

IN ENGLANDS CAPITAL.

EVERY ONE JUBILEE MAD IN THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS.

Four Thousand Invitations Issued for a State Ball—Christening a Royal Baby—An Elizabethan Quadrille—Queen Wilhelmina's Marriage.

LONDON June 16.—When you read this London will have returned again to its senses; at present it has gone stark mad—"Jubilee" on the brain. No doubt if, according to the Queen's proverbial luck, the weather on the great day is propitious, the scene will be magnificent, but the sight of our best streets and our finest buildings covered with rough wooden scaffoldings, not even yet upholed, the air filled with fine sawdust, distressing to eyes and nostrils, the streets teeming with trippers, provincials and Eastenders, with their unsavory offspring, blocking all progress while they gapingly watch the various preparations—all this is horrible, and had I not been so fortunate through the kindness of an officer in the Queen's body guard as to have one of the seats reserved for the members of the household in the Forecourt of Buckingham Palace, I should have fled to some rural retreat until London was again inhabitable.

Her Majesty has commissioned Mr. Orchardson to paint a Jubilee memorial picture, representing four generations of the royal family—her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and Prince Edward of York. When this picture is finished it will be hung in the corridor at Windsor Castle.

The Queen will come up from Windsor Castle on the afternoon of Monday, the 28th, in order to attend the garden party at Buckingham Palace, arriving there about 5 o'clock. Her Majesty will drive by special train from Windsor to the Addison Road Station, and will drive through High street Kensington, and past the Albert Memorial to Hyde Park, proceeding to Buckingham Palace by Constitution Hill. The Queen is to sit in a tent in the grounds of the Palace for about an hour, after which she will return to Windsor, starting from Paddington Station.

On Saturday morning I witnessed a very pretty and picturesque scene at the Duke of York Military School, when the old colors presented by George IV seventy years ago were replaced by new ones, the Duchess of York performing the ceremony of presentation. The morning proved one of the hottest of the year, and most of us were glad to retreat to the shade of the fine trees that skirt the parade ground; but the royalties, who arrived soon after noon, stood all through the ceremony in the full blaze of the sun, surrounded by a number of notabilities, both civil and military. The Duchess herself was looking particularly well in flowered muslin, the bodice adorned with pale blue, and the same color appeared in a straw toque trimmed with roses. Close by stood Lady Eva Dugdale, as well as the Duke of York and the Duke of Cambridge, hale as ever, though evidently oppressed with the heat. Lord and Lady Cadogan were also to be seen, as well as a number of distinguished soldiers, besides the Bishop of London in all the glories of a gold pectoral cross and chain. But this collection of notabilities was quite thrown into the shade by the presence of our distinguished Indian guests whose adornments (and jewels especially) evoked admiration not untempered with envy. One gentleman arrayed in a quilted pink silk bedgown and a bright yellow turban seemed ever present to one's gaze, while another wore a green headdress literally blazing with gems.

A great many people stayed in London over Whitnuntide, and many only went away for Sunday and Monday, but the Park was very full on Sunday in spite of the absentees, and during the week one saw a good many people driving about.

There is not much fresh news of the fancy dress ball at Devonshire House, except that I hear some of the principal dressmakers who are making the costumes will take no orders at any price. Lady Rodney has, I understand, got a group of Knights and Ladies of the Round Table, Lord and Lady Ashburton and Lord and Lady Amphill, among others, are going to appear in it. And the duchess of Roxburgh is arranging a procession of young girls to wear white dresses and have their heads dressed like Cosways. It sounds pretty, only they are to have no partners in their procession. The real truth is that the young men who are invited will, with very few exceptions, stay away, as they cannot afford the expense of a costume; it seems such a pity uniform was forbidden.

Lady Tweedmouth is arranging an Elizabethan quadrille, which will be very magnificent from what I hear.

The inspection of the colonial troops at Chelsea Barracks on Friday was really interesting, and they are a very fine body of

men, the Australian cavalry being great, tall, well-made fellows. The cut of their uniforms is very smart. I don't think any men are finer than the Sikh troops, and the Indian officers, who were to pay their respects to the Duke of Connaught in the royal tent, were gorgeously picturesque.

The guards had asked a great many friends, so that the whole affair partook of an afternoon party, and the light dresses and bright parasols of the ladies under an almost tropical sun made it a very pretty sight. Lady Grenfell was there with her pretty niece and looked very well in a lilac muslin dress. Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord Knutsford, Sir Donald and Lady Stewart were there, and Lady Stratheden, Miss Pakenham and a great many more.

Friday night was a busy one. There were three balls—Mrs. Portal's, Mrs. Forester's, and Mrs. Flower's—and I am told Mrs. Portal's was very good, and Mrs. Forester's good also, but very crowded.

Among the many jubilee visitors to London, perhaps the most interesting in many respects is Sir Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy, Bart. C. S. I., the head of the Parsee community. He is the worthy inheritor of a great name. The title is inherited from his famous grandfather, the first Sir Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy, who was the first Asiatic ever known to be given a hereditary British title. The grandfather was known originally in Bombay as 'the Bottley-wallah,' meaning the bottle man, in consequence of his having begun to make his fortune by the apparently unprofitable method of buying up old bottles and selling them again. Later on he made enormous wealth in the Chinese trade, and became known as the 'Paabody of India' owing to his having given at least a million sterling away in charity.

His son was known as Sir Jeejeebhoy Jamsetji, and now the grandson, in accordance with the usual customs, has reversed the names again.

He, the recognized head of the Parsee community, is a short, good looking man of about 47, highly educated, and full of enthusiastic loyalty to the British throne. The heir to the title is Sir Jamsetji's nephew, who is known as Rustonjee Jamsetji. He is a youth of about 18 with a singularly handsome artistic face. Like his uncle, he has been highly educated, speaks English and French perfectly, and is also enthusiastically loyal to the British throne.

Lady Jersey began her Saturdays at Osterley last week, and in spite of the heat a good many people went down. It was delightful under the trees, though even there one gasped for air. Lady Jersey was everywhere, looking after her guests, and so was Lord Jersey and his daughters. Some of Lady Jersey's guests stayed on to dinner, but the majority came back by train or drove back early to London.

They say four thousand invitations are to be sent out for the State ball next week; and every member of Parliament (and his wife) is to be invited to the garden party at the palace. That suggests many curious combinations, which would be impossible under any other circumstances. Princess Adolphus of Teck has followed the example of all young mothers this jubilee year, and has given birth to a little girl. Her first child, who was so ill, and who was supposed to be incurably blind, is now getting well.

On Friday last there was a pleasant little gathering at Mrs. Jopling's School of Art, when Mrs. Kendal distributed the prizes to the Students. Mrs. Kendal made an amusing little speech to each of the girls as she presented the prizes and enriched each volume by the addition of her autograph.

Mrs. Jopling's full-length portrait of Viscountess Maitland is very much admired at the Academy. It is the largest picture Mrs. Jopling has ever painted, and it is slightly like Romney in style.

Lady Maitland is the youngest daughter of the late Judge Vaughan Williams, and was married in 1896. Lord Maitland is the eldest son of the Earl of Lauderdale. He has a great talent for amateur photography, and has won several prizes at exhibitions.

There is a romance in the Lauderdale family in connection with the wicked ancestor Cabal. It was prophesied that his title and lands should never descend from father to son until one of his descendants should meet with a fearful death. For 200 years the earls were very seldom succeeded by their sons; but some time since one of the heirs was struck by lightning when out shooting, and the faces were appeased. The present Earl had three sons, of whom Viscount Maitland is the eldest, and his little son Ian is the first grandchild who has been born in direct succession to the title since the days of the prophecy.

The visit of Queen Wilhelmina and the Queen Regent of the Netherlands to the Court of Weimar has naturally called to mind the question of a marriage between her and her cousin, Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, who is now in his twentieth year. The Dutch nation is anxious that their Queen should seek her cousin in Weimar, as the Princes of Weimar are the nearest in succession to the throne of Holland. There are, however, several things against this marriage—the near relationship of the Queen and her cousin, his own inherited delicacy and the fact that

the Queen herself, though possessing a strong constitution, is the daughter of a worn and elderly man.

I heard all about the christening at Sandringham of the Duke and Duchess of York's little daughter from E., who was in waiting. The Princess of Wales, looking charming, held her granddaughter, as representing the Queen; the Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Charles, of Denmark, stood proxies for the other two absent godmothers, the Duchess of Teck and the Dowager Czarina. The godfathers not present, King George of the Hellenes, and Prince Francis of Teck, were represented by Prince Charles of Denmark and the Duke of Teck.

Jordan water was of course used for the rite, and the infant submitted to it without unuly wails, such as her Fife cousins disturbed the ceremony with when it was their turn for baptism. Hymns were very sweetly sung by the choir at the beginning and the end of the service, and then came the kissing of Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary. A most jovial luncheon party followed with a christening cake, at the sight of which Prince Edward of York smacked his lips, for it was three feet high, 26 inches in diameter, and weighed 70 pounds.

By the way, the cake which filled Master Edward York's mouth with sweetness and filled his heart with wonder was crowned with a large lily, in the cup of which reposed a sweet little cherub, a tiny puppet of the neatest design and workmanship. This struck the young Prince with infinite astonishment, and even the younger boy, George, was of an age to be entranced by the chaste presentation of his little sister, and to marvel 'how she got up there.'

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE. A Deformed Scout's Curious Experience With a Party of Indians.

A few years ago there flourished in Montana a scout who had an extraordinary equipment for his occupation. He was a tall, strong man, well built except in one respect; his feet grew the wrong way, his toes pointing back-ward instead of forward. This would have been a serious drawback to any man who went much on foot; but it was almost no drawback to 'Clubfoot George,' as this scout was called, because practically he never went on foot at all. He had a saddle with stirrups adapted to his deformity, and could ride a horse as well as any other cowboy.

He was an expert at trailing Indians, and seldom had to dismount in order to distinguish even the smallest detail of Indian 'sign.' His keen eyes took in everything from his seat in the saddle. He is said to have known personally all the Indians from Fort Barthold to the Blackfoot Agency, and was equally well known to them. But he was their enemy, and they were his enemies. The war was apparently relentless between them.

In the dead of a certain winter, many years ago, Clubfoot George had occasion to go from old Fort Browning to Fort Benton. He was alone, and had to camp over night on the way. Even a famous scout sometimes makes a mistake, and George on this occasion bobbled his horse, a rather wild and flighty animal, so insecurely that in the night it got away, and started back to Fort Browning.

In the morning, therefore, Clubfoot George had to confront the necessity of walking to Fort Benton. It was an unpleasant thing to do, since it would take even a good walker about two days to cover the distance, and Clubfoot George's specialty was not walking; but he started out manfully over the snow.

He had walked until about the middle of the afternoon, when a party of hostile Indians, out for white men's scalps, came upon his trail. His tracks were plainly visible in the snow; but of course they pointed in the opposite direction from that in which George was going.

There was nothing about the tracks to show that they were Clubfoot George's; and besides, the Indians, though they knew George well, had never before seen the print of his boots. So they started pell-mell in the direction in which the tracks led, thirsting for this white man's blood.

But when they had followed the trail to the spot where George had camped the night before, and found the trail of the horse and the evidence that some one had come so far on horseback and then lost his horse, the Indians looked at one another in astonishment, until one of them said, 'Clubfoot!' Then they all inspected closely the tracks they had been following.

Who says that Indians have no sense of humor? No one who knows them well. These Indians certainly had, for they roared with laughter, though the joke was on them. But they determined to transfer it to the white man. So they turned back on the trail and rode furiously all the rest of the day and a part of the night, until they came to a place where the queer heel-first track went over a bank. Then one of the Indians lay

30-Students

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Two weeks ago we published the names and addresses of TWENTY-SIX of our students who have recently obtained good situations. Since then we have added FOUR to that list. We thank the public for the above evidence of their appreciation, and will endeavor to merit the confidence of all our patrons. 37-3 Catalogues of the best business course obtainable in Canada, also of the Isaac Pitman shorthand (the best and fastest in existence), mailed to any address.

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down on his face and called over the edge of the bank, in his own language: 'Clubfoot, are you there?' 'Yes, I am here! Is that you Howling Dog?' 'What could be done with such a man? The Indians were already more than half mollified toward the scout by their enjoyment of the extraordinary joke that he had quite unintentionally, played on them; and when, in the best of humor, George invited them to come down and share his camp and make themselves at home, they did so, and never molested him. Their unexpected friendliness must have made an impression on Clubfoot George, for the chapters of his adventures end with this incident. He gave up scouting, and ever after lived a peaceful life.'

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In the very natural course of things the season has again arrived when it is in order that the St. John Oratorio society do take its summer vacation...

In another column is mentioned the fact that the famous instructor Madame Marchesi is coming to the United States next fall...

Tones and Undertones.

Camille D'Arville who is in Chicago, has almost entirely recovered from her recent illness.

Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" was recently given at the Imperial opera of Vienna under the auspices of the Imperial Geographical society.

This is the last week of the "Pops" concerts at Music Hall, Boston.

The forthcoming production of the new opera "Captain Cook" at the Madison square garden, on the 7th July next, will be the inaugural performance of a summer season of light opera at that place.

It is said with authority that there is friction of some character between the directors of the Handel and Hayden Society of Boston.

A report is in circulation amid the musical atmosphere of Boston that Ysaye and Thomson are each engaged for 100 concerts in the United States next season at a net sum of \$50,000.

Miss Emma Varden Foster, a Boston contralto sang in Montreal this week in a concert given under the auspices of the Queen's club.

Max Yach the conductor of the Boston promenade concerts will lead an orchestra of fourteen members at Keith's theatre this summer, beginning on the 5th July.

Upwards of 17000 people attended the festival performance of "The Messiah" at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, Eng. The soloists were Madame Albani, Miss Marion McKenzie, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Charles Santley.

Among the members of the orchestra on the occasion of the Crystal Palace Handel festival London, were several women performers on stringed instruments, two of them being among the double basses.

The human voice has recently been experimented upon by electricity, at the Paris academic des sciences with a view of learning the effect of its influence.

An new opera house was opened recently in Palermo with a production of Verdi's "Falstaff." The building which is admitted to be the finest in Italy was begun in 1864 and has cost the enormous sum of \$4,000,000.

It is stated that Sir Arthur Sullivan was one of some half-dozen famous composers who were in the choir on the steps of St. Paul's during the recent jubilee musical services.

plise and solemnly opened his mouth when the humbler choristers opened theirs, and solemnly closed it again when the time came for that.

The Orchestral Association Gazette tells a story which is almost too good to be true. One day at a London restaurant a guest sent a waiter to the conductor of the orchestra asking him to play the Greek national anthem.

Madame Patti's last appearance for the season was made in London on Tuesday last when she gave a concert instead of the one she was to give but which she was prevented from attending through illness.

Mr. Lempiere Pringle, the basso, who was heard here in concert with Madame Albani has been re-engaged for the Carl Rosa Opera Company, London, for next season.

"It is a drama that is making the music in Paris, just now" says the Musical Courier correspondent in the French capital, but he also notes the work of Miss Fairfax, a young New York lady.

Madame Marchesi the world famous teacher of singing is coming to the United States next November for a visit of at least six months duration.

Rita Elandi, prima donna of the Carl Rosa English Opera Company has arrived in New York. Apropos of this it is said negotiations are in progress with a view to bringing the Carl Rosa Company to the United States next season.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

W. S. Harkins summer company closes to night its return engagement of a week. During this week the business has been unusually light—except on the holiday—and this notwithstanding a reduction in prices and the presentation of some intrinsically strong plays and others which have all scored successes elsewhere.

"The new South" is the bill at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week. Next week T. W. Robertson's "School" will be revived. "The New South" is founded on the development of the Southern States "Since the War" with the convict labor system playing an important part in the working of the plot.

The Ethel Tucker Company closed their season here last Saturday night and have been playing in Truro, N. S. during this week. Of Miss Tucker's ability and knowledge of stage management there can be no doubt; the settings of the stage in the Opera House here being among, if not really the finest seen in that house in a dramatic performance.

Many of the prominent members of the dramatic profession, are passing their days just now at several summer resorts more or less retired.

Madame Vernona Jarbeau as intimated will again have a company of her own next season, and Richie Ling will be a member of it.

A new three act comedy the name of which in English is "Across the bridge, Hannab," has been translated into German and will soon be given in Berlin. Later on it will doubtless be seen in the United States.

Sarah Bernhardt will produce in Paris on her return there from London, a new piece entitled "Beaute Imperieuse" an adaptation of a novel by Rosny Fresco.

"The Circus Girl" which closed its season at Daly's New York theatre last Saturday night will be revived again on 16th August.

"The mysterious Mr. Bugle" the play written by Madeline Lucetti Ryley will be sent on tour next season. The rights for America are owned by a Mr. Alfred Bradley.

Miss Mary Shaw has been engaged for next season as leading lady by Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." She will play the role of Marian the milkmaid.

The play "Caste" was first produced on April 6, 1867—thirty years ago and John Hare was first seen as Samuel Garridge. Last year Mr. Hare surrendered this role to his son, and took up the role of Ecoles.

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KEEPING A WOLF FROM THE DOOR. Apparently a Pretty Lively Struggle, But it Had a Happy Termination.

"In the course of my efforts to keep the wolf from the door," said a man who once had to make quite a little struggle to get through, "the wolf and I got pretty well acquainted. I used to find him nights, when I went home, slouching around the yard, and sometimes when I have been very late, I have found him sitting up on the doorstep close by the door; not trying to get in, but when I went in he'd stretch his neck and look in."

I knew what would happen then, the weakest first, the children, and it became a sort of personal fight between me and the wolf. It was a long, silent fight, and very close, though as a matter of fact, I had a little the better of it, just a shade.

"I don't believe in luck; I believe a man is sure to get all he's entitled to if he works hard enough for it, but I find as I grow older that I believe a little more in circumstances; and one day as I was going home to meet the wolf, I met a circumstance of large proportions and of a beaming countenance.

"Strug, me boy," said Circumstance, "we've been looking for you a long time. Where have you been?"

"The wolf knew [what was up the moment I struck the fence, but I'm blessed if he didn't smile over it; in fact, I think he was rather pleased, we'd known each other so long, and he was pretty jolly, anyway for a wolf."

"He hung around for a day or two longer, and I fed him up the best I knew how; but just as soon as he made sure that we were all right he lit out, and we never saw him again. It seems queer, seems as though he'd have been all the more certain to stay right there, where he was sure of good stuff to eat and plenty of it, but the fact is that the wolf never feels at home except with misery, or a reasonably close approximation to it. Cheerfulness and plenty he simply can't abide."

GOT THEM BOTH.

A Lucky Young Lawyer Gets the Old Man's Business and his Daughter.

"My best stroke of business was when I first hung out my shingle in the West," told the lawyer who now handles none but the most important and remunerative cases. "Living about fifty miles north of the town in which I was impatiently waiting for something to do, was an eccentric old fellow who owned enough land to make three

or four counties and enough cattle to feed the armies of the world.

"As I was pacing up and down the little office one morning, wondering what I could go at it my first case didn't come soon. I answered a knock at the door to meet a young lady who had all the glow and vigor of the prairie with the easy society ways of the cultured Eastern woman.

"But your father asks an opinion without making any statement of his case," I said after reading.

"It's evident that you don't know papa. If you sent back for further information he would denounce you as an ignoramus and have nothing more to do with you. Write something learned in language, but obscure in ideas. Quote a lot of your rusty old legal maxims in the original Latin, and, above all things, abuse the other man with merciless bitterness."

"In three hours she was back from her shopping, and the 'learned opinion' was ready. The language was ponderous. The sentences were long and involved. The Latin was injected without reference to the context, and the abuse was underlined with red ink. She read and laughed till her sparkling eyes rained tears down her brilliant cheeks.

"Next day came a letter from 'papa.' He had at last found a lawyer. That opinion was worthy of a Webster or a Choate. He inclosed \$1,000, and made me his attorney. Later I got the daughter. — Detroit Free Press.



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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 3,

OUR EXHIBITION.

The arrangements for the annual exhibition are being arranged with every attention to detail that has made these events so highly successful in the past. The coming event promises to be attended with considerably more eclat than those of previous years, and the citizens generally are evincing a deep interest in the work. Space is being rapidly taken up in the various departments, the fact that no entrance fees are being charged, no doubt being appreciated. Instead a small price per square foot is being asked, the amount to vary according to position. It is to be hoped that the citizens will cooperate with the management in making this exhibition the most successful that has ever been held.

Few writers have left so many books behind them as Mrs. MARGARET OLIPHANT, who in her seventieth year has just ended a prolific literary career. As she herself must have realized, her extra-voluminous legacy is not destined to be durable. It is true that her novels—which have gained her the name of "the female ANTHONY TROLLOPE"—are far from being the makeshift product that LYDIA LANGUISH dotes upon; and yet with all their literary precision and nicety they scarcely rise above the mediocre. Mrs. OLIPHANT'S memory will be most cherished for her genial labors in writing of the great and picturesque cities of Italy and Scotland, for her quietly learned biographies of CERVANTES and St. FRANCIS of Assisi, and for her motherly review of "The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century." She was at work upon the history of Blackwoods when she died. Her merit was as a literary worker not as a literary light.

Cats are no longer regarded as despised creatures to be victimized by small boys and permitted to live only on tolerance by their elders. Like the end of the century woman, they are at last beginning to achieve some of the rights for which they have been clamoring for so long, and perhaps when they are accorded equal rights with their natural foe of the canine race they will cease to bemoan their fate about the streets and to hold indignation meetings at the midnight hour and display similar anarchical proclivities. That they have already made rapid strides toward the desired end is proved by the fact that they have recently held their "annual convention"—in other words cat show—in Manchester England, at which some magnificent specimens of the feline race were on view. Their is no limit, scarcely, to the advance of this end of the century.

It is estimated that there are 1,000,000 blind people in the world, or one to every 1,500 inhabitants. Latest reports show 23,000 blind persons in England, or 870 for each million inhabitants. Blind infants of less than five years, 166 for each million; between five or fifteen, 283; between twenty and twenty five 422; between forty five and sixty five 7,090 for each million. Russia and Egypt are the countries where the blind constitute the largest proportionate number of total population, in Russia on account of the lack of experienced medical attendance, and in Egypt because of ophthalmia due to irritation caused by movements of the sand by the winds.

Australia, which has led in many socialistic experiments made by the state, is now considering the question of state medicine. The president of the Queensland medical association proposes that the country be divided into medical districts, under doctors

paid by the state to look after all the inhabitants and that the money for the purpose be paid for by a poll tax of two dollars a year. This would enable the state to pay fifteen hundred dollars for the lowest medical salaries. A new South Wales labor league has declared that "the practice of medicine should be a national service."

