

# PROGRESS.

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## STILL ANOTHER CHANGE.

The Duke and His Party Will Reside on the Cars While Here—Not a Popular Move.

The announcement that their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York and their party will occupy their own cars on their visit to this city comes as a great surprise to the people of St. John.

The Provincial government has gone to considerable expense in having the Jones and McNutt residences fitted up for the entertainment of their royal guests. Besides they have entered into a large number of contracts in connection with these houses, contracts which they are in duty bound to carry out. The change in the programme means the waste of much public money.

The change as given out in this respect as well as other changes contemplated by the visitors do not meet with popular favor in St. John. This City has gone to considerable pains in providing for the entertainment of the Royal party and it might well feel somewhat annoyed at the turn affairs have taken. There is no doubt as to the loyalty of this City and its great desire to extend to the son of the King the heartiest of welcomes, but at the same time the citizens have a right to feel that some little respect should be paid to their feelings and requests.

Major Maude who seems to be the gentleman responsible for these changes is not to be congratulated on the part he is playing. Progress is not acquainted with him, but it feels that it does not speak far from the truth when it says that such actions of Major Maude do not meet with popular approval.

Before the Royal party arrived in Canada, a programme was given out to the Canadian people where the party would visit and how long they would stay at each place, and the people governed themselves accordingly. This being the case Major Maude or no other gentlemen has a right to change the order of affairs. It is easy enough for Major Maude if the whim strikes him to change his mind from day to day and tell the people they must put up with it, but Mr. Maude or any other Englishmen wants to understand that Canadians though they respect fully their British rulers, they also have some respect for themselves and they do not care about being made a foot ball of, to be kicked about just as a few parties desire.

It might be putting the case pretty strongly, but it does seem that there is a certain amount of snobbery and overbearing in connection with the present visit of Royalty to our shores. It looks as if the parties who are managing affairs for the Duke and Duchess had got it into their heads that Canadians had to accept just what were dealt out to them and that the Royal guests were conferring a great favor upon people. They seem to forget that they are guests in this country and it is generally the custom for polite guests to put up with what the host supplies.

It would surprise no one to learn that next week Major Maude might take it into his head not to visit St. John at all. The Royal Party appear so uncertain in their actions that it is most discouraging for our people to go ahead and make arrangements for receiving them. There is no certainty that any part of the present programme will be carried out. If they do come St. John will enthusiastically receive their distinguished visitors, but all the same the citizens do not want it rubbed in too much.

### FOUND NOT GUILTY.

The Torryburn Assault Case is Ended and all New Free Men.

The finding of the jury in the Torryburn Assault case has come in for some severe criticism. It is to say the least just a little bit peculiar. The verdict would seem to indicate that it is all right to assault St. John policemen so long as it is done in no small way.

Deputy Chief Jenkins and Sergt. Campbell received a severe beating at the hands of certain parties on the day of the Cathedral picnic. These parties were arrested and have been tried and twelve of their fellow countrymen have decided that their action was perfectly proper. There seems

St. John firms, Merritt Bros & Co and Paddington & Merritt came as a surprise to people this week. These firms are known among the best in the city and it is the hope of all that they will be able to tide over their difficulties. The failure of the latter firm followed that of the former as it was closely connected in business transactions.

### A Big Fistic Meeting.

A good honest sporting evening is promised for the seventh of October (Monday) when Mr. William Keele, who has umpired so many bouts to the entire satisfaction of the public, will introduce to the city men who have reputation and fame in the ring in the New England States. Mr. Keele has applied for permission to conduct an exhibition in the Victoria Rink in which L. Weinig and George Byers will be the Star attractions. They will go for fifteen rounds and those who know the men will readily conceive what a treat that will be.

Mr. Keele has undertaken this exhibition on his own account and there will be no misunderstanding as to the earnestness of the fighting. The men who go up against each other will know that they are there to please the public and not themselves. Johnny Taylor, who has been a favorite especially in the north end, will go against the amateur champion of New England, Jimmy Kelly, for fifteen rounds, and those who know Taylor expect him to win.

The show will be opened by a six round bout between George Phelan of Portland and the 'Cyclone'.

There will be plenty of fun, there is no doubt, with such a programme.

### Day of Mourning.

Thursday was supposed to have been a day of mourning in St. John though it was not very clearly exhibited. Just the same peoples sympathy for the United States was no less felt on that account.

## GOOD EFFORT DID THIS.

Fredericton's Exhibition a Success and the Attendance Very Satisfactory.

The Fredericton exhibition, which on account of its grant was of a provincial character, has been truly called a success. The show was not a large one but what there was of it was so good as to call for the praise of those who saw it.

St. John and other parts of the province were represented so well, that all the trains and boats were crowded to the utmost and the Fredericton hotels and private houses had the greatest difficulty in providing for the accommodation of the visitors.

There was an impression in the Capital that St. John should have done more than it did in the way of providing exhibits for the big show but when they found out that the same idea was prevalent in this city when the exhibitions were held here no explanation could be sought. The attendance from St. John was splendid and the visitors found much pleasure in the sight seeing trip.

President Campbell and Secretary Murray were busy men but they always had time to direct those who did not know much about the ins and outs of the show. President Campbell told Progress the gentlemen on the committee were well satisfied with the attendance and that in his opinion the show would prove a success. The building had cost them \$2,900, the repairs to the shells another \$1,000 and the premium list would approach \$2,000. These were the large expenses. The receipts would be \$2,500 from the government and \$1,500

from the city with \$500 from the province to fall back upon in case of a deficit. Of course the entrance receipts would be added to these and such other income as come from the sale of space and entrance fees. Whatever the result the people of the capital are to be congratulated, upon their energy and effort which resulted in an exhibition that pleased all who saw it.

