sale at Farrboro Book Store.] SEPT. 22.—A sad and unexpected event was Miss S. J. Smith's death on Friday after a very brief illness. The funeral on Sunday morning from the residence of Mr. E. J. Smith was largely attended. Mr. and Mrs. Burpee Tucker arrived on Thursday from their wedding trip. In the evening they were serenaded by the band. Mrs. Tucker is receiving the first part of this week a sister by Miss Laura Tucker and Miss Maudie Corbett and wore a pretty white silk gown.

Mr. Atkinson gave an enjoyable party on Thursday the first part of the evening being devoted to progressive whist the latter to dancing, refreshments intervening. The progressive prizes were won by Mrs. Berryman and Mr. Woodworth, Miss Cann and Mr. Cecil Townshend each received a box of chocolates.

Miss Alice Howard went to Halifax to meet her father and mother on their return from New York. Miss Ella Corbett will entertain the Victoria cycling club after a run this evening.

Mr. Norris MacKenzie went to Halifax on Thursday to resume his studies at Dalhousie.

Dr. Townshend and Mr. Cecil Townshend, the latter returning to McGill college, left for Montreal on Saturday.

Mrs. B. Yorke went to Halifax today. Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith are away for a trip which will include some parts of the States.

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as low as the Goods Last!

- Gold Frames, Warranted, \$10
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted, 2.15
Years, .90
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years, .65
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted, .85
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Piece, .20
Alloy Frames, Note, .20
Steel or Nickel Frames, .06

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours, Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

EXPERIENCED SHOTS MAKE "DOGS"

Some Tricks at the Ranges as Practiced at the Smaller Meetings.

Marksmen who have the privilege of being present at the Biely meeting of the National Rifle Association always win or lose on their merits, but swindling at smaller meetings, and especially in "class firing," is a far commoner occurrence than might be imagined. To secure the aid of a friendly comrade is at once the simplest and the safest plan of "cooking" a score, and such friendly services may be utilized in various ways. In the case of class firing it is not an unheard-of thing for a chum, or even a friendly "non-com," to put in an occasional shot to help a friend who is almost sure to miss, and cases have even been known where such a "one has obtained credit for a score within a few points of the possible after missing the target every time.

One of the most impudent frauds of this kind on record was perpetrated some years ago by two friends, one of whom was completing his 'shoot' at 600 yds., a distance at which he almost invariably failed to find the target. Yet his score was found to be one of the best returned. and it was never officially discovered how the trick had been done. Indeed, as it was an occasion of no great importance no inquiries were made regarding it even if suspicion was aroused. Investigation, however might have revealed the fact that a considerate friend, firing at 200 yds. for his own amusement at his own expense, had timed his shots so as to be simultaneous with those of his comrade, and though he was a fair shot, he seemed to be in no way surprised or disappointed when he found that his score was made up of a series of misses. It was an open secret in the corps to which this worthy pair belonged that by some curious "error" all his shots had found their way to the adjacent long range target, to the great benefit of the "duffer," who had confined his efforts to making sure of missing, to avoid the possible chance of two bullets finding billets on the same target, and thereby giving the game away. Even had the trick been discovered at the time it would scarcely have been possible to convict the rogues and the penalty would have been no more than the orthodox, 5s. fine for hitting the wrong target. Of course, such cases are very rare, and are never even attempted on occasions of importance. There is a much simpler dodge, and one more frequently resorted to by fair marksmen.

On a windy day even good shots have some difficulty in scoring well till they have found what allowance to make for the wind, the knowledge being gained in many cases only when it is too late to be of any use except to serve a friend. A whisper telling what to allow for windage on such occasions is often sufficient to save a point or two, and occasionally the advantage is rendered still greater by the competitor who had just fired exchanging rifles with the friend who is about to take his place. Naturally the procession of a rifle accurately sighted for wind and distance helps immensely in piling up a good score, and the exchange of rifles again after the "shoot" renders the detection of the dodge impossible.

To keep on friendly terms with the butts man is sometimes of great assistance in running up a creditable score by discreditable means. If that official knows when a friend is timed to fire, his task is in any case, and the success of his chum assured. If, however, as is generally the case, he happens to be ignorant of the order of firing, there are several methods of obtaining the information he requires. The simplest is perhaps the timing of the shots. By arrangement the marksman may time the interval between his first and second shot to a particular number of seconds, and when this time is observed by the marker, who is on the look-out for it, he is almost certain that his friend is shooting and the latter consequently makes an excellent score.

Again, markers or keepers of the score-sheet may arrange to return a bad score in order to benefit some friend whose chances would be otherwise endangered. All that is necessary is to drop a point or two at one or more of the distances, and unless the competitor has a suspicion of foul play, and gets a friend to keep his score for comparison with the official sheet, he can have no hope of redress. A still more subtle variation of this trick is the method of registering what is numerically the correct score in bad scoring order, a trick which it is almost impossible to detect, and which is often quite sufficient to make all the difference between winning and losing.

To defraud a company at volley-firing is still easier, and less open to detection, after the volley the officer in charge goes from target to target counting the hits, and duly instructs the man who is keeping the sheet what number to put down. That

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 50c.

For Croup,

asthma, bronchitis, or whooping cough, there is no remedy so sure and safe as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose its healing influence is manifest. The sufferer who has been kept awake by the cough falls into a restful sleep, and awakes strong and refreshed. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is acknowledged to be a specific for all pulmonary complaints. Physicians praise and prescribe it.

"One of my children had croup. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. WOODRICE, Worcester, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

worthy, however, may have some private ends to serve, and will sometimes add or subtract a point or two according to his inclinations; and even if questions are afterwards asked, nothing can be proved against him, as the target will by that time have been freshly cleaned, and a recourt rendered impossible.

Of course such swindling is practically confined to unimportant competitions, the splendid management of all big meetings preventing the possibility of any shady tricks, and making merit the only means of securing success.

Unrecognized.

Perhaps when one makes that conversational blunder which is known as a 'break,' it is best to say nothing whatever about it. Extension only renders a bad matter worse. Not long ago a lady was visiting the studio of a portrait-painter, and trying to make herself as agreeable as possible in return for a welcome and afternoon tea. She enjoyed the pictures, although in each case they seemed to her much idealized, and she went from one to another, civilly expressing her appreciation.

"Ah," she said to her hostess, "you must tell me all about them! Who is this?" "Mrs. Lorraine."

"I don't know her. Charming, but of course I can't speak for the likeness." "I try to be faithful," said the artist, humbly.

"Oh, I know! I know! And who is the very pretty lady in brown?" "That," said the artist, with some frigidity, "is myself!"

Easy.

Elderly colored people rarely know how old they are, says an exchange, and almost invariably assume an age much greater than belongs to them. In a Southern family lives an old man named Jeff, who has been with them and the previous generation for more years than they can remember. He is pretty old, and therefore his mistress was surprised when he asked to have a few days off to go, as he put it, 'up to de ole state of New Haven,' to see his aunt.

"Why, J. f.," said the lady, "your aunt must be very old, isn't she?" "Yes'm," he replied, "yes'm, my aunt be pretty ole now; she's about a hundred an' five years ole now."

"A hundred and five years!" exclaimed the lady. "Why, what on earth is she doing up in New Haven?" "Deed, I don't know what she's doin', ma'am," rejoined Jeff, in all seriousness. "She's up dere livin' wid her grandmudder."

No Other Alternative.

When an epidemic of measles broke out in a manufacturing town, the manager of a large clothing establishment stopped sending material to those employes who worked in their own homes, fearing that the contagion might be carried back in new clothes. This action, though a perfectly justifiable one, caused much grumbling.

"You might let me hev a bit o' work," pleaded a young widow. "Neither me nor my bairns hev got t' fever, an' you needn't be afraid."

"It's no use," said the manager. "You're one of the best out-workers I have, but I can't make an exception on your account. You must try to be thankful that the sickness has spared you."

"Then there's only one thing left for me to do," said the widow, "tastening her shaw" with sulky determination: "I'll go an' sit wid Mrs. F— She's furr of 'em down wid measles, and I reckon I can catch it, too, if I stop long enough. If I can't get work, I shall hev to try for club money!"

In the Wrong Place.

A characteristic story of General Scott is told in connection with the sword presented to him by the State of Louisiana through the legislature, at the close of the Mexican War. He was accosted one day by a man who said, "General Scott, I had the honor of doing most of the work on the sword presented to you by the State of Louisiana. I should like to ask if it was just as you would have chosen."

"It's a very fine sword, sir, a very fine sword indeed," said the general. "I am proud to have it. There is only one thing I should have preferred different. The inscription should have been the blade, 'sic.' The scabbard may be taken from us, but the sword, never!"

lars, the principal expense being in the scabbard, which was richly chased and ornamented.

Taking Down the Oaptis. A former commodore-captain of a famous trans-Atlantic line, whilst friendly and polite to his passengers when below, was very much the reverse if approached when on duty.

As he happened to be on deck one fine afternoon, a lady, quite unaware of this peculiarity, accosting him with some trifling query as to the probable duration of the favorable weather, was both surprised and indignant to get curtly answered:—

"Don't know, ma'am—don't know. Better go and ask the cook?"

The lady, though taken somewhat aback, was quite equal to the occasion, and rejoined:—

"Oh! I beg a thousand pardons. Excuse me, pray. I thought I was addressing the cook!"

Smallest Island in the World

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone Lighthouse stands. At low water it is 30ft. in diameter; at high water the lighthouse, whose diameter at the base is 28ft., completely covers it. It is inhabited by three persons. It lies nine miles off the Cornish coast, and fourteen miles south-west of Plymouth Breakwater. Flatthorn, an island in the British Channel, is only a mile and a half in circumference, but, consisting mostly of rich pasture land, supports a farmhouse, beside the lighthouse with a revolving light 165 ft. above the sea.

Madame Bernhardt's Earnings.

In twenty-five years Madame Sarah Bernhardt has, it is announced, been paid nearly £250,000 for her exertions on the stage, and she is now fulfilling a comparatively short engagement which will add about another £50,000 to that large sum. In the last ten years her average gains have been £20,000; yet in 1872, at the Odeon Theatre, she earned only £8 a month.

And Thirdly.

A French journal says that a certain bishop has issued this proclamation to his clergy in regard to cycling: "The clergy are reminded that they not ride (scorb). Secondly: The clergy may not part with their cassocks, even when beginning to learn. Thirdly: The clergy are hereby informed that they must not ride at all."

Diamonds may be black as well as white and some are blue, red, yellow, green pink and orange, but there is no violet diamond, although, in addition to amethysts, there are sapphires, rubies and garnets of that colour.

George III. wondering how the apple got into the dumpling is nothing to the small boy who, looking between two succulent leaves of a magazine, said, "Ma'am, how did they ever get the printing in there?"

WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns, Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address

C. T. GILLESPIE, Manager for New Brunswick. P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898.

## GRAVEYARD OF THE SEA.

### LONELY SABLE ISLAND AND THE PERILS IT PRESENTS.

Fifty Miles of Sand Bars in the North Atlantic Upon Which Many a Good Ship has Been Wrecked—Terror It Holds for Mariners.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 8.—In the North Atlantic Ocean, about eighty miles off the southern coast of Nova Scotia, lies a low, crescent-shaped island of sand, known as Sable Island. About its shores the great waves of the Atlantic beat in ceaseless thunder, and its name is fraught with terror to sailors. 'Graveyard of the North Atlantic' they have named this lone island, and the term is an apt one, for in truth no man can tell the number of good ships that have been on their lives there or been swallowed up by the treacherous, shifting sands. When a shipmaster feels the keel of his vessel grating on the sand bars of Sable Island he realizes that hope is vain. As this dangerous island lies almost on the track of ships bound to and from Europe and the northern part of America, it is apparent how, with the dense fogs that prevail here and the ever-varying currents of the ocean that play amid the sands, Sable Island has become a thing of terror to the mariner.

In the year 1518 Baron de Lery, while on a voyage of colonization in the interest of the Crown of France, left a number of cattle, horses and hogs on Sable Island. Though the other animals have long been extinct, the horses have survived and multiplied, and today hundreds of small shaggy ponies roam over the island and feed on the coarse, rank grass which it produces.

The first wreck of which there is record was that of the ship Squirrel, commanded by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1583 this vessel was lost on Sable Island and every soul on board perished, 100 in all. In 1598 the Marquis de la Roche landed forty French convicts here, the island having been absurdly represented as a suitable place for a convict settlement. The poor outcasts abandoned here managed to sustain life for some time, but their number gradually decreased. Many died and were interred in the sand by their companions, and at the expiration of seven years the twelve survivors were pardoned and taken back to France. They are said to have presented a grotesque appearance, wearing long beards and being clothed in sheepskins. They were brought before the King and pardoned and received a gratuity of 50 crowns each. Another notable wreck which occurred at this place was that of the Princess Amelia in 1796. This was a transport ship bound to Halifax from England. She was bringing out a number of officers and recruits, with their families and servants, and also had on board the furniture of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, who was at that time commander of the forces in British North America. All passengers and crew, in all more than 200 met a watery grave.

At that time there was no government station at Sable Island, it being uninhabited save by wreckers from the mainland who frequent the place in the summer season. The legends of the islands relate that some of the unfortunate from the wreck of the Princess Amelia reached the shores, but were murdered by the practical wreckers in order to secure their jewelry or any valuables they had about them. Owing to these reports the gunboat Harriet was despatched to the scene from Halifax in charge of Capt. Torrens of the garrison, who had instructions to investigate. But this ship met a similar fate on the shores of the inhospitable island, though the captain and some of the crew managed to save their lives by reaching shore through the surf.

Impelled by such loss of life and the reports of cruel deeds by wreckers, in 1802 the government established a life-saving station, which has been maintained with ever increasing efficiency to the present time. The imperial government contributes £400 a year toward the expenses of maintaining this humane establishment, and the balance is borne by the Government of the Dominion of Canada. A small revenue is derived each year from the sale of wild horses, which are captured, taken to the mainland, and there sold by auction to the highest bidders. Cranberries also grow abundantly in the sandy soil, and are packed in barrels and shipped to market. Occasionally a lot of wrecked material is

saved and taken to Halifax on the Government steamer and there disposed of.

At the present time there are about sixty persons on the island. They consist of the superintendent and his family, the lighthouse keepers, the lifeboat and and patrol men and their families. Everything on the island is Government property. Surfboats for landing in rough weather are provided. Efficient lifeboats with crews ready to respond in case of wrecks are ever on hand. They have also life saving appliances of the most improved pattern, in order to rescue persons through the surf. As night falls two lighthouses are constantly throwing their cheering beams over the water to warn ships of their approach to this dangerous locality. Six life-saving stations have been established at different points on the island. Two houses of refuge have been erected at places remote from the inhabited buildings, in case a shipwreck crew should effect a landing in their vicinity. These are supplied with water, provisions and materials for making fire, and thus if any shipwrecked persons should reach the shore at these points they have means of relief at their disposal. In foggy weather an unceasing patrol of the island is kept up by night and day. Men on horseback are required to patrol the shores, starting from the same point, and going in different directions until they meet, and if a wreck is discovered very quickly the life-saving crews are at the spot. The different stations are connected by telephone, and a curious circumstance in connection with this is the manner in which the lines persist in keeping in order, although no one on the island understands the manner of regulating them.

One remarkable feature of Sable Island is its complete isolation from the outside world. The members of the little colony dwelling here are so completely cut off from communication with their fellow men as though they inhabited another sphere. Their nearest neighbors are eighty miles away, and only when the Government steamer makes one of her brief visits do they learn what is going on in the busy outer world, unless fate casts some shipwrecked crew on the sandy shores. Supplies of all kinds are furnished by the Government, and extra lots of provisions are always on hand in case a large passenger steamer should be cast ashore. Money is of no immediate object here, their being no stores and nothing to be purchased. The Government steamer makes four or five trips to Sable Island during the summer

season, but in the long, dreary winter no visitors break in on the monotony of their lives intentionally.