Is it right to make a dog work in harness? Belgium answers yes, England no, the United States is indifferent, and France is deliberating. The French law against using dogs as beasts of burden is often violated in some of the provinces and a movement has been started for a repeal. Belgians say their draught dogs are quite jolly; but if the dogs could vote on the subject, they would be apt to approve the English view.

Cubans who have read of the "race riot" at Key West and of the pitiful cry of the governor of Florida for help from the United States army, must not let a little thing like that abate their yearning for the American system of home rule. Taking the country over the United States are at least as peaceful as Cuba; but, of course, there will be local rows now and then.

The Prince of Wales has lent his countenance to a new hat, which as described is none other than the grandfather's hat of a past generation; and the swell youths who would have scorned to wear that venerable headgear while it lacked authority will now doubtless frantically don it when decked with a foreign label.

Professors of Paris medical colleges, finding the freight on bodies from the provinces for the use of students, a heavy drain on their resources, have been shipping them as smoked bacon, the freight rate for which is much less. The discovery has put all France into hysterics.

The last German census show the population of that country to be nearly 63,000,000, with an increase of five per cent in five years. This increase is greater than in almost any other country, the population of which is not added to by immigration.

The interest taken in the voting contest for naming the park is not very great, but Rockwood continues to lead by nearly a thousand.

Being a man brings its own penalties in Germany. In that country there are one million more women than there are men.

TWO WEEKS ENGAGEMENT.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company Will Play for Two Weeks.

Mr. Frank Lee Miles who last season deservedly made so many friends in this city as business manager of another popular theatrical company, is this year at the head of an organization that is everywhere meeting with wonderful success; several members of the company have been specially engaged from Keith's theatre, Boston, Miss Eva Williams being one of the delectable soubrettes on the stage. She and Jack Tucker form one of the strongest comedy elements ever seen in the maritime provinces. Messrs. Howson and Jimerson the modern troubadours furnish a whole entertainment in themselves. The performance is continuous and there are no tiresome waits between the acts. The company has recently been playing under the auspices of Knights of Pythias lodges, Mr. Miles holding an office in the grand lodge of the United States while all of his men, with one exception are members of the organization. Michael Strogoff, always popular here, will be the opening bill and a change will be given nightly. Popular prices will prevail and no one should miss an opportunity of witnessing the clever productions promised.

Victor Staub, Pianist, first prize at the National Conservatory of Music, Paris, 1888. First prize at the International Competition, Berlin, 1895.

Paris, 4th, February, 1897. Dear Sir:—You ask my opinion about the Pratte piano which you have at home. I find it excellent in every respect; it is a real artist's piano, on which one can play with the greatest ease any kind of music. The touch is very light and responsive, and helps the pianist wonderfully to overcome the greatest technical difficulties.

As to the quality of the tone, it is simply delicious; the pianist can really make the piano sing. It is one of the best pianos I ever saw.

(Signed) Victor Staub.

An Old Story. Harper's Bazar notes a clever bit of dialogue between two young fathers of Brooklyn.

They met on the sidewalk as they were wheeling their babies on a pleasant Sunday morning. The papers are making a great ado about horseless carriages, said the man. 'Yes,' answered the other. 'Just as if they were anything new!'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Waning Moon. The waning moon slips softly down, The white cloud resting high; The dark woods by the silent town, Where last we said good bye. The wind stirs the lotus leaves, I hear the roses call; As still they climb the homestead eaves Inside the gateway wall.

It is the hour we held most dear, To serenade and sing; But that farewell we could not bear, We knew must be life long. The sunbeams of summer night, Steals o'er the lilies four; Where lingers like a ray of light, A spirit in the air.

A song of roses, o'er the hills, In moonlight dies away; My soul with sadness dark it fills, As night comes after day. The shadows deepen as they move, Far down the distant glade; The poet sings, the tears of love, In death alone are stayed.

Now near the waning moon one star Of hope shines earthward yet; Though from my love I wander far, My heart shall ne'er forget. The parting scene a daylight grew, Behind the purple sea; Beloved ever fond and true. My star, I follow thee.

The waning moon its pathway lone, Forsook ever still; Our brightest scenes are soonest flown, Withal our last farewell. Ever the true heart's warmest thought, Of life and love sublime; Will mock the happiness it taught, Until the end of time.

CYRUS GOLDB. Buttercup Brook, June, 1897.

When Mother Looks. I remember such a lot of things That happened long ago, When an an' Jim was six years old,— An' now we're ten or so. But those that I remember best— The ones I 'most can see— Are the things that used to happen When mother looked at me.

One time in church, when me an' Jim Was snickens' out loud— The minister was prayin' an' The people's heads was bowed— We had the biggest kind of j like About a bumblebee, But things got quiet rather quick When mother looked at me.

And then there's some times when I think I've had such lots of fun A-goin' 'in swimmin' with the boys And there by Jones' run, But when I get back home again— Just 'bout in time for tea— There's a kind of a different feeling comes When mother looks at me.

That time when I was awfully sick An' the doctor shook his head, An' every time he come around He says we was wet an' red, I remember her hands on my face How soft they used to be— How tender the pain seemed easier When mother looked at me.

It's funny how it makes you feel— I ain't afraid of her, She's 'bout the nicest person You'd find most anywhere; But the queerest sort of feeling, As queer as queer can be, Comes over me when I see her When mother looks at me.

The Boy's Story. We borrowed some nails from the joiner's beach, And sadly reduced McCarthy's fence As the good ship Rover set sail, Her lordly mast was the old pear tree, Her flag was a pineapple zay; And we built her and launched her, and sailed to Fee! On a Saturday morning in May.

And all that summer, com' rain or shine, To a wide world ends would we sail, Lendin' with guns from the Kafir mine, Harpooning the polar whale. And the pirate and savage of cannibal climes He mastered in many a row. O, the gallant ship and the glorious times! And where are my shipmates now?

The Captain, a chief of renown is he, Though dunces may fear or sneer; He is skilful and swift to steer. Oh, staid and stout, with the glad heart of yore, Sail forth on the shoresless tide, Outward and godward forever more, With the star gale of truth for your guide!

The cabin boy, oh, his merry eyes! And the air and the fun he made! Ah, the coolies know where the ash lies, With a bullet hole in his head, Wandered far from the track, you see, Yet kindly of heart and hand, He went to the devil so gloriously. That the down hill road was grand.

And at work at his father's bench the mate Looks out on the old-time street, Where grown folk pass with placid gait, And the children's lively feet. "But the world is growing old," says he, "We have no such boys to-day. As the old man roars who sailed with me, That holiday morning in May."

The Same Old Way. A dancing, a-glancing, 'He sunbeams' out of heaven landing, Tide beneath green sheaves of dancing, With sweet delay, Wild voices through the forest fallin', The wood-thrush to the wood-thrush calling, The same old way.

A flying a blowing, Its showers of dew each low bough throwing, In storms of fragrance round your going, With love and away. Murrain of bees in blossom swinging, And children's cries more sweet than singing, The same old way.

NO COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS.

But in spite of this An Alderman's Friends Got In Free.

HALIFAX, July 1.—The public grounds Commission make thousands of dollars annually out of the evening concerts given at the beautiful resort. Indeed it is largely from this revenue that the commissions are able to make the place so lovely. The public fountain, that was unveiled last week, cost \$3,000 alone, and it takes annually about \$7,000 a year to keep up the gardens. Such being the case it is rather mean for people to try and beat the commission by seeking free admission to the gardens.

In this connection an alderman from a central ward is blamed for passing in many of his friends without the necessary 25 cent paste-board. This alderman is accused of standing on the side walk and with a lofty air motioning to the gate-keeper to allow this one and that in free, while the thousands of poor citizens not favoured with his acquaintance had to pay for themselves and families—for a man does not go to the gardens alone. The commissioners are on to this alderman and it may be that he will publicly be asked for an explanation. It is a standing rule that no free tickets are to be given to the commission, and if anyone gets one it is by the breaking of the rules by somebody.

FARE OF A GENERATION.

Out of 1,000,000 People Only 223 Live to be 100 Years Old.

In answer to the above question one of the leading statisticians of England has recently compiled a number of interesting figures showing that out of every 1,000,000 children born yearly in Great Britain only a small percentage reach middle life.

Several thousand come into the world with such feeble constitutions that they do not survive more than a few hours. During the first five years of life scarlet fever carries off 17,000, whooping cough 15,000 and infantile cholera 200,000. Before the sixth year is reached death has claimed at least 250,000. From this time on, however, the generation makes steady progress, and during the next five years only 31,000 fall by the way. Between the ages ten and fifteen only a few deaths occur among children, but from fifteen on consumption and other inherited maladies become active. Out of 28,000 dead occurring between the ages of twenty and twenty-five more than one-half are due to consumption.

Typhoid fever gets in its deadliest work when its victims are between twenty-five and thirty. Between these ages overwork carries off several hundred, and violent deaths, including suicide, accident and murder, not less than 1,700.

But this time barely more than one half of the generation is left, and between the ages of thirty-five and forty 27,000 fall prey to consumption. During this period diseases of the heart, kidneys and other internal organs of the body make their appearance with great fatality. Between the ages of forty-five over 31,000 deaths occur, most of them due to consumption. Cancer usually asserts itself during this period with fatal and steadily multiplying results. Only 300,000 of the generation enter their sixtieth year, which number during the next decade, is cut down to 169,000. At ninety-five only 2,000 are left and when the century mark is reached only 223 are living. Within the next ten years the last remnant of the generation is extinguished.—Atlanta Constitution.

ROPING IN GROOM AND BRIDE.

A Policeman Interferes With an old Cheshire Wedding Custom.

Of the many marriage customs which still survive in many parts of rural England, the one peculiar to the county of Cheshire, of roping a wedding party, is certainly interesting, though it was the subject of magisterial investigation at Sandbach Petty Sessions yesterday. Three men named Dodd, Dackworth, and Barrows were summoned for obstructing the highway at Betchton, a village two miles from Sandbach. Last Saturday a rustic beauty was united to her faithful swain at that village, and the happy couple were driving away from the church, down Betchton hill, when the observance of the marriage custom peculiar to the neighborhood brought the carriage to a sudden stop. At the horse's head stood Dackworth and Barrows holding the ends of a rope across the road. While the liberal display of rice and old shoes enables the friends of brides and bridegrooms elsewhere to speed the newly wedded couple, in Cheshire it seems to be the custom to delay their departure till they pay their 'footing.' The driver was at no loss, for it was part of the custom not to proceed till those inside had given the rope-bearers a shilling each. Another villager named Dodd saw no reason for his exclusion from the benefits of the custom, since, after Dackworth and Barrows had received the coin, he promptly fixed up another wedding rope across the highway. Once more had the carriage to stop, and the funds of the couple to defray the expenses of the honeymoon [were the poorer by another shilling. Unfortunately, however, a police officer, who happened to be driving in the neighborhood, was a highly interested



ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. A Legend as to How Their Methuselah Got the Better of Him.

The Koreans have an interesting legend concerning the manner in which Tong-Pak-Suk, the Methuselah of their mythology, got the better of Satan. Tong lived 1,000 years and acquired great wisdom. The later years of his life were spent in fishing, but not wishing to diminish the stock of fish in the river, he used a straight piece of wire instead of a hook. Thus he was able to enjoy the excitement and pleasure of fishing for several centuries without catching a single fish.

Realizing that sooner or later the devil who did death's errands would be looking him up, he changed his name and abode with each generation, and thus eluded him. In the mean time the evil one disguised himself in a flowing Korean robe which covered up his tail, concealed his horns under a mourner's hat three feet in diameter, and wrapped his legs in curious padded stockings, so that he easily passed for a native. He heard that Tong was fishing in the Han River. So he collected a quantity of charcoal and washed in that stream. This, of course, blackened the water, and Tong, being surprised and annoyed, went up to discover the cause. Finding the devil washing the charcoal, he asked what he was doing. The devil replied that he was trying to make it white.

Old Tong in his astonishment was thrown off his guard, and said: "I have lived in Korea hundreds of years, and, of course, have met many fools, but I never saw a big enough fool to try to wash charcoal white."

The devil at once knew his man, and unfolded his tail by way of exhibiting his warrant of arrest, seized Tong and hurried him along in the direction of the dark portal through which all mortals must pass. On the way, the devil, being in good humor over his success, behaved pleasantly with Tong, who ventured to ask him what he abhorred and was most afraid of. The devil made a fatal blunder—one which might have been excusable for a mortal, but was most stupid for a devil—he told the truth. He said that he hated and feared but four terrestrial things—a branch of a thorn tree, an empty salt bag, a worn-out stray sandal of an ox, and a particular kind of grass that grows in Korea—the fox-tail—and that when these were put together he could not get within thirty feet of them.

In return the devil asked Tong what he most feared. Tong being wise and experienced, lied and said he was in mortal terror of a roasted ox head and mackalee—a kind of beer. Shortly after this exchange of confidence Tong noticed that they were passing a thorn tree around the roots of which fox-tail grass was growing, and, curiously enough, under it was an old salt bag and a cast-off ox sandal; so making a sudden spring from the side of the devil, he gathered up the bag, the grass and sandal, and hanging them on a branch of the tree his charms were perfect. The devil could not come within thirty feet. Of course the devil used every inducement to get Tong to come forth, but the old fellow stuck to his post. At last the devil went off and got a roasted ox head and a cask of mackalee and rolled them in to Tong, confident from what he had told him that Tong would be driven outside the magic circle. But when he saw Tong eating heartily of the beef and drinking the mackalee with gusto he realized that the game was up and despairingly departed. Tong's long life was due to the accident by which his page in the Book of Fate stuck to the next one, so that his name was overlooked. When ultimately the complaint was made that Tong had been living too long, it took the registrar of the lower regions 36 years to hunt up his name in the archives.—Chicago Record.

1867 - 1897.

39 Years of Confederation.

To enable the people of Canada to celebrate by an outing Canada's 30 years of Confederation and advancement, the Intercolonial Railway of Canada will issue between all stations excursion tickets at first class single fare (adding sufficient to end in 0 or 5) for the round trip on June 29th, 30th, and July 1st, good for return July 5th, and also to Fort William, Sarnia, Windsor, Ont., and Sault Ste Marie and all points in Canada east thereof.

The Only Machine in Town

For doing up ladies' shirt waists, is just being put in by us. We guarantee them to look like new. Ungar's laundry and dye works.



... He caused ... (Dodd to be ... were fined, the two ... brown each and Dodd ... AND THE DEVIL ... Their Methuselah Got ... ter of Him. ... an interesting lego nd ... ner in which Tong-Pak- ... of their mythology, ... Tong lived 1,000 ... d great wisdom. The ... e were spent in fishing, ... diminish the stock of ... used a straight piece ... a hook. Thus he was ... excitement and pleasure ... cent centuries without ... sh. ... oner or later the devil ... and would be looking ... his name and abode ... and, thus eluded him. ... the evil one disguised ... Korean robes which ... concealed his horns ... that three feet in diam- ... his legs in curious pad- ... at he easily passed for ... d that Tong was fishing So he collected a ... al and washed in that ... course, blackened the ... being surprised and ... to discover the cause. ... washing the charcoal, he ... doing. The devil re- ... trying to make it white. ... his astonishment was ... d, and said: 'I have ... dreds of years, and, ... many foals, but I never ... ool to try to wash char- ... he knew his man, and un- ... of exhibiting his ... seized Tong and hurried ... irection of the dark por- ... all mortals must pass. ... e devil, being in good ... cess, chatted pleasantly ... entured to ask him what ... was most afraid of. The ... al blunder—one which ... xusable for a mortal, ... id for a devil—he told ... that he hated and ... eistical things—a branch ... empty salt bag, a won- ... of an ox, and a particular ... grows in Korea—the fox- ... these were put together ... thin thirty feet of them. ... evil being Tong and what ... asked wise and ex- ... said he was in mortal ter- ... head and mackalee—a ... is exchange of confidence ... at they were passing a ... at the roots of which fox- ... growing, and, curiously ... was an old salt bag and ... ; so making a sudden ... side of the devil, he gath- ... the grass and sandal, and ... a branch of the tree his ... t. The devil could not ... feet. ... devil used every induce- ... to come forth, but the ... to his post. At last the ... got a roasted ox head ... ckales and rolled them in ... at from what he had told ... could be driven outside the ... at when he saw Tong eat ... e beef and drinking the ... to he realized that the ... d despairingly departed. ... e was due to the accident ... e in the Book of Fate ... one, so that his name was ... hen ultimately the com- ... that Tong had been living ... the registrar of the lower ... to hunt up his name in ... Chicago Record.



Dr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Salterwite of New York were in the city for a day or two this week. Mr. W. F. Bourke and Miss L. E. Bourke spent a day in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. George McKee and little Miss McKee went to Fredericton for the first of July celebration. Mayor Robertson spent Thursday in Fredericton. Prof. L. W. Bailey, Mrs. Bailey and daughter were here this week on their way to the Natural History camp. Mr. Thomas McAulvey has taken Lady Tilley's Bohemian residence for the summer season. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bowman of Toledo Ohio, are staying in the city. Mr. David Lynch and Miss Eva Lynch are visiting Halifax friends. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Faine of Kingston Pa. are in town. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Cummings, Mr. E. Fraser Henderson and Miss Ada Henderson are a party of Philadelphia visiting the provinces, and at present spending a few days in the city. Mr. William Knight has returned from the United States where he has been staying for some time. Mr. Rupert E. Sullivan has returned from a trip to Halifax. Mr. James Harding was in St. Stephen during the week, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Harmon Murchie of Carleton have been in Calais lately visiting Mrs. Skiffington Murchie. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. King and Miss Annie King left on Monday for California where they will visit friends during the summer. Mrs. James Macaulay, Orange street, entertained a number of friends last Friday evening for the entertainment of her son James who arrived from Boston for Jubilee week, dancing and what was the amusement provided until twelve o'clock when supper was partaken of. Mrs. Macaulay is a very gracious hostess, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mr. Macaulay leaves this week for Boston, where he has held a position for the past three years. Mrs. Frederick Hutchins is in St. Stephen visiting her mother Mrs. Berryman. Mr. and Mrs. George McDiarmid of Titusville, are spending a week or two of their honeymoon in this city. Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Blundell of New York were here the middle of the week for a short stay. Mr. Ed. J. Conley of Worcester Mass., are re- turning old acquaintances in St. John this week. Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Dewar and Miss Dewar of New York are staying in the city. Miss Ida Estabrooks was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Theo Estabrooks, Prince William street, this week on her way from Boston to her home in Oromocto. Miss Louie Jack is at Duck Cove where she will spend the summer with her brother Mr. D. R. Jack. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. James of Hazen street are being congratulated on the arrival of a little daughter. Mr. James Berry has returned from a very successful fishing trip to Squirrel Cot. Mrs. W. O. Slipp and Miss Slipp of Carleton, were visitors to Norton last week, and while there were entertained in the family of W. H. Helme. Mr. James Weldon and his son Master Weldon spent Wednesday in the city. Mr. Lewis Riley of the West end, was at home to friends yesterday afternoon at 59 Ludlow street. Alderman Robinson and family went to Fredericton Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. E. F. Coombs of this city who was taken suddenly ill while visiting her daughter Mrs. George Whitman of Digby, is still very ill, but the attending physicians hold out a hope of her recovery. Mrs. G. M. Blair and little son have gone to Shediac to spend the summer. Mrs. Kenny has returned from a visit to Woodstock where she was a guest of Mrs. George F. Smith. Miss Edith Nichols of Digby is visiting friends here. Miss May Hanford of the same town is also here on a brief visit. Among the St. John who have been visiting Parrabro lately are Miss Lena Rivers, who is a guest of her aunt Mrs. C. E. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Bissett and family, who are at the Grand Central, and Mr. George McKee who spent part of last week in the charming little town. Mr. Benjamin P. Look, who has been visiting her parents, and witnessing the jubilee celebration in St. John, returned to her home in Milton, Mass. Miss Susie Fraser returns with her sister, Mrs. Look for a vacation in Milton and vicinity. Mr. Jesse P. Smith of Windsor N. S. spent a few days in St. John, this week the guest of his cousin Mrs. Alex. Fraser 297 City road.

Miss May Stevens of Bangor, Me., is at "Ashburton place" the guest of Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe. Mr. Arthur Golding and Mr. Fred Logan of St. John are visiting Mrs. Theo. Knowles. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Clark have returned from their wedding journey and have taken apartments at Miss Allen's. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Reinecke of St. John are visiting Miss Beverly at Grape Cottage. Messrs B. C. Foster, A. S. McFarlane, H. H. Hagerman and H. C. Henderson leave tomorrow afternoon for a trip in Europe. Miss Beale Blair, daughter of the Minister of Railways, is here visiting her aunts the Misses Thompson. Miss Olive of St. John is a guest at the Queen. Mrs. C. W. Hall arrived here this evening and will remain for a few days visiting her father Mr. L. W. Johnston. Miss McKinnon of St. Stephen is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Winter. On Thursday last week Mrs. Wm. Clark entered tained her friends to the number of about fifty, at a delightful picnic to one of the up river islands, the steam tug carrying the party up in two trips. Mrs. Clark provided all the refreshments for supper on the grounds so there was no bothering with baskets which is usually such a drawback to enjoyment at a picnic. After spending the afternoon on the island the party had a pleasant trip on the water returning to the city in the evening. Miss Tibbits of Andover is here visiting her cousin Miss Annie Tibbits. Miss Lewin and Miss Florence Hewson who have just arrived from Sackville are the guests of Miss Annie Phinney. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Belyea are in the city visiting friends. Dr. Harvey Henderson of Philadelphia is here visiting his nephew, Mr. H. C. Henderson of the High school staff. Senator and Mrs. Temple have returned from Ottawa. Mrs. Albert Sanderson appeared on in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning and in the Methodist church in the evening. She has this week been receiving her bridal calls at her pleasant home on Brunswick street. Mr. and Mrs. Latham of Sackville are visiting the celestials and are guests of the Barker. Mrs. Nealis and Miss Alice Nealis of Boston are visiting Mrs. P. Dever. Mayor Dawson and the Misses Dawson of Charlottetown are guests at the Queen. Mrs. J. Z. Currie and son Byard of Cambridge Mass in company with Mrs. Herbert Currie and son, Dr. Gunter and lady friends all arrived here to Mrs. Herbert Currie and son will be guests of her father Mr. Richardson Boone, and Mrs. J. Z. Currie is visiting Mrs. John Spurdin. Cuckey.

AMHERST. [PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.] JUNE 30.—Last week went to the queen in good earnest and right loyalty her diamond jubilee was celebrated, with bunting galore and innumerable lights etc., in fact when the town was aglow with the grand illumination we were quite astonished at our own magnificence. It is rather late to go into details, but the scenery was a sight to be long remembered, with its scores of lights so suggestively twinkling while many of the public buildings, stores and residences were magnificent. The town was literally filled with people to see the parade which might not have ranked A. 1. in the parade of the city by the sea, but what was lacking in quantity was made up in quality. All the different orders and societies were out in fine form headed by the band who led off with excellent music. The fire department got no end of praise for their part of the day's doings, Chief Bliss and Assistant Pickering looking their best were followed by the whole brigade bright as new pins. Little Miss McLean was like a charming fairy on the 20th century hook and the most military honor. The town council met to order a handsome drinking fountain placed in Victoria square to commemorate the Jubilee. The Poly Morphians were no numerous but very good "My Own Canadian Home" was especially appropriate. The bicycle parade in the evening, had the appearance of "anything will do" about it, but the elegant ships of Mr. Frank Hatfield made up for many deficiencies. The town was literally packed with people and Amherst on the whole acquitted itself most creditably on such short notice. Mr. W. W. Campbell and Mr. Archibald Lampman were guests of Hon. A. R. Dickce for a few days this week. Dr. and Mrs. Howson and Miss Howson have gone on a trip up the St. John river. Mr. J. W. Hodson and little son of Fort William Ont. arrived on Saturday to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, Church St. Misses Grace and Fannie Pipes went to Halifax to attend the Jubilee and will remain for a fortnight. On Thursday Mrs. Pagsley, Miss Pagsley and Miss Purdy returned from their trip to Windsor and Halifax. Mrs. Tazgart and son of Parrabro spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cole. Miss Helen Hillson went to St. John today to visit her friend Miss Millican. Mr. and Mrs. John Hickman have gone to spend a month in Cape Breton, Miss Hickman will visit friends in Sussex. Miss Liche Moffat has returned from Halifax. Rev. C. R. Combs left today for Ship's harbor; his place in this parish will be supplied by Rev. Mr. Lynde. Miss Ella Moffat is at Mount Whelley the guest of Miss Bliss. Mrs. W. J. Moren is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Rothesay. The death of Mr. W. T. Bell which occurred this week was much regretted, as he was one of Amherst's most esteemed and popular citizens. The procession which followed to the burial was the largest ever seen here on such a sad occasion. The deepest sympathy is expressed for the mother and children in their sudden bereavement. Mrs. W. Delois and Major J. A. Black came from Halifax to attend the funeral. Among the pleasant things in store for the coming week is promenade concert by the Amherst orchestra. (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

No Element of Uncertainty About this Premium Offer HOW DOES \$38.50 Cash AND THE WRAPPERS from 3 boxes of "WELCOME" Soap for a High Grade GUARANTEED BICYCLE... Strike You? The only thing cheap about it is the price we are selling at to increase the sales of our famous "WELCOME" SOAP. It is one of the best known and largest makes of the Standard Bicycles, and guaranteed to stand up with any wheel sold in Canada. We can get no more this season; our limited quantity is going rapidly, and if you want to get the benefit of this great offer, must speak quick. WRITE US FOR FULL PARTICULARS The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

If Horses could talk... what a hum there would be on the streets about the wonderful way in which Quickheal cures Scratches, Galls and Sores. Every man who owns a horse should try it. SOLD EVERYWHERE

The "FAMOUS ACTIVE" Range EVERY idea that long experience in stove-making could devise is embodied in these Ranges. OVEN is VENTILATED and GEMENTED on TOP and BOTTOM—this ensures EVEN COOKING, while a THERMOMETER in door SHOWS EXACT HEAT—NO GUESSING as to how your BAKING or ROASTING WILL TURN OUT. Every housewife knows what an advantage this is..... Quick Working! Easily Handled! Spring on Fuel! The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Cooling Refreshing Exhilarating Fruit is wholesome to eat, and the juice of ripe fruit is the best summer beverage. "Montserrat" is the pure juice of ripe Limes especially cultivated for this purpose on the island of Montserrat. Taken with plain or aerated water it is a wholesome temperance drink. Try a dash of Montserrat with Claret and Soda or with any spirituous drink. If a Lime Juice Cordial is desired the finest on the market is "Limeetta" Cordial.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. While PELEE ISLAND WINE is highly recommended for La Grippe, Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc., it is the only Canadian wine so recommended. It is frequently the case customers ask for our brands and get a substitute. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL Maritime Agent Tea and Wines 62 Union Street.

For Sale. A New Upright Piano New York make, and superior tone and finish. Cost \$375; will be sold for \$250 cash. APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

... ladies' shirt waists, is just us. We guarantee them v. Ungar's laundry and

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the new stand and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DePue... Brunswick street
MORSON & CO... Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH... 111 Hollis street
LAW & CONNOLLY... George street
FOWLER & DEBO STONES... Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO... Railway Depot
J. G. KLINE... Gottingen street
H. SILVER... Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN... Dartmouth N. S.

Mrs. Erskine's garden party on Saturday of last week was quite the prettiest and best dressed affair possible. The Admiral and Mrs. Erskine received in the garden, and tea was also served there, little tables being placed on the lawn, in addition to one long one under the balcony at the house, and chairs very wisely provided, so that there was no standing about to be done.

Lady Aberdeen arrived about half past five, dressed in a cool looking toilette of cream chine silk patterned with pink flowers, and pink and green hat. Mrs. Erskine was looking charming in a smart frock of white silk with cream lace bolero, and a most becoming hat all yellow. Everyone was freshly and prettily dressed, a great many muslins being worn, of which two of the prettiest were Mrs. J. Twining's pink and blue over pink silk, and Miss Archibald's exquisite yellow one.

Mrs. Sewall, who seemed eager for her coming fray with the attorney-general, was dressed most frivolously in heliotrope muslin and lace, and did not look in the least like a typical advocate of woman's suffrage. It was seven before people left, and the whole party was most pleasant and most beautifully managed.

On Monday evening the military tournament was crowded to the doors, every one, from Her Excellency downward, being present.

Tuesday was taken up by the review in the morning, which Lady Aberdeen attended with the lieutenant-governor, by a luncheon afterwards at Mrs. Montgomery-Moore's, and by a reception in the afternoon at Mrs. Charles Archibald's, at which her friends were present and about a hundred and fifty other guests.

In the evening there was a dinner at Mrs. Montgomery-Moore's, after which there was the torch-light tattoo and the fireworks to be seen.

On Wednesday evening Admiral and Mrs. Erskine entertained Lady Aberdeen at dinner, after which they went to the reception at Government house in honor of the Royal society.

This was a very large affair and beautifully done in every detail, an excellent supper and champagne being thoroughly appreciated. There were two supper rooms owing to the enormous number of guests which crowded the ball room, where a long table was spread and overflowed into the dining-room, where another had been laid. The band played throughout the evening, and there were plenty of seats in the garden, as the night was deliciously fine.

Her excellency was quite regally gowned in dark sapphire velvet and white brocade, with a large design on it raised gold thread. Her petticoat and bodice were of white and gold, and her train, which was quite long, of blue velvet. She wore a magnificent necklace and a tiara of uncut emeralds and sapphires.

Mrs. Erskine wore her favorite white satin beautifully made and trimmed with exquisite jewelled embroidery.

Mrs. Montgomery-Moore wore black and mauve brocade and pearls.

Mrs. and Miss Daly were of course both in black, and looked after their large number of guests with the tact and kindness which is so invariable at Government house.

Miss Turton was looking charming in black and pink.

Mrs. Anstruther Duncan was very handsomely gowned in white brocade and wore a quantity of diamonds, a small tiara and a necklace.

Mrs. Leach was in pale yellow and white brocade and Mrs. Borden looking very well, was all in yellow.

Mrs. Commeline wore plain old gold silk trimmed with chiffon, and Mrs. John F. Stairs was also in yellow and white, with pink roses.

Mrs. J. T. Twining wore an exceedingly pretty frock of pale pink and pearl brocade, with very pretty sleeves of silk chiffon.

Mrs. Roche-Smith had a very handsome dress of shot gold and silver, trimmed with beetle wing embroidery.

Mrs. F. Roberts was very handsomely gowned in shot green and pink silk, with narrow black stripes and a pale green bodice.

Miss Harvey wore a very smart mauve brocade trimmed with violets, and Mrs. Morris was looking nice in pale rhododendron colored broche silk.

Mrs. James Morrow was beautifully dressed in white satin and had with her Miss Bottrell, in black over crimson.

Mrs. Geoffrey Morrow wore a very pretty gown of gray brocade, Mrs. E. Troop wore a smart pale blue satin with embroidered chiffon sleeves, and Mrs. Charles Archibald, handsomely dressed in pink and gray, had with her Miss Archibald in black and pale green, and Miss Purves, the latter looking very well in white with shaded cerise ribbons.

Mrs. Fletcher Wade wore a very pretty dress of black with sleeves of frise cerise velvet. Miss Wade looked nice in white.

Miss Geraldine Stairs, one of the debutantes of the evening, looked extremely well in cream satin, exquisitely trimmed with lilacs of the valley. Two other debutantes, also beautifully dressed in white, were Miss M. and Miss K. Dwyer, both looking charming.

Mrs. J. Drew Motr looked exceedingly smart in white, and Miss Motr very nice in a girlish frock of white chiffon with a large blue sash. Mrs. F. Jones was very smart in green velvet and Mrs. H. Elliot looked well in pearl brocade.

Mrs. Curran wore a handsome white gown of brocade, trimmed with green ribbons. Miss Bullock looked well in bright yellow. There were a great many chaperons and elderly ladies in black and the usual number of starting toilettes in brilliant red

Fry's Cocoa Concentrated

is most economical to use because its absolute purity gives it great strength.

A small quantity furnishes a very nutritious and easily digested food.

Even children and invalids thrive on it. Used in place of coffee, it makes an ideal breakfast food.

It stimulates gently but healthfully. Endorsed and recommended by the highest medical authorities in the world.

Over 100 medals awarded to the firm.

Best grocers sell it everywhere.

Spring Possibilities The Parisian

Opportunities for early bargain buying have never been so great as they are now. The first prices placed on our Millinery are not the usual exorbitant charges for the season's novelties, but show only a fair profit for conveying to you the best products from Paris, New York and London. Such a display of

Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties

was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian Cor. Union and Coburg Sts.



Bordeaux Claret Co. (La Compagnie des Vins de Bordeaux)

Summer Season, 1897.

Wines for everybody, guaranteed pure, sound, and imported direct from the vineyards of France.

BON BOURGEOIS CLARET at \$3 per case of 1 dozen quarts.

MONTFERRAND CLARET at \$4 per case of 1 dozen quarts.

Also, the Choicest Brands of

Champagnes, Burgundies, Sauternes, Ports, Sherries, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

Call or write for our new complete Price List of Wines, Liquors, etc.

Our Assorted Bodega Cases of Fine Wines and Liquors

ranging from \$3 to \$12, according to contents, are a specialty and novelty meeting with great satisfaction.

BORDEAUX CLARET CO.

30 Hospital Street, - - Montreal.

and yellow. Miss Oliver looked nice in black with white lace.

The bride, Mrs. Pittman was wearing her wedding gown of white satin, and looked very well in it.

One of the topics of the evening was that Admiral Erskine had received his K. C. B., and would shortly be gassed.

Mrs. McKeen had the honor of receiving her excellency one afternoon last week, and on Thursday after the unveiling of the Cabot memorial, Lady Aberdeen was the guest of Sir Sanford Fleming at the Arm. On Friday their excellencies left, Lady Aberdeen to spend the summer in England.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. J. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

June 30 - Mrs. W. E. Bligh gave a charming picnic tea in the Park, in honor of some guests who are at Fairholme, just now, beside the house party, the following enjoyed Mrs. Bligh's hospitality: Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. McKay, Misses Bigelow, Misses Snook, Messrs G. H. Williams, W. A. Spencer, W. P. McKay and G. L. Murray.

Miss Minnie Dawson, Picton, is visiting her friend, Miss Weston, Queen street.

Mrs. D. B. Smith has returned from a short visit among Halifax and Dartmouth friends.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Lavton are enjoying a short vacation among the latter's home friends in Annapolis county.

Miss Maud Murray has returned from Antigonish.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. McNutt celebrated their silver-wedding last Saturday evening, and in consequence "Central House" was en fete. There was a large contingent from town, among whom were Mrs. Thos. McKay, Miss McKay, and Mr. W. P. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Davidson, Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. P. McGregor Archibald, Mrs. Corthar, Mrs. Gregor Yull, Miss Yull, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gourley, Mr. H. McLaughlin. Mr. and Mrs. McNutt were really occupied almost throughout the evening receiving the hosts of friends who came to renew their congratulations. The bride wore her wedding gown of green silk, with fichu of old lace. An elaborate running supper was in progress during the evening, and the dispensing of these hospitalities were well looked after by the Misses McNutt; an entertainment of a musical and literary order, added to and very much enlivened this pleasant evening. Mr. and Mrs. McNutt were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents on this occasion.

Truro circles deeply sympathize with Mr. E. M. Fulton, in the irreparable loss he has sustained, this week, in the loss of his young wife. The news of whose death Monday afternoon, so unexpected, elicited expressions of heart felt regret, every where. It is so short a time since Mrs. Fulton came to be a bride, and by a charming personality, in the little white she dress in our midst, made many friends. The remains were followed to the depot from her late residence, Halifax Road, last night by a large and representative gathering of citizens. The interment occurs from her mother's residence in New Glasgow today.

Mrs. McSweeney, Miss Evelyn and Master George returned to town, last night from Antigonish.

Mr. H. B. McLaughlin and his bride, arrive home tonight, per C. P. R., M. and Mrs. McLaughlin will be pleasantly domiciled at Mrs. H. F. McKenzie's, Queen street, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Foster, were in Truro Monday night guests of the latter's mother. They left Tuesday morning, for Shediac en route to Prince Edward Island.

PARRERO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrero Book Store.]

Mr. J. R. Cowan arrived today to spend a couple of months at his summer residence, Mr. Northey, Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Rand have returned from a visit to Truro and Halifax.

Miss Daniel and Miss Janet Cameron went to Halifax to attend the Jubilee celebration.

Miss Ray Gillespie is at home from Mt. St. Vincent for the holidays.

Mr. Huxley Johnstone has gone to Fredericton, Dr. Johnston spent a part of last week in St. John. Mrs. Fraser of St. John is visiting Mrs. Northey.

Rev. Charles Wilson of Springhill came down yesterday to conduct the service at the funeral of Mrs. Thomas Darant who died quite suddenly at five Islands on Sunday morning at her sisters home where she was visiting.

Mr. George M. Keen of St. John was in town last week.

Mr. Stewart Jenks returned on Friday from Halifax.

Mrs. C. K. Eville and Miss Roberts Smith went to Windsor today.

Mrs. Anbrey Upham received the first part of last week.

Mr. Brander who lately began lessons in vocal culture and violin lessons has already quite a large number of pupils.

Mr. E. P. Fairbanks of Springhill spent Sunday before last here.

Miss Lena Rivers of St. John is paying a visit to her aunt Mrs. G. B. Day.

Miss Chambers of Hantsport is the guest of Mrs. Brownell.

Rev. Mr. Simmons of St. Mark's church, Halifax had charge of the services in this parish on Sunday. Mr. Cecil Townshend spent last week in Halifax.

Mr. Robert Tucker's death is a very sad event, deeply regretted by all who knew her. The funeral today was of course very largely attended. Mrs.

Miss Jean Robinson left town on Thursday for Toronto, where she intends spending two weeks with friends.

The many friends of Mrs. E. M. Estey, formerly of Moncton, but a resident of the Western states, are delighted to see her in town again. Mrs. Estey is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McAllister, of Botsford Street, and I believe intends spending the remainder of the summer here.

Mrs. George W. Daniel returned last week from a two weeks' visit to St. John.

Miss Turner, of Fort Elgin is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Jones, of Botsford street.

Miss Maggie Sullivan, formerly of Moncton, but now of Boston, is spending her summer vacation visiting friends here.

Mr. John Russell and his charming bride, formerly Miss Nina Jamieson reached town on Saturday on their return from their wedding trip. Mrs. Russell is receiving her friends this week.

Mrs. Bentner of Quebec, who is spending some weeks in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. George E. Allen of Botsford sang solos in the Central Methodist and Presbyterian churches on Monday morning and evening. Mrs. Bentner possesses a sweet and powerful soprano voice, and delighted her hearers at both occasions.

Miss Amelia Wright of New York, is spending a few days in town the guest of her sister, Mrs. Samuel McKeen at Ravenwood. It is needless to say that Miss Wright is receiving the warmest of welcomes from her numerous friends in Moncton.

Rev. John Prince and Mrs. Prince returned on Friday from a week's visit to St. John, where they were attending the jubilee celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harris returned on Saturday from Halifax where they spent the Jubilee week.

Rev. W. B. Hinson, and bride arrived in town on Saturday, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Higgins, for the present. Mr. and Mrs. Hinson will reside in Shediac for the summer, returning as soon as the new baptist parsonage is ready for their occupation.

Mrs. W. E. Burns of Montreal arrived in town on Wednesday to spend some weeks with her mother, Mrs. S. McKean. Mrs. Burns was accompanied by her sister Miss Selma McKean, who has been attending school in Montreal for the past year.

In these days of culture and progress do not wear a grizzly beard or mustache, when they can be colored a natural brown or black at home with Buckingham's Dye.

Tattle of Pugwash with her sister for a while before her death.

Mr. and Mrs. Bisset of St. John and their children are staying at the Grand Central.

Mr. Jackson of Amherst is registered at the Evangeline.

Mr. J. A. Johnson of Halifax is in town. Miss Townshend and Miss Gertrude Townshend of Halifax are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Townshend.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

June 30 - I was just a little premature with my information about Miss Stronach's wedding last week, but as I was only one day out in my reckoning, I do not imagine that the mistake was a very serious one. Miss Stronach was married at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning at her mother's pretty residence on Highfield street, to Mr. Fred Tennant of St. John. The ceremony which was performed by Rev. J. D. Murray of Red Bank Northumberland Co., took place in the presence of the near relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

The bride who was unattended, wore a very handsome travelling costume of electric blue cloth with toque to match, and was given away by her brother Mr. Robert Stronach of Montreal. Luncheon was served after the ceremony and Mr. and Mrs. Tennant departed by the midday train for a two weeks trip to New York and Boston. The bride received many very beautiful gifts, that of the groom being a handsome gold watch and chain.

I understand that as Mr. Tennant is a travelling man, there is a possibility of his making Moncton his headquarters in future, in which case we shall not lose Mrs. Tennant who could ill be spared from our circle. Mr. and Mrs. Tennant's numerous friends will join in wishing them every happiness.

The many Moncton friends of Mr. A. M. Borden of the bank of Nova Scotia in Amherst who was stationed here for some time, were glad to see him in town again last week. Mr. Borden who is on his way to Denver Colorado for the benefit of his health was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Faser during his stay in Moncton.

Miss Archibald returned on Friday from a week's visit to friends in Halifax.

Mrs. Sayre, widow of the late Dr. Sayre of this city is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Clarke.

The many friends of Mrs. W. R. Racey of Fredericton were greatly shocked last week at hearing of the terrible affliction which had befallen her in the sudden death of her husband. Mrs. Racey was formerly Miss Phoebe Chandler of Moncton and was a universal favorite. Her sad loss will call forth the sympathy of all who knew her. Mrs. Racey was well known in Moncton where she had many friends who heard with sincere regret of the sudden ending of a promising life.

Mrs. Fred B. Chapman and son left town last week to visit friends in P. E. Island.

Miss Ada Milliken returned on Saturday from St. John, where she has been spending the past ten days with friends.

Miss Nellie Lyons returned on Saturday from Quebec, where she has been a student at the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

Mrs. F. R. F. Brown left town this morning, for Montreal where she intends spending some two months visiting relatives.

Judge Wells returned on Saturday from Fredericton where he had been attending the funeral of his friend Mr. Racey.

Mrs. J. M. Lyons left town this morning to visit friends in Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hewson returned on Saturday from Halifax, where they have been attending the jubilee festivities.

Miss Maud Taylor left town last week to visit friends in St. John.

Mrs. Weldon accompanied by her daughter Mrs. G. M. Blat of St. John and the latter's little son who have been visiting her, departed last week for Shediac, where they intend spending the summer months.

Mrs. J. B. Forster of Dorchester, spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street.

Mrs. William Smith of Sussex is spending a few days in town, the guest of her daughter Mrs. E. A. Borden of Botsford street.

The many friends of Mr. J. F. Grant formerly of the Moncton branch of the bank of Montreal but now of the head office at Montreal, gave him a very cordial welcome last week when he spent a day in town, on his way to Nova Scotia, where he is spending his summer holidays.

Miss Jean Robinson left town on Thursday for Toronto, where she intends spending two weeks with friends.

The many friends of Mrs. E. M. Estey, formerly of Moncton, but a resident of the Western states, are delighted to see her in town again. Mrs. Estey is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McAllister, of Botsford Street, and I believe intends spending the remainder of the summer here.

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Miss Maggie Sullivan, formerly of Moncton, but now of Boston, is spending her summer vacation visiting friends here.

Mr. John Russell and his charming bride, formerly Miss Nina Jamieson reached town on Saturday on their return from their wedding trip. Mrs. Russell is receiving her friends this week.

Mrs. Bentner of Quebec, who is spending some weeks in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. George E. Allen of Botsford sang solos in the Central Methodist and Presbyterian churches on Monday morning and evening. Mrs. Bentner possesses a sweet and powerful soprano voice, and delighted her hearers at both occasions.

Miss Amelia Wright of New York, is spending a few days in town the guest of her sister, Mrs. Samuel McKeen at Ravenwood. It is needless to say that Miss Wright is receiving the warmest of welcomes from her numerous friends in Moncton.

Rev. John Prince and Mrs. Prince returned on Friday from a week's visit to St. John, where they were attending the jubilee celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harris returned on Saturday from Halifax where they spent the Jubilee week.

Rev. W. B. Hinson, and bride arrived in town on Saturday, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Higgins, for the present. Mr. and Mrs. Hinson will reside in Shediac for the summer, returning as soon as the new baptist parsonage is ready for their occupation.

Mrs. W. E. Burns of Montreal arrived in town on Wednesday to spend some weeks with her mother, Mrs. S. McKean. Mrs. Burns was accompanied by her sister Miss Selma McKean, who has been attending school in Montreal for the past year.

In these days of culture and progress do not wear a grizzly beard or mustache, when they can be colored a natural brown or black at home with Buckingham's Dye.

HAVE YOU TO FOOT IT?