Sable Island proper is about twenty-one miles long and not more than one mile wide at any part. It consists of two parallel ridges of sands, which rise in a succession of hummocks for the entire length. It is shaped like a bow, the concave side being toward the land, or distant coast of Nova Scotia. The most dangerous features of this dangerous island are its long sandbars, which extend for many miles at either end. These bars are for the most part submerged, only small parts being bare at low tide. The northeast bar is about nineteen miles long. Thus Sable Island with its bars, forms in rough weather, a line of roaring, surging breakers fifty miles in length. In calmer weather the sea breaks with a low moan on the sandy shores, and the phosphorescent effect produced on a dark night are weird and beautiful. Between sixty and seventy years ago, a small harbor existed here, into which vessels could enter for safety, but in 1880 one of the terrific gales that sweep this coast tore away the sand at one part of the island and threw it up at another, completely blocking the entrance to the harbor, and imprisoning forever several small vessels which had taken refuge there from the storm, and the remains of which may be still discerned, partly buried in the sand.

The natural history of the island is peculiar. Some gruesome tales are told of the wild hogs which previous to 1814 roamed at large among the sand dunes. They were then destroyed by order of the authorities, on account of their propensity to hunt for bodies in the sand, or a track those found in the land wash. A number of English rabbits were then brought here, and soon became rarer than troutsome by reason of their burrowing holes in the sand which were dangerous for the ponies' feet. One day some rats landed from the wreck of a Norwegian ship. Their colony increased and they soon exterminated the rabbits. The rats committed such depredations among the Government stores that a detachment of cats was taken down from Halifax. The cats in their turn destroyed the rats, but themselves became so numerous that dogs and shotguns had to be brought into use to clear them out. The dogs were then withdrawn and the horses remain, sole lords of the isle.

When a number of ponies are to be captured a large herd is driven into pun by men on horseback. They are lassoed, thrown down and bound, then placed on

stretchers and put into the surf boats, taken off and placed on board the steamer for conveyance to Halifax to be sold. The sight is an interesting one, and the men have become quite skilful in lassoing and binding their captives. Places of shelter have been erected for these horses, but the hardy little animals refuse to enter them, preferring the open air, even in severe winter weather. No doubt generations of exposure have injured them to rigors of this northern climate and they enjoy the freedom of their island home. When a storm is approaching the horses have a peculiar habit of forming themselves into a triangle with the old veterans on the outside and the younger members of the herd in the middle. Thus, formed into a solid body, they brave the elements and so great is the heat generated that clouds of steam rise into the air above them, and may be discerned during a pouring rain. When the ponies need water they have only to scrape with their feet in the soft sand. It is a curious circumstance that Sable Island is like an immense sponge and retains the rain water. Fresh water can be procured almost anywhere by digging not more than two feet below the surface.

The view as you approach the island is that of a number of low lying sandy hillocks, with the sea rolling in upon the shelving beach. A close view cannot be obtained from the deck of the steamer, as no vessel dare approach within a mile, even in smooth weather, and it frequently happens that the government steamer, after reaching the island, has to run to the nearest port on the mainland for shelter without effecting a landing owing to the tremendous sea prevailing. At such times a conversation is carried on with the island by means of Marryatt's code of signals. A feeling of desolation must certainly arise in the hearts of the island dwellers when they see the steamer with tidings from the world and their supplies and necessities so near and yet unable to reach them. In such cases the steamer usually takes refuge in the port of Canso or Whitehead, about eighty miles distant, and there rides out the storm, after which she returns to the island. It occasionally happens in very calm summer weather that the ship will anchor for the night about a mile off, and then discharge her cargo by daylight, but this can only be done when the weather promises most favorably, as no ship cares to be caught in this locality if there are any indications of an approaching storm.

The name of Sable Island has been frequently mentioned throughout the civilized world during the past few months, owing to the loss of the French ship La Bourgogne. Although the wreck occurred about sixty miles from its shores, the island was looked upon as a likely place to make search for the bodies of the victims. Prof. Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame visited the island in search of the remains of some friends of his who were victims of the Bourgogne disaster, but

nothing human has so far been cast up on these sandy shores. Sable Island has given up many dead from the sea, but the disaster to this French ship appears to have been to far distant for any trace to be found there.

### Not Quite a Bargain.

An amusing little incident was witnessed in a London drapery establishment the other day.

It was the second day of the local races, and the town was thronged with visitors. A large proportion of these were pretty well known to the police.

'I want to look at some stockings,' announced a seedy-looking customer to the youngest assistant in the shop.

After a careful inspection the fellow decided on a pair at one-and-two-pence, and tendered a crown piece in payment.

While the youthful assistant was obtaining change the customer took a fancy to a second pair of stockings at the same price, which he slipped into his pocket.

However, he had been observed, and the assistant was promptly informed of the theft.

With a polite smile he presented to the smart customer a receipted bill for five shillings.

'Thank you, sir,' he remarked briskly; 'and the next article?'

'Here, what's this? Where's my change?'

'Change?' ejaculated the assistant, in assumed surprise. 'I think you will find that account all right. One pair of stockings at one-and-two, and one pair of our patent aroboratic stockings—which jumped from the counter and slipped into your pocket tenpence; total, five shillings. If you have any complaints to make we have a detective—'

With a very forcible expression the customer left the shop, having had the worst of the deal to the extent of two-and-eight-pence.

### Can't be Depended On.

Great difficulty is experienced by those engaged in training homing pigeons for work at sea. The birds, although proved to be fine homers on land, become alarmed when released far out on the ocean, and often either refuse to leave the ship, make for the nearest piece of terra firma, or fly with the wind. Often they settle upon other ships. Of four recently let fly two hundred miles from land, three were lost and one settled on a passing vessel. A pigeon belonging to Havre was released at a point which was ascertained to be the centre of the Atlantic. It subsequently landed in Connecticut, the opposite side of the ocean to its home.

## The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE,  
Office of Official Analyst,

Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS,

Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S.,

Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.



THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON THIRD.

Extracts From an Interesting Book on the Life of a Great Man—His Birth and Incidents in his career—After the Battle of Waterloo and Other Stories.

Mr. Archibald Forbes has written what will probably be accepted as the authoritative "Life of Napoleon III." It will be published in this country by Messrs Dodd, Mead & Co. about September 1.

An advance copy of the book lies before me as I write. Mr. Forbes is an admirer of the Man whom Victor Hugo dubbed Napoleon the Little. But he does not carry his admiration to any absurd lengths. He weighs his hero in carefully adjusted balances and fully recognizes where he is found wanting. It is no demigod he presents to us, nor, on the other hand, is it the human monster of Hugo and Kinglake's imaginations. It is a man of more than average mentality and force, who went through many strange experiences with credit, who built up for himself an extraordinary career through sheer self-confidence and belief in his own star, but who at the end found himself bested by mightier minds than his own, chief among them being Cavour and Bismarck.

Birth of Napoleon. In fact, the vicissitudes which Louis Napoleon experienced almost from the cradle to the grave were probably all but unexampled. Born April 20, 1808, he was the third son of Hortense de Beauharnais, Napoleon's step-daughter, and of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, Napoleon's brother. Some doubt was indeed cast upon his birth. Hortense was no saint. It is unquestioned that three years later, in October, 1811, she gave birth to a son the father of whom was the Comte de Flahault, a son who was consequently a half brother of Napoleon III., and who was the well known Duc de Morny of the Second Empire. It was more than hinted that the future Emperor was himself the son of Admiral Verhuel.

Some color was given to the scandal by the fact that neither in features, in physique nor in mental characteristics did Napoleon III. resemble any other Bonapartes. It is also true that about nine months before the Prince's birth Queen Hortense and Admiral Verhuel were together in the Pyrenees. But, as it happened, King Louis was their also, and it may be added that if he was with his wife neither immediately before, during, nor after her confinement it was because he was excessively annoyed by her refusal to lie in at the Hague.

As he learned of Hortense's accouchement the King announced the event to the people of his capital collected under his balcony, and received the customary felicitations. He wrote to Hortense:—"I should like the little one to be solemnly baptized here in Holland, but I subordinate my wishes to yours and to those of the Emperor."

It seems evident, then, that King Louis was in the full belief that he was the father of the infant. He proved that conviction later by leaving all his property to Louis Napoleon, whom he described in his will as my only surviving son.

An Imperial Heir. The boy's birth was celebrated with great rejoicings throughout France as that of a presumptive heir to the imperial throne, for by the law of reversion the crown, in default of direct descendants of the Emperor himself—and he at that time had none—could be inherited only by the children of two of his brothers—Joseph and Louis. But Joseph had no male offspring, and the sons of Louis, in consequence, became for the time 'heirs presumptive' until the birth of the King of Rome.

The Emperor himself stood sponsor at little Louis' baptism. When the child was still in his cradle the prospects of his brother and himself (the elder of the three brothers had died in childhood) were imperilled by the Emperor's marriage with Maria Louisa, and they were apparently blighted when in 1811 a son was born to Napoleon himself. Louis, however, was in great measure brought up at the Tuileries and was a favorite with the Emperor.

Last Sight of Napoleon. A curious story was extant of the last words which passed between these two. It was at the moment when Napoleon was setting out on the campaign which proved to be his last. The little boy, on hearing that his uncle was to leave within an hour, became strangely agitated. He sought out the Emperor in his cabinet and taking hold of his arm burst into tears. The Emperor asked what ailed him.

"You will not go!" cried the child. "The enemy will get you. I shall never see you more."

Napoleon was deeply agitated, took the child to his mother, and said:—"Look well to him. Perhaps after all this little fellow is the hope of my race."

The little fellow's tears were only too

surely realized. These were the last words he heard his uncle utter. He never saw the Emperor again. But the words sank deeply into his mind, to awaken afterward as the voice of destiny.

Waterloo and After. Louis Napoleon had scarcely attained his seventh year when the fortunes of the French Empire were overcast by the terrible reverses which culminated at Waterloo. He was a fugitive before he could speak articulately. After the death of his brother, of his uncle Joseph, of his father and of the King of Rome he became the heir of the Bonapartes. Nephew of the great Emperor, yet condemned to the vexations of an obscure youth, his kindred persecuted, while he himself was exiled from the country which he loved, and in which the memory of Napoleon was still alive. Louis Bonaparte looked forward confidently to the establishment of his claim. He believed himself destined to uphold the honor of the great name he bore, to punish the persecutors of his family and to reopen for his country a path to fame and glory.

But it was many years before his dream was even approximately to be realized. Those years were full of humiliation and even ignominy.

In the interval between his twentieth and his fortieth year he was a prisoner in Strasbourg, Lorient, Ham and the Conciergerie. He was an outlaw for more than half of his life. There were incidents at Strasbourg and later at Boulogne which brought upon him the mock and jeer of Europe. During his exile in England he carried a baton as a special constable in Park Lane on Chartists' Day. During his exile in America he lived in a dingy street in Hoboken, which Mr. Forbes describes as "a squalid suburb of Jersey City over against New York. He was half starved and presented "as sorry a specimen of seedy gentility as one need look at, in wornout and threadbare coat."

President of the Republic. Then by a sudden turn of fortune, he became president of the French Republic. The coup d'etat made him Emperor of the French and thenceforth, for some fifteen years he became the most important figure on the Continent of Europe. It was said of him that on being asked whether he should not find it difficult to rule the French nation he replied:—"Oh, no! Nothing is more easy. They only need a war every four years."

This policy held good in a modified degree. The Crimean War was for him a success, although not precisely a triumph. The Italian campaign, in spite of its hard fought victories, ended abruptly in approximation to a failure. The Mexican expedition was an utter fiasco. Yet Napoleon might have gone on with his programme of a war every four years but for the circumstances that there happened to be in Europe in the middle sixties and infinitely subtler, more masterful and more ruse man than the dreamy and decayed Napoleon. When he and Bismarck walked along the Biarritz beach in October 1865, Bismarck expounded his political speculations as they strolled.

"He is mad?" the Emperor whispered to Prosper Merimee, on whose arm he leaned. Before another year was over the Schleswig-Holstein controversy had taught Napoleon that madness had no part in the character of Otto von Bismarck. The Prussian Premier was his superior in energy in determination and in finesse. At every turn he foiled the French Emperor.

Lack of Preparation. After Sadova Napoleon could not but have felt assured that war between France and Prussia was inevitable sooner or later. Yet the French army was gradually deteriorating and its discipline and readiness for war were becoming more and more impaired. Looseness on the part of the higher officers occasioned carelessness and irregularities in the lower grades. Yet the reduction of the contingent of the year 1870 by 10,000 conscripts was held to be justified by the Prime Minister, who said: "The government has no uneasiness whatsoever; at no epoch was the peace of Europe more assured. Irritating questions there are none. We have developed liberty in order to assume peace, and the accord between the nation and the sovereign has produced a French Sadova, the plebiscite."

Those complacent expressions were uttered on July 2, 1870; before the month was ended France and Germany were at war with each other. On September 2, 1870, France met with her real Sadova at Sedan. The empire was a thing of the past.

Napoleon's Liberal Tendencies. Mr. Forbes thinks that it was the liberal tendencies of Napoleon which hastened

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his ruin. From his accession up to the autumn of 1860 he had ruled, in effect, an absolute monarch. "He would have acted wisely if he had never communicated his resolution to liberalise the Parliamentary ground work of the empire. After he made this concession to a nation which was quite content to live under a regime of benevolent absolutism, he was always more or less involved in political troubles."

"Constitutional reforms" were simply the vestibule to the arena of heated and venomous political conflicts. The Emperor was frequently compelled to express disappointment at the manner in which his acts were mis-interpreted. So long, indeed, as he remained physically capable, constitutional government was tempered in a measure by the supreme sway of the sovereign. But about 1862 the germs of ailment which tortured him for the remainder of his life began to rack him. In most things an abstemious and temperate man, he allowed himself freedoms in a certain way. A list of his armours, from La Belle Sabotiere, of Ham, down to and beyond Margot Bellanger need not be given here. During his frequent and lengthened visits to watering places for the sake of his health constitutional government had a good deal of its own way, and when he confided the government of France to the responsible ministry of which M. Ollivier was the head, he finally retired from the direction of public affairs, and resolutely restricted himself to the duties of a constitutional sovereign. With the appointment of the Ollivier administration the role of the Emperor as active ruler ended.

Domestic Difficulties. Persigny has noted another source of weakness in the quality which disturbed the Imperial Council—the existence of two opposite parties, the difficulties which time serving Ministers felt in choosing between the Emperor and the Empress, and the vacillating, uncertain policy which was the result. His paper is valuable for the light it incidentally throws upon the scenes that must have occurred—the undignified contentions between man and wife, which scandalized the Council and brought contempt on the Emperor, and the unmixed harm which was wrought by the brilliant and accomplished lady, who, had she been allowed to act as Regent, with a full sense of responsibility and to surround herself by Ministers of her own choice, might have played a considerable part.

For, whatever Mlle. de Montijo may have been, the Empress Eugenie was a woman of brains, of heart and of conscience. The marriage had been opposed by the French people, but the admirable behavior of both parties to the contract from the time the announcement of the engagement was made had mollified the recalcitrants, and the recognition of Eugenie's beauty and grace had paved the way for that abounding personal popularity which the Empress was to continue to enjoy long after the Emperor himself had fallen from favor.

It was generally agreed that nothing could be in better taste than the announcement of the engagement made by Napoleon in the presence of the most influential members of his domestic and political household.

"When," said His Majesty, "in the face of ancient Europe, one is carried by a new principle to the level of the old dynasties, it is not by pretension to ancient descent or by the endeavor to push into the family of kings that one earns recognition. It is rather by remembering one's origin, by preserving one's own character, and by assuming frankly toward Europe the position of a parvenu—a glorious title when one rises by the free suffrage of a great people. Thus compelled to part from precedents, my marriage becomes but a private matter. It has remained for me to choose my wife. She who has become the object of my choice is of lofty birth. French in heart, by education and by the blood which her father shed in defence of the First Empire, she is a Spaniard, possesses the advantage of having no family in France to whom it would be necessary to give honors and dignities."

French public and press showed themselves pleased with the modesty, yet dignity and self respect, of the speech. Even the London Times agreed that "nothing could be better than the phrase in which the Emperor adopts the position of parvenu, keeping his origin clearly before him, and emancipating himself from the traditions of states in which the bases of society have not been destroyed nor monarchical institutions suffered ruin."

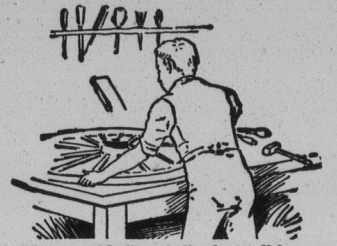
The Emperor had watched with joy the rapid progress which his beautiful betrothed made in the hearts of his countrymen. When the imperial bride declined to accept the costly diamond necklace presented to her by the Municipal Council of the Seine, desiring that its value should be devoted to

A CARRIAGE MAKER

Suffered ten years from weak heart action and nervousness.

Cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

No trade or profession is exempt from disease or derangement of the heart and nerves. The pressure of work and the mental worry are bound to produce serious consequences sooner or later.



Mr. Donald Campbell, the well-known carriage maker of Harrison, Ont., said: "I have been troubled off and on for ten years with weak action of my heart and nervousness. Frequently my heart would palpitate and flutter with great violence, alarming me exceedingly. Often I had sharp pains in my heart and could not sleep well at night. I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and from them derived almost immediate benefit. They restored vigor to my nerves and strengthened my entire system, removing every symptom of nerve or heart trouble, and enabling me to get through my daily work as usual. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure palpitation, throbbing, dizzy and faint spells, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, female troubles, after effects of grippe, etc. Price 50c. a box or 8 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont."

LAXATIVE PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia. They do not gripe, sicken or weaken. Every pill acts perfectly.

charitable purposes, the kind hearted action was received throughout France with warm appreciation. Her husband's wedding gift of 250,000 francs she distributed among maternal societies and to beds in the hospitals.

The good impression thus made was deepened after the marriage by the same course of quiet charity and kindness. Moreover, the Empress preserved to the end her elegance and her beauty, two qualities which appeal strongly to the French. Perhaps it was the growing weaknesses of Napoleon which led her to wish to take a larger share in the government than either he or his Ministers desired. Perhaps her popularity had turned her head. Whatever the truth, it is certain that at the outset of the war she arrogantly called it "my war," and was probably not quite wrong in using this term. But if the war was hers, so also was its inglorious end.

The Campaign of Sedan. Of the campaign which ended with Sedan Mr. Forbes gives a brilliant and effective word picture from the standpoint of an eye witness. Especially effective are the little sidelights of personal observation which he throws upon his canvass. This is how he paints the attitude of the Emperor just before the battle of Gravelotte. Under the guidance of the Prince Imperial Napoleon and his suite had gained a place of temporary safety in that village from the destructive fire of a Prussian battery on the Moselle. "Neither, at least as yet, came no German shells, and the hunted Napoleons could draw breath. The Emperor, after resting an hour, took to tramping to and fro in front of the post house, which he had made his quarters, it was his habit in trouble. I saw him later doing just the same thing in the potato patch of the weaver's garden on the Duchery road, on the way from Sedan during the interval when Bismarck left him. As Napoleon stalked up and down pondering uneasily he was unconsciously making history, and just as unconsciously he was moving in the heart of a scene waiting to be made historical ere many hours had passed; for over against him was the old church of Gravelotte, on the edge of the graveyard of which the dead of the impending battle were to be utilized for breastworks."

Napoleon's Magnanimity. As an instance of Napoleon's generosity Mr. Forbes notes that he never made any imputation of misconduct against the commanders of the army which was defeated at Sedan, in marked contrast to the accusations made by his great uncle after Waterloo. Even in his letter to General Wimpffen, contradicting briefly two assertions of the latter, there is no trace of irritation. From his prison at Wilhelmshohe he wrote a kindly letter to Bazaine while the army of the Rhine was still maintaining itself in the Metz position.

Even during his imprisonment, even during the exile that followed at Chislehurst, Napoleon never lost hope of regaining the throne which he had lost at Sedan. It was not merely to obtain relief from suffering that he underwent the painful operation which caused his death. Resolute to return to France, he knew it was necessary that he should ride into Paris on horseback at the head of an army. This he could only do in the event of a favorable result to the series of operations. In his own words:—"I cannot walk on foot at the head of troops; it would have a still worse effect to enter Paris in a carriage; it is necessary that I should ride." And it was with the object of doing so that he submitted to the operation under which he succumbed.

Had the operation been successful and effort would have been made to regain the lost throne. Every detail had been arranged. A private yacht was to be available for landing Napoleon at some deserted port on the northern coast of France, or perhaps in Belgian Landing secretly, the arrangement was that the

Emperor should proceed through France to the camp at Chalons, where forty of fifty thousand men should be assembled for the purpose of manœuvres. Declaring himself he was to head his army and march on Paris.

The father who lost his life in the hope of being able to return to France and the gallant young son who fell, slain by savages, in an obscure corner of South Africa now sleep together in the mausoleum at Farnborough, each in his own sarcophagus. They may rest there indefinitely; but the burial place of the Napoleons, from Charles Bonaparte downward, the father of the great Emperor and the grand uncle of Napoleon III., is in the crypt, under the high altar of the Church of Napoleon at St. Leu, a pretty village on the northern verge of the forest of Montmorency.

In Cork-Screw Form.

American ingenuity certainly found monumental examples in the Great Wheel and the switch back railway. But the latest idea from our inventive cousins will surpass even those masterpieces. This is nothing less than an immense spiral railway running round a huge steel-frame column 6000 feet in height. Here is an illustration of the proposed structure. The cork-screw Railway, as it may come to be called, will be erected at the Pan-American Exposition to be held on Cayuga Island, near the Falls of Niagara, from which the electric power that is to operate the railway will be derived. The tower will be eighty feet in diameter at the base, tapering to fifty feet 400 yards up, at which height a platform will form the terminus of the line. The latter will consist of a double track. Every precaution will be taken for the safety of passengers. The cars will never meet or pass except on opposite sides of the tower, the two tracks being formed on parallel but independent spirals. Passengers will have magnificent views across many miles of country. At night the structure will be outlined in electric lights, while from the top a search-light will illuminate the falls, the rapids, and the exhibition grounds.

"MY FRIENDS DESPAIR."

La Grippe and Nervous Prostration Had Brought Captain Copp Near to Death—South American Service was the Life Saver.

"I was ailing for nearly four years with nervous prostration. I tried many remedies and was treated by physicians without any permanent benefit. A year ago I took la grippe, which greatly aggravated my trouble. My friends despaired of my recovery. I was induced to try South American Nerve, and was rejoiced to get almost instant relief. I have used four bottles and feel myself completely cured. I believe its the best remedy known for the nerves and blood." Wm. M. Copp, Newcastle, N. B.

Quite a New Species.

The head of a certain drapery establishment in the north was sorely satisfied with one of his assistants, whose intelligence was not of a very high order.

"You don't push, John," he remarked to the delinquent on one occasion. You seem to have no idea how to effect a sale. Now, as soon as another customer comes to your counter let me know, and I'll show you how the thing should be worked."

Accordingly, John promptly informed his master when a lady entered to look at some silk. She thought the article was rather expensive, and said so.

"Really, madam," said the tradesman, "I am offering this line at a sacrifice. You are no doubt aware that disease is rampant among silk-worms, and I assure you that in the near future prices will rise alarmingly."

In the end a sale was effected. The tradesman was on very good terms with himself and John had learned a lesson. The next customer, as it happened, wanted tape. John was prepared for her criticisms this time.

"Really madam," he said, "it is a sacrifice. There's a perfect epidemic raging among the tape-worms, and I, etc., etc."

But John failed to sell, and the lady took up her umbrella and left the shop.

"I had Salt Rheum of the worst kind, as our family doctor called it, and could not get anything to cure me. I read of Burdock Blood Bitters, and determined to try it. I got one bottle and before I used half of it I could tell it was doing me good, and after taking six bottles I was perfectly cured, and to-day am a happy woman at being cured of that terrible disease." Mrs. MAGDALENA VOIGT, Rhineland, Ont.

B. B. B. is the best remedy in the world for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Scald Head, Shingles, Boils, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers and all Blood and Skin Diseases.





Sunday Reading

Nan's Sympathy Bureau.

Nan was in the cosy sitting-room, her rosy face resting in her hands, watching the bright tongues of flame in the cheerful fireplace, now darting up in spiral beauty, only to fade away again in a tiny volume of smoke.

'I'm just like them! she exclaimed slowly. 'I try to do something to be useful, and—well, I'm just like the little flames; somehow I can never accomplish anything.'

The last was said aloud, and as Nan threw back her curls she noticed Grandma Allen standing in the doorway.

'Tut! tut! my little girl,' reproved grandma, gently; 'if we do the best we can, we are not the ones to measure the good we do—we can't!'

'I—suppose—so,' said Nan, slowly, 'but then, what can a girl no older than I do? If I had money I might establish reading-rooms for the poor, or lunch counters, where poor working-girls could get a nice warm lunch without paying anything for it, or something else really worth doing; but, grandma, it takes means, and all that I have in the world would hardly buy one magazine, or a single plate of doughnuts.'

'Never mind, child, there are things you can do just as worthy as those you mention—things, too, that perhaps nobody else could possibly do.'

Just then the warning bell rang, and with a good-bye kiss Nan gathered up her books and hurried away to school.

All the morning she kept thinking of grandma's remark: 'Things that perhaps nobody else could possibly do.'

'I wonder what they can be,' and Nan rested her serious little face in her hands, with her elbows on the desk.

As she was standing near the cloak-room door at recess, she overheard Maud Atkins refer to Beth Johnson's grief at her mother's death.

'I pity her,' said Maud, 'but I don't feel that I can do anything for her; she's not of our set. Her mother has done our washing for years—that's how I happened to know of her.'

Nan turned, and as she did so she saw Beth who hadn't left her seat at recess, with a mournfully pinched face, fondly regarding a tiny plain gold ring, worn dangerously thin.

'Her mother's,' thought Nan. Quietly slipping to her side, Nan took one little hand in hers, and when the girls came back to their seats at the ringing of the bell, Beth's face wore its first smile since her mother's death.

All the remainder of the session Nan felt happy. 'I guess its what grandma meant,' she thought.

The next day, and the next, she found some little way to help, all unconsciously, somebody about her. The old colored janitor felt pleased all day long at the smile with which she greeted him as she passed him in the entry.

'Bless her honey chil'—she's a sunshine ray for sure,' he murmured, as he closed the door behind her.

Miss Norcross, the teacher, as Nan took her hand and bade her a pleasant good-night, felt the cares of the day grow lighter and her work less irksome.

'I tell you Nan,' said her brother Ted one morning, as she whispered to him not to mind the weather, for another day would surely come in which he could try his new bicycle, 'you do a fellow good just by your sympathy. I'd advise you, little sister, to put out your card—Sympathy Bureau! Conducted by Nan Armstrong, who is always ready to sympathize with any one in trouble. Office hours, from morning till bed-time.' And as for pay—

'Pay! O Ted,' interrupted Nan, smiling, 'that comes without asking. Ever since I've tried to be kind and helpful to others—'

'You've found,' broke in Grandma Allen, 'a joyful, contented little self all the time—and that there are some things that nobody else could possibly do!'

'Yes; and what you said, grandma dear, led me to find out what they are,' said Nan, sweetly, giving grandma a loving kiss as she spoke.—Zion's Herald.

A Welcome Intruder. I wish you would try to see a sick woman on—street, said the pastor one morning. They say she cannot live long, but for some reason her husband will permit no visitors. I called, but was turned away from the door without much ceremony. Perhaps you would have better success. It was a forlorn-looking home, and the man's face as he opened the door was certainly forbidding, but he made no objection

Coughs and colds need not be endured; they can be cured, and that quickly. Many mixtures are temporary in effect, but Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a permanent remedy. The oil feeds the blood and warms the body; the hypophosphites tone up the nerves; the glycerine soothes the inflamed throat and lungs. The combination cures. This may prevent serious lung troubles.

as the deaconess slipped inside. The sick woman on a bed in the corner was evident ly near death's door. One child lay in its cradle and another, a frightened, neglected looking creature, gazed in childish wonder at the visitor. She spoke of the children, of the wife's sickness and the prospect of her recovery. Presently the woman asked for a drink, and when the man had gone for it, she turned to the deaconess a look of anxious appeal. It needed but a word of sympathy and the poor creature poured out her heart in breathless gasps.

'I used to be a christian—we both were—and members of the church—but we've had trouble—and been so poor—and we thought nobody cared.' 'But there was One who cared,' said the deaconess, passing her hand over the hot forehead. 'Poverty and trouble need not have separated you from Him.'

'But it has—I want to live—for the children's sake—but I know I can't—and I'm not saved.' The husband had come back with the water, protesting that she must not be disturbed, and little more was said, but the deaconess knelt in prayer and commended the wandering soul to the Good Shepherd. As she rose the man drew his shirt sleeve furtively across his eyes. 'I ain't so bad as folks think, he said, but I've had a lot of trouble.'

The visitor left with an invitation to come again, reinforced by the eager look from the sick woman's eyes. She went carrying a glass of crimson jelly, a gift from the pastor's wife. Very cautiously the important subject was renewed and eagerly met by the sick woman. By promise and prayer the crushed but hungry and seeking soul was led back to the Saviour. A few weeks after she passed over the river in peace.

A Heart-Broken Mother. 'It is breaking my heart,' were the pathetic words of a widowed mother who was called to the witness stand to swear to a painful complaint she was forced to make against her son. He was her only child, and it should have been his delight to work for and make happy his good mother, his best earthly friend. Instead of working and providing a good home for her, he squandered at the saloon the little that he earned; she had to work hard to give him a home. His habits grew so bad that at last she determined to have him committed as an habitual drunkard hoping that he would reform.

When called to the witness stand to testify against him, she said, 'It is breaking my heart,' and tell dead with the words on her lips. What a lecture for any mother to deliver! Boys don't let it be said of you that you are bringing grief to your mother's heart. Let it be your aim to make her happy. You can do it by little loving acts every day of your life.

'God Claims Me.' When the late Earl Cairns was a boy, says an English paper, he heard three words, which made a memorable impression on him: God claims you. Then came the question: 'What am I going to do with the claim?' He answered: 'I will own it, and give myself to God. He went home and told his mother: God claims me. At school and college his motto was: God claims me. As a member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still: God claims me. When he was appointed Lord Chancellor he was a teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking now he would have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him: 'I suppose you will now require to give up your class? No, was the reply, I will not: God claims me.'

SHIFTED FROM CAR TO CAR.

System of Broadway Cable at the Battery Causes a Man to Veer His Head.

The drug store is a sort of haven for people in distress, whether their affliction be mental or physical. Especially true is this of strangers in the city. As long as a man can see a drug store he feels that he is not utterly alone. There is no more reason why a pharmacist should be a bureau of information than there is why a banker should be, but the fact remains that an inquiring mind will go blocks out of the way to ask a druggist all sorts of questions. All N. Y. information is as true of Broadway as it is of an interesting street in Harlem. The man who thinks there is nothing odd or curious or funny in Broadway below Wall street can have the conceit dispelled by stalking down that way any day in the week.

It was in a drug store in lower Broadway that a N. Y. Sun reporter saw a man who said: 'Can I look at your thermometer?' The man who came in was bareheaded. The floor-walker of the chemist shop pointed to the atmospheric indicator. After the man had examined it he said to the shopman: 'It isn't as hot as I thought it was.'

'It hot enough for me,' was the reply. The bareheaded man mopped his brow and asked: 'How hot does it have to be before a man has wheels?'

'Depends upon the man.' 'Well, I want a little information. It's like this: I came over from Staten Island and walked from the ferry to Battery terminus of the Broadway cable. I am right about the Broadway cable having a terminus at the Battery, am I not?'

'It was so the last time I was there,' said the chemist. 'That's what I thought. So I went up to the car labelled Columbus avenue. I know I can read, and I read that sign on the car. Blue and white signs. There goes one now.'