If so you will find your feet often get tired, sore, swollen or aching. Maybe a corn or an ingrowing toenail makes walking a misery. In the summer time especially will your feet get sweaty, foul smelling or scalded. To free you from all these miseries there is a simple preparation called

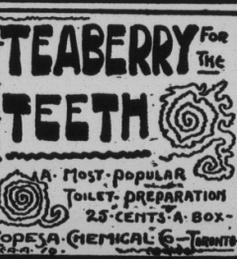


E. R. Dunnett, 224 John Street North, Hamilton, Ont., says: "For the past three years I have tried in vain to get a remedy for sore, perspiring feet. I sent for a box of Foot Elm and am surprised at the rapid cure it effected, as the one box has been the means of giving me great relief when all other remedies failed."

Price 25c. a box. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing STURT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

A Row in the Choir

Henry Ward Beecher used to say that the evangelization of the world could never be accomplished until the church choir was dispensed with. It is proverbial that choirs are given to internal dissension. We do not pose as missionaries. We are selling Throat Kumforts for the money there is to be made out of it. But it has been shown time and again that where we have introduced Throat Kumforts into choirs the enthusiasm they have created has spread oil on the troubled waters. They make the voice clear as a bell for speaking and singing, and the choir that has once used them will never thereafter be without them. Put up in neat tablet form, convenient to carry and use. Invaluable for smokers' sore throat. Try a box for next Sunday.



Jewelry.

IN BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, ETC.

We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right.

FERGUSON & PAGE.

41 KING STREET.

YOUR SPARE TIME

Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising, to be forwarded to us daily. No canvassing; no previous experience required, but plain writers preferred. Permanent work to those content to earn \$4 or more weekly in spare time. Apply to WARREN PUB. CO., LONDON, ONT.

WINES.

Arriving ex "Escalona"

"The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives.

For sale low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[PROGRAMME for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

JUNE 30.—The excitement and rush of the jubilee...

Miss Lillie Eaton gave a charming impromptu...

One of the prettiest sights seen on our streets...

The Alcegon hotel is open to visitors, but the...

The Union church Sunday school left this morning...

Mr. George Downes gave a farewell bachelors...

Mr. James Harding of St. John was the guest of...

Master Arthur Chipman has arrived from Bothe...

Mr. and Mrs. John Black of the Bank of Nova...

The Fourth of July celebration in Calais this...

Dr. Frank L. Blair, assistant surgeon of the 1st...

Mr. and Mrs. John Black have invited a party...

Miss McKinnon of St. George has been the...

Colonel J. N. Greene has been in Calais during...

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Nell have returned...

Rev. John Anderson was the guest of Dr. and...

Miss Brown of Woodstock was the guest of Miss...

Mrs. J. W. D. Thomas has returned from a...

Mr. Frank V. Lee has been attending Commencement...

General Gallagher, accompanied by Mrs. Gal...

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Young entertained at...

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. King, and Miss Annie King...

Madame Grimmer of St. Andrews is the guest...

Mrs. Bodan of Montreal is visiting her friend...

Prof. W. E. Ganong of Smith College, accom...

Free Samples of K. D. O. and K. D. G. Pills...

K. D. C. Company Limited, New Glasgow, N. S.

Free Samples of K. D. O. and K. D. G. Pills...

K. D. C. Company Limited, New Glasgow, N. S.

Free Samples of K. D. O. and K. D. G. Pills...

K. D. C. Company Limited, New Glasgow, N. S.

Mr. John B. Eaton, is at home for the summer...

Miss Mary Newton, is visiting Boston and...

General and Mrs. B. B. Murray of Pembroke...

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macartney expect soon to...

Dr. Frank L. Blair, and Mr. C. E. Gilmore, en...

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Boyd...

Mr. and Mrs. John Barker have gone to Con...

Much to the regret of her many friends here...

Miss Ella W. Harmon has returned from a brief...

Miss Vera Moore's home from Welleley col...

Mrs. William Hall of Montreal is expected here...

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gilmore have arrived in...

Mr. Charles D. Hill has recovered from his ill...

Miss Blanche Hudson is in St. George where she...

All the bicycle clubs in Calais and there are a...

Mr. John E. Algar, and her daughter Miss Mabel...

Mrs. C. M. Gove of St. Andrews was the guest...

Dr. and Mrs. J. Melville Descon and Mr. and...

Miss Daisy Hansen leaves tomorrow for Frederic...

Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. C. H. Clarke and Miss...

Mr. Nebelmann Marks and Mr. Lewis A. Mills...

Miss Mattie Nichols has gone to Salem Willows...

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Newham left this morn...

[PROGRAMME for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. B. L...

JUNE 30.—Dr. Keith and Mrs. Keith are visit...

Mrs. John Beattie has been in St. John for the...

Mr. James W. Morton and Master Tupper Morton...

Mr. Henry Wathen was fairly successful trout...

Mrs. Gaskin and Humbert the Benial workers...

Mrs. Bertha Welling was the guest of Mr. Gordon...

Mr. Philip Woods of Richibucto who has been...

ling throughout one scene being most realistic. Mr...

The funeral of Herbert Craig who was killed in a...

Mr. Norman Loane is spending a few days in...

Miss Louise Perley, Andover, is the guest of her...

Mr. Reid of Montreal, travelling and/or of C. P. R.

Miss Ethel Bourne spent the first of July in...

Mayor Hay spent Dominion day in Fredericton...

There never was, and never will be, a universal...

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who...

Madam, is your son expecting to carry on any...

Conductor—Did you see the man with the child?

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes:

She—The tone of our organ is becoming very dull.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sablin says:

EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WHO SUFFER FROM...

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Syd...

THE HUSBAND STARTING FOR THE COUNTRY.—Have you...

AN ADVERTISEMENT

PEOPLE WHO SUFFER

TRY THESE PILLS

THE MILES IDEAL STOCK CO. playing in Woodstock...

Mr. Charles Nell who has been in Woodstock for...

Van Archdeacon Neales spent part of this week...

Mr. Charles Nell who has been in Woodstock for...

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Smith for several weeks...

Genuine sorrow and deepest regret were felt in...

Mr. Jack Dibble is also a passenger on Saturd...

The Miles Ideal Stock Co. playing in Woodstock...

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Smith for several weeks...

Genuine sorrow and deepest regret were felt in...

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Smith for several weeks...

It Will Not Spot... WATERWITCH SERGE. From rain or sea water—is perfectly shower proof.

IT IS A DANDY! What is? Why! OUR SPECIAL "UNIT" ENGINE, Automatic in Action.

NOTICE OF SALE. To George A. Beckett and to all others whom it doth, shall or may concern.

Sunlight Soap WRAPPER COMPETITION. MAY, 1897. The following are the Winners in District No. 4.

SHERIFF'S SALE. There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of St. John.

SHERIFF'S SALE. There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of St. John.

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

T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars. 16 DUKE STREET

YOU TO FOOT IT? will find your feet often sore, swollen or aching.

in the Choir Beecher used to say that the world was accomplished until...

BERRY For The... THE... PREPARATION... 25-CENTS-A-BOX... MEDICAL... TORONTO

lry... WATCHES, BROOCHES, PENDENTS, NECK CHAINS, RINGS, STUDS, RINGS, HAT PINS, Etc.

YOUR FOOD Your Strength—It is well digested. If your stomach is not doing duty by K. D. O.

ESCALONA... 1/2 in quarter cast and Octives. BOURKE STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

chestra in the Aberdeen rink. Strawberries with musical accompaniment is something we are not often served with in the excellent style they propose doing, so a charming success is expected.

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morrie.] June 30th.—Miss Clara Robinson is home from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Williams returned from their honeymoon last week and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Goucher.

Miss Miss Babep has returned from Truro where she has been attending school.

Miss May Handford spent a few days of last week in St. John.

Miss Edith Nichols is visiting in St. John.

Mrs. Bonnell gave an "at home" Saturday evening. With such a gracious and charming hostess it is needless to say the occasion was an extremely pleasant one.

Mrs. Bowers of Ottawa and child are guests at the "Waverly."

Mrs. Walker is visiting her mother Mrs. Ferwick.

Mrs. Coombs of St. John, who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Wightman is quite ill.

Mr. McGregor of Boston found Digby such an ideal vacation resort last season that he has repeated his visit, bringing with him a party of friends who will enjoy the summer.

Rev. Mr. Thomas preached an eloquent sermon to the Foresters Sunday evening last.

Miss Lottie Bates and Capt. Rook of Clements, were married at the residence of the bride's parents Boston, on the afternoon of 26th. The happy couple left the same day for New York in the Prince Rupert.

Mrs. Chaloner has returned from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Mr. Dunbar of Weymouth is spending a few months with her son Capt. Allen.

Mr. Fred Jones of Ottawa, Inspector of Customs is in town.

Rev. J. D. Smith of Annapolis has been spending a few days in Digby.

Mrs. McEvers of St. John is at Louer Lodge for some weeks.

ANAGANCE.

June 30.—Mrs. George Davidson spent the week of Jubilee in St. John, returning home on Wednesday accompanied by Miss Ida Davidson who will be her guest for a week.

Mrs. Eyard McLeod is confined to her home with a severe cold.

Mrs. Davidson entertained a few friends to tea on Saturday in honor of her guest Miss Davidson.

Rev. A. G. Bell of Charlottetown spent Monday and Tuesday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Smith.

Miss Davidson of "Apple Hill" spent Sunday in Pettitford with her friend Miss Webster.

Miss Susan of Penobscot and Mr. Beverly McNaughton of Annapolis spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNaughton.

Mrs. Lester Smith and two children are visiting Mrs. Neeson at Pettitford this week.

Mr. Gilbert Davidson of Mt. Jno. is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Davidson at the depot.

SORET SHE WON.

Because she won at cards she cursed her ill luck.

"You've all read of women who took the place of men and filled the bill," said the veteran who had lived through all the border ruffian wars of Kansas and kept his health. "I know of one case that convinced me that the two sexes have much in common."

"Where I first settled in the southwest there was a woman that ran a gambling joint. She had a good business head, was a fine physical specimen of her sex, conducted a wonderful quiet place for those times and never made a promise that she did not fulfill."

"One day a young six-footer from Kentucky came into her den looking for a game. It happened that the boys were all at a horse race and shooting match, so she volunteered to entertain him at poker till they returned. She was famed for luck but that day chance played her false. The handsome Kentuckian was a reckless gamster and soon he had all the thousands that she had saved. When the boys gathered about the table he was playing what he had won against the ownership of the place. There were some ominous threats but he gave no sign of noticing them and in one deal of the cards he was proprietor of the whole outfit. The woman was pallid and her eyes flamed but not a protest did she utter."

"I'll stake myself and make it all or nothing," she said with a smile that would have frozen the god of death.

"I should give you odds," was the gallant response to the challenge, and the Kentuckian threw a roll of bills upon the table.

"Face up the cards were dealt and the woman won. Her opponent arose with a bow, declared it the heaviest loss he had ever sustained, and walked out. She cursed her luck and was the maddest woman I ever saw."—Detroit Free Press.

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

are the only pills to take Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PIMPLY FACES

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, itchy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. PUTTER D. AND C. COY., Sole Prop., Boston. "How to Beautify the Skin," Free.

BLOOD HUMORS

Permanently Cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

COSTLY FOOD FOR 49ERS.

High Prices that Prevailed in the California Restaurants in those Days.

If life was not all 'cakes and ale' among the 49ers; if among the vast majority the daily menu was limited to 'slap-jacks,' 'hard tack,' 'coffee and beans,' occasionally diversified by an unfortunate jack rabbit or quail, whose misplaced confidence in mankind brought them too early to the pot of the hardy miner, neither was it entirely devoid of luxuries in living for those whose appetites were on a par with their financial ability to gratify them.

In San Francisco the luxuriously inclined were wont to seek habitation whether for legitimate or illegitimate reasons were need not now stop to inquire. Opportunity for self-indulgence of appetite was not wanting from the very beginning of things, provided, as already hinted at, that good digestion while waiting on appetite, was supplemented by a sufficient supply of 'shackles' to give practical rein to its indulgence. Where the gambler flourished in all his glory, and the glint and glitter of gold passing from hand to hand on all sides was too common to excite observation or comment, it need not be wondered at that no limit of prices put upon the 'good things of life' would prevent men enjoying them.

Even among the adventurous and hardy 'gold hunters' yearning for the fleshpots, which they left behind them, did not pass unassaged when opportunity offered, no matter though the rate to be paid therefor was one far beyond the bounds of what they had been reared to believe was more than the 'height of extravagance.'

Recalling a scene in illustration of this fact, the writer may mention an incident of the month of July, 1849. Encamped with his companions upon the banks of the Sacramento where Sacramento City was just beginning to take on the semblance of a town in the stages of embryonic form he witnessed the arrival of a daring speculator who had come all the way from the mission of San Jose with a wagon load of potatoes and onions for sale. In less than thirty minutes every onion and potato had found a purchaser at the upset price of \$1 per pound, while the venturesome speculator started back a richer but probably no wiser man than when he conceived the profitable venture.

But it is of the hotels and hostelries of San Francisco in 1849 and the early '50s that this paper is intended to recall, in the belief that the wide contrast between the cheap luxurious living of to-day and the prices of that early period may not be devoid of general public interest. Perhaps in no other aspect nor from any other point of view was the composite and cosmopolitan character of the population of San Francisco at that time more strikingly exemplified than through the national nomenclature of the restaurants of that day, as well as the national personality of their enterprising proprietors.

If there was this wide variety of nationality of hotels and restaurants with their concomitants of varied national characteristics in cookery, there was a singular sameness in prices, no matter whence he came or what the nationality of the host. There was a tariff for revenue only, which home industries had to pay for, and against which there was no protection.

Notwithstanding the fact that there were cattle in countless herds upon 'a thousand hills' in those days though game was in abundance and the water teemed with fish, yet all these common needs were not yet brought to market in sufficient quantity to make them other than luxuries. Of vegetables there were practically none. To put it as a writer in the 'Annals of San Francisco' sentimentally stated it, 'in 1849 the announcement of a real cabbage for dinner would have set half of the population frantic with strangely stirred appetites.' The justification of this seemingly exaggerated remark will be found in the perusal of some of the hotel bills of fare of that day, where the potato figures of hardly less value, than 'a golden apple of Hesperides' and a plate of cabbage costs 50 cents. In one sense, at least, 'cabbage heads' were far less common in those days than they are now, saying nothing about the other slang sense of the expression—since a nickel will buy a whole one sold at retail big enough

to feed a whole modern boarding house if fairly supplemented by its legitimate ally, the toothsome corned beef.

The old adobe 'City Hall,' which stood on the southwest corner of Kearney and Clay streets, was the first hotel of pretensions proportions and character erected in San Francisco. It was built in 1846. In the days of its greatest glory—in 1849—its bill of fare embraced ducks and quail at from \$2 to \$5 each, salads \$1 to \$2, and eggs from 75 cents to \$1 each.

The Parker House, which stood on Kearney street, where the new Hall of Justice is about being erected, was built in 1848 by Robert A. Parker. It was a two-and-a-half story wooden building, the lumber in its construction costing \$600 per 1,000 feet. It went down in the first great fire of Dec. 24, 1849, while under rental mainly to gamblers at \$15,000 a month. Rebuilt in the spring of 1850, it went down once again, and finally, on May 4 1850, in the second great conflagration, that being the very day upon which it was completed.

While the name was literally legion of the Italian osterias, German wirtschafths, French cabarets, Spanish fridas, Chinese chow chow, American, English, and other restaurants, at every one of which prices were charged that would stagger the rich and well kept habitues of the palace of today, the so-called first-top hotels were neither conspicuous in dimensions nor number. 'Top high-water' mark was supposed to have been reached when the Ward House was built and opened, in the autumn of 1849. It was situated on Clay street, opposite the middle of the old plaza, and, although then regarded as an inspiring and luxurious affair, would to-day hardly pass for a third-rate beer saloon. It was the favorite place of resort and indulgence for the elite of that day, however.

BUTTERED THE RAILS.

How Billy Mahone Was Outwitted by Virginia Students.

Gen. "Billy" Mahone, the fast-fighting Virginian, never lowered his flag voluntarily in the face of an enemy but once in his eventful life. That was when a lot of college students got after him down in southwestern Virginia in the early seventies. The General was then President of the lately consolidated line of railway from Norfolk to Bristol. Within ten miles of Abingdon, this way, is located the famous old Methodist college, Emory and Henry, redolent in name of the piety of Bishop Emory and the patriotism of Patrick Henry. At the period mentioned there was a "salt train" that used to pass the College en route from Saltville to Bristol daily at an hour that enabled the students to ride on it down to Abingdon, where some of them visited the girls at the female colleges of the town. The others usually visited the local jag foundry, and returned to college to enliven its classic quietude with whoops and yells not required by the Ciceronian cult of oratory nor found in the preparatory discipline for Demosthenean declamation.

The college authorities were anxious to break up the Abingdon excursions, but they ran by a sort of ancient prescription, and the faculty hesitated to taboo them outright. They resorted to strategy, and got Gen. Mahone to quietly order the salt train to scoot past the college station, oblivious to all signals and defiant of past custom. The first afternoon that the train frieked by and left the callow collegians amazed and disgusted they considered it a mishap only. Due perhaps to some demand of urgency upon the engineer to meet a new schedule. The second day they were left in a like plight, and this time they were neither chary nor christian in their objections. It was evident to them that they were the victims of a conspiracy. A caucus resulted in the sending forth a special commission to ferret out the mystery and spot the miscreants.

That evening three of the boys set out for Saltville. At Glade Spring they loaded up with the ticklers of old Hiram Thompson's best bug-juice. When they reached Saltville they soon got the engineer of the salt train in tow and headed for Floyd's reserve, where nightly carousals with a loose and luscious crowd of countrymen could be found. The engineer got boozed enough to give the whole game away, and next morning the special commissioners reported throughout college and campus that Gen. Mahone was in league with the faculty to 'shoot the train' and deprive the boys of their time-honored privileges. A midnight caucus was held by the ringleaders of college devilment in general ways and means proposed to circumvent the doughty general and faculty. For more than a week there had been a student riot breeding over a dozen firkins of rancid butter that had been imported by one of the college rectories. Some shrewd student proposed that both 'grievances be dealt with at the same time. It was resolved to "bring the butter and the bulldog" together, and soon the knickers-up were summing from their beds the reliable spirit who could be trusted for such an adventure as that in hand. A half hundred willingly responded.

It did not take long to force the door of the springhouse and yank out half a dozen firkins of butter strong enough to stall any

train in the land. A hundred hands were soon busy spreading the offensive grease along the rails of the track until they were smeared for half a mile either way from the college station. The fast Southern express train was due along about daylight, and the boys washed up in the spring branch and went back to their quarters to wait the racket.

Soon the train's headlight came over the grade from Glade Spring, and presently there was heard a whirr and whizz of wheels, the frantic moans of the engine, then a dead standstill for the train and a long whistle for help from the engineer. He had run out of sand and was spinning on the grease. The train crew were soon out hunting more sand, and throwing dirt and gravel on the rails as the engine painfully pinched along with the heavy train. All hands were making the morning air lurid with variegated profanity, and speeded sundry cursings of the awakened and disgusted passengers.

It took the train just two hours to get away from the buttered rails, and it took Gen. Mahone only a few hours more to cover the space on a special engine between Lynchburg and the college.

His arrival was greeted by an ovation by the students, and the madder he showed himself to be the wilder grew the cheers and chaff of the college boys. A hurried consultation with the faculty was followed by a request from the General to have speech with the students. He mounted the platform at the station and proceeded to declaim against the outrage perpetrated on interstate commerce, 'the crime' against the United States mails, and so forth; but the boys laughed and jeered more exasperatingly as the General grew more vehement and swung his old white slouch hat to punctuate his points. At length, almost frothing at the mouth, the General shouted:

"What do you want?"

"The salt train!" replied 200 voices as that of one big giant.

"Well, by—, you may have it. Good-by!"

Leaping onto the engine, the General pulled out on the back journey, and the boys had no more trouble about the schedule of the salt train.

GIFT CUPS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

A Group of Eleven Marked Mother-in-law, Grandpa, Uncle and so on.

Gift cups and saucers are made in many styles and with various inscriptions. They are given most commonly to children. But there is a curious and interesting group of eleven gift cups and saucers of large size, the cup holding a pint, they are presented to adults only. These cups are inscribed respectively Mother-in-law, Grandpa and Grandma, Sister, Brother, Uncle, Aunt, Husband, Wife, Father, Mother. Big cups and saucers with some or perhaps all of these inscriptions have been sold more or less for a long time; but as a regular article of stock, in full line this group is practically new, having been on the market only about four years. They are made in this country. As with all gift cups and saucers, the greatest number of these are sold in the holiday season, but there is a demand for them the year round, and the sale of them is steady and considerable.

To those who are accustomed to coffee cups of ordinary size, and, if they wished more coffee, would prefer to have their cup replenished, it might seem that nobody would want such a big cup; but there are a good many people, taking them altogether, that like to drink out of a big cup. Stone china coffee cups holding a pint, with saucers to correspond, are a regular article of stock in wholesale and jobbing crockery houses, and many are sold. For example: Here is a young married couple whose uncle, a great coffee drinker, is coming to make them a visit. The young husband says to his wife:

"We've never been able to give Uncle Bill coffee enough. Let's give him a cup that will hold all he can drink."

And the young wife says: "All right; let us do it."

And they buy him one of those big cups, marked 'Uncle'; and when Uncle Bill sits down to breakfast for the first time in his nephew's house his coffee is brought to him in that cup; and he is pleased, as it is intended he should be.

It might be supposed that the total number of demands such as this wouldn't be enough to amount to much; but as a matter of fact among seventy million people the number of just such demands as in the aggregate large.

A cup inscribed 'Mother-in-law' may be presented for the same reason as that assigned for the presentation to an uncle as above set forth. Or it may be that the presentation of the mother-in-law cup is intended as a joke; but, if so, it is certainly meant to be a good-humored joke. Various occasions for the presentation of any of the other cups will readily suggest themselves, as birthdays, and so on, all inspired by friendly feeling. In fact, the only people who have anything to do with these cups that do not regard them in a friendly light are the decorators who make the inscriptions upon them.

The decorators are paid for their work per dozen cups, and when the mother-in-law cup came out they protested. They got up more for that long compound word than they did for short and simple word wife, which they put on many cups. Obviously a decorator receiving cups for decoration would rather have two wives than one mother-in-law and a number of the

other inscriptions are nearly twice as long as wife. So, to make it fair in allotting the cups to the decorators at the pottery establishment, it is customary so to divide them, with respect to their inscriptions, that each decorator will get as near as possible the same number of letters to make.

ONE MAN AND A MOB.

And His Only Weapon of Defence Was a Silver Spoon.

This is a story of how one man did what a sheriff, police force, citizens and fire department failed to do. Unarmed, save for a silver spoon, and unassisted, he dispersed a blood-thirsty mob bent on murder and arson. It was during the Chinese riots in Denver in the year 1880, the bloodiest in its history. An angry mob filled the streets and made the air blue with its mutterings. When things had reached this stage a gigantic cowboy in a red flannel shirt drove into the crowd waving his lariat over his head and shouting, 'Let's burn the rats out of their holes.' This was all sufficient to inflame the crowd to violence and to the Chinese quarter of the town they went.

There were probably 500 Chinamen and Chinese women huddled together in a lot of dens covering an area of half a block. The different apartments were connected by narrow secret passages.

These were typical dens of Chinese vice and crime, and the fumes of opium filled the air for a block away. It was a plague spot, and a menace to every self-respecting citizen. As the officers of the law fattened on it, its denizens remained unmolested. To this place the mob rushed howling and crying for the "rats" to be burned out. Soon they were beyond the control of the police, and the chief appealed to the sheriff. Three hundred citizens were sworn in and armed with revolvers and Winchesters. The sheriff tried to disperse the crowd by threats, persuasion and by reading the riot act, but they only hissed and hooted.

The Chinamen barricaded their doors, and not a sound came from within save the occasional cry of a woman. The mob fired at the doors and the sheriff threatened to fire into the crowd, but a dozen Winchesters were pointed in his face and he subsided. Finally some one set fire to the old frame buildings and in a moment the entire Chinese quarter was in flames. The mob, maddened by the sight, yelled and howled. They made a rush on the doors and with some heavy lumber broke them in and rushed through. There were a few shots, a few cries, and a few supplications.

They shot down the men as they rushed from the burning buildings, and then dragged them out by the queues. They picked the little Chinese women up in their arms and carried them out. Quantities of silverware, cigars, liquor and opium were found and confiscated by the rioters. What they could not carry away with them was scattered on the sidewalks. The fire department came and turned the water on the crowd, but some one cut the hose and destroyed its usefulness for extinguishing the flames and the ardor of the mob. The plaintive cries of the women and children were distinctly heard by the armed officers of the law, but they stood paralyzed and did nothing.

The mob was drinking their fill of blood and whisky, carrying home rich booty, or the shapely little Chinese women, when four men came out of the building, dragging a Chinaman by the queue. Cries of "shoot him!" went up from the throats of a hundred men, when a man, coatless and hatless, rushed into the midst of the rioters. "You cowardly dogs!" he roared, with a voice that resounded far above the yells and din of the crowd. He reached into his hip pocket—but, no—it was empty. He saw something glistening in the firelight at his feet and picked it up unnoticed. He put it into his hip pocket and dashed up to the four men. Pulling it from his pocket he faced them. "Get out of here, you—, or I will kill every coward of you!" said he, waving it in their faces. The men stood back aghast. "I'll kill the first— that lays a finger on another Chinaman. Now get, every coward of you." He still waved his hand high in the air, and its contents glistened in the fire light.

"It's Jim Moon," said one. No sooner had the crowd recognized him than they threw down their weapons and ran, leaving him standing alone against a background of burning buildings and cowering Chinamen, still waving his hand and the silver spoon—for it was only a spoon—over his head.

When the officers of the law came out of their trance they realized that the blood-thirsty mob had been scattered by one man with an ounce of determination and a silver spoon. Jim then threw down his improvised pistol, had a hearty laugh at the fire department and police, then went up town and took a drink.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired

Dual, 17 Waterloo.

Coleman's SALT DAIRY HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

Coleman's SALT DAIRY HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 3, 1897.

PLAYING WITH SNAKES.

THEY ARE GENTLE AND AFFECTIONATE SAYS THE OWNER.

Rattlesnakes are much maligned and misrepresented creatures, if the story is true.

If young Leroy George is right, the rattlesnake is the most misrepresented and maligned creature on earth.

He kept his snakes in a room over in Pasadena, which had in the centre a rough board inclosure about five feet by three and waist high.

One day a spectator doubted that there were 128 rattlers, and the boy with his foot carefully scraped the snakes away from one corner of the pen and, picking them up one by one, dropped them into the cleared space.

Presently George unwound the snakes from his neck and arms and legs, emptied his pockets and bosom, brushed them out of his lap, and stood up beside the boards of the inclosure and chatted with the lookers on.

There's no mystery about my influence over these rattlesnakes," he said, "I've found out that a snake is as gentle and affectionate as a rabbit, if it gets acquainted with you and knows that you are not going to hurt it.

people here, would do just as I do with these snakes if you had the nerve to do it and would let the snakes get used to you first.

Two big seven foot rattlers had had a misunderstanding and were waving their heads back and forth, darting out their tongues and buzzing their tails at each other.

"I had always felt just as nearly every one does about snakes up to one day last winter, when I caught two rattlesnakes at a mining camp near Yuma.

"As soon as I had time to think and get my breath again I grabbed the thing around the neck, jumped out of my blanket and ran out of the tent.

"Well, that experience taught me that it is just as easy to make snakes your friends as to have them your enemies, and I've never been afraid of them since.

"All Tastes Sulted. New Clerk—"I notice some of these barrels of apples marked X and some Z. Are they different kinds?"

Dealer—"No; same kind, but differently packed. Some customers want a barrel opened at the bottom and some at the top."

SHORT'S "Dyspepticure" Cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. It is a Food, C. E. Snow, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

Two Entrances (27 and 29 King Street, } Furniture Warehouse, 13 and 15 } 39 and 41 Germain St. } GENERAL TELEPHONE, 123. CARPET DEP'T TELEPHONE, 864. FURNITURE DEP'T TELEPHONE, 979.

HAMMOCKS



UNDER THE MULBERRY TREE. THE CANADIAN EXCELLENCE HAMMOCK.

With one Spreader, 75c.; with two Spreaders, \$1.00. With Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.00. Canvas Weave, with one Spreader, \$1.25; with Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.35.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

BRASS BANDS AND A HOLIDAY.

Funerals in Greece Not Generally Occasions of Visible Mourning.

Funerals are far less funeral in sunny Hellas than in northern climes. The typical Greek funeral of the poorer sort is led by six or eight men, bearing between them an open coffin, in which the face of the corpse is fully visible to passers upon the street.

In Athens the funeral of an eminent man is always made the excuse for something like a public festival. On such occasions the state hearse is brought out, drawn by four white horses.

"SAY SO AS WE GO ALONG."

It Would Lessen Difficulties to Have Funerals When Alive.

"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling along, what a help it would be!" sighed Aunt Jerusha.

"Mis' Brown got discouraged," continued Aunt Jerusha. "Ye see, Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of blaming everything onto her. I don't suppose the deacon meant it."

"'twas just his way,—but it's awful wearing. When things wore out or broke he acted just as if Mis' Brown did it herself on purpose; and they all caught it, like the measles or the whooping cough."

children would miss their mother, seemed as though they couldn't stand it, poor things!

"Well, I guess it is true enough; Mis' Brown was always doing for some of them. When they was singing about sweet rest in heaven, I couldn't help thinking that that was something Mis' Brown would have to get used to, for she never had none of it here."

"She'd have been awful pleased with the flowers. They was pretty, and no mistake. Ye see the deacon wa'n't never willing for her to have a flower-bed. He said 'twas enough prattler sight to see good cabbages a-growing; but Mis' Brown always hanker'd after sweet-smelling things, like roses and such."

SAN FRANCISCO IS SINKING.

California's Chief City Will soon Reach the Sea Level.

"The whole peninsula on which San Francisco stands has been and is gradually sinking down to sea level," said Professor Andrew C. Lawson, the retiring president of the University of California Scientific Association, while delivering his farewell address before that body recently at Berkeley.

"Nearly all parts of the earth's surface show the phenomena of uplift or depression," said Professor Lawson. "Movements of this kind are either continental or orogenic. It is necessary to have in mind the criteria of these two movements. The criteria of the uplift are found in the presence of terraces and sharply shaped canyons. The criteria of depression are shown when deltas are built up at the mouths of rivers, when the sea floods into the valleys. Some time this depression continued to such a degree that mountains become islands, sinking, as it were, to their knees in the water. Greece is such a mountainous region up to its knees in the sea."

"From Puget Sound to Bering Sea we have a depressed coast. The shore from the Straits of Fuca to Cape Mendocino shows evidence of uplift and also slight depression afterward. From Cape Mendocino to Russian River there has been a constant uplift. But from this point to the Bay of Monterey the region after having been elevated has been marked by a great sag. It is to that sag that we owe the Bay of San Francisco, Bolinas Bay, Drake's Bay and Tomales Bay. They are stream valleys invaded by the waters of the ocean. This fact is very noticeable in Lake Merced. It is clearly a valley formed by juncture of several streams. The lake had been invaded by the sea and now its bottom is ten feet below sea level."

HOW HE WAS FOUND OUT.

He Cheated the Minister Who Afterwards Got Even With Him.

"The way of the transgressor has many a pitfall. A clergyman who had officiated at a 'fashionable' wedding was astonished to receive at the hands of the best man an envelope containing a very meagre fee. Worse than that, it appeared that the sexton and the organist, who had been put to the trouble of several rehearsals, had also been treated shabbily. So says the Detroit Free Press, which proceeds to tell an interesting story of how the matter terminated:

Sometime afterward the sexton, while giving the church a cleansing, found behind a pew cushion some fragments of paper. Some one had torn up a note. He passed the pieces to the rector, who happened to be present, and he putting them together discovered that the note had been from the bridegroom to the best man, instructing him to pay such and such amounts to the clergyman, the organist and the sexton. These amounts were really liberal.

Now, then, this mystery was explained; and the minister, righteously indignant, wrote to the best man, who was cashier of a bank, calling upon him to set matters straight.

The cashier replied promptly, enclosing the sums which he had kept back, and begging that nothing more should be said about the transaction.

At first the clergyman was inclined to let the matter rest; but he thought to himself that a thief is a thief, and has no business to be handling other people's money; and so thinking, he felt bound to inform the bank officials of his discovery. They were surprised, but began at once an investigation of the cashier's accounts, and had not gone very far before they came upon proof that he had for some time been engaged in systematic robbery of the bank's funds.

the ocean. This fact is very noticeable in Lake Merced. It is clearly a valley formed by juncture of several streams. The lake had been invaded by the sea and now its bottom is ten feet below sea level. "The phenomena of depression are also seen at Richardson's Bay and at San Rafael and Napa. The river valleys are filling up and making tidal marshes. More positive evidence is found in the swamp material in the Oakland estuary, taken twenty feet below the tide. The bay has been invaded by the sea and flooded the river valleys."

"All this subsidence is of comparatively recent geological change and may go deeper. I am sure of the downward movement at the present time. It is hard to catch it on the move. Probably the whole of the San Francisco peninsula is going down as the maximum effect of the great sag that made the Golden Gate at San Francisco."—San Francisco Bulletin.

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Advertisement for Ayer's Cathartic Pills, featuring a testimonial and the text 'Pistols and Pestles. The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's Cathartic Pills.'

...nearly twice as long... is fair in allotting... the poetry... summary so to divide... their inscriptions... I get as near as pos-... of letters to make... AND A MOB... of Defence Was a... one man did what... citizens and fire de... Unarmed, save for... assisted, he dispersed... on murder and... the Chinese riots in... 1890, the bloodiest in... mob filed the... blue with its mut... had rescued this... in a red flannel... dward waving his lariat... 'Let's burn the... This was all suffi... dward to violence and... of the town they... 500 Chinamen and... ed together in a lot... of half a block... ones were connected... ages... dens of Chinese vice... of opium filled... y. It was a plague... every self-respect... officers of the law... ized remained un... nance the mob rushed... for the "rats" to be... were beyond the... and the chief appeal... hundred citizens... rmed with revolvers... The sheriff tried... threats, persuasion... act, but they only... rricated their doors... from within save the... woman. The mob... the sheriff threaten... rowd, but a dozen... into his face and... some one set fire to... gs and in a moment... arter was in flames... by the sight, yelled... ade a rush on the... heavy lumber broke... rough. There were... es, and a few suppli... men as they rushed... iding, and then dragg... queues. They picked... men up in their arms... Quantities of silver... and opium were found... rioters. What they... with them was scat... ks. The fire depart... the water on the... out the hose and des... for extinguishing the... or of the mob. The... women and children... by the armed officers... stood paralyzed and... king their fill of blood... home rich booty, or... Chinese woman, when... at the building, drag... by the queue. Cries of... from the throats of a... a man, coatless and... the midst of the rioters... g!" he roared, with a... ed far above the yell... l. He reached into his... no—it was empty. He... ning in the freelight at... d it up unnoticed. He... pocket and dashed up... lling it from his pocket... out of here, you—... very coward of you!"... their faces. The men... "I'll kill the first—... er on another China-... er coward of you." He... high in the air, and its... the fire light. No sooner... gnized him than they... sapons and ran, leaving... against a background... and covering China-... s hand and the silver... ly a spoon—over his... of the law came out of... alized that the blood... scattered by one of... of determination and... then threw down his... had a hearty laugh at... and police; then went... drink.

Advertisement for SALT, featuring the text 'SALT' and 'HOLD SALT'.

THE ARKANSAS WOODS.

George Bushnell and Arthur Reed were the sons of army officers who were stationed at Hot Springs, Arkansas; being detailed to duty in connection with the United States reservation at that place. The two officers had been sent to Hot Springs in the summer time, and during that season the boys found little to interest them. In the autumn it was different however; for then there was good shooting in the wooded hills that surround the town.

The large, brown, for squirrels were found, and the Northern gray squirrels—cat-squirrels they are called in Arkansas—were plenty. Quail were scattered through the brush and in the edges of the grain fields, and further back in the depth of the forest could be heard the shrill gobble of the wild turkey—the king of game birds; there, also, among the dark recesses of pine and oak, lived deer and black bears.

Rush, after retrieving the two dead birds, followed Arthur. George saw his dog's desertion. 'He's lost confidence in me after that miss; and I don't much wonder, he said to himself. George went along the ravine for half a mile, without again starting the quail. They had been badly frightened by the gun reports and the shot that had whistled near them.

He stepped quietly, and when the birds did rise they were near him. He fired both barrels, this time taking careful aim at two of the birds, and had the pleasure of seeing them both tumble to the ground. The shout with which he expressed his gratification was interrupted. There was a loud grunt from the sidehill, just beyond where the quail had been when he fired, and there emerged from the bushes a large animal, mostly black, but with some irregular patches of a dirty white upon its sides. The long bristles on its neck stood up angrily, and it glared at him with little reddish eyes.

So it can be easily seen that active boys of sixteen, like George and Arthur, had no lack of something to do. The early mornings found them on the hilltops where the hickory trees grow—the favorite haunts of squirrels. In the late afternoons after school, they went after quail, and on Saturday days usually organized hunts for larger game. One bright, brisk afternoon in November the two boys started out on a quail hunt. Each carried a breech-loading shotgun, about seven and a half pounds in weight—that being the best weight for quail shooting—and George was followed by his spaniel, Rush. This dog had been trained to hunt quail, and the boys found him quite as useful as a set of.

After they had got back quite a way among the hills, they separated and began to beat the brush, they being twenty rods or so apart, while Rush circled around in the space between them. They walked for some distance without seeing any game. Finally the spaniel began to sniff excitedly. The boys got their guns ready and stepped forward carefully. In a moment there was the startled whir and whistle of a bevy of quail rising from the ground. It was a large flock. Fully a dozen birds swerved to one side, toward the direction where George was standing. Five flew, so as to give Arthur a shot. Four reports sounded in quick succession. 'I got one with each barrel,' called out Arthur.

'And I made clean misses, though I must have fired into a flock of a dozen,' replied George, disgustedly. 'That comes from just aiming at the flock, and not selecting any particular bird. Hereafter, I shall try to remember always to aim at some one quail, never mind how big the flock is. 'You follow up your part of the flock,' said Arthur, 'and I'll go after the three birds that got away from me.' He struck off in the direction the three birds had gone, while George, following the quail he had fired at, went up the ravine which the boys had been in when the quail were started.

George saw at once that it was a big hog—one of the 'razor-backs' that had run in the woods, until it was as wild as the deer themselves; and not only wild, but ferocious also. The animal had been hit by the fine shot that George had fired at the quail, for blood was trickling from some scratches on its nose and discoloring its long white tusks. Smarting with the pain, it had looked about for something on which to wreak vengeance. It now watched the boy fiercely for a moment, then charged him, holding its head so that its tusks protruded in a very disagreeable way. As rapidly as he could, George reloaded his gun. The charging animal was almost upon him before he could slip in two loads of heavy shot, and he fired both barrels, without lifting the gun from his shoulder. It was unfortunate haste. He miscalculated, and the loads of buckshot, going too high, only grazed the hog's back, having no effect save to increase its rage. George, seeing that his shots had failed to stop it, tried to leap out of the way; but the brute's headlong rush had brought it too close to him. His jump to one side was only partly effective. The side of the boar's head struck one leg, and he was knocked over, receiving at the same time an ugly cut from its tusk.

Its momentum was so great that the boar dashed on for several yards before it could stop. Though the blow had been a severe one, George was not stunned in any way, and he now saw that this instant's reprieve was his only hope of escape. A few feet from where he lay was an old hollow log, from which the inside had rotted away during the years it had lain there on the damp ground. The hole in the hollow end looked large enough for him to crawl in. He flung himself into it head first, forcing his way with desperate haste. The boar turned in time to see him disappear, and plunged at the opening with a shock which nearly burst the log in two. Almost suffocated by the dust of the de-

caying wood, the boy dug his way along till he could squeeze no further. It was a close fit, and his head was so jammed into the narrow aperture that there was little air for him to breathe.

In the meantime the boar was continuing its assaults at the log's open end. At last, finding that the old log could not be broken, the furious animal tried to squeeze in, tearing away for itself with its tusks. It grunted as it worked, and George, hearing the noise made by its efforts, drew in his breath as far as possible. It sounded to him as if the angry beast was only a few feet away; in reality, there were several yards between the two. But gradually the boar was able to lesson this distance. By dint of persistent use of the tusks, it steadily pushed its way into the hollow trunk. Now it was so close to them that it grunted exultingly, in anticipation of revenge. Its smarting nose, and back, and the nearness of its victim, incited the old razor-back to make every effort. George took his nose touch his foot and screamed helplessly; he could not move his foot another inch. The boar seemed to redouble his efforts, as if in a supreme attempt to grasp his ankle in his teeth. The truth was that it also had felt something touch its foot—sharp teeth which closed on its hind leg with a determined grip.

The boy had given up all hope, when of a sudden he heard a sound of growling, and then the loud squealing of the hog. The growls were followed by whines and by one or two short, sharp barks. George knew it was his dog, Rush. The dog kept up such a vigorous attack, that the boar lost no time in backing out of the log, all the time squealing up a loud squealing accompaniment to the barking of the spaniel. George followed as fast as he could, for he knew that for a few minutes Rush would be able to take up all the boar's attention. His shot-gun lay near by, on the ground and catching up this he slipped into a loaded cartridge and fired it into the big hog. A moment later Rush stood over the carcass of his antagonist, victorious. George felt that there would have been no escape if Rush had not come to find him just when he did, and he has no hunting trophies which he cherishes more carefully than the two long tusks of the boar that followed him into a hollow log.—E. St. Palmer in Waverly Magazine.

CATARH CONQUERED. IT IS A BLOOD DISEASE. PROOF POSITIVE THAT RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE THOROUGHLY ERADICATES THIS WIDESPREAD DISEASE.

Of all the diseases that have been exploited by charlatans and quacks Catarrh is one that has received more than its share of attention. Snuffs, sprays, douches, inhalations, etc., have all had their day, and after their use the Catarrh has remained as bad as before, so that now many sufferers have become convinced that they are possessed of an incurable affection, and that must remain with them to their dying day, sapping their strength and rendering them miserable and disgusting to their friends.

Let's tell you that Ryckman's Kootenay Cure gets at Catarrh through the blood. It destroys the germ that is the immediate cause of the disease, and sends rich pure blood to the part, so that all offensive discharges cease and a rapid cure is effected. Here's a case in point, Mr. W. G. Cox, who conducts a flour and feed store at 374 King Street West, Hamilton, was troubled with Catarrh for ten years, tried nearly all the catarrh remedies advertised without success till he began taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. He says the results have exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Mrs. Margaret Sovereign, living at 376 King Street, in the same city, was troubled with a declaration of the effect that her daughter Lulu, aged 14, was troubled with Catarrh for two years and had poor health. The doctor said she had inflammation of the lungs and Catarrh. She became so run down that until she commenced taking Kootenay her mother was alarmed about her. After she had taken a bottle and a half of this wonderful remedy and the "new ingredient" had a chance to get in its work, the Catarrh disappeared, her cheeks became rosy and she gained eleven pounds. These cases ought to be enough to convince the most sceptical, but if you are desirous of more proof, send to Ryckman's Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont., and sworn statements of cures will be sent you free. One bottle lasts over a month.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED.

A New and Interesting Version of a Famous Old Story. 'Curse you!' shouted Simon Legree. 'I say you must lick the girl.' 'Doan' ask me to do dat, Massa,' said poor Uncle Tom. 'I can't do it, no way possible.' With an oath Simon Legree lifted his black-snake whip and the curling lash fell across the slave's back. It will be remembered that Simon Legree was a man of nervous temperament who had been addicted to the use of strong drink. Therefore he was not the physical equal of Uncle Tom, who had kept himself in training by constant labor in the fields.

When the cruel whip fell, Uncle Tom side-stepped and swung his left into Legree's wind, quickly following with a right on the jaw, which sent Legree to the ground. Then the humble slave sat on Legree and choked him until he promised to behave. Uncle Tom tied his master hand and foot with a clothesline, and, after taking his watch and chain, cast him into the cotton-shed. The faithful slave fled into the woods, and that night he slipped aboard a steamboat. He gave the watch and chain to

the engineer of the boat, who took pity on him and smuggled him to Cincinnati. Soon after his arrival in Cincinnati, Uncle Tom opened a barber shop in Vine street. He had three chairs with plush popple and kept all the police papers constantly on file. After a few years he was enabled to build a light yellow residence with blue shutters. He shaved thousands of people in his time, and not one of those who were compelled to listen to his views on prize fighting and religion suspected that he was the real Uncle Tom.—Puck.

IN SELECTING A HUSBAND.