The chemist looked out and saw a car with a blue and white sign. Columbus avenue it was. 'I boarded the car, but to make it cocksure I asked a man who was a dispatcher if I was on a Columbus avenue car. He said I was at that moment. I supposed he was one of those funny men in disguise and said no more. The car shot out like an arrow for a moment and then slowed up at Bridge street. There it came to a dead stop. The gripman looked back and I thought he looked like a driver in the country when he is lost. His perplexed countenance gave me courage to assure myself and I ventured to ask him if I had a seat on a Columbus avenue car. He said there was no certainty about it. What could this mean? I felt of my head. While I was trying to decide about my condition or the situation, another man in a uniform rushed up to the car and called out: 'This car for Broadway. All out for Columbus and Lexington avenues.' I got out in time to see the man whirl the Columbus avenue sign out of sight, and turn on the Broadway. I waited on the corner, and saw four Columbus avenue cars go by, crowded, of course. I finally boarded one later, and just as I was squeezing in the conductor came along. 'Columbus avenue?' I asked, to be sure at the last. 'No, Lexington,' he replied. 'How long since?' I asked. 'Bout a half a minute,' he replied. Just as you stepped on,' he added. So I walk'd up here.'

'Well,' said the chemist. 'What is it you want to know?'

God claims you. Then came the question: 'What am I going to do with the claim?' He answered: 'I will own it, and give myself to God. He went home and told his mother: God claims me. At school and college his motto was: God claims me. As a member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still: God claims me. When he was appointed Lord Chancellor he was a teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking now he would have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him: 'I suppose you will now require to give up your class? No, was the reply, I will not: God claims me.'

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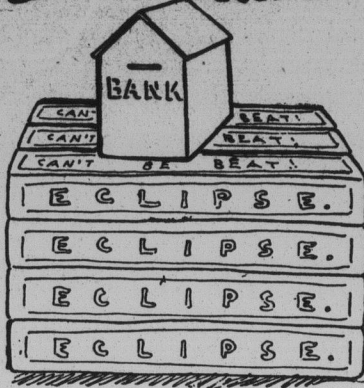
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'Was I on a car?' 'Randall's Island,' called the chemist to the boy in charge of the telephone.'

THE DEACON'S GROWING STONE.

Carried in His Pocket When a Boy and It Now Weighs Sixty Five Pounds. The most interesting thing I saw down in Maine was a growing stone that belongs to H. H. Hammond of Smith's Cove, near Winter Harbor, and lies upon a granite post beside the steps that lead to his front door. It is egg shaped and of perfect symmetry, with the exception that it is somewhat flattened upon the side which rested upon the ground.

Thirty years ago or more William Hammond, a brother of H. H. who now lives in San Francisco, picked up this remarkable stone upon the edge of the cove. He was then a boy 10 years old, and was attracted by its regular shape and smooth surface, which contains a good deal of mica schist and sparkles in the sun as if it had been sprinkled with diamond dust.

The boy took the stone home in his pocket, for it was very small in comparison with its present size, and could have easily slipped into a quart cup. He played with it in the yard for several years, and it lay upon the mantelpiece in the house during the winter months, but as he grew older he lost interest in the plaything and it rolled under a lilac bush beside the front door. There it remained for fifteen years or so. When young Hammond returned from San Francisco, he recognized it, but was much astonished to find that it had increased in size and weight to a most remarkable degree. When he was a child, as I said, he carried the stone in his pocket. When he recovered it, as a man. It was larger than the crown of a stovepipe hat and weighed at least twelve or fifteen pounds more than when he saw it last.

H. H. Hammond became so much interested in the phenomenon that he removed it from the ground beneath the lilac bush and placed it upon the granite step at the right of his front door, where the sun rests upon it the greater part of the day. Shortly after it was placed there, about six years ago, Mr. Hammond got the meat peddler to put it on his scales, and its weight was forty-one pounds, which was marked with a pencil upon the stone itself with the date. Three years later it had grown to fifty pounds. Mr. Hammond then made a series of measurements and will preserve them for future comparison. The circumference of the stone by tape measure, the longest way, is 3 feet 2 1/2 inches, while at the widest part the narrow way it is 2 feet 4 1/2 inches.

Mr. Hammond is a respectable farmer, is a deacon in the Baptist church and was borne in the house where he lives. Even if he did not have so high a reputation for truth and veracity, the facts about growing stones have been known to everybody in the neighborhood ever since young Hammond came back from California and found it under the lilac bush. Mr. Hammond has been offered large sums of money for the curiosity, but will not part with it for any price.—Chicago Record.

Letting Him Down. 'I met Howard to-day. He was surprised to know we were married. Says you told him once you wouldn't marry the best man living.'

Mrs. Jones: 'Well, the fact is, I did say so to him.'

Jones: 'How did you come to change your mind?'

Mrs. Jones: 'Well, the fact is, I didn't.'

When a man attains his ideal, he at once discards it and gets another.

from his holidays unrefreshed, when, instead of relaxing the brain for a time he has increased even its normal tension. To such a man the time spent in rest and seclusion would do infinitely more good. Let him (and the advice applies even more strongly to the woman who is worn out by social demands or domestic cares) go to the country or seaside, and straightway lie in bed. Let him shut himself from the world, write no letters, and read as few as possible; take simple and nourishing food, abjure stimulants of all kinds, even tea and coffee, and read a little light literature by way of recreation; and I can assure you he will emerge from his shell with his nerves soothed and braced for another year of hard work. If you doubt my advice, try it before you condemn it.'

If You Use Diamond Dyes You Make Dollars.

If You Use Poor and Adulterated Dyes You Ruin Your Goods and Waste Money.

The ladies of Canada know well that the using of Diamond Dyes means the saving of many dollars, and thousands will tell you that the use of poor and adulterated dyes means ruin to goods and loss of money. The wonder working Diamond Dyes are prepared in forty-eight colors for the coloring of wool, silk, leathers and cotton goods. Minute and simple directions go with each package of the Diamond Dyes, so that the most inexperienced person can do as good work as the professional dyer.

Bear in mind that imitators are continually trying to copy the style and package of Diamond Dyes. When you buy dyes for home dyeing see that your dealer supplies you with the "Diamond"; no other make of package dyes will do your work with profit and satisfaction. Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, Que., for valuable book of directions and simple card of colors; sent free to any address.

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It's your liver

put it in good order by using

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33 pills for 25c. Sold all over—a box sent as sample on receipt of 25c.

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### Notches on The Stick

"The Legends of the St. Lawrence," by Sir James M. Le Moine, author of many useful works, are—in method and construction at least—a continuation of his "Explorations in Eastern Latitudes," given to the public several years since. We have the same pleasant romance of a yachting trip down the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Gaspé, and the conversations, narratives and songs, held by the author with his companions—and such companions too! One longs to be there—and thanks to the vivacity and skill of the writer, one is there, imaginatively, at least. Any one familiar with Jonathan Oldbuck at all knows just what a delightful mélange of fact and fancy—history, legend, folklore and description—we have. It is safe to say that this latest is not inferior in subject matter or in expression to its author's earlier books.

While yet the articles, which compose this book were in course of preparation, the following high words of recommendation were spoken by one of Canada's foremost critics and poets (John Read, of Montreal). There is one writer to whom—apart from his own ample contribution to our literature, both French and English—our poets and romantics of either speech are deeply and avowedly indebted. Not they only. Read the prefaces of Parkman and you will know how highly he valued the aid and suggestions of Sir James Macpherson Le Moine. To us English readers Sir James M. Le Moine has been for thirty years and more a guide, trusted and revered, to all that is most romantic, most noteworthy in the story of the old regime and the new. Who that has visited Quebec with curiosity unsoftened as to the *vie intime* of that grand old fortress, has not found refreshment and satisfaction at the perennial springs of Sillery! Never were springs of knowledge entrusted by Providence to guardian more generous, more hospitable. "Through Dr. Bourinot's good offices," says our famous novelist, Gilbert Parker, "I came to know Mr. Le Moine of Quebec the gifted antiquarian, and President of the Royal Society of Canada. M. Le Moine placed in my hands certain historical facts suggestive of romance." Thus to Sir James and Mr. Fairchild's splendid collection of Canadians the world owes a debt of which "The Seats of the Mighty," must ever remind it. Whereof anon.

The "Dramatis Personæ," who contribute to the synopsis on board the *Hiron-delle*, or who manage that pleasure craft, now so elevated into literary repute, are: The Commodore, J. U. G.; Mac of the Isles, Sagaman and Navigator; Carleton, Sailing Master and Old Mariner; Jean Lavoie, Steward, chef-de cuisine, and weather-prophet; Napoleon Maturin, Able bodied seaman; Pierre, Cabin boy; Fox; Sillery Collie; Tas Luit of Ryens-clyffe, (Mr. Gao. M. Fairchild, of Sillery) poet, sportsman, etc.; and latest mentioned, but neither last nor least, the doyen and unfailing oracle of the group, Jonathan Oldbuck, Antiquary, Naturalist, Discoverer, and, we may add what he does not—Gentleman, who is none other than Sir James M. Le Moine, Master of Spencer Grange.

In the opening chapter, on "Historic Montreal," we have the legends of Rose Latulippe, and of Cadisux, the romantic old courier de bois, and the author of a plaintive lyric in the French tongue which has come down to us. O! Rose Latulippe—tho' rash and buxom French maiden who danced with a very shady partner at a dangerous hour—namely, beyond the hour of midnight on a Saturday—and was saved only by the timely arrival of the priest,—we have the best account we have yet found in prose; but we were familiar with it in the verse of Mrs. Harrison (Saranus), who has conveyed it in her happiest manner:

The story or balad of Mamselle Rose, Surnamed Latulippe, as the story goes.

"Dance, dance, little Rose, a word in your ear, You are dancing with Lucie, what dost thou fear."

The Cure! the Cure! He takes it all in, From Rose, in her parlor of horrible sin, To Mother Marnette and the aged Selgeour, The whippersnapper girls and the dazed voyageur.

BUY **Coleman's Salt** THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

### Biliousness

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

## Hood's Pills

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

And breathing a hurried and silent prayer, And making the sign of the cross in the air, And saying aloud, "The church hath power To save her children in such an hour." He taketh the maiden by both her hands, Whilst Lucifer dark and discomfited stands. Sporting and stamping in scendish ire, He galls his steed with the eyes of fire, Who gives one loud and terrible neigh, And then in the darkness thunders away.

The original is given of the Lament of Cadieux, as well as an English version of which we will here give a few stanzas, regretting we have not space to copy the interesting account of the old voyageur, whose dirge was found after his death inscribed on a sheet of birch bark:

Thou little Rock of the High Hill, Attend; Either I come this last campaign to end; Ye echoes soft give ear unto my sigh, In requitalment I speedily shall die.

Dear little birds, your dulcet harmony What time you sing, makes life more dear to me; Ah! had I wings that I might fly like you, Ere two days sped I should be happy too.

Lone in these woods I've known cares without end, But I have help, Savior of man in thee! Most hol' Virgin, do not from me fly! With thy young arms Oh suffer me to die!

O nightingale, go tell my mistress true, My little ones I leave them my adieu, That I have kept my love and honor free, And they henceforth must hope no more of me.

Here then, it is the world abandons me— But I have help, Savior of man in thee! Most hol' Virgin, do not from me fly! With thy young arms Oh suffer me to die!

In the Third Chapter the chansons, or "Songs of Old Canada" are treated, materials for which are drawn from the translations and notes of Mr. William McLennan's little book. Of these one of the sweetest and most musical is the "A la Claire Fontaine" of which Mr. McLennan says: "From the little child of seven years up to the man of silver hair, all the people in Canada know and sing the Claire Fontaine, one is not French Canadian without that." Mr. Le Moine informs us that "in Normandy they sing a similar chanson but the air which here is monotonous, but attractive, is different there." Of the translations we have seen we like the best Mr. Lighthall's, which begins as follows—

Unto the coast, O Canada! Par phrasie d'la mer; So fair I found the waters; My lams in them I lay.

"This chanson" continues Mr. McLennan, "is typical in its airy mixture of rambling and poetry. The first stanza, it will be seen is practically meaningless; but there comes that beautiful little chorus, far more lovely in the quiet way in which the air tempts you to hum:

Long is it I have loved thee, These shall I love always, My dearest; Long is it I have loved thee, These shall I love always.

Sweet is the little address to the nightingale:

Sing, nightingale, keep singing, Thou hast a heart so gay, Thou hast a heart so merry, While mine is sorrows prey."

Certain blithe little nature sketches, here and there, show how fine an eye he has, and how lively a descriptive pen our author wields. Here is a specimen:

"Oe bright, early June morning, when all nature seemed alive with joyous revelry in the warm sunshine of young summer, I recollect visiting Portneuf.

"The road from the station was down a tortuous hill alongside the noisy, brawling, madly, tumbling, foam covered Portneuf river, entering its final race ere emptying into the St. Lawrence. What a delicious green the fields had taken on, and how fresh, the young verdure on the maple and birch beside the hemlocks' deeper tint! Among the softly murmuring pines, and balsams of the higher hillside, I heard my little friend, the white-throated sparrow, uttering in clear tones: Sweet! Sweet Canada! Sweet Canada!! but with his accustomed shyness, keeping well out of sight.

"After a glimpse of a mill through the trees, and a short distance further on, I come upon the old grist mill that in years gone by contributed many a sack of flour towards the supply of England, now alas! doing very little more than grinding up oats for the neighboring farmers. A dusty meal-covered miller stuck his head out of a window, and wishing us a bonjour I returned to his work. A few minutes more, and I came to the village of Portneuf cozily nestled under the hill on the bank of the St. Lawrence. A little wheezy market boat was tied up to the wharf, and the entire population of the place had turned out

to welcome Josette or speed Baptiste, or bargain and barter for all kinds and sorts of farm produce. I passed the pretty little church, and the presbytery where Abbe Provencher wrote his work, 'La Flore Canadienne.' Did Herr Peter Kalm botanize here in 1749? How I should have enjoyed botanizing through the neighboring fields and woods, I thought!"

We had marked for citation examples on P. 107-8, but must trust to the interested the duty of obtaining and reading this pleasant volume for himself.

Mr. William B. Chisholm, one of the literary critics of The Home Journal, N. Y., writes of Prof. Charles G. D. Robert last volume of verse, "New York Nocturnes"; "To the droid one of the most charming concepts in this charming little volume will be, The Solitary Woods. man:

When the nut-fed chipmunk romp! Through the maples' crimson pomp, And the silv'ry viburnum flashes In the darkness of the swamp.

And he hears the partridge drumming. The belated homer's humming— And the faint prophetic sounds That foretell the winter's coming.

One feels free to criticize a poet of established reputation—I may say fame—like Mr. Roberts, for it is precisely such to whom criticism conveys most beneficent meaning. The true poet will beckon to the critic, whether afar or near by. I ask then; why, Mr. Roberts, in these days of the recent 'clang of arms and clash of helmets'—the adjustment of new issues, etc.—should the song be quite so mystic and brooding? Is there no middle ground—no possible compromise—between a hit on Manila or Santiago, and one of those low, gentle cadences with which this sweet volume murmurs? Shall not the truest droid still call out his struggling fellow-mortals in the language they are themselves using from day to day—which voices their hopes and fears and their last aspiration? The term "droid," it occurs to us, is in danger of losing its original significance, and becoming a symbol of belittlement, as applied to the school of poetic nature lovers, or, if you insist, worshippers. We see no reason why the poet should abandon his "low, gentle cadences," even in time of war, if his taste and genius impel him to cultivate them. Mr. Chisholm further, and more properly observes: "New York Nocturnes" has about as little to do with New York as 'Poe's Raven' had, but it is the recent thought of a true poet, [he might have added—who has taken up his residence in that city.] Full of gem-pictures and hints of higher than earthly dreams. Technically, too, it is true poetry, and not minor. Mr. Roberts has long since passed out of that, to the poet, odious category, and has now an acknowledged rank."

Very true!

A gifted correspondent often mentioned in these columns, writes in praise of some fugitive lines on September, current in one of the magazines. He says: "I do not know the author. I wish I did. This is too fine not to be fathered by somebody—or mothered."

September comes across the hills: Hark to her welcome, strong and free— The diapason of the sea, The treble music of the rills, A flush dyes every vine and tree, The sunlit lead with rapture thrills: This is the Autumn's jubilee!

September comes across the hills, Fragrance with a lavish hand she spills: Magician of the year is she, To whom all nature bends the knee, Announced by woodland scents and trills September comes across the hills.

He speaks appreciatively of the recent Biography of Tennyson by his son: "Through the kindness of my friend, Rev J. H. Earp, of Kenneth square, I have been able to procure from the Bayard Taylor Memorial Library the 2 vol. life of Tennyson. This I have been reading of late, when I could read, and have found great pleasure in it. I have always admired Tennyson, but these volumes have only enhanced my high appreciation of the man. . . . What a beautiful poem that is of 'The Talking Oak'! I thought of it this morning as I went to the station across my neighbor's pasture and stopped to rest under a mighty oak whose branches spread sixty feet. This is the tree that suggested my Quatrains, 'The Oak in Autumn':

O rock upon the towery top All throats that sing'st sweet! All starry culminated drop Balm dew to bathe thy feet!

The rat, earth feed thy waxy root, That under deeply strikes! The northern mo'ning o'er thee shoot High up, in silver spikes.

Nor ever lightning char thy grain, But, rolling as in sleep, Low thunders bring the mellow rain. That makes thee broad and deep!

Tennyson says that 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' was written in a few minutes. In that respect it recalls Holmes' 'Old Ironsides,' Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and Dr. Smith's 'My Country 'Tis of



### SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

## Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP

with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

Thee. I can never agree with Carlyle, that Tennyson was 'a life-guardman spoilt by making poetry.'

'Zion's Herald,' the independent organ of Methodism in New England, is youthful at seventy-five years, as it is demonstrated by its recent memorial number. This vigorous exponent of religious thought, and of the polity and theology of the church it represents, has, under the editorial impulse and supervision of such men as Stevens, Wise, Copleigh, Pierce, Parkhurst and the two Havens, accomplished much for the welfare of mankind, during its years of infancy, which were never more vital than in the last decade. The reminiscences of Rev. William McDonnell, D. D., Rev. David H. Ela, D. D., Rev. Geo. M. Steele, D. D., Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D., Prof. S. F. Upham, D. D., Rev. D. A. Whedon, D. D., Rev. Wesley O. Holway, D. D., and Miss Adelaide S. Scaveros ('Aunt Serena'), in this beautifully designed and illustrated number, recall the days of former success and prosperity. We are pleased to recognize in the Outlook department the capable pen of our friend, Chaplain David H. Tribou, U. S. N.

The notion that the Queen of England has a marked partiality for the writings of Marie Corelli has been much paraded, and we doubt not exaggerated. We have in a recent note obtained assurance that "there is no queen's novelist," either by letters patent or royal warrant, and Marie Corelli, if she arrogates this title to herself, does so without a shadow of right."

"I may say," explains a friend of Mark Twain, "that he reads everything in prose that is clean and healthy, yet he has never been able to find a line in Thackeray which interested him, Addison and Goldsmith are thrown away, upon him, and Meredith, perhaps not unnaturally, provokes him to laughter. I asked Mr. Clemens one day how he explained this difference to the acknowledged master craftsman in his own trade. The explanation candidly given was, 'I have no really literary taste, and never had.'"

Review of the Medical Record.

In the Medical Record for 17th Sept. Dr. Henry Morion describes Bottini's operation for enlarged prostrate, and reports five cases from his own practice. He characterizes other operations for the relief of the condition as mutilating, unsatisfactory in results and attended with a high rate of mortality, and concludes that Bottini's simpler procedure may well replace them all.

Dr. George E. Davis discourses on the physiology of the liver but adds little to the common stock of knowledge regarding the manifold functions of this long suffering organ.

Dr. Knox, of Texas, contributed an article on Potts' fracture and describes the results in the first case he was called upon to treat as not satisfactory to the patient but of great benefit to himself.

Editorially Dr. Shradly deals with the physical degeneracy of the Afro-American and refers to an able paper by Dr. Furness J. Shadd of Washington, recently submitted to a conference of leading members of the negro community of Hampton, Virginia.

Dr. Shadd points out that even under the most favorable sanitary conditions the death rate of negroes is more than double that of whites. The most fruitful causes of this alarming death rate are infant mortality, tuberculosis and scrofula. With regard to the great susceptibility of the negro to consumption Dr. Shadd remarks: "Consumption is the greatest enemy the negro has except his vices." After quoting a description of the manner in which the negroes live in the large cities "under the shadow of the Goddess of Liberty" Dr. Shradly says that their unhappy condition is a public menace and should incite philanthropists to grapple energetically with the difficulties of the situation.

Zola has submitted himself to the tender mercies of a number of French expert anthropologists and psychologists. After a careful examination they declare that he has orbicular contraction, cardiac spasms, thoracic cramps, false angina pectoris, sensory hyperaesthesia, obsessions, impulsive ideas and defective emotivity. He is a neuropath—that is, a man with a painful nervous system—yet they say that all this is not sufficient to affect in any appreciable manner his intellectual processes! I think it would have been better if, after stating his physical abnormalities, they had left us to draw our own conclusions regarding his intellectual processes."

The News of the week chronicles Oliver H. Payne's gift of \$1,500,000 to Cornell Medical College; that another sanitary inspector has pronounced Camp Wikoff all right; that President McKinley is appointing a commission to examine into the conduct of the commissary, quartermaster and medical bureaus of the War Department; that the first aid packets which were supplied to the soldiers have been most useful; that winter hospitals are being erected at Fort Monroe; that the Prince of Wales has displayed fortitude, good temper, and patience under the trying conditions resulting from his accident; that the number of deaths in India from the plague during the present epidemic has passed the hundred thousand mark; that Koch is going to study malaria; that famine is imminent at Kasan, Russia; that a movement is on foot to establish an art loan exhibition for hospitals, and that there have been several cases of yellow fever among the troops in Porto Rico. Clinical articles, reports of societies, correspondence &c., complete the number. Published weekly by William Wood and Company, New York.

The Fire Bells.

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Too Personal.

During a Scottish tour which the poet Wordsworth took with his sister, he was greatly struck by Kilburn Castle, and addressed a solemn poem to it. These verses happened to fall under the eye of a boy who had been asked by two ladies to read something aloud.

As innocent of its character as they, he began, in a tone intended to be impressively solemn, 'Skeleton of unfished humanity! But the effect of the phrase was more immediate and more startling than anyone could have imagined. For one of the two listeners (and she was certainly very thin) leapt to her feet and exclaimed indignantly: 'Well, I am the thinnest woman in Ireland, but I cannot approve of personal remarks!'

A brutal young man is one who would tell a girl who offers to mend his gloves that there is a hole in her father's coat.

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### Chat to . . Boys and Girls.

"Ding, ding, ding-dong, ding,  
Oh how jolly 'tis to hear the school-bell ring!  
At twelve, or a quarter of two  
You feel uncommonly blue  
When you're rashly dared, with your work unpre-  
pared  
To face, what you'll certainly rue!"

"Ding, ding, ding-dong, ding,  
Oh how jolly 'tis to hear the school-bell ring!  
At twelve, or a quarter of four  
When troubles all are o'er  
With a heart free and light, and your eyes glad and  
bright  
You make for the wide-open door."

I do wonder if this old school song, ex-  
presses the feelings of any of my young  
folks? I think it very likely, for there are  
always some boys and girls in every com-  
munity, who dislike school going. For  
these I feel truly sorry, although I can  
hardly understand the feeling myself, for  
study was always a pleasure to me (I will  
except arithmetic) and my school days  
were quite the happiest of my young  
life. I always felt unsettled, during  
the first week of holidays, and led the fam-  
ily generally a weary life, with my restless  
ways and mischievous tricks, and although  
it is perfectly true that all work and no  
play, makes Jack a very dull boy," yet,  
we are all much better, brighter and hap-  
pier for having some regular work for  
every day. I was reading not long ago of  
the old, old Grammar school of St. Albans  
twelfth century! think of it, before Eton,  
Rugby or Harrow was heard of, this old  
school flourished. In the reign of Eliza-  
beth there lived near St. Albans, a man  
who took a great interest in the school and  
drew up a set of rules for the government  
of it, and these I believe are still preserved,  
probably in the British Museum to show  
the kind of life a school-boy led three hun-  
dred years ago. What would our modern  
school-boy think of having to begin school  
at six o'clock in the morning in summer  
and seven in winter, and working up to five  
o'clock in the afternoon, with only an inter-  
val of two hours for dinner? And how  
would the holidays suit the present gen-  
eration who enjoy long vacations at least  
twice a year? The Sixteenth Century  
scholar's half-holiday did not begin till  
three o'clock in the afternoon, and the  
school must not be closed more than thirty  
days altogether in the whole year, and I  
think never for more than six days at a  
time. No long visits to country friends in  
those days. Boys and girls had not much  
chance to indulge in "school headaches"  
nor to persuade over-indulgent mammas to  
write excuses, nor to play truant, for it  
was a strict rule that if a scholar was  
absent for more than three days in a quar-  
ter he should be expelled! So be thank-  
ful my young friends that you live in the  
nineteenth century, when everything is  
made so easy for you, and don't grumble  
about long hours, or hard tasks, but do  
take a friend's advice and make your  
school what it is intended to be; a place  
where you may be helped, and in a great  
measure fitted to carry on the battle of life,  
by means of the instruction and coun-  
sel given you within its walls. And  
boys, don't look upon a master as an  
animal placed on earth, simply  
to worry boys and give impositions! I  
know this is a very general notion, but  
believe me it is a mistake—just try and  
let it dawn upon your intellect once in a  
while that the master has cares and  
troubles as well as yourself—that he has  
nerves and feelings that can be hurt, in  
short that you and your thoughtless com-  
rades may worry him to the verge of dis-  
traction and yet he must control himself,  
and maintain his dignity, and strive with  
all his might to teach you against your  
will when to all his efforts you oppose your  
love of mischief and idleness. Give it  
up boys and make friends of your teachers,  
trust them, that when they appear to you  
over strict they are acting for your own  
good, and so carry yourself that they will  
soon learn to trust you. The boy or girl who  
shirks study as much as possible and then  
boasts that he or she got through the ex-  
amination "by the skin of their teeth" is  
but a poor specimen of their sex and will  
not be likely to do any good thing heartily  
in after life. I have known such, and heard

many of them wish most earnestly that they  
could have their school days over again  
saying "I should behave myself very differ-  
ently!" you don't get very old before you  
find yourself sadly crippled, and left be-  
hind in the race for position, wealth, or in-  
fluence, if you have neglected your early  
education. Now just a word concerning your  
schoolmates. Be especially kind to the new-  
comer; remember it is not very pleasant to  
be quite a new pupil at a public school.  
One never knows what to do or how to do  
it—and the shyer or more sensitive the boy  
or girl may be, the greater the trial. I re-  
member most gratefully, a plain looking  
freckle-faced girl, who made room for me  
at her form, smiled reassuringly and show-  
ed me little attention in a quiet way all  
through the first dreadful day of my enter-  
ance into a new school. She didn't do  
much, she simply showed by look and tone  
a friendly spirit, and surely we might all  
do that, but to this day I have a very warm  
spot in my heart for that girl, and though  
for many years we have been separated by  
land and sea, as I said before, I remember  
her gratefully and am always delighted to  
hear of her success in life; she is now the  
wife of a prominent judge and I have no  
doubt still exercises the same spirit of kind-  
liness, she showed when a very young girl  
to the "new scholar." Moreover she set  
me such a good example, that I could not  
fail to "do unto" the next new girl as I had  
wished to be "done by" while she in turn  
may have learned the same lesson from her  
experience, and passed the friendly spiri-  
on, for so the circle of kindness, widens  
and reaches out, if we will but make a be-  
ginning, and in no place have no greater  
opportunity for practicing "the golden rule"  
than in a school, which is a miniature world  
within itself. If boys and girls would strive  
to keep this rule in mind, they would cer-  
tainly give less trouble to their teachers,  
have more true friends among their class-  
mates and be far happier themselves.

AUNT BELL.

#### FELLS OF FASHION.

Striped piques with miniature flowers  
between the stripes are being largely em-  
ployed for single and double breasted vests  
as well as for those showing no opening,  
to be worn with tail-made gowns.  
Vests are also fashioned of bandana hand-  
kerchiefs, the effect being striking under a  
dark coat.

Antique pendants are worn on long  
jewelled chains in place of the purse or  
lorgnette, as formerly.

One of the newest sleeves is made in one  
length, but in two parts, the under side  
being straight and unimportant. The  
upper part of the sleeve shows three large  
tucks at the top and these are repeated at  
the wrist, the lowest one forming a bell-  
shaped cuff over the hand. This sleeve  
gives that somewhat broad effect to the  
shoulders which nearly every woman needs  
and at the same time it preserves the close  
small effect so essential to style.

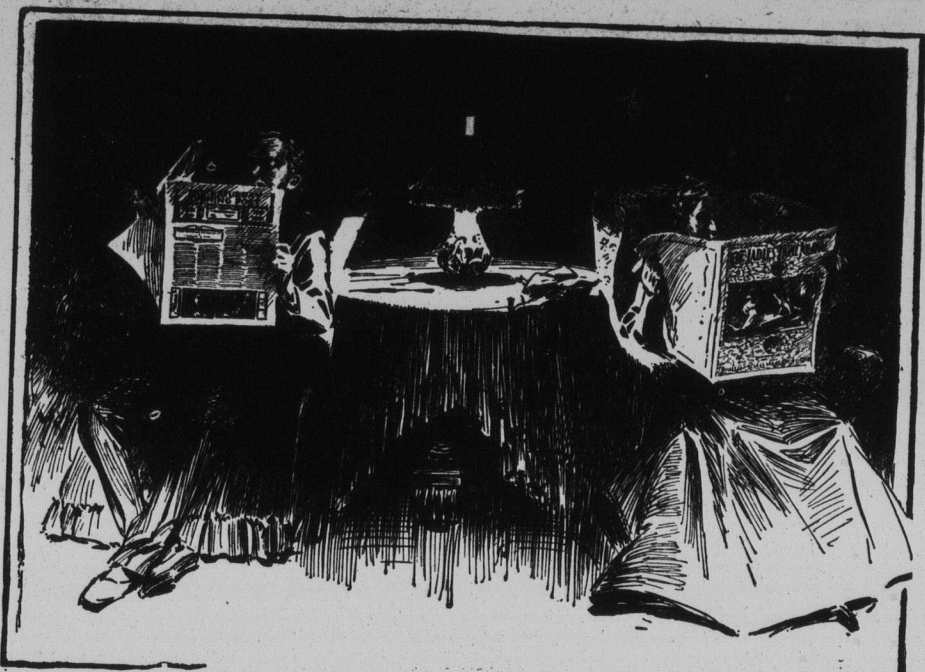
There is an unwritten law that every  
toque shall turn up from the face, and there  
is also a decided inclination to bring the  
brims of autumn hats down closer to the  
head at the back. Wings, feathers, and  
velvet and satin bows are placed across the  
front of hats and toques to produce a wide  
effect, which is very becoming to the aver-  
age face. Black is employed a great deal for  
foundations in this season's millinery, but  
is relieved by ecclesiastical violet, pinkish  
reds, leather tones and blues approaching  
the periwinkle tint. Miroir velvet is also  
much employed, and peacock feathers, im-  
peyan and guinea-fowl plumage are called  
conspicuously into play. Many hats show  
startling combinations of one color running  
say, from a brilliant scarlet to delicate pink,  
or a deep orange to palest lemon. Fre-  
quently feathers are spangled in quite a  
new way all over, a method of decoration  
which does not add to their beauty. Again  
they are plain, little curled, and one side  
of the rib is left plain, while the other shows  
a plating of net or other thin material  
starting from an overlapping row of spang-  
les or mock gems.

Cyrene is one of the newest colors. It  
is a rich ruby, and becoming alike to dart  
and fair.

A dainty tea jacket is made of accordion  
pleated liberty silk, which falls unconfined,  
back and front from a square shirred yoke  
of the same material. The pleated sleeves  
reach only to the elbow.