Apply a Little Astrology, Phrenology, and Palmistry, and Be Happy. 'There would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world, if girls, before accepting a lover, would profit by the teachings of astrology, palmistry, and phrenology. There is no necessity for them to consult a specialist every time a man becomes marked in his attentions; only a general knowledge of these sciences is necessary to make one sufficiently accurate in character reading for such purposes.' So an authority on such subjects expressed himself the other day. Being encouraged by the interest of his audience, he went on to say:

'Now take astrology. All persons born under the same sign of the zodiac and influenced by the same planets have the same general characteristics and do not, as a rule, make happy homes when mated. On the other hand, those born under the zodiacal signs producing counteracting influences do well to marry. By that I mean persons born under Capricorn, from Dec. 22 to Jan. 31 live happiest when married to people whose birthday comes under Taurus, from April 20 to May 20. The children of Capricorn are ambitious, persevering and capable of enormous efforts toward the attainment of a desired object. They are self-possessed and have firm wills. In speech they are brusque and straightforward. Reticent in the presence of strangers, often eloquent when surrounded by their friends, they make good friends and unrelenting enemies. They are often angular and awkward in carriage and should carefully avoid accidents on land. They are prone to melancholy and are sometimes revengeful. Though many of our ablest men and women are born under Capricorn, as a rule they make better husbands than wives. They exert their influence more through force than persuasion.

'On the other hand, persons who come into the world under Taurus are diplomatic, and depend largely on their powers of persuasion. They are, generally speaking, clever and capable of governing, and command positions of excellence. They have often strong passions, but are capable of holding them in check by inflexible wills. In love they are somewhat jealous, though seldom inconsistent. They have strong intuitive powers and should always seek to be alone when making a decision, as they are unconsciously influenced by surroundings. Their judgment is always to be depended upon; yet it is arrived at by intuition and not by any power of reasoning. Generally speaking, they are good looking, healthy, and of happy dispositions. They are careful of their possessions, patient workers, and often tediously attentive to small details. They make model wives and mothers when married to those born under Capricorn.

'Each sign of the zodiac, as I said before, bequeaths to children born under it certain characteristics. These every one should know. In phrenology there are many points which a girl may learn that will be of assistance in selecting a husband. She should, first of all, notice a man's head and always remember that two wide-headed people, with great fullness around and above the ears, can never be happy in the married state. There is too much animal force, too great a development of the faculties of destructiveness, combativeness, and acquisitiveness for harmony. A life between two people in both of whom there is such a strong and selfish desire for self-assertiveness, would be intolerable. Therefore, let not two wide-headed people marry.

'Yet still more unfortunate would be the union between two narrow-headed people, for this would result as the joining together of two broken sticks. Narrow-headed people lack sand. Difficulties look large to them. They are poor money makers, and become the natural prey of broad head, with high forehead, and a good, symmetrical dome of thought. This shape of head indicates force and reason, whatever their vocation, and includes several of our Presidents, our ablest statesmen, and Supreme Judges. A girl who selects a head like this may be proud of her prize. But let her beware of the broad head, with a low forehead and cramped upper head, unless redeemed by other features of face and hand, she will in all probability, find him a selfish brute.

'In palmistry the first thing to consider is the thumb. Strange as it may seem this little member offers an indication rarely misreading as to a person's capacity for self-control, judgement, and will. In the first place for self-control it should be long and well shaped. If the two joints are nearly of equal length it indicates a good balance between the will and the intellect. If the first joint is the shorter there is a preponderance of intellect over will, and the person is apt to be undecided and easily influenced, if the last joint is not only long



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

but unusually broad the person is apt to be of a brogue, quarrelsome nature and lacking in tact. Such a thumb with a large nose, set mouth and heavy chin shows that the will power is so much in the ascendant that happiness, for his sharer of joys and sorrows, is far from assured. The thumb to be desired is in proportion to the hand, joints of about equal length, and slightly, very slightly, tapering at the tip. Such thumbs show strength, tact, and affability. But where the whole thumb is short and weak in proportion to the rest of the hand the man's actions will be guided largely by impulses, and they are apt to be not of the very best.

'The power for making money is best judged by the length of the little finger. If a girl wishes to marry a man capable of securing this world's goods, let her see to it that his little finger is long and passes a trifle beyond the first joint of the third finger. Every shading beyond this joint means an increase in practical sagacity. And the bases of the four fingers should not make a curve, but should be placed side by side nearly on a straight line. A man with a hand like this may be safely depended on to amass money. 'But, before I leave the subject, there is one style of hand which I should like to caution both men and maidens against. It is the hand whose palm shows a vast multitude of lines. This way and that way they run and give one the impression that the owner has but recently come from the wash-tub. Flee from the owner of that hand as from the wrath to come. There is no species of deceit of which he is not capable. He is thoroughly unprincipled and will not hesitate at any means toward his ends. Many of our most noted criminals have such hands. Benedict Arnold possessed such a hand, and although he had many fine characteristics they were overshadowed by that fateful palm.'

STILL IN HIS PRIME.

North Hastings' Oldest Inhabitant Hale and Hearty.

Josias Moore, of Bancroft, Ont., one of the oldest and best-known residents of Hastings County, can boast of wonderful health and vigor for his age. 'I've had enough, and you get no money back, see?' 'Although I am over 84 years of age,' he says, 'I feel as young as ever I did.' Mr. Moore, however, had a narrow escape from death about a year ago. 'I was so bad with indigestion,' he writes, 'that the doctors gave me up. I tried various alleged remedies but found them no good. One day our popular druggist, F.C. Humphries, sent me a sample of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to try. The result was marvellous. After taking two I was able to get up. Then I sent for a box. I could soon eat anything. In a short time I was able to walk two miles, to Bancroft and back, with ease.' Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will, without fail cure all kidney, liver, stomach and blood troubles. For sale by all dealers. Price 25 cents. One pill a dose. One cent a dose. Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

It is Closely Identified with the Whole Career of the Vessel.

THE SHIP'S BELL.

Nothing in a ship becomes so closely identified with her throughout her whole career as the ship's bell. Officers and crew come and go; masts, decks, engines, and boilers become old, and are replaced by new ones; but from the day that she first glides into the water the same ship's bell remains always a part of her, marking her progress all over the world and finally going down with her to a lonely grave at the bottom of the sea, or surviving her as a cherished souvenir of her existence and achievements. On a man-of-war the bell is usually inscribed with her name and the date of her launching; and as it is probable that it may some day become a memento of a glorious history, the bell is often the subject of special care in casting or selection. Sometimes the hundreds of workmen who have built the great ship contribute each a silver coin to be melted and mixed into a bell which shall be the token of their love for the object of their creation and their interest in their future career. Often the people of the city or State after which a man-of-war is named may present to her a magnificent bell appropriately ornamented and

inscribed with words of good-will and good wishes. Such a bell is usually presented with ceremony after the ship goes into commission. Ship's bells in general are made of bronze, like other bells. The addition of silver in their composition gives them a peculiarly clear and musical tone. They are placed in such a position on one end of the ship that they may be heard from one end of the ship to the other; and are usually near the mainmast or at the break of the fore-castle. One peculiarity exists in a ship's bell which is necessary on account of her motion at sea. The tongue is hung so that it can swing in only one direction. If it were not so the bell would be continually ringing as the ship rolled and pitched. The direction in which the tongue can swing is another important point. If it were athwartships the bell would ring at every roll of the ship; and if it were fore and aft the bell would ring at every deep pitch; so the direction in which the tongue can swing is nearly half way around between these two.

ALL A PART OF THE SHOW.

Thought he had been Deceived and Wanted his Money. The curtain had been rung down on the last act of that exciting melodrama, 'The Power of Beer,' and the audience was leaving the theater. On the faces of the more thoughtful was an expression of sadness somewhat akin to the look wherewith a man regards the bright coin pasted on the under side of the tobacco dealer's cigarette. And one man out of the throng pushed his way to the box-office window. 'See here!' said he excitedly; 'I want my money back!' 'Hum,' said the ticket-seller, carelessly. 'It's an outrage!' said the man. 'Yes.' 'It's a swindle!' continued the man. 'Indeed.' 'You advertise a real robbery!' 'We do.' 'I failed to see it!' 'You did?' 'And I want my money back!' 'Now, see here!' said the ticket-seller, leaning out of the window; 'I've had enough, and you get no money back, see?' 'That's where the robbery comes in, and if you haven't mind enough to grasp it I can't see that there's any kick due from you whatever!'—Boston Budget.

The Grim Reaper

Swoops down on young and old alike. The promising buds are nipped off almost as certainly as the fading blossom. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stayed death's hands more times than you will will count. Relieves in 30 minutes. Over 40 cases of sudden deaths from heart disease were noted in the daily papers in Canada during the past ten days. It seems incredible and proves the uncertainty of life where there is a tendency to heart weakness. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a never failing remedy for heart disease. It acts like magic. Never fails to give relief in seemingly hopeless attacks in 30 minutes, and to cure permanently.

The Turkish Village at Coney Island.

Aunt Hannah (observing the 'ever-with-them' cigarette in the mouth of almost every Turk and Egyptian)—'These 'ere foreigners are evil by natur', and no gettin' out of it. Here they've been in the country a few months and they've contracted already that nasty cigarette habit.'

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Includes an illustration of a strawberry and text: 'D. FOWLER'S EXT-OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, And all SUMMER COMPLAINTS of Children or Adults. Beware of Imitations. PRICE, 25c.'

Notches on The Stick

The Youth of S. T. Coleridge.
You will see Coleridge; he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind
Which, with its own internal lightning blind,
Flings wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.—Shelley.

What an appreciation of value was that, when a new found book was better, for the thrill it awoke, than if the sea had cast up a pearl at our feet, or we had stumbled on a wedge of gold, can we ever forget, or remember without a return of the old pleasure, that summer evening, when from the library of Acadia college we had liberty to bear away the select works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in our privacy and leisure to peruse them till the solitude was haunted with the supernatural images evoked! The old Acadian office became an University in itself, as we leaned over the marble slab on which we locked our forms for the press, and turned the stainless leaves of that bright new leather-colored volume. The "Biographia Literaria," "The Friends," "The Aids to Reflection," were not without their influence then; but that wonderful poetry it was which enchaind us,—held us, as the "Ancient Mariner" held the wedding guest, till the story was ended,—and then, would not let him go the same that he had been before. Reading the Alice day, our friend, George Martin's, experience with a different post, it seemed the parallel of our own with the bard of "Christabel."

"Some chance blown verse had visited my ear
And careless eye, once in some sliding year,
Like some fair plumed bird one rare'y meets.
And when it came that o'er my page I bent,
A sudden gladness smote upon my blood,—
Wander and pry, an aromatic flood,
Distilled from an enchanted fountment.
And on this flood I floated hours and hours,
Unconscious of the world's perplexing din,
Its blackened crust of misery and sin,
Racked in a shallop of elysian flowers."

The spell of Coleridge was found to be something peculiar. That splendid multi-ferm genius, moving about "in worlds half realised," losing himself and his reader now, in a melodious maze; then reappearing with luminous distinctness, amid ghostly action, and a mingling of beautiful and terrible phantoms; reigning supreme master,—since Shakespeare ceased,—in a land—

"Where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wild never blew,
Where it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
While the airs of heaven played round his tongue,"
would not relax his grasp; and however the bridal train of fashion or folly may go into the lighted hall, we are willing to stay in this beautiful twilight, outside with him.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge,—the brightest name of a race illustrious in literature, philosophy and jurisprudence,—was born on the 21st of October, 1772, at the vicarage of Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire, then occupied by his father. The Rev. John Coleridge is described as a learned man, of scholarly habits, yet simple, affectionate manners; who as headmaster in the free grammar school at Ottery, had manifested a deep and tender interest in his pupils. We may be in doubt whence the poet derived some of his characteristics; but we are assured as to the origin of one, at least, when we read, concerning his father, that "passing events were little heeded by him, and therefore he was usually characterized as the 'silent man.'" His mother, Anne Bowden—the vicar's second wife,—though unlettered, was a sensible woman, and good housewife, looking well to the ways of her household, ever anxious and careful for the welfare of her children. She wanted to see them well placed in the world, and well married; always advising them "to look after good substantial sensible women, and not after fine harpichord ladies." And well she had need of good housewifery, and amazing thrift, for Samuel was the youngest of thirteen; nine of whom were sons; but of all these sons there were none who in mental traits so resembled his father as that one of whom all the world should hear.

Several amusing stories are told, illustrative of the good vicar's forgetfulness of minor matters. He was under the barber's hands one morning, when the clock struck nine, and he instantly remembered that he was expected to dine with his bishop. Roused from a reverie to the consciousness that he was already late, he left the shop hastily and made his appearance at the table where the expectant party were assembled. A look of amused surprise was followed by a playful request from the bishop that he would step into the adjoining room and inspect a new mirror that had recently been placed there; which revealed to him the fact that he was minus his wig,—that having been, in his haste, left behind at the barber's.

Coleridge relates how his father "had to take a journey on some professional business which would detain him from home for

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly.
Best after dinner pills.
25 cents. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

three or four days; his good wife, in her care and watchfulness had packed a few things in a small trunk, and gave them in charge to her husband, with strong injunctions that he was to put on a clean shirt every day. On his return home, his wife went to search for his linen, when to her dismay it was not in the trunk. A close search, however, discovered that the vicar had strictly obeyed her injunctions, and had put on a daily clean shirt, but had forgotten to remove the one underneath." This might have been the pleasantest and most portable mode of carrying half a dozen shirts in winter, but not so in the dog-days.

But what of these oddities? They are often accompaniments of a good and generous nature. A thorough-going knave is punctiliously recollective: Reynard is not apt to forget himself. A mind rich in brooding thought can hardly escape this foible. But John Coleridge's heart was right; he commanded the love and respect of a simple people, who flocked to hear him talk piety and good sense in clear English; and, who, when death had taken him, found it hard to adjust themselves to his successor.

A younger child of delicate mould and timid disposition, he felt the solitude of such a nature, and lacked the physical hardihood that much activity gives. "I was," he says, "in earliest childhood, huffed away from the enjoyment of muscular activity in play, to take refuge at my mother's side, or on my little stool to read my book, and to listen to the talk of my elders. I was driven from life in motion, to life in thought and sensation. I never played except by myself, and then only acting over what I had been reading or fancying; or half one, half the other, with a stick cutting down weeds and nettles, as one of the seven champions of Christendom. Alas! I had all the simplicity all the docility of a child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child, never had the language of a child. I forget whether it was in my fifth or sixth year but I believe the latter, in consequence of some quarrel between me and my brother, in the first week in October, I ran away from fear of being whipped, and passed the whole night, a night of rain and storm, on a bleak side of a hill on the Otter, and was there found at daybreak without the power of my limbs, about six yards from the naked bank of the river." This is not just as Cottle tells the story about "Little Sammy," but we are content with the version given by the fugitive from domestic correction.

The worthy father died when his child of dreams was but seven years old; and the embryo poet's educational interests were superintended by Judge Buller, who had been a former pupil of John Coleridge, and by whom the son was placed in Christ's Hospital, London. Of the eight years spent here one cannot think pleasantly. An English charity school of that date must not be supposed elysian; but a poet might, perhaps, gild it with his light. The gentle "Elia" was also there, a fellow-victim of that system of brutality and starvation; and has, in his famous essay, given us one of most bewitching picture's of Coleridge's youth; "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of the fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, intranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Tamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity-boy! Many were the 'wit combats,' (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller), between him and C. V. Le G.—'which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man of war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances, C. L. with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all

winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

But of home like comfort or amenity there was little. In those cold cloisters and harsh hearts there was a boding wretchedness and deprivation, lighted by the occasional flashes of youthful spirit and the dreams of light that could fill such a spirit as that of Coleridge. There neglect and abuse were the tender mercies shown the children that had come from homes where domestic gentleness and comfort had been like the reflex of a fire-lit hearth. Crusty, unsympathetic manners, so much of fagging and caning, to be administered daily, aside from the occasional cruelty of individual masters, were parts of the educational regimen of the time. It was the era of frost and not sun; which has been happily superseded by one in which kindness and encouragement may be at least incentives to true obedience and self-respect. It was against the head of such abuses that Charles Dickens hurled the full force of one of his most powerful novels; but at a much later date than the events we record, a popular English author wrote as follows: "Riding the other day on the top of an omnibus through London; we could, from that popular eminence, see the master of a naval and military school exercising his vocation with the cane on one of his unhappy scholars. This I presume is a part of what the boys are systematically taught there. The preparatory initiations into the floggings they are likely to get in the army or navy. That is bad and brutalizing enough, but that we are not yet advanced beyond the absurd idea of driving learning into the gentlemen with the cudgel and birch, says very little indeed for our advances in true social philosophy." Cowper in his "Tirocinium," and Southey, in his "The Retrospect," and his "Hymn to the Penates," allow us a vision of childish sorrow at the change from a kind home to a harsh school. The later poet writes:

"When first a little one I left my home,
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
With feelings not its own. Sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth,
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow."

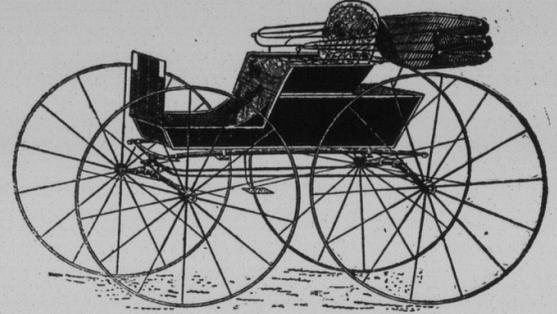
There "strangers" spoke pleasantly to him on that wretched day," when his father was leaving him," but he adds significantly,—
"They never spoke so civilly again."

Of this change Coleridge speaks as of a plucking up, a transplanting. "Oh, what a change!" he exclaims. "I was a depressed, moping, friendless orphan, half-starved;—at that time the portion of food to the blue coats was cruelly insufficient for those who had no friends to supply them." With pity and indignation we think of these poverty-stricken children looking wistfully on while their better provided companions ate their rations beside them. Ah, Charity,—heavenly word! how art thou defamed! She who should come a merciful and plentuous angel, comes as a haggard fiend to dole with penurious fingers the bread of needy children,—and these the children of learning! How can they study without suitable nourishment? Lamb, whose friends lived in town could make the orphans envious with luncheons from the maternal larder. Whoever has read Elia will remember this passage: "I remember Lamb at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his school-fellows had not. . . . He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were fattening upon our quart of a penny loaf our crum moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern sack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of extraordinary bread and butter, from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of Millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week,—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our half-pickled Sundays, or quite fresh boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as caro quina), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton scrags on Fridays—and rather more savory, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten roasted or rare, on Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin, (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen." Wretched fare! wretched cookery! But bravo, Lamb! It is good to hear of any one feasting in that chamber of hunger. Let it be hoped that the "inspired charity-boy" had many a tempting tit-bit out of Elia's basket. But ah, with all the pity in his generous breast

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

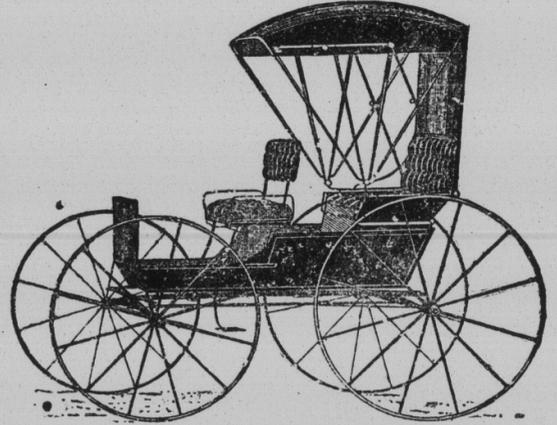
Handsome and Comfortable, well constructed and elegantly finished.

Here Are Two Distinct Styles.



SINGLE-SEATED BUGGY.

A very handsome and convenient carriage for all purposes.



DOUBLE-SEATED BUGGY.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle.

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there would not be so much as a taste if shared among the many!

Read this delightful essay again. "I," he makes Coleridge say, "was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon on being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my arrival in town, some grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. O! the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early home-stead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

"To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole-day leaves, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing-excursions to the New River, which Lamb recalls with such relish, better, I think than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young does in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying, while the cattle and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and

we had nothing to satisfy our craving—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them! How faint and languid finally, we would return towards night-fall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of uneasy liberty had expired!

"It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort in hopes of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit to the Lions in the Tower,—to whose levee, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission." Could this cruelty and meanness, reduced to a system, and so a matter of course, have suspected its perpetuity in the literature most imperishable? We cannot say; but these are the words of Charles Lamb, and these were the experiences of the child, Coleridge. PASTOR FELIX.

Under one Umbrella.

The Philadelphia Times has a pretty little street picture from New Orleans:

On a quiet thoroughfare off St. Charles Avenue there might have been seen during the heavy rain yesterday afternoon a shaggy Newfoundland dog carrying a spread umbrella in his mouth, his dripping tail sticking out from under and wagging complacently. Investigation revealed the fact that there was a little girl under the umbrella with the dog, her tiny arm thrown around his neck, and the two tripping along most amicably.

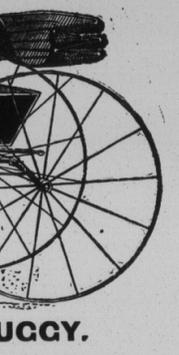
"My name is Marie," said the little maid, upon being questioned, "and this is Beaugard, my very own dog. Yes, Beaugard goes to school with me. I go to the Kindergarten, you know, and he always carries the umbrella if it's raining, because I can't see, and he can."

And the big umbrella sheltering the two friends passed on.

"Eggs!" said one of our lawgivers, get their teeth into everything they can lay their hands on."

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et Styles.



UGGY.

for all purposes.



UGGY.

and comfortable car-
a cradle.

& SONS,

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y own dog. Yes, Beauty
with me. I go to the Kinder-
ew, and he always carries
it's raining, because I can't
umbrella sheltering the two
on.

and one of our lawyers, got
everything they can lay

Woman and
Her Work

The number and variety of "cures" ad-
vertised and vigorously "boomed" now-a-
days, is positively bewildering and unless
the invalid is quite certain what the trouble
really is, there is danger of confusing mat-
ters by applying the wrong cure. For ex-
ample in applying a specific for the nervous
system, it is just possible to upset the
heart action, and a sovereign remedy for
increasing the flesh, and transforming un-
sightly angles into charming curves, may
prove absolutely fatal to the action of the
liver; so one needs discretion when deal-
ing with these cure-alls. The best cure
however, while it can scarcely be termed an
active treatment is at least harmless, as
well as being beneficial in nearly all cases,
and the latest addition to the list; the fresh
air cure, has more to recommend it than
any of its predecessors. It is founded upon
good solid common sense and almost takes
us back to first principles, teaching us to
adopt the primitive customs of our first
parents and eat sleep, live, move and have
our beings generally in the open air.