The popularity of velvet for wraps and  
gowns this winter is already assured. This  
will be good news, for it is a fabric that is  
universally becoming. Manufacturers,  
fortunately, have reduced its weight by  
about one half, and so the only serious  
drawback that this material had is re-  
moved. It is said that pointed cloth drap-  
eries will be worn over velvet skirts joined  
to bodices.

Fique and drill suits are still in evidence  
at fashionable seaside and mountain re-  
sorts, but the very smartest and latest  
gowns in the former material are of pale



### IN THE OCTOBER LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason, author of "A Minister of the  
World," begins a new story called "THE MINISTER OF CARTHAGE,"  
depicting a young clergyman's high sense of duty battling with  
love and something akin to ambition.

#### Josiah Allen's Wife

Has written another story for the JOURNAL  
readers. She tells in it about a sickly  
society girl, and what brought her to her  
senses and good health.

#### In Mary E. Wilkins'

Capital new story a metropolitan woman  
does some very funny things, and in  
trying to elevate the villagers she learns  
a thing or two.

### IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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produce. The handsomest illustrated weekly published.

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Cents, for the purpose of introducing our weekly with our well-known monthly.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

buff color, just the hue of the old-time  
nankeen, out of which our grandfathers  
had their summer suits made, and are sim-  
ply trimmed with stitobings of black silk.

Nearly all these dressy gowns this season  
have a sash tied in the back or at the left  
side.

Neutral tints are adopted for dresses the  
brightest color being left for hats and sun  
shades.

Skirts are much gored and have flounces  
at the foot. These usually widen toward  
the back.

The butterfly is one of the novelties of  
the season. It is gaily adorned with tinsel  
and spangles.

The present style of sunshade is half  
way between a huge lamp shade and a  
ballet girl's skirt. It is made of all kinds  
of fluffy materials and is frilled and ruffled  
to the last degree. The handles are made  
to hold smelling salts, a purse and even a  
watch.

The lace yokes on some of the handsome  
hot-weather evening toilets are shaped  
deepest on the sides, meeting under the  
arms, and are either curved or pointed up-  
ward to shorten them exactly in the centre  
of the yoke front and back.

Very long, narrow and clinging dress  
skirts are promised for the coming season.  
Long coats, rounded away from the front  
into a long basque behind, are to be worn  
with these skirts. Flounces are to be much  
in evidence, but the overskirt has not as-  
sumed threatening proportions.

There is a dark blue cloth dress with a  
short rounded jacket with cloth collar and  
rounded lapels covered with figured silk  
in brown and blue that is especially mod-  
ish. A white serge with a close fitting  
basque over which is a lattice-work of gold  
braid is another notable frock in the same  
oufit.

Some of the new ulsters reach the floor.  
Others in three-quarter lengths are so full,  
both in front and back, as to suggest an ab-  
breviated Mother Hubbard gown. A much  
more attractive model has a double-breast-  
ed front and a cape also double breast-  
ed and turned back in jaunty revers. The  
cape is detachable and either garment may  
be worn separately.

Styles in visiting cards for women and  
men have been completely revolutionized.

Matrons' cards are much smaller than  
formerly, while those for young women  
are not much larger than the cards used  
recently by the ultrafashionable man.  
The correct card for men for social usage  
is only a shade bigger than a wee infant's  
card. "Mr. and Mrs." cards, as they are  
called, are about the same size as last  
year's card for matrons, which is smaller  
by an inch than they were formerly.  
Roman letters or block type, is in vogue  
for men and women, though a few people  
refuse to give up script. Very thin cards  
are the thing again. They came in two  
seasons ago, but did not find favor. Now  
they are in demand again, which is only  
another slight evidence of the fickleness  
of fashion's followers. They are certainly  
not so bulky as thick ones, and this is an  
advantage not to be treated lightly,  
especially since woman has once more  
adopted the pocket.

Winter neckties are selling like hot cakes  
or rather silk and satin cravats in autumn  
shades are. The well-dressed woman has  
laid aside her huge white Ascot, much to  
man's relief. It was a fad he abhorred from  
its very incipency. But, he needn't pat  
himself on the back; a tie even bigger than  
the Ascot is being adopted by women.  
This novelty is called the Hobson, and the  
sight of one on a little woman would prob-  
ably frighten the hero of the Merrimac more  
than his reception into Santiago Harbor did.  
It comes in all the colors of the rainbow,  
with several others added, and is not so  
difficult to adjust as the Ascot, for it sim-  
ply ties once and then is crossed over like  
the Ascot and held together with a bar pin.  
Very narrow four-in-hands are also correct  
and reds, greens and blues are the favorite  
colorings.

Women are certainly queer folks when it  
comes to dress. They'll gaze at an Indian  
squaw togged out in her feathers and beads  
and other gimcracks and pity her for a  
week, and yet at the moment they consider  
it quite the thing to wear two very high and  
elaborately jewelled combs in their hair  
when it is dressed high for evening func-  
tions. Not content with this, they form an  
archway between the combs of jingling,  
jewelled ornaments and surmount the whole  
with a towering bunch of cigarettes, the  
sight of which would make the Audubon-

tes fairly weep with despair. The up-to-  
date woman also wears one earring, just  
as big and just as showy as she can possi-  
bly afford, in her left ear, and she is careful  
to arrange her hair so that it is plainly vis-  
ible.

Hosiery for autumn and winter wear is  
gayer than ever. Women who cling to  
black stockings nowadays are considered  
conservative and old-foggyish. What are  
the Rainy Daisies to do about this tad for  
festive stockings? Brilliant plaids and  
stripes that would shame a bird of paradise  
look smart enough above a low shoe and  
beneath a very long gown, but from under  
a short, rainy-day skirt they would draw a  
crowd. The very newest stockings have a  
background, with stripes running corkscrow  
fashion in the Spanish colors from instep to  
knee. Another rich design in national  
blue has zigzag perpendicular stripes  
of embroidery separated by single  
flowers embroidered. Plaids in the  
reds, browns, and golds, apparent in  
nature a little later, are also considered  
stylish. Lisle thread and silk are equally  
fashionable when it comes to material, and,  
indeed, many people have feet so tender,  
that they have to confine themselves to  
dressing them in very fine soft cotton.

A white kid hat is one of the novelties  
noted in millinery. It is of the new three-  
cornered shape and simply trimmed at the  
left side in front with a chou of some bright-  
colored ribbon and two or three long, curv-  
ed quills. Tiny bands of black velvet rib-  
bon ornament the crowns of such hats.

During the British rule of Egypt the cotton crop  
has doubled, and now amounts to over 500,000,000  
pounds a year.

**KNIVES  
FORKS &  
SPOONS**  
STAMPED  
**1847. ROGERS BBOS.**  
Genuine AND Guaranteed  
by the  
**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.**  
THE LARGEST  
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS  
IN THE  
WORLD

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Augusta, Maine.  
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FOR . . .  
GIRLS,**  
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Augusta, Maine.





**In Sunshine or in Storm**

For the house, travelling, golfing, bicycling, and all out-door sports, Priestley's rain and damp-proof Covert Suitings serve the ideal purpose of perfection in style, fit, finish, wear.

**Priestley's Covert Suitings**

Rich, firm, durable in texture—always in fashion—cravenetted.

In Greens, Fawns, Browns and Greys—and in Black and White, Brown and White, Blue and White. "Priestley" stamped on the selvedge of every fifth yard.

**Cravenetted**

Sold by Dry Goods Houses Everywhere.

**FOOLED OLD BARNUM.**

Bill Hardy's Story of How he Kept a Trout Alive With Whiskey.

'There goes a man who once fooled the late P. T. Barnum,' said a commercial traveller for a New York drug house. As he spoke a powerful built man of 70 years came in the hotel and sat down.

'Tell me about it, Bill,' said the drummer. The old man whom every one knows as old 'Bill Hardy,' began and told the following story:

'It was back in '49 that I saw that P. T. Barnum had offered \$500 for a trout that weighed five pounds or more. I made up my mind to get the money. I was fishing one day at Shin Creek, now called Lew Beach, when I caught a sandy trout. I won't tell you long it was, but it weighed 5 1/4 pounds. The question was how to get that fish down to the Crystal Palace in New York. It was before the Midland was built, and the nearest station was Coshecton, on the New York and Erie road, over forty miles. I got a pail, though, that was oblong and filled it with water. I placed the fish in it and filled it full of spring water. I managed to get to Coshecton all right, but I had a hard time on the train. I arrived in New York about 9 o'clock at night and changed the water in the pail, which was heavy, but I was strong in those days.

'I went direct to the Crystal Palace and asked for Mr. Barnum. The manager told he'd be in at 9 o'clock the next morning. I was put out at that, as the fish was getting distressed and seemed to be sick. I went to the old Bull's Head Hotel and all night I worked on the fish. The next morning he seemed better. At 9 o'clock I was waiting for Barnum. He came in and immediately began to dispute about it. 'I never made such an offer,' he said; 'and more than that, it won't weigh five pounds.' I just hauled out a wad of bills and offered to bet him \$100 it did weigh five pounds.

'Well, anyway,' said Barnum, 'you bring it around to-morrow morning, and if it is alive, I'll pay you \$125.'

'I went back to the hotel and began to think about it. The fish was dying, I thought. How could I keep it up till the next morning? It would lean over and turn over. I worked hard on that fish. I changed the water every hour and about 8 o'clock I put a pint of whiskey in the water. Well, talk about a frisky fish! He was as game as if he were only five minutes out of the B-everkill. While he was this way I took him around and Barnum grudgingly gave me the money. I called around that afternoon and found the fish was dead. Barnum told me I was a fraud. I don't know how whiskey affects fish now, but what do you say if we have some at present?'—N. Y. Sun

**The Valet Became a Prince.**

There are few, if any, stories more remarkable than that of Camillo Ventura, who a few years ago was a domestic servant, and is now the Prince of Caroviguo at the age of thirty-one. Camillo is the son of a Trieste porter, and was born in the lowest stratum of Italian life. At an early age he went into domestic service, and, gifted with a handsome exterior and engaging manners, rose to be the valet of Count Kutstein. The count's wife, by birth a Princess Odescahi, and a member of the highest Roman aristocracy, was smitten by the charms of the handsome valet, and incontinently fell in love with him. In a weak moment she made over to him 4,000,000 lire (about £160,000), the bulk of her money. The ambitious valet turned his back on the Princess and sought new fields to conquer. His ambition was to secure a title, and with his ill-acquired wealth he found the

task an easy one. A destitute Italian Prince of Caroviguo, was induced to adopt him as his son for a sum of £1,600 in cash and a pension of £8 a month. Thus the porter's son at the age of a little over thirty, had blossomed into a prince, and a recognised member of one of the noblest of Italian families. Here his good fortune seems to have deserted him for a time. By wholesale bribery he had been elected a member of the chamber of Deputies no fewer than five times, and as many times the Chamber had refused to admit him. What the future of this adventurous young man may be can scarcely be conjectured; but it is to be expected that a man who was a valet in the twenties and a prince in the thirties will ultimately reach as high a station as the late Mr. Marwood could have wished.

**Sharpshooters Worry Them.**

'There is one thing which specially frets and teases our men in the field,' said an old, experienced soldier; 'I mean the ping of the sharpshooter's bullet. It constitutes one of the uncanny elements of a war. That ounce of lead comes from a source that cannot be discovered. It may come at the most unexpected moment and it causes a nervous tension which no one can appreciate unless he has had the experience.'

'You stay-at-homes imagine that the thick of the fight is what causes solicitude, but it is not so. In the thick of the fight a soldier will be as cool as a piece of ice, and go about his duty as indifferent to danger as a machine. But when he is in camp and knows that a sharpshooter somewhere or other lies hidden in ambush and may try his skill at any moment, the soldier is naturally restless and excited. That is what our young recruits find most trying.'

**A Friend's Advice Leads to Health and Happiness.**

**Paine's Celery Compound Used by a Mother and Her Daughter.**

**RHEUMATISM, NERVOUSNESS AND KIDNEY DISEASE BANISHED.**

**A Letter That Should Inspire Hope.**

**A Guarantee of New Life to Every Sufferer.**

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.  
Dear Sirs:—I think it a duty to write to you regarding the benefits derived by my daughter and myself from use of your Paine's Celery Compound.

For years I was troubled with rheumatism and nervousness. I was treated by doctors, and tried medicine after medicine without any good results. Fortunately a friend of mine advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound. I did so, and after using four bottles I found I was stronger and better than I had been for years. My daughter was cured of kidney disease after suffering for twelve years, by using a few bottles of Paine's Celery Compound. I advise all suffering from rheumatism, nervousness and kidney troubles to give the compound a trial.

Yours sincerely,  
MRS. LOUIS LEFAVE,  
Chapleau, Ont.

**They Haunt the Forest.**

Said a keeper in a forest near London:—'The rules here are that no one may pick the flowers or uproot and take away the plants. Of course, some do; but it is not the bona fide visitors that give us the most trouble.'

'It is the personal fern and creeping-jenny and ivy gatherers that do the mischief. Whole families are thus employed in the summer time, collecting also moss, groundsel and chickweed. They work in quiet parts in the evening time, and one of their number starts at night, or in the early morning for Convent Gardens and other markets.'

'Not a few of these people sleep in the forest and attend each day at certain pre-arranged spots to hand over their spoils to those deputed to take them to town. These groundsel and chickweed gatherers by the way, complain the fewer people keep singing birds than was the case years ago.'

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine, cures coughs and colds quickly and pleasantly, 25 cents a bottle.

An Essential.  
Would-be Writer: 'What do you consider the most important qualification for a beginner in literature?'  
Old Hand: 'A small appetite.'

**Can't Sleep.**



The weary vigils of the night, anxious hours that drag like days. How often they come, and how unwelcome they are. A system robbed by sleeplessness of natural rest cannot be vigorous and strong. The nerves are at fault and must be built up. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are the remedy that cured

**MISS EMMA TEMPLE.**

HERE IS WHAT SHE SAYS:  
At last, after eight months of physical weakness and nervous prostration, caused by over exertion and want of rest, during which time I suffered greatly on account of the shattered condition of my nerves, and for which I was unable to find any relief. I have found a medicine (Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills) that in three months made my nerves strong, removed all nervous troubles, built up my physical system and made me strong and well. They removed despondency, and in consequence of taking your valuable Pills I look forward to the future hopefully. I have to thank your great cure for nervousness and bodily weakness for my present good health and strength.

Yours truly,  
Signed, EMMA TEMPLE, Hastings, Ont.  
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.

**CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT**

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Eczema, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally.  
Large Pots, 1s 1/4d. each. 4s Chemists, etc. with Instructions.  
Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.  
F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester.

**CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS**

Their Indifference to Suffering—Their Business Honesty.

The Chinaman is not wantonly cruel, but he is marvelously indifferent to the sufferings of others, says the Contemporary Review. The cook will cover a rat with kerosene and set it alight, not to enjoy its sufferings, but because he believes its screams will scare its fellows away. A magistrate will fan himself gently on the execution ground on which a yelling malefactor is being gradually cut to pieces, not because he enjoys the spectacle, but because it is all part of his day's work. A crowd of spectators will watch a child drown because it is no one's special business to save it, and because to interfere in what does not concern you may give rise to trouble. From what has already been said as to the keen interest taken by the Chinese in money matters it may be surmised that they should be par excellence, a 'nation of shopkeepers.' And so they are. To their credit be it said that they have thoroughly realized that bargains are binding. The tea merchant may endeavor in every way to get the better of his European confrere, but, once the mystic words 'putte book'—that is, enter it in writing—have been uttered, the latter may rely on the transaction being faithfully carried through. This comparatively high standard of commercial morality naturally results in an elaborate system of credit, greatly to the advantage of both contracting parties, and, though the 'squeeze,' or perquisite, enters into every arrangement, it is not sufficient to stop the wheels of commerce, though undoubtedly it frequently clogs them. To go back on your word in a business transaction, or to fail to meet your liabilities, causes a Chinaman to 'lose face,' and this is to him unbearable. The sacrifices which he will make on the approach of his new year to enable him to avoid being posted as insolvent are as extraordinary as they are admirable. Nor would it be right to omit all reference to the fact that their justice they frequently add generosity. I well remember a case in which an American, who has failed after years of labor, was supported during the remainder of his life by his 'compradore,' as the native employed by European firms in their dealings with Chinese is termed.

**Our Little Friend Once More.**

'I say pa,' began little Clarence Callipers with the rising inflection of one who earnestly desires to acquire important information, 'what—'

'Oh, I don't know,' replied his long suffering sire, wearily.

'You don't know what, pa?'

'I don't know the answer to the question you are about to ask.'

'Why you don't know what I am going to ask, do you, pa?'

'No, of course not!'

'Then, if you do not know the question, how do you know you don't know the answer to it, pa?'

'Because I know I don't know! I don't know why it is the more a man gets the more he wants and the more he wants the less he usually gets, nor why so many men with big heads wear such small hats, nor why two-faced men are so common and two-headed girls are so scarce, nor why the average girl is so ready to trust her heart with a young man whom no self-respecting butcher would trust with a pound of liver.'

'Understand?'

'Yes. But the question I want to ask isn't foolish, pa.'

'H'm! If it isn't foolish, you may go ahead and ask it. But remember, just one question, and no more.'

'Well, pa, there are two of 'em that I want to ask. One is, which is the smartest; the man who knows enough to know that he don't know much, or the man who knows enough to look as if he knew everything?'

'The other is if the end of the world was to come and the earth be destroyed while a man was up in a balloon, where would he land when he came down? And pa I don't know which one of them to ask.'

**Tons Lifted in A Day.**

The man who is content with a modest average of six miles' walking a day, scarcely realizes that every twelve years he walks a distance sufficient to girdle the earth at the Equator. Starting as this simple calculation is, he may be excused a feeling of incredulity when he learns that in walking this distance he has expended sufficient energy to raise our thirty-eight first-class battleships a foot high. It is calculated that in walking an average mile a man uses sufficient energy to raise 17 1/2 tons to the height of a foot, or conversely a ton (of coals, say) to three times his own height. The mere thought of such a feat is sufficient to deter a man from faking the most modest constitutional. Thus every year the man who walks six miles a day does sufficient work to raise a ton weight to a height equal roughly to one and a half times that of Mont Blanc; or to raise all the gold current throughout the world a foot higher than his own head. A tramp of eighteen miles a day involves as much exertion as the day's work of an ordinary labourer; and the young athlete who lightly under-

takes a holiday walk of forty miles expends more energy on it than two hard working navvies put into a day's labour.



She is sure of its merits and knows that the can bearing the seal of the famous coffee and tea importers,

**Chase & Sanborn,** contains the purest, best, and most delicious coffee that expert buyers can procure.

She also knows that this coffee comes to her in all its original freshness and strength, because leading grocers sell

**Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Java and Mocha,** in one and two pound cans.

**Kidney Trouble FOR YEARS.**

Nothing did Mr. R. E. Pitt any good until he got **Doan's Kidney Pills.**

Throughout the County of Leeds and the Town of Brockville there is no medicine spoken so highly of for all kinds of Kidney Diseases as Doan's Kidney Pills. As Canada's pioneer kidney pill, introduced by Mr. James Doan, of Kingsville, Ont., in 1885, they stand to-day far superior to all the imitations and substitutes that have been offered the public in their stead. Mr. R. E. Pitt, the well-known contractor and builder, voices these sentiments when he says, 'I have had kidney trouble for years. I had tried numerous remedies without much relief, and had given up my back as gone for good, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills the result has been marvellous! The pain is all gone. I feel like a new man, and can highly testify to the virtues of Doan's Kidney Pills.'

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



**D & A CORSETS**

are made in great variety of styles. Whether tall, slim, stout or short, you can get a D & A that will fit you comfortably, and at the same time add a little to the natural grace of the figure.

**D & A CORSETS WEAR as well as they fit.**

Sold by most dry goods houses.

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Cures Sick Headache

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Purifies the Blood

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Cures Indigestion

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
The Ladies' Friend

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Cures Dyspepsia

**HERP'NE BITTERS**  
For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to



A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

There was a smile on his lips; but, oh! the earnestness that shone in his eyes, as he repeated the question?— "Why? My darling, I think you know. It is because I love you. Ah my heart's desire, some day I hope to teach you to understand, and to return my love."

Her beautiful face wore a look of something almost approaching awe, as she gazed at him. It was as though she was wondering—wondering how it was that this mighty passion, which could so stir him, evoked no answering emotion in her heart.

He caught her look, seemed partly to understand it, and with a sudden impulse, clasped her in his arms, for they had both risen to their feet by this. His dark head needed to be bowed ever so slightly for his cheek to be pressed to hers as he was so little taller than she.

"My heart's beloved! my soul's darling! be unmurdered, and his musical voice was stirred by the depth of his emotion. "I ask no more of Heaven, now it has given me you?"

But even while she listened to his breathings of love, there still remained on her face that look which spoke of deep and serious thought. She still seemed to be wrestling with all the strength of her intellect, with difficulties which kept rising before her mind.

soften; but the moment passed, and she murmured sternly, fiercely even— "No! I will not spare. Water shall come from fire rather than that Margaret, the gipsy, should show mercy to one of that hated race."

By this time Lillian had reached the gates. She crossed the road, and entered Madge's garden. The old woman had retired inside her cottage, and appeared as though she did not see her until she stood before the open door.

A moment she paused there—hesitant, uncertain. Madge told her arms, and gazed at her with a gleam of bitter mockery in her dark eye.

"And so you have come?" she said, disdainfully. "I have been expecting you." "May I come in?" said Lillian. She was white to the lips, and a tremor shook her as she noted the bitterness in the old woman's look and tone.

"Ay, come in, if it pleases you," said Madge, with a sarcastic pretence of deference. She flung the door open wider as she spoke, and motioned Lillian to enter.

had taken him to the other end of the room. "Is she?" He darted to the window, made sure the approaching figure was really that of his love, then hurried from the room; and a moment or two later, his aunt saw him go down the steps in front of the house.

"Dear boy! how impetuous he is! How impulsive and eager!" she thought. "He always was, from quite a child; and I suppose he always will be. I shall really be glad when this marriage is over."

"He is almost like a woman in his delicate sensitiveness and susceptibility. I don't think this excitement can be good for him. Yes; I shall be glad when it is over. He loves her so intensely, I am certain he could never have been happy without her."

"She will make him happy; but after he had once seen her, it was useless to hope any other woman could." By this time it was seen that Lady Ruth was, by this time, resigned to her nephew's choice.

For one thing, she herself was greatly attached to Lillian; and, although she did occasionally heave a gentle sigh even now, as she thought of the wealth and fortune to which Sir Gerald might have aspired, yet, on the whole, she was content.

She had had a little romance of her own in bygone years; and, like all good women, she favoured 'a love match' in her secret heart. Sir Gerald, meanwhile, had crossed the lawn with eager steps, to meet Lillian.

be thus unostentatious, and Sir Gerald had acquiesced, willing, above all things, to please her, and only too happy when she expressed a wish that he could gratify.

A very few minutes, and the ring was placed upon her finger; and the rector's voice solemnly pronounced them to be man and wife.

The prayers and psalms followed, with the concluding instruction, and then they moved towards the vestry to sign the register. The bride was still very pale, but she signed her name without a tremor, and her smile was all sweetness, as she turned to receive her husband's kiss.

She clung to him a little, as though she found it pleasant to lean on his strong, protecting arm. As they passed down the church to the carriage, Sir Gerald cast a swift keen glance around.

He was curious to know whether Madge was among the few villagers present. He felt relieved to find she was not. It was a proof she took no very deep interest in the wedding.

At any rate, so he thought. Moreover, the memory of that ancient prophecy of hers made him feel, in some subtle fashion, as though her presence would have been like to work him ill.

Her cheeks were faintly flushed, her eyes softly shining; her lovely golden hair was dressed in a fashion which became her queen-like beauty well.

Sir Gerald, pacing up and down the gravel-path in front of the open window, in a dream of happiness, saw her enter the boudoir, and, with all the eagerness of a lover, went in to meet her.

"Shall we have tea now dearest? Are you ready?" "If you are, Gerald." He touched the bell, and ordered tea to be brought in.

It was quickly forthcoming. The table was spread with richly-chased silver and delicate china. Lillian herself made the tea, and the attendance of servants was dispensed with.

Sir Gerald, his handsome head resting on the cushions of an easy chair, watched her every moment with a tender smile. How sweet it was to be alone with her he thought—to know that henceforth they two would be all-in-all to each other—that the sweet communion, which only married life can give, was theirs.

How it thrilled him to see her perform her wifely duties—to watch the dainty white fingers hover about the tea equipage. She wore no ring save the plain gold circlet which betokened her a wife.

CHAPTER XXIII. WITH MADGE. That same evening, a little before sunset, Lillian left the Court; and, taking the carriage-drive, arrived soon at the lodge gates, opposite which stood Madge's white-washed cottage, its garden and windows just now a mass of scarlet geraniums.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE MARRIAGE. "Dear beloved, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

The white-haired old rector of Upton church pronounced the solemn exhortation in a slow, serious voice, as he stood against the altar rails, with Sir Gerald Vere and Lillian Delisle in front of him.

The congregation, to whom the words were addressed, was not a very large one. No guests had been bidden, and the village folk, knowing it was Sir Gerald's wish that the marriage should be private, had, for the most part, bridled their natural curiosity, and stayed quietly at home, instead of coming to witness the ceremony.

Only a few of the bolder sort had ventured to the church. Certainly it was as little like a fashionable wedding as could be—no bridesmaids, no guests, no wedding-garments, no children, to scatter flowers at the feet of the bride.

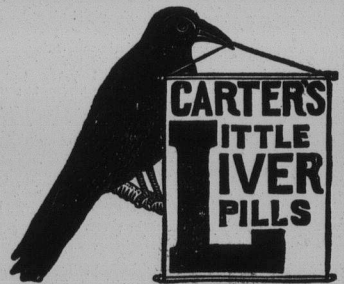
She leaned against the side of the porch and seemed to be darkly musing. None who saw her thus could doubt her mind was travelling over bygone years.

Lillian had driven quietly down to the church with Lady Ruth, where Sir Gerald, attended by Morewood, awaited her; and, after the ceremony, she and her new-made husband, were to drive at once to The Dower House, five miles away.

They were not to return to the Court at all. Lillian had pleaded for the ceremony to be thus unostentatious, and Sir Gerald had acquiesced, willing, above all things, to please her, and only too happy when she expressed a wish that he could gratify.

At any rate, so he thought. Moreover, the memory of that ancient prophecy of hers made him feel, in some subtle fashion, as though her presence would have been like to work him ill.

How it thrilled him to see her perform her wifely duties—to watch the dainty white fingers hover about the tea equipage. She wore no ring save the plain gold circlet which betokened her a wife.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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

HOW TO COOK A SHOE. Apply any ordinary shoe-dressing, once or twice a week, for a short time. When the Shoe Cracks, It's Done. N.B.—Avoid PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION ... Leather Dressing IT WON'T COOK. 25 cents at all shoe stores. PACKARD makes it. PACKARD OF MONTREAL. L. M. PACKARD & CO.



The Lost Bracelet.

'We detectives see some queer things,' said John Jones, an old man who had spent his life on the secret police; 'but our life is not altogether free from romance; and as I have nothing to do at present, I will relate a circumstance that occurred to me professionally: 'Immediately after the war it was no small job to reopen the post-offices in the different Southern states, and in spite of the regulations of the postoffice department, and the vigilance of the detective force, the amount of mail matter lost was truly astonishing—not only letters, money and jewelry were mislaid or stolen, but whole bags of mail were carried off at a time, and in many instances so slyly that the thief was never detected. 'At that time I was in the secret service of the postoffice department, and was stationed in the South. I was kept more or less busy, but had nothing of importance to see after. Most of my work consisted in finding mail bags that had been mislaid on account of the ignorance or carelessness of the mail agent. 'I had grown somewhat tired of the monotony, when one day I received a letter from the department at Washington to report at one of the largest Southern cities. 'Next day I was at the postoffice there, long before the regular time of opening; and, while waiting, I noticed a young man about twenty five, with a sandy moustache, walking up and down the street, and looking anxiously at the closed door of the postoffice. I watched him some time as he passed me in his hasty walk to and fro. At last he stopped in front of me, and asked in an angry voice: 'Are you connected with the postoffice?' 'I answered in the affirmative, and was about to explain I was not the postmaster, when he interrupted me. 'Will you open this concern today or not, is what I want to know?' 'I knew by his voice he was from the Eastern states, and having traveled considerably through the Eastern and Middle states, I asked him: 'From New England, sir?' 'He looked at me a moment; his eyes flashed, his cheeks turned red with anger. In fact, I never saw a man so angry from so slight a cause. 'It makes no difference where I am from,' he at last said, 'I want to know when this swindling concern will open, at the same time nodding his head in the direction of the office. 'I forgot my reply, but it was not calculated to continue an unpleasant conversation, and I could not help smiling when he, scarcely able to contain his rage, walked off. 'When the office was open I reported to the postmaster, and, after we had retired to his private office, he said, as he pointed to the man whom I had met in the street: 'Mr. Jones, Mr. Levy here has lost a diamond bracelet. It was mailed in Virginia, and directed to New Orleans, but it has never reached its destination. I have done all I can do in this matter and now turn the case over to you with all the facts in my possession. 'The knowledge received was of no practical use. Several mail agents had been suspected between the point of mailing and New Orleans. 'Will you please describe the bracelet?' I asked Mr. Levy. 'Yes, sir,' he answered, as he showed me the mite of the one which was lost. It was like this he said, 'with the word 'Mary' engraved on the inside. 'It was the most beautiful bracelet I had ever seen. It was a perfect gem; and, as I held it in my hand, I could not refrain from asking: 'Why did you send such a valuable piece of jewelry by mail?' 'It was the mistake of a friend,' he answered. 'I directed it to be sent by express, but he, thinking it safer by registered letter, sent it, and you already know the result. 'He then broke out in a fit of rage, and heaped abuse upon every one connected with the department. 'I did not blame him so much then as I did when I first met him in the street. 'After learning all I could of the case, and promising to telegraph to Mr. Levy if I found the bracelet, I started on the mail. It seemed almost hopeless. I traced it as far South as Charlotte, North Carolina, but there all traces ceased. The distance between Charlotte and New Orleans was very great, and any of the mail agents and postmasters along the line could have taken it. It was my first job of importance in the South, and I was determined to find it if it possibly could be found. 'I examined the receipts of the South Carolina agent. The bracelet had been signed for by a young unmarried man, who shortly after died, and it was impossible to find his books. 'After remaining some time in Charlotte, I went to the other end of the road, and examined the books of the connecting agents; but no clue could be found. All agreed that it had been stolen by the agent who had died, and I was advised by my superior officers to relinquish the search; but, being anxious to continue it, I was allowed one month more. 'There are several junctions on the road, and some offices where mail is given out in bags and marked for small country towns and villages. I had hoped that, on account of the amount of mail which at that time passed through the hands of the agents, it had been overlooked, and had found its way into the country. 'I had but one week longer in which to continue my search, when after examining all the prominent offices along the road, I alighted from the train at a station, enroute for a small office twelve miles in the inter-