"The Fresh air society" for the apostles
of the new cure have a really influential so-
ciety as their sponsors—originated I believe
in England where they have at least one
settlement, situated in Devonshire, and they
can proudly point to Mr. Gladstone as their
godfather, and to Queen Victoria as a de-
voted adherent. Their theory is that oxygen
is really more necessary to the human
system than either food, drink, or raiment
and that while we have carefully trained
ourselves through generations of housing to
do with one half our proper allowance of
it, to this training is due the enormous in-
crease of nervous diseases during the last
quarter of a century, and the unmistakable
degeneration, so far as constitution is con-
cerned which has marked the human race
during that period, and until the past few
years, when the craze for outdoor sports
has done much to remedy the evil. In spite
of this a noted German scientist has proved
lately that the great majority of the race
are gradually and voluntarily dimin-
ishing every year the necessary allowance
of fresh air, "per capita per day," and
laboriously accustoming ourselves to the
charged conditions. Take away food
clothing, even water, and a human being
will survive for an amazingly long time,
but deprive him of air for one hour, and
he is dead. Yet the upper classes elect of
their own free will to live in furnaces or
steam heated houses for one half the year,
taking their daily drives in closed car-
riages, and even having their houses built
without chimneys now, so no chance
ventilation can reach them during
the winter season; and in the summer the
fine lady hesitates to expose her com-
plexion to the rough breezes, or the ardent
sun, lest it should be roughened or tanned,
and then when the autumn comes, the
chances are that she is obliged to go away
to some Sanitarium or German spa, in
order to tone up her shattered nerves, in
time for the winter campaign.

The poor woman sleeps in the stuffy
flat of some city tenement where ventila-
tion is neither sought, nor desired, and
what little there is comes through a so-
called air shaft. From this "home" not
nearly so sanitary as a decently built
stable, she hurries to her work in factory
or shop, and boils all day in an atmos-
phere that would kill a well brought up
cow in a short time. In the evening,
especially in the winter, she seeks relaxa-
tion in the cheap seats of some third rate
theatre, while in summer she sits in "the
court," and gossips with the neighbors
until bed-time. And by the time she is
thirty five she is a withered old woman.

Now the Fresh Air Society not only
aims to provide fresh air, and an occa-
sional run in the country, or day on the
river for the children of the slums, but it
goes in heart and soul for the fresh air
cure, and the settlement in Devonshire is a
regular sanitarium where patients are
taken and treated, and cured, by means
of fresh air alone. Women with shat-
tered nerves, weak lungs, and ruined
digestions are received there, and com-
pelled to live practically without shel-
ter. When it rains, one would naturally
suppose that there would be a general
stampede for the house, but such is not the
case by any means. Umbrellas, water-
proofs and rubbers are dealt out to them,
and out of doors they remain. There
they walk, read, sew, amuse themselves
when they are able eat, and even sleep.
Sewing machines and typewriters have lit-
tle tent like canopies set up over them, and
the laundries and kitchens are merely sheds
roofed with glass sashes like those in a
greenhouse, to let down when there is rain.
The bath houses are the only enclosed
buildings, and they are of wood or stone.
People whose cases have been regarded

as hopeless, have been slowly coaxed back
to health and vigor in this settlement,
merely by having a carriage transformed
into a bed by the aid of springs and mat-
trasses, and being lifted into them each
morning, and slowly driven about in the
air all day. One notable example was an
overworked woman author, who seemed
dying of a complication of nervous diseases,
but who soon found health and strength
in this wonderful settlement, and who now
finds fresh air so vitally necessary to her
well being that she writes by an open win-
dow even in the coldest weather, and finds
she can do nearly twice the amount of
work, without fatigue.

The society is not satisfied with merely
recommending its principles to its friends,
but go about engaging in the philanthropic
work of securing the transplanting of sweat-
shops to the roofs of the buildings; in which
they are situated and is now having de-
signs prepared for improved factories, with
rolling glass roofs shops built in a suc-
cession of open fronted booths, like those of
Oriental tradesmen, and schools that are
really sheds with sliding doors, dwelling
houses with open air kitchens and laundries
and many other improvements far more
philanthropic than practicable, since all
their designs seem only adapted for the
summer season and devices for keeping
warm are quite left out of the scheme.

It is a healthy, wholesome fad, at any
rate, and it is pleasant to think that we
have a short road to health, happiness,
and beauty right in our own door-yard, as
it were.

The hold that the fancy waist still re-
tains in the world of fashion, is so surpris-
ing, and so firm, that it is almost enough
to rob dame fashion of her reputation for
fickleness! True the separate bodice as
represented by the shirt waist, and the
dainty blouse of lawn, or organdie, has be-
come such a necessity of summer dress-
ing that it would be impossible to find any-
thing that would take their places, and
they are scarcely to be described as fancy
waists. But still the fancy waist proper,
either in silk, velvet, chiffon, or lawn, is
more a feature of dress now, than it has
been at any time in its career; and its
popularity is deserved, for it is a most in-
valuable garment, helping out the wardrobe
of the woman who is not rich, as nothing
else could do, and making a charming
variety in costumes that would otherwise
grow very monotonous in their sameness.

It is invaluable as an adjunct to all those
summer festivities which seem to call for
so much more smartness of dress than win-
ter gaieties, and the summer girl would be
as much lost without it, as Hercules of old,
was without his famous club, or fair Venus
without her magic girdle. A tailor made
suit is quite the correct thing to wear to
the swellest afternoon teas in winter, or to
the largest skating party, even when it is
understood to wind up with a dance, but
a garden party, or a picnic is quite a
different affair, and it is here that the
fancy bodice shines to greatest advantage.
Light green, pink, blue, and yellow glace
and tulle silks are made up into the
simplest of shirt waists, with a yoke in the
back, tucked front, sleeves worn with a
turn-over cuff of linen, and a high linen
collar. The same silks, trimmed elaborately
with lace and chiffon are transformed into
the most dainty little bodices for afternoon
and evening wear, everything depending
on the way the material is made up. One
of the prettiest among the simpler styles
in glace silks, is made in box plaits a little
less than an inch wide, with narrow spaces
between the plaits. The plaiting is done
before the silk is fitted, and the material
is then fitted into a spencer waist, with full-
ness at the belt and a blouse effect in front.
A ribbon collar and belt finish the blouse
which is very complete without any trim-
ming, provided a pretty color is selected.
The distinctly Parisian touch to a waist, is
the blouse effect in the back, as well as
the front. The fullness should slightly
overhang the belt, just as it does in front,
only there should be less of it, and the belt
is frequently seen under in the back, than
front. Some of these French blouses are
made with basques, which may consist
either of a frill all around, or tab-like pieces
applied directly in the back and front, leav-
ing the sides without any. On a slight
young girl this fashion is very becoming
and stylish, but unless the figure is very
slender it should be avoided. A pique
dress made in this manner, and one which
was very fetching indeed, was of gray,
trimmed with rows of yellow embroidered
insertion around the skirt and revers, and
finished with a yellow leather belt. Silk
bodices slashed to show an under bodice
of net are very dainty indeed, and full
waists of printed gauze or plain chiffon
with short boleros of heavy lace, silk or
embroidery, afford an excellent way of us-
ing up remnants of handsome materials,
which would be useless otherwise.

Tucks are the distinguishing feature of
all blouse waists, especially those of plain

PEREMPTORY SALE OF
Boots, Shoes and Slippers

At our Union Street Store, opposite the Opera House We succeeded in purchasing most of this large quantity of goods at about 50 Cents on the Dollar, and have placed the entire lot in our UNION STREET STORE for immediate sale at cash prices only.

We will make this sale the greatest opportunity to buy CHEAP SHOES that has been offered in St. John in a lifetime.

The goods will be marked in plain figures at about One Half the Usual Retail Prices now quoted in St. John and will be sold for CASH ONLY.

During this sale we expect th's store to be crowded, so that no trying on of Shoes can be allowed, nor can boots be sent out on approval. Customers buying Shoes and finding them unsuitable will have their MONEY RETURNED as pleasantly as it was taken from them.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS NOW ON at our UNION STREET STORE, opposite the Opera House, and will continue until the entire lot is disposed of.

WATERBURY & RISING, 212 and 214 Union St.

glace silk, and the finer these tucks are the more fashionable. The very newest thing in silk shirt waists, is the jubilee waist which has stripes of red, white, and blue, and is plainly trimmed with lace insertion.

The summer gowns which are being made to wear at fashionable watering places this season, are largely of white muslin. The daintiest of organdies lavishly trimmed with lace, and suggesting despair to the laundress who attempts to do them up, take the lead; sometimes the lace with which they are trimmed is black, according to the newest Parisian fashion and then, of course a visit to the laundry is out of the question. But there are all sorts and descriptions of thin white dresses to choose from. Mull, plain book muslin, Victoria lawn, grass lawn, liberty muslin, and mousseline de soie, all have their place in the world of fashion, and the wearer's choice need only be influenced by her personal taste, and the condition of her pocket book, since everything seems to be in fashion.

WRONGLY SUSPECTED.

The Overseer Took the Money but a Young Girl Was Blamed.

A bright young girl from the timber regions of Ontario related to the writer how it happened that she came to the United States to be educated without any expense to herself.

"I had never been to school," she said, "and had never expected to go, though I often wished I could learn, and know enough at least to teach the children in our lumber camp. The chance came to me at last in a very strange way.

"One pay-day Mr. Ray, the owner of our pineries, missed a roll of bank notes from his office desk. It was summer-time, and his family were there, living in the great roomy barracks. My father was one of his men, and I was employed to wait on his invalid mother, and do errands and other light services about the place.

"I made myself useful in many little ways, so that I was sent everywhere; and to see me, and the big dog Bruno, in any part of the premises excited no remark. It was this freedom that made Mr. Ray suspect me, for he could think of no one else who would be so likely to see the money and slip it out of sight.

"He determined to send me and all our family away, but his mother, to whom he was very kind and tender, interceded for me. It was a terrible trial when they both questioned me, and I saw that I could not make him believe I was innocent. But she said to him, 'Don't mention your suspicions, my son, not punish any one, until you know. Leave the whole matter to the Lord, and expect His righteous judgement.'

"I kept my place, but I could not be light hearted again while the cloud hung over me. I never felt certain whether my mistress really believed me honest, or was kind to me because she pitied my distress. About that time my father bought a new team, but I did not know till afterward how the fact affected Mr. Ray's feeling toward me. The loss of his money was known to no one but himself and his mother knew that I was mistrusted.

"It was in one of those unhappy days that Max Webber, the overseer or 'boss' of the logging gang, came to headquarters for orders. He had been in the woods since the day the bank notes were missed.

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HAIR RENEWER
Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.
R. F. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists.

Max Webber was a favorite with every one and especially with Mr. Ray. The young ladies called him 'the jolly giant,' he was so big and so good natured. His patient strength had been invaluable to Mr. Ray's invalid mother when she was carried through the forest on a litter to the lumber camp.

"He inquired after her today, as he always did, but the absent look on his usually beaming face showed that he had something on his mind. He stood by Mr. Ray's desk as if hesitating to go, and presently he said:

"Have you found that lost money?"

"No, but I'm very certain that I know who took it."

"No doubt," said the tall woodman, hanging his head. "Ever since that day I've been sure you could look right through me, and see the stolen money in my inside pocket. Here it is, sir. It rolled off the desk right into my cap that lay on the floor, and the devil tempted me to pick up the cap and put it on my head. You can turn me off, or shut me up, or anything; it don't matter now. I couldn't feel any manner than I do."

"Mr. Ray sat astonished. 'You are the last man,' he said, as soon as he found words, 'the very last man I should have guessed, Max! And to think I should have laid it to Tom Nason's poor little girl who has taken so many steps for us! I don't know what to say to you. Go in and fix it up with my mother.'

"Oh, anything but that, Mr. Ray! Anything but that! She has been so good to me!"

"But he went. I was in the room when he came in, and I shall never forget the talk the dear old lady had with him.

"My father, at the entreaty of the penitent overseer, was promoted to his place, and he insisted on banishing himself to the half-breed gang, to work as a common wood-chopper. But Mr. Ray sent him on a responsible commission into the northern forests.

"I need a man to go—and to go alone," he told him. "It will give you a chance to prove what you'll be from now on. I shall depend on you never to play me false again."

"When the strain was over I gave out entirely, and lay unconscious with brain fever for seven weeks. Mr. Ray and his family cared for me tenderly, and when I recovered they took me with them to the States. I am going to school now, and Max Webber pays my expenses. He would have it so."

Somewhere, somewhere, the innocent, whom erring human judgment has condemned, will have their recompense. Heaven is righteous, and in the end the real offender and the hasty accuser have the most to bear.

How To Avoid Wasting Time and Money.

A word at this time to the ladies of Canada may be the means of putting them on their guard, so that time and money may not be wasted.

There are certain dealers and store-keepers whose life-object is the making of large profits on every article they sell. These dealers are now endeavoring to sell adulterated and imitation package dyes for the same price as the honest dealer asks for the reliable and never-failing Diamond Dyes.

Few ladies have the inclination to spend time or money to experiment with worthless and poisonous ingredients put up to outwardly imitate the marvellous Diamond Dyes. If you want good work you must use the best dyes. Years of thorough testing proclaim the fact that Diamond Dyes are the strongest, brightest and most economical; they are the only dyes in the world that are specially warranted.

Each packet, when directions are followed will give satisfactory and astonishing results.

"Brilliant" Surgery.

It is not how much one does in the world, but how well one does it that is of real account. An amusing story is told of Sir Astley Cooper when on a visit to Paris. He was in the company of a great French surgeon, who was curious to know how many times his English contemporary had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. Sir Astley Cooper replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times.

"Ah, but, monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times," was the astonishing answer of the Frenchman.

He triumphantly noted the blank amazement on Sir Astley's face, and when his statement had had time to be thoroughly appreciated, allowed his curiosity to lead him to another question.

"How many times did you save life?" he asked.

"I saved eleven cases out of thirteen," was Sir Astley's reply. "How many did you save out of the hundred and sixty?"

"Ah, monsieur, I lose dem all," said the Frenchman; "but de operation was very brilliant."

The Raw Cutting Winds

Bring to the surface every latent pain. Rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, and complaints of a similar character hold re-vel at this season of the year among human nerves and human muscles. The best, the most powerful and most certain pain cure is Nerviline. Nothing equals Nerviline for penetrating power. Nerviline is beyond comparison the grandest discovery for the relief of pain offered to the public.

An Estimate.

Smith—"Jones has bought some sort of a gymnastic apparatus, and he exercises half an hour every night."

Robinson—"Well, he's a very persevering fellow. I suppose he'll keep at that until a couple of weeks after he's tired of it."—Pack.

Reconsidered.

Adam—"Well, what are you hanging around here for? You told me yesterday you wouldn't have me if there wasn't another man on earth."

Evo—"Yes, but—Adam, dear,—I didn't know then that there wasn't!"—N. Y. Press.

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Wafers by mail 50c, and \$1 per box. Six large boxes \$5. Foold's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

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In the second hand book stores one can find occasionally a quaint, diminutive volume, usually well worn and yellow with age, which is entitled 'A History of New South Wales.' Its author was George Barrington. Officer to the Crown, and the history of his life is given in old-fashioned style in the introduction to the book, which was dated 1808. If there was ever a romance of crime, that history embodies it.

George Barrington, whose real name was Henry Waldron, was the son of a silversmith and a mantuamaker. When a boy, he quarrelled with a fellow scholar at a Dublin grammar school, and was whipped. In revenge he stabbed his opponent and, if possible, would have murdered him. For this affair he was flogged so furiously that he determined to run away from school. So he stole £12 and a silver watch from his preceptor, and disappeared in the middle of a May night.

At Drogheda he met a company of strolling players and lodged at the inn where they were staying. Their manager, John Price, took a fancy to Barrington, and engaged him as an actor. Indeed, it was Price who suggested the changing of Henry Waldron to George Barrington, because it looked better on the bills. Under this name he made his first appearance on any stage, as Jaffier, in O'way's 'Venice Preserved,' in a barn in the Drogheda suburbs. The debut was a success, and, pawning the stolen watch to pay expenses, young Barrington set out with the company for Londonderry. Price brought him into tender connection with a member of the company who called herself Miss Egerton, and, when he had him enamoured completely of the young woman, proposed to him to share the management of the troupe.

Barrington complied and became joint manager with Price. It was not long before Price found it expedient to insinuate to Barrington that a young man of his address might introduce himself easily into public places, and that he might find opportunities of picking pockets unnoticed and of escaping undetected, more especially at that particular time when the fair was being held. Price's scheme pleased Barrington, and the next day he carried it into execution with great success. The acquisition amounted to about £190 in Irish currency. Ballyshannon was the next place visited, where Barrington spent the autumn and winter of 1771, playing on Tuesdays and Saturdays and picking pockets every day in the week; it there was opportunity. While in this place Barrington quarrelled with Price, with the result that the two adventurers parted company. Accompanied by Miss Egerton the young man left Ballyshannon and journeyed southward, until, in crossing the River Boyne, she was drowned. After the funeral he went to Limerick and in a few weeks more to Cork. There, Barrington found Price penniless and his company dispersed. They formulated a scheme by which Barrington was to pass for a gentleman of fortune, while Price was to play servant. The plot worked to a charm. They had credit enough to secure horses and an outfit, and Barrington's plausible address did the rest. Operating among the best class of the extravagant gentry of the time, the two rogues became familiar and popular figures in the first society of Ireland, and at the end of 1772 had a capital of £1,100. On this they settled in Cork, where Price was detected in an attempt to rob a young squire, arrested, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. Barrington escaped to Dublin, where he lived quietly for a time. Then he obtained passage as a guest in Sir Alexander Schomberg's yacht to England. Schomberg was very useful to him, and the adventurer also found of great service the friendship of a fellow passenger on the yacht, the Duke of Leinster.

A more profitable acquaintance to Barrington, however, was a young captain in the army. For many months they lived a wild life in London. Then Barrington's funds ran low, and he went to work again. He picked pockets right and left, even dropping unsuspected into his friend's, the Duke of Leinster. On one occasion, while the Duke was dining him and some friends at Ranelagh, he emptied the pockets of the whole company. Another pickpocket, who was after the same game, detected him and demanded a share of the spoil. To save himself, Barrington divided the proceeds, and, over the dinner, they sealed a compact of friendship. Barrington's partner introduced him to the fences in London, and the pair thus disposed of plunder of high value. Tiring of London, Barrington visited Brighton in the summer of 1775, and there met the Duke of Ancaster, who received him as a gentleman of fortune and noble family. This opened up to him a royal array of victims and brought him into contact with the most fashionable circles. He spent the

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Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.

THOMAS DEAN,
City Market.

day at court on the anniversary of the Queen's birth, when he not only contrived to rob the nobility present but to cut off the diamond order of a nobleman. He got it away from the palace without suspicion. As this was an article of too much value to be disposed of in England he sold it to a Dutch Jew.

In 1775 the Russian Prince Orloff paid his first visit to England. The Empress Catharine had expressed her appreciation of his merits by presenting him a gold snuff box, set with brilliants. This trophy which was said to be worth £30,000, was loaned by Barrington, and he determined to get it. One night at Covent Garden Theatre he took it from the pocket of the Prince, but was caught before he left the box the nobleman was seated in and for the first time was arrested. In court he told such a pitiful and plausible story that the Judge was deceived, and in consequence the Prince declined to prosecute him. His release followed, but he left the courtroom a rousing man socially. Cut by his former intimates, he sank rapidly in a year was virtually a common thief. He was arrested repeatedly, until, in 1777, he was discovered robbing a woman at the entrance to Drury Lane theatre. For this he was sentenced to three years' hard labor on board of the hulks at Woolwich. Six months after his liberation he was arrested for pocket-picking at St. Sepulchre's Church during service, and was sentenced a second time to hard labor on the hulks. This time his sentence was for five years. An attempt at escape having failed, he stabbed himself in the breast with a penknife, but the wound proved a trifling one. So he continued to linger in his wretchedness until a philanthropist secured his release and supplied him with sufficient money to go to Ireland, where he continued to steal. Finally he was caught fairly, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation to the Australian penal settlements.

During the voyage to Port Jackson, in 1791, he rendered great service on the convict ship by assisting in the quelling of a mutiny. This reward was a ticket of leave as soon as the colony was reached. As a convict prisoner overseer he proved so honest and zealous that he received a Government grant of land on the Paramatta River, the stream where Trickett and other Australian oarsmen made records years after he was dead and forgotten. He retained a place as convict overseer until his death in 1811.

His ticket of leave expired, and he found himself a rich and free man, but he decided to return to England. There he had been a common malefactor. In Australia he was a potentate in a small way. So no remained a potentate to the end. His history brought him no fame; he is remembered to-day because of two lines in the prologue which he wrote for the opening of the first theatre in Australia:

True patriots we, for he it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

Even those lines are remembered better than their author.

AN ORANG-OUTANG AND A WATCH.

He Didn't Like Anything That was not to be Eaten.

An orang-outang which rejoices in the name of Joe, and is as docile and affectionate as any of the more ordinary domesticated pets, was lately on exhibition in Philadelphia. It chanced that on the very day on which a member of the Inquirer's staff paid Joe a visit, Joe's master, Mr. Forster, presented his favorite with a Waterbury watch.

The new plaything was handed to the animal without a word, and Joe set his wits to work upon it. First he looked it over carefully; then he began to pound the arm of his chair with it, in the laudable attempt to find out its properties by direct experiment.

'Stop, Joe! That is not intended to be used as a hammer,' said Mr. Forster, in a stern voice.

The experimenter paused, considered a moment, and then laid the watch on the floor. But the gift was of no value to Joe unless he could find out how to use it. After further consideration he picked it up and put it in his mouth.

'Hold on, old fellow! It was not made to be eaten,' said his master.

Thereupon Joe took the watch from his mouth, hesitated, and came to a decision. He handed the watch back to the giver.

Mr. Forster turned the capon or twice partially winding it, and then put it into his vest pocket. These acts he from time to time repeated, and ended by giving the watch back to Joe. The animal was no longer at a loss. His watch was of some use to him now. He took it, twisted the cap round gravely, and then dropped the watch into the pocket of his blue sweater.

At this time Joe was preparing to start for New Orleans with his master—literally preparing, for already he had himself packed his wardrobe in a new yellow leather dress-suit case. He was a very well-dressed animal, for he wore a dark blue is an exceedingly accomplished one.

He can play on the violin as well as pack up his belongings, and he appears to understand the English language fairly well. He will do almost anything he is told to do. When he has done wrong he comes and purrs up his lower lip, whimpering like a child. But when his master says, 'Joe, kiss and I'll forgive you,' he puts up his face and seems as happy as a child that has escaped a scolding.

Joe is not renowned for his bravery. He is terribly afraid of dogs, and is in mortal terror of the small monkeys. When frightened, he utters little cooing cries. Joe is four years old, and is about as large as a child of seven.

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THE WONDERFUL ALBATROSS.

Its Marvellous Flight in the Air and its Endless Waddle on Land.

The albatross has been the theme of poets and naturalists ever since the first one dawned upon the sight of man. The scientist has offered many theories for the bird's long-sustained power of flight, but it remains as much of a mystery as ever.

An albatross will follow in a ship's wake for days, sailing steadily along with no motions of the wings, silent and inscrutable as fate. No other motions than an occasional veer of the wings when the bird desires to turn an angle is observed. Despite the bird's marvellous power of sailing along, it is very hard for it to rise from the water.

The home of the albatross is in the antipodes and the Auckland Islands. No lighthouse rears its heads here, and heavy fogs and treacherous currents swirl about the place. The land is rough and mountainous on the coast, but inland marvellous flowers grow; wonderful asters, marguerites, lilies, and gentians, and here millions upon millions of birds make their homes.

Among the coarse herbage the pure white head of the albatross meets the eye. The body is larger than that of the swan, and its expanded wings measure seventeen feet from tip to tip. Its glory has departed, for while nothing can be grander than its flight over the ocean, nothing is more ludicrous than its waddle on the land. Its only sign of defence is to clap its back in a helpless manner, for it cannot use its wings.

The nest is a pile of earth like a child's sand castle, and in the cup-shaped top the albatross lays one egg. During the sixty days the egg is hatching the mother does not stir from the nest, for if she did the sea hawks would swoop down on the egg and destroy it. The young bird is covered with fluffy down, pure white in color and silky as floss. The nestling is fed so assiduously that it becomes immensely fat and rivals its parents in weight. It is then deserted by the parents, who wander over the ocean, sometimes encircling the globe before returning home.

The most remarkable thing in the history of the albatross is that during the absence of the parents the young nestling does not receive a mouthful of food. During the whole time, sometimes four months, it lives on the fat it has accumulated. In the open nest on a bleak hillside the young albatross is exposed all winter to sharp winds and the fiercest gales that ever rush across the ocean, yet at the end of its fast the young bird is lively and in a good condition.

The reason the parent birds go away is not known. Their desire for flight is a mystery, for it is not the same as the migration of our Northern birds to the South. When the parents return they unconsciously bundle out the nestling, which has become a slaty-gray in color, and set about repairing the nest. The young bird still stays around, evincing in many pretty ways its fondness for its parents, and not till next year does it take its first flight to sea in company with its hard-hearted father and mother.

SHIP CUSHIONS.

Measuring Vessels for Their Outfit—What Ship Cushions Are Made of.

When a new vessel is ready to be fitted out with her cushions she is measured for them; not as a church would be, for a certain number of cushions of a specified size to supply a certain number of pews, but every space in which a cushion is to be placed separately. On a large vessel there might be a number of cushions of the same dimensions, but a marine architect is such that cushions may be required on the same vessel in great variety of forms and of varying dimensions even within given lines, narrower at one end than at the other. And cushions are made to fit around masts, and around the rounded ends of cabins, and in other spaces where they must be made in the form of an arc of a circle; and ship cushions are made V-shaped and in other shapes to fit into various nooks and jogs.

All cushions are made with a vertical front edge, and most of them are made with a vertical rear edge. But ship cushions are often made with a rounded or bevelled rear edge to fit handomely against the side of the vessel, which serves as a back to the seat, but may slope away at a sharper angle than seat backs commonly do.

Practically every boat that is set afloat, whatever she may be, big or little, is individually measured throughout for her cushions. The same materials for stuffing cushions that are used on land are used on water—hair, moss, cotton, and so on. And ship cushions are sometimes stuffed with cork clippings for their buoyant properties. The materials most commonly used in covering church cushions are damask and reps, the damasks more generally. The material most commonly used in covering ship cushions is mohair plush, which is made in various colors and qualities. Leather is also used in covering ship cushions, especially in smoking rooms and chart rooms and aboard yachts, and it costs little, if any, more than a fine quality of mohair plush.

Bad Blood Between Them.

The ever-slaving farmer's wife, her delicate sister in the city, suffer more than they care to tell. The dark rings round the eyes, headaches, dizziness, palpitation or rheumatic twinges, betoken a run-down system. The blood is poor, and is a bar to enjoyment of life. Scott's Saraparilla purifies the blood, strengthens and vitalizes the system, and speedily restores the bloom of health to the cheeks. It cures when all others fail.

A PIPE LINE WATCHMAN'S FURY.

Encounters With Bears and Other Beasts While on His Lonely Beat.

'Our pipe line between the oil regions and seaboard refineries run for hundreds of miles through almost unbroken wilderness in New York State and Pennsylvania,' said an employee of the Standard Oil Company's pipe line department, 'and we have line-men whose duty it is to walk over the line of sections to see that the pipe is in good condition and to make repairs to our private telegraph line following the course of the pipe line. One of the wildest sections is eighty miles in length. The wilderness and isolation of the country make it a favorite retreat for bears, wildcats, and other wild beasts, and we had to try a dozen or more men on the job before we got one who had the nerve and courage to keep it more than one trip. At last we got an old hunter and woodsman named Smith, and the job suited him so well that he has held on to it now nearly ten years. Smith was a famous shot with the rifle before he became a line-man, and he was obliged to carry so many articles needed in his business that he was unable to make room for his rifle. He therefore bought a big revolver, and with it he killed more than twenty bears, besides several deer and wildcats, during the time he has been walking the line. It is seldom that he has had to hunt for his game, for it generally has happened that, duty or no duty, he has been compelled to carry by the way to defend himself against the offensive tactics of bears and catamounts that resent his intrusion of their retreats. One of these occasions he especially likes to tell about.

'It was one day early in May. The old line-man had reached the very heart of his wilderness hunt, and was passing through a piece of timber where there was a dense growth of underbrush on either side of the line, as well as the remains of a great windfall, when he was suddenly confronted by an immense bear. As the animal was ugly and bent on fight there and then Smith knew that it was a she bear and that her cubs were not far away, hidden somewhere in the brush. When she first appeared the bear was not more than fifty feet away, and she came rapidly toward the line-man. The spot was greatly to his disadvantage for a bear fight, but Smith stood just about as poor a chance of getting away by running as he did by standing still and having it out with the bear. The bear was so big and heavy-headed that Smith knew the force of his pistol bullets would have to be sent against her at close quarters to be effective, so he drew his revolver and waited for the bear to come as close as he thought it well to let her before firing. She came on in dead earnest when she was within twenty feet of him Smith fired. The shot struck her in the neck. She dropped, but was up again almost as quick as she was down, and turned and went off into the brush. She walked around the line-man in a circle, a couple of rods away, howling and snapping her big jaws all the time.

'Among the articles carried by these pipe line walkers is a pair of spurs or climbers that telegraph repairers use in climbing the poles. While the infuriated bear was making her reconnoitring circuit in the bushes, Smith hastily fastened his climbers about his ankles, intending to shin up a telegraph pole that stood a few paces distant. He knew that he would be out of danger there, and could bombard the bear with his pistol as long as she chose to besiege him, or until he could send a bullet into a vulnerable part of her body and drop her for good and all. He had no sooner fastened the spurs to his boots than the bear made a second rush for him. Believing that he could reach the pole and climb it before the bear could get there, he made a dash for it. The bear pursued, and just as the line-man grasped the pole the bear was upon him. Smith turned and fired two shots in quick succession at her. One of the bullets, at least, told with good effect, for the bear uttered a loud cry of pain, and turned, uttering the trash again, shaking her big head in evident pain as she went.

'Smith thought that was a good time to climb the pole, and he started in to do it. The bear had stopped at the edge of the brush and looked back. She must have divined the line-man's intention, for she came tearing back at him. Perching on the crosspiece at the top of the telegraph pole Smith emptied his revolver at the bear as she came at the foot of the pole. Some of the shots went home so far that the bear at last gave up and went stumbling away into the woods, howling as she went, as far as Smith could hear her on her retreat. The line-man had no time to follow her although he was sure he had wounded her fatally. In this he was right. Next day two men who were trout fishing found the carcass of a big she bear on the edge of the creek, a mile or so from where Smith had the encounter, and the same day two bear cubs were captured in the same neighborhood. There were six bullet holes in the bear's body, and no one ever doubted that the bear was line-man Smith's.

'Another day Smith encountered a family of four bears, two old ones and two cubs. They were sporting in a glade only a few rods from the pipe line. Having some spare time, the line-man thought he would approach nearer, the bears and see what effect a few of his pistol bullets would have

on the group. He took out the weapon and crept up to within twenty-five feet of the bears, when out of the bushes not ten feet from him slouched a fifth bear, the biggest, blackest, and ugliest looking one Smith had ever seen. The bear stopped, showed his long teeth, snapped his jaws, and by his growls demonstrated to the line-man that if there was going to be any trouble around there that bear intended to have a hand in it. Smith was at first inclined to try the revolver on his tough old customer, but considered the matter, turned on his heel and walked back toward the line. The bear shuffled along after him and escorted him on his way for an eighth of a mile along the line, growling ominously at every step. Satisfied then that there wasn't likely to be any trouble, the bear left Smith and went back. A bear supposed to be the same monster was killed a few days later by a hunter. No larger bear is on record as ever having been killed in the State, its weight being 550 pounds, more than double the weight of the average full-grown black bear.

SAVING THE FAMILY DIGNITY.

The Church Wasn't Grand Enough for the Other Drivers.

The wife of Judge Jeremiah Black is described by the Washington Post as a woman of great intellectual force and many womanly and Christian virtues, such an 'eldest lady' as St. John the Evangelist glorifies in his epistle. While her husband was a member of the Cabinet she was a devoted helper in the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, a church then composed of a handful of earnest people.

The church was meeting in Temperance Hall, Judge Black's driver, Peter, sensitive for the honor of the family, or for that of his carriage, felt it to be something of a disgrace to stand before such a building on Sunday. One day he touched upon the subject as gently as he could by saying:

'Mrs. Black, that saint very fine church you and the judge go to.'

'No, Peter,' said the lady, 'it is not a very grand one.'

'Mrs. Black, do you 'spec' to teni that church every Sunday?'

'Yes, Peter, until they get a better one.'

'Well, Mrs. Black, I wanted to ax you somethin', though I don't much like to say it, ma'am.'

'What is it, Peter?'

'Well, ma'am, I wanted to tell you de drivers of de other members of de Cabinet kinder makes fun of me 'bout standin' 'fore dat meetin'-house, and I wanted to ax you if you hadn't no objection to let me drive down to dat fine Presbyterian church where de other big men go, and stand dere wid my carriage until your meetin' was out, and den drive back for you and de judge.'

'All right, Peter, if you'll be on time,' said Mrs. Black, and Peter satisfied his mind that he saved the credit of the family and of his horses and carriage by standing after that with the fine turnouts of the other Cabinet drivers.

BORN.

- June 20 to the wife of J. R. Murray, a son.
St. John, June 14, to the wife of J. C. Campbell, a son.
Parrsboro, June 20, to the wife of John Kendrick, a son.
Campbellton, June 22, to the wife of A. A. Adams, a son.
Parrsboro, June 20, to the wife of James Phelan, a son.
Parrsboro, June 20, to the wife of Capt. H. Wilbur, a daughter.
Truro, May 28, to the wife of J. D. McKay, a daughter.
Elgin, N. B., June 11, to the Mr. Manning, a daughter.
Westville, June 14, to the wife of Angus Smith, a daughter.
Halifax, June 27, to the wife of J. M. Power, a daughter.
Halifax, June 23, to the wife of E. M. Studd, a daughter.
Fenwick, N. S. June 8, to the wife of F. L. Smith, a daughter.
Elgin, N. B., June 10, to the wife of N. Lecman, a daughter.
Hantsport, June 22, to the wife of E. Coyne, a daughter.
Canning, N. S. June 21, to the wife of William Rand, a daughter.
St. John, June 18, to the wife of Thomas Hicks, a daughter.
Yarmouth, June 19, to the wife of Joseph O. Holmes, a son.
Hantsport, N. S. June 24, to the wife of William Selig, a daughter.
Smyrna, N. S. June 26, to the wife of H. Wilmer Robinson, a daughter.
Woodstock, June 16, to the wife of Dr. R. E. G. Smith, a daughter.
West Caledonia, June 23, to the wife of John Armstrong, a daughter.
Tapperville, June 11, to the wife of Edward Mesinger, a daughter.
Laketown, N. B., June 7, to the wife of Daniel Finsagan, a daughter.
East Hampton N. Y. June 15, to the wife of Morley B. Lewis, M. D., a son.
Oreton Yarmouth Co. May 8, to the wife of Charles F. Porter, a daughter.
Pembroke Yarmouth N. S. June 18, to the wife of Gilbert Allen, a daughter.
E. R. Island Cansboro, to June 13, to the wife of Llewlyn Geddis, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, June 14, by Rev. R. Smith, Robert Warner to Bessie Lynch.
Picton, June 23, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, James Elliot to Annie Young.
Truro, June 9, by Rev. R. Cumming, George D. Mills to Charlotte Chew.
Elmsdale, June 21, by Rev. J. Layton, Robert Watson to Minnie Dalrymple.

Lunenburg, June 13, by Rev. J. H. Stuart, Anthony A. Knox to Martha Barry.
Millersburg, June 20, by Rev. T. Long, Weldon Bunnell to Matilda Fowler.
Halifax, June 21, by Rev. Father Daly, William Adams to Mary M. Stokes.
Oak Bay, June 22, by Rev. W. H. Morgan, James Webster to Elsie McMurray.
Halifax, June 23, by Rev. Father Moriarty, M. Carmichael to Miss Julian.
Annapolis, June 12, by Rev. E. B. Moore, James A. Lovvick to Margaret Deane.
New Tusket, June 15, by Rev. E. A. Griffin, Thos. A. Smith to Mabel Mullen.
Coldbrook, June 16, by Rev. Leo Hoyt, W. Leslie Seeley to Gertrude Kenney.
Hantsport, June 22, by Rev. John Calder, Guy P. Scott to Mary J. Skinner.
Kempt, June 16, by Rev. F. G. Francis Hardy J. Freeman to Maria Scampton.
New Glasgow, June 9, by Rev. F. A. Ross, Geo. Hoeg to Anne M. Reyonis.
Salspring, Pictou Co. by Rev. J. A. Bairns, John E. Young to Annie McLean.
Caledonia, June 22, by Rev. E. C. Baker, George J. Farber to Anne S. Douglas.
Halifax, June 15, by Rev. H. E. Pitman, William W. Hoyt to Eleanor Lawlor.
Halifax, June 23, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Walter S. Barrett to Jessie Northover.
West River, June 15, by Rev. J. R. Manro, John S. Kirk to Maud McDiarmid.
Mornton, June 24, by Rev. J. D. Murray, Fred M. Taylor to Sarah S. Stronach.
Fall River, June 23, by Rev. A. Whitman, William L. Peverille to Edith Hawkins.
New Glasgow, May 24, by Rev. H. R. Grant, Flora Williams to Maggie Turnbull.
Covehead, June 19, by Rev. Jos. Randall, Flora Weatherby to Alfred I. Doull.
Annapolis, June 16, by Rev. H. How, Sydney Saunders to Jane McCollough.
Yarmouth, June 16, by Rev. J. A. Foshay, Harry D. Barbour to Nellie R. O'Leary.
Hantsport, June 23, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, George W. Davison to Maud Malcolm.
Grand Manan, June 16, by Rev. O. S. Newham, John C. Taylor to Rosie Gault.
O. K. Bay, June 16, by Rev. W. H. Morgan, Geo. A. McCoubery to M. E. Stanhope.
Ellerston, June 18, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Arthur Christie to Margaret Deane.
Annapolis, June 23, by Rev. Mr. White, Fred Woodland to Gertrude Coombs.
Truro, June 8, by Rev. H. P. Waring, Fred B. Schurman to Leonora L. Fulton.
Central Economy, June 16, by Rev. Mr. Bleasdale, Ernest Smith to Gertrude Moore.
Truro, June 16, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Robert H. Phinney to Elsie A. Crumshank.
St. John, June 16, by Rev. J. D. Grant, George W. Abbott to Annie M. McLaughlin.
Boston, June 2, by Rev. Geo. Perrin, John A. Thomas to Margaret Greenwood.
Granby, Pictou Co., June 22, by Rev. R. Cumming, Wm. P. Taylor to Rosie Gault.
French Village, June 23, by Rev. T. Dickinson, Wm. John Giggie to Matilda Hill.
Williamsdale, June 23, by Rev. W. Nightingale, Chester Stenhouse to Annie McKillop.
Isaac's Harbor, June 14, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, Isaac Davidson to Laura Davidson.
Great Village, June 6, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, John McDonald to Lizzie Chipman.
Baltic, P. E. I., June 16, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, George G. Henry to Janet Casely.
Point de Bu, June 23, by Rev. D. A. Steele, George E. Freeman to Clara Ingleby.
New Glasgow, May 27, by Rev. H. R. Grant, John McDonald to Annie McKillop.
Lawrencetown, June 21, by Rev. J. H. Toole, J. Elvin Schaeffer to Winnifred Durling.
Tremont, N. S., June 16, by Rev. H. R. Saunders, Malcolm S. Paton to Sarah Brennan.
Millstream, K. C. June 25, by Rev. D. Long, George M. Mason to Charlotte Brown.
Port Morien, C. B. June 17, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Thomas McKinnon to Jessie McKillop.
Berkton, N. S. June 19, by Rev. D. F. Simpson, Doctor Howard Shaw to Mattie Brown.
Springfield, June 24, by Rev. A. J. Creswell, Charles W. Smith to Margaret C. Skene.
Port Edward, June 16, by Rev. T. H. Siddall, Leonard Clattenburg to Marion Johnson.
Hebron, N. S. June 14, by Rev. W. Desbarres, Charles H. McKinnon to Lizzie Redding.

DIED.

- St. John, 24, Kate A. Vaughan, 54.
Truro, June 22, James W. Miller, 52.
Westville, May 29, John Carrigan, 74.
St. John, June 25, Charles Hamilton, 66.
Brooklyn, N. S., May 29, John Curry, 75.
St. John, June 21, Mrs. Robert Curtis, 55.
Lynn Mass., June 18, Lyman R. Paton, 29.
Stellarton, N. S., June 10, William Betts, 79.
Tatamagouche, June 14, William Langille, 52.
Pictou, June 18, James McE. Stewart, C. C. 41.
North Sydney, June 18, Capt. James Lawley, 86.
North Sydney, June 21, Leonard Camello Roper, 20.
Pictou, June 11, Margaret, wife of J. D. S. Murray, 31.
Mayfield Antigonish Co., June 10, Patrick D. Dhan, 73.
St. John, June 24, Eliza, widow of Charles Reid, 73.
Narrows, N. B., June 21, Margaret, wife of Henry Todd, 76.
Lawrencetown, N. S. June 10, Mrs. W. A. Bradshaw, 43.
Newry Quiddy, N. S., June 14, Mrs. Mary Harting, 92.
Musquodoboit, June 19, Alice M., wife of John F. Miller, 24.
Hamilton, P. E. I., May 30, Jane, widow of Charles E. Eason, 80.
Victoria Mines, June 13, Nora, daughter of William Young, 25.
Yarmouth, June 16, Hannah A., widow of Capt. A. B. Grant, 67.
St. John, June 17, Irene, child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whetzel.
Northeast, Harbor Me., June 7, Annie wife of Wm. D. Lovett, 63.
Wickham, O. county, June 20, Maranda, widow of D. J. Whelpley 72.
Yarmouth June 15, Catherine M., widow of William D. Lovett, 63.
Melrose Highland, Mass., June 17, Maud C. R. wife of A. M. Prior.
Lindsay, Pictou Co., June 19, Eliza J. daughter of Daniel Cameron, 24.
Kentville, June 18, Sophie G. child of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Margeson.
Springfield Antigonish, June 13, Daniel son of Douglas McPherson, 23.
Chicigo, Ill., June 1, Teresa wife of Daniel Donahoe, 81.
Moncton, June 25, William C. son of Mr. and Mrs. John LeLacheur, 6 months.
Isaac's Harbor, May 27, Spencer, child of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. McKillop, 7 weeks.

BELMONT HOTEL

ST. JOHN, N. B.
Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

QUEEN HOTEL

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

THE DUFFERIN.

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

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STRAIGHTS.

1897. 1897.
The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).
For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4-Trips a Week-4
THE STEEL STEAMERS
BOSTON and YARMOUTH
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

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

Steamer Alpha,
Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY afternoon, returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

International S. S. Co.
THREE TRIPS A WEEK
FOR
BOSTON.

COMMENCING May 31st, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday
mornings, at 8 o'clock standard. Returning, leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8 45 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

STAR LINE STEAMERS
FOR
FREDERICTON and WOODSTOCK
(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7 30 a. m. for St. John. Steamers Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 5 30 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock, on alternate days at 7 30 a. m. while navigation permits.

On and after Saturday, April 24,
The Steamer Clifton
will leave her wharf, Hampton, every
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY
at 5 30 a. m., for Indiantown and intermediate points.

Returning, will leave Indiantown on same days at 4 p. m.
CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

THE DUFFERIN.

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

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ST. JOHN, N. B.
Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

QUEEN HOTEL

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

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.
On and after MONDAY, the 7th September 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax..... 7.30
Express for Moncton (daily)..... 8.00
Express for Sussex..... 8.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 11.30
Suburban Express for Roby..... 20.45

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at moncton at 20.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Moncton and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.00
Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30
Express from Halifax..... 11.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 11.30
Suburban Express from Roby..... 21.35
Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. FOTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 3rd September, 1896.

Cheap Excursions

TO THE
CANADIAN NORTHWEST
-VIA THE-

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SECOND CLASS RETURN TICKETS on sale from June 28, July 5, and July 19 only, good for return within 60 days, at the following low rates, viz.:
Dorset and ret. R. glen & ret.
Reston " " Moosejaw " } \$30
Estevan " " Yorkton " }
Bismarck " " each. Price Albt. " } \$35
Moosemin " " " " }
Dauphin " " " " }

Red Deer and Edmonton and return, \$40.
The WINNIPEG EXCURSION will be held from July 19 to 24, and should be a great attraction to agriculturalists.

Further particulars of our nearest Ticket Agent or D. P. A., C. E. R., St. John, N. B.
D. MCGICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN,
Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent,
Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 1st June, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,
DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted).
Lve. St. J. at 8 00 a. m., ar. Digby 11 00 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1 00 p. m., ar. St. John, 4 00 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6 30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12 48 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1 03 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3 45 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8 00 a. m., ar. Digby 10 47 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11 00 a. m., ar. Halifax 6 45 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7 00 a. m., ar. Digby 8 30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 8 40 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4 40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.
Steamers can be obtained on application to City Office.

Close connections with trains at Digby, Tides on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Fuller on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr
K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

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Orders

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

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CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages on every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canadian Atlantic, Montreal and St. Lawrence, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railway, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent.

Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.