ior. The mail to it—a weekly one—was sent directly by the mail agent. 'I hired a saddle horse, and amused myself with the stories of the mail carrier, a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age. 'Toward noon, I arrived at a small country inn, and, after a hasty dinner, continued on my journey to the postoffice, a mile and a half further on. 'It was a beautiful day. The country was bordered in all the beauty of summer. The tall maples, the pines, through which my road lay, waved their heads to and fro, and their heavy sighs brought to mind the days of Marion, whose bravery has added poetry to almost every forest in South Carolina. 'I was absorbed in thought, when suddenly the forest ceased, and the road ran down a long hot lane, at the bottom of which was a large white house, the residence of the postmaster. 'I rode along slowly, admiring the house as I did so. It looked cool and inviting, and it was surrounded by mock oranges, while here and there a tall pine waved its head above the surroundings, and seemed proud of the ivy that clustered around its trunk. 'I dismounted at the gate, and passed up the flower garden. A lady's hat, some small garden tools and a book were thrown carelessly beneath the shade of a tree, as if some girl, weary of her work of play and reading, had left them to enjoy a walk among the beautiful shrubbery. 'As I ascended the steps, I turned to enjoy the beauty that surrounded me, now made more grand by the voice of the happiest of all songsters, the mocking bird. It seemed a dream—a something too beautiful and calm to be true—a paradise—and I could not refrain from asking myself, as I knocked at the door of this fairy abode, if I were not a serpent come to destroy all its pleasure and beauty. 'My summons was answered by a man, who asked if I wished to see Miss Mary. 'I answered I had come to enquire for a letter. 'He summoned Miss Mary, and, as I afterward learned, her father had allowed the office to be at his house, to show off his beautiful daughter; and she was a really beautiful girl of eighteen, and even now I can see the happy smile with which she greeted me. 'Please, ma'am, I asked, 'is there a letter here for John Jones?' 'I used my own name, as I knew she had never heard of me, and I felt for once as if my occupation was a mean one. 'Jones?' she repeated, as she looked over a dozen letters she took from a small walnut box lying on a table in the parlor. 'Jones? No sir; there is none for you. There are some for Squire Jones' family, she added with a smile, as she held up a letter directed 'Miss Fannie Jones.' 'She will be glad to receive it?' I said after reading the address. 'Yes I know she will. I know who it is from and am going to take it to her myself this afternoon. You don't her, do you?' 'No ma'am,' I answered. I am a stranger here. 'I thought so. In fact I knew it. Come to buy cotton, I suppose?' 'I came near being thrown off my guard. After some hesitation I answered: 'I have come in search of gold.' 'Then you ought to see Squire Jones; there is gold on his place, they say.' 'I am going over there this afternoon. I will show you the way,' she answered, innocently. 'And, before I had time to prevent, her light footsteps could be heard ascending the stairs. In a few moments she returned talking and playing with her father, with all the freedom of a spoiled child. 'After talking with the colonel, her father, for an hour or so about the change the country had undergone by the war, he gave his consent for me to accompany his daughter to neighbor Jones'. 'She retired, and in a few moments returned dressed for a ride. I will not attempt to describe her beauty; she was the most lovely woman I ever saw. 'I am ready now, sir,' she said, as she tapped her riding-dress coquettishly with her whip. 'Now, pa, a good bye kiss.' 'She put her arm around her father's neck. Oh, what a lovely hand! But—but—' 'But what?' we asked. 'On the arm was the bracelet I sought. 'I felt sorry I had found it. Why did I not relinquish the search, as my superior officer had advised me to do? I felt miserable. A woman, fair and beautiful, dressed to accompany me on a ride, now rested on her father's neck, the very picture of happiness and contentment. 'Should I pretend not to notice the bracelet, and never tell her crime? Duty bade me to do otherwise. I first thought of arresting her then and there, but on second thought I concluded not to notice the bracelet, and telegraph the next day for Mr. Levy. 'I assisted her to mount her horse, and, as we cantered through the shady woods and her merry voice rang out, I felt the meanest of human beings. She spent a pleasant evening; I, the most miserable imaginable. 'The next day I telegraphed for Mr. Levy, and, although I refused on every possible plea but the right one, I was compelled to accept the colonel's hospitable invitation to dine with him. 'I will pass over a week of mental torture, during which time I was the recipient of many kindnesses from the colonel, when, to my relief, Levy arrived at the inn, and, as usual, raging and swearing what he would do. 'I cannot describe my disgust for the man, nor my feeling when I mounted my horse to accompany him to the postoffice. I made him promise he would say nothing if he saw his lost property, and told him I would arrest the person upon whom it might be found when I saw it. This I intended to do in the most delicate manner possible, and that he should not have the satisfaction of seeing it.

'We arrived at the house, and were welcomed by the colonel, who introduced his daughter to Mr. Levy. 'This is the person who has the bracelet,' the lady whispered. 'He looked at me in astonishment, and then turned to the beautiful girl before him. 'Don't—don't,' he whispered. 'I am willing to lose it.' 'On our way back, I saw he loved her as much as I did, and it raised him much in my estimation. He visited her the next day, and went to the Jones'. When I left there, he was enjoying the company of his new-made acquaintance. In a month I received a letter from him, in which he said: 'I have captured the prisoner? 'And so he had. They were engaged, and, before the year was over, married. 'The bracelet had been sent there by mistake of the agent, and on account of the rough carriage it had received over twelve miles of country road on horseback the pasteboard box containing it was broken. When she opened the mail bag it rolled out. Seeing it was marked 'Mary,' she thought it intended for herself. The broken paper box must have escaped notice for it was never found. She thought a present from an unknown friend. She wears both bracelets now.—Saturday Night.

DECEASED TO DEATH.

Invidious to the Last Degree—Kindly Troubles—Lethal Work Have—South American Kidney Cure a Poet Best. This captain could be truthfully written on many a burial certificate, and in numbers that would appall. Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel and stone in the bladder, inflammation of the bladder, dropsy, any or all may be induced by causes least suspected, perhaps the least thought of, and yet most dangerous is the back ache symptom. Don't dally with kidney pains. South American Kidney Cure is a quick reliever, and a powerful healer.—Cleanses and cures.

What Blind Men Can Do.

One is sometimes almost inclined to doubt if seeing is, after all, so necessary a sense as it seems to us who enjoy it. Blind people can, if they will, do as many things which we are apt to regard as reserved for men and women with eyes. One of these is a blind gentleman of Paris, who has taken to riding the bicycle. He does not indeed attempt to ride entirely alone, but is accompanied by a friend, who touches him on his wheel from time to time in a way as to assure him that his way is clear in one's way, and that his way is clear. Other blind persons have done things as remarkable as this. M. E. G. Guilbeau, a blind man who founded a museum for the blind, was able to ride a horse, swim in the river, go about alone through the streets of Paris, and even to explore without a guide through the precipitous mountain region about Cauntere, in the Pyrenees. He also wrote and published two volumes of poetry—not so remarkable an achievement for a blind person, since poetry and blindness are often found in company. A still more remarkable blind man was Vidal, the sculptor, who indeed learned his art while seeing and lost his sight at the age of twenty-eight. He was not discouraged by this calamity, but became a sculptor of animals. He was so proud of his triumph over his misfortune that he signed all his works 'Vidal aveugle'—Vidal the blind man.

Fences should not be allowed to go unpainted. They cost money, and should be preserved. You don't need as expensive paint as would be put on your house. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CREOSOTE PAINT is suited to that purpose. Choice colors and ready to use. Also for barns, roofs, etc., where a good paint protection is wanted, and at moderate expense. 'Creosote' is a disinfectant and prevents decay. Ask your dealer for it. A booklet about paint free. Send for it. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, 200 Canal Street, Cleveland, Ohio. 207 Washington Street, New York, 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

MARRIED. St. John, Sep. 6, L. J. Walker to Miss Alberta K. Hanson. Coligny, N. W. T., Aug. 16, R. S. Chipman to Isabelle Haste. Halifax, Sept. 12, by Rev. W. Ainsley, John Ross to Janet M. Hubley. Truro, Sept. 8, by Rev. J. Sinclair, George J. Hunt to Emma G. Wilson. Pictou, Sept. 8, by Rev. W. D. Moss, Wm. Ballie to Jennie C. Macfarland. Springhill, Sept. 3, by Rev. John Gee, John Letcher to Jessie J. Zolten. Halifax, Sept. 14, by Rev. F. H. Almon, Eunice Tanner to Alex. Anderson. Amherst, Sept. 9, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Harvey Howard to Mary G. Wylie. Hopewell, Aug. 31, by Rev. A. McLean, Alex. J. Uiquart to Lillian McLeod. Grove Hill, Sept. 6, by Rev. A. Robertson, Jessie McDonald to Ella J. Eason. Windsor, Aug. 29, by Rev. Henry Dickie, George McNeil to Lillian M. Hamm. Windsor, Sept. 8, by Rev. J. A. Mather, James McDonald to Ella J. Eason. Conard Court, Sept. 2, by Rev. J. L. Fish, George E. Longard to Kate E. Fader. Dartmouth, Sept. 4, by Rev. Fred Wilkinson, Ralph Schaeffer to Edna Hines. Upper Stewiacke, Sept. 7, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Frederick Carter to Alice Stewart. Lawrenceville, Sept. 14, by Rev. Lewis Wallace, McQuodoch, Sept. 7, by Rev. Edwin Smith, Matthew H. Gould to Emma Gould. Boston, Aug. 17, by Rev. P. B. Davis, George B. McDonald to Laura M. Hobson. Paradise, Sept. 7, by Rev. J. E. Eaton, Maynard McKenzie to Myrtle Jane Whitman. Contrivance, Sept. 7, by Rev. G. J. Canlier White, Frank Deas Sizer to Minnie Clyde. Digby, Sept. 7, by Rev. Byron R. Thomas, Wm. O'Connor to Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins. Lawrenceville, Sept. 14, by Rev. Lewis Wallace, Ady G. Nichols to Gertrude Daniels. Weymouth, Sept. 15, by Rev. Geo. Harris, Walter McCormick to Louis Gertrude Ellard. Canso, Sept. 14, by Rev. E. M. Leigh, Frederick John DeMont to Mary Gertrude Brise. West Pictou, Sept. 7, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, Isaac P. Richardson to Marguerite Shand. Batford, N. W. T., Aug. 28, by Rev. John A. F. Sutherland, J. Allison Fraser to Esther Cook. DIED. Halifax, Sept. 15, Mattie Ryan. Guysboro, Sept. 4, Effie Cook, 13. Bridgeport, Henry Bennett, 65. Newport, Sept. 12, Annie Dill, 46. Halifax, Maria McArthur, 8 mos. Truro, Sept. 12, Janet McNeill, 79. Halifax, Sept. 13, Julia Evans, 65. Halifax, Sept. 13, Thos. Harvey, 41. East Noel, Sept. 8, Gladys Hines 3. Hants, Sept. 6, Hugh MacDonald, 84. Halifax, Sept. 14, William Gifford 82. Halifax, Sept. 14, James W. Gillson 24. Halifax, Sept. 14, Susan Ann Payne, 66. Halifax, Sept. 10, John W. Gultam, 42. Sherbrooke, Sept. 6, A. F. Flocour, 62. Waterford, Aug. 26, J. Byron Lewis, 13. Marshalltown, July 23, John Ground 60. Greywood, Sept. 1, Hugh McDowell 88. Halifax, Sept. 15, Berri Murphy 3 1/2 mos. Seaview, Sept. 3, Mrs. Mary H. Wood 72. Marshalltown, Sept. 18, Giddy Graham 41. Halifax, Sept. 14, Henry Blaxebrough, 68. Springhill, Sept. 7, Andrew F. Brown, 59. Portuguese Cove, Sept. 15, B. J. Bark, 43. Scotch Village, Aug. 15, Sarah Cochran 76. Springhill, Sept. 8, Eleanor A. Coen 7 mos. Monroville, Sept. 7, Samuel Westworth 77. Cambridge, Aug. 26, John D. Coelmas, 84. Boston, Sept. 10, Anna Florence McLeod, 26. Pictou, Sept. 4, Aileen Leslie Fraser, 8 mos. Cumberland, Sept. 1, Thomas W. Colburn 35. Springhill, Sept. 7, Elizabeth Whalen, 8 mos. Middle Sackville, Sept. 10, Rev. John Ambrose. Greenwich, Aug. 27, Viola May Robinson 7 mos. 8 sams Mill Village, Sept. 11, Hugh Patterson 76. Colchester Co., Sept. 2, Mrs. Hugh Ferguson 75. South Mastland, Sept. 8, Ellen MacDonald Dow 76. Truro, Sept. 6, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Burrows. Subeunachie, Sept. 4, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Cameron. Brule, Aug. 24, Ellen Elizabeth; also Aug. 26, Grace twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Langille. RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Fall Excursion. —TO— Portland and Return \$8.50. Boston and Return \$10.50. Tickets on sale at St. John N. B. On Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, good for return within 30 days from date sold. Further particulars of C. P. R. Ticket Agents. A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

STEAMBOATS. Star Line Steamers -FOR- Fredericton. (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston. Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton; and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John. Star, Gillette will leave Indian town for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 6 o'clock. Saturday's steamer will leave at 6 o'clock. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager. Steamer Clifton. On and after July 14. Leave Hampton for Indian town, Monday at 8 30 a. m., Tuesday at 3 30 p. m., Wednesday at 2 00 p. m., Thursday at 3 30 p. m., Saturday at 5 30 a. m. Leave Indian town for Hampton, Tuesday at 9 00 a. m., Wednesday at 8 00 a. m., Thursday at 8 00 a. m., Saturday at 4 00 a. m. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager. RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE. Leave St. John at 7:15 a. m., arrive Digby 10:15 a. m. Leave Digby at 1:45 p. m., arrive St. John, 4:30 p. m. EXPRESS TRAINS. Daily (Sunday excepted). Leave Halifax 6:30 a. m., arrive Digby 12:28 p. m. Leave Digby 12:40 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 2:15 p. m. Leave Halifax 8:45 a. m., arrive Digby 1:35 p. m. Leave Digby 1:45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3:45 p. m. Leave Yarmouth 6:00 a. m., arrive Digby 11:45 a. m. Leave Digby 11:55 a. m., arrive Halifax 5:45 p. m. Leave Yarmouth 8:30 a. m., arrive Digby 10:25 a. m. Leave Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arrive Digby 8:30 a. m. Leave Digby 8:30 p. m., arrive Annapolis 4:50 p. m. Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying S service express trains between Halifax and Annapolis. S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and safest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Thursday. Immediately on arrival of the Express Train, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Friday and Wednesday at 4:00 p. m. Uniquely fitted cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace (Express) Trains. S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrboro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at one wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamers, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFKINS, Superintendant.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898 daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Hampton..... 5.3 Express for Campbellton, Peggibush, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.0 Express for Halifax..... 7.0 Express for Sussex..... 10.4 Express for Hampton..... 11.0 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 11.50 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 12.25 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:30 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Hampton..... 7.15 Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Moncton..... 11.00 Express from Hampton..... 11.00 Express from Montreal..... 11.50 Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted..... 12.25 Accommodation from Pt. de Chenes and Moncton..... 11.25 All trains arrive by Eastern Standard Time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

THEY STAND ROUGH USAGE WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN. Waterville, Sept. 9, to Mr. S. Taylor, a son. Windsor, Sept. 4, to the wife of Dr. Black, a son. Windsor, Sept. 8, to the wife of Frank Warr, a son. Wolfville, Aug. 31, to the wife of Mr. R. Reid, a son. Springhill, Sept. 12, to the wife of Samuel Reed, a son. Somersville, Sept. 8, to the wife of Owen Condon, a son. Halifax, Sept. 15, to the wife of W. McCurdy, a son. Halifax, Sept. 14, to the wife of Mr. F. Young, a son. Springhill, Sept. 11, to the wife of Frank McNeil, a son. Shubenacadie, Sept. 4, to the wife of Mr. Cameron, a son. Bridgewater, Sept. 2, to the wife of Charles Walker, a son. Lunenburg, Sept. 3, to the wife of Nathan Dickie, a son. Milford, Sept. 8, to the wife of E. M. Pooley, a daughter. Spe Springs, Sept. 19, to the wife of T. Marshall, a daughter. Falmouth, Aug. 27, to the wife of Edward Lunn, a daughter. Brule, Aug. 26, to the wife of George McLanders, a daughter. Bridgewater, Sept. 12, to the wife of Stephen Conrad, a son. Ashford, Aug. 28, to the wife of Frank Cox, a daughter. South Williamson, Sept. 7, to the wife of T. Bishop, a daughter. Westworth, Sept. 4, to the wife of Delbert Robertson, a son. Highgate Village, Sept. 7, to the wife of Amos Goodwin, a son. Conquerall Bank, Sept. 9, to the wife of John Sutherland, a daughter.