The races were good, considering that the track had been out of use for years. The time of 2.23 has not, in the writer's recollection been made on the same course for some time if indeed it ever was. Happy Girl was the surprise of the day and the owner, George Clark, of this city was correspondingly happy. He found this speed in Yarmouth almost by an accident, and his faith in the lofty mare, disabled, poor and abused as she was then, has been verified. She is said on good authority to have paced Moosepath in 1.05 for the half and this would not seem extraordinary considering the speed she showed in Fredericton Thursday. Anna T. is speedy, but after the first heat was not in the race, Happy Girl winning as she pleased and jogging in even at the fastest time recorded. There were protests of course but these were withdrawn, the owners of Ben H. leaving for home satisfied that Mr. Barker of St. Stephen would not push his objection to their claim for third money.

There was also a protest against Happy Girl on account of her name but the identity of the mare, the owner said, could be established in half an hour.

The starting by Mr. Ward of this city and the judging was fair in every respect. The attendance was good and the efforts to give good value for the entrance money so earnest as to please everybody.

The people of Fredericton are always hospitable but this year those who went from St. John can truly say that they found the greeting from their celestial friends of the most cordial nature and their time almost too brief occupied in the pleasure of meeting and regret at parting.

### Who Took or Stole the Steps.

The question "who took or stole the stone" has made quite a lot of fun about the city this week. Alderman Hilyard says he was quite willing to "take or steal" two or three of the old stone steps, that were discovered when the jail repairs were started, but he found some one had been ahead of him. Ald. Maxwell raised Cain when he found that the steps had disappeared and in the meantime Stanton Bros., under the architects directions were shaping the steps so that they would serve as bases for the windows. Contractor McArthur said he offered \$30 for the steps and wants to know who they belonged to and whether the contractors paid for them while some of the other aldermen think the information regarding their presence should have been general. So far as any one can see now there were only thirteen steps and the aldermanic board is of fifteen members. In any event the number, for a fair division was two short.

### His Title is Clear Now.

The friends of Harry Nelson have been heartily glad of his distinct clearance from all suspicion of the charge of getting money under false pretences from the steamer May Queen. The verdict of a jury while it may save a man from prison does not always make all people consider his title for honesty "right and clear" therefore Nelson should be happy and his friends glad that the confession of the guilty man has proved him what Progress said and thought he was an innocent man.

### Firery of Them.

St. John has done pretty well this week in the line of weddings and they are not all over yet. September is giving June a hard race for first place in the matrimonial market.

### A Civic War.

Fredericton is having a fight between its council and clerk and the war is most interesting.



H. R. H. The Duke of Cornwall and York, who is now on a Visit to Canada.

Sept 4, Minnie McLean to Charles  
28, H. McNamara to Florence Mc  
Sept 2, William Davey to Susie  
Sept 5, Jennie Campbell to Ronald  
Sept 2, James O'Connor to Joan Mary  
Sept 4, James Burchel to Elsie  
Sept 4, Donald MacDonald to Lina  
Sept 4, Daniel Marshall to Vil-  
Sept 3, Rowland Matthews to Hal-

## DIED.

James Dwyer,  
Honora Kent, 67,  
John R. Lewis, 66,  
Laura Harris, 40,  
Elizabeth Mackay,  
Fraser McGregor, 70,  
Bessie Drille, 30,  
Della Moore,  
Patrick J. Wynn, 34,  
Annie L. Whidden, 46,  
Charlotte S. Hatheway,  
Abel C. Robbins, 51,  
Nelly Hanson, 28,  
Miss Grace Macneil,  
George Francis, 82,  
Margaret Murphy, 82,  
Gasper Alex Drille, 70,  
Rebecca A. Johnston, 72,  
Annie Kate, Boyd,  
Edith Marjorie Woodill,  
Ellen J. McGee, 19,  
Daniel Currie, 20,  
Sept 2, Wilfred Ross, 23,  
E. Shalburne Tupper, 22,  
Friedrich Roy Henderson, 2,  
James Solomon Sarty, 62,  
Mrs. Margaret Allen, 73,  
Wm M. Bevan, 4 mos.,  
Frederick DeYoung, 4 mos.,  
Sept 2, Anastasia Mackenzie, 19,  
Ada Olive Richards, 4 mos.,  
Sept 27, Mrs. John C. Macdonald,  
Sept 27, Francis A. McCormack  
Sept 3, Elsie Carmichael Matheson  
Sept 3, Rev Wm H. Eddyman,  
Sept 1, Leslie Edward

## Square Men.

men of Berks County, Penn-  
Dutch shrewdness matches  
proprietor of a hotel was  
supply of chickens.  
Fred, said the hotel  
the farmer, 'dont you  
before you bring 'em  
u let 'em get wet.'  
lie, said the farmer, 'but  
them go hungry.'  
at, Fred, but I ain't a-  
a pound for corn, and  
water at the same rate.  
lie, and I will bring my  
Fred; I've got good  
I asked the hotel man  
right, he said. 'He's  
men alive; but all the  
aying live weight for  
of wet corn and wet  
misunderstand me.  
Fred's farm. He was  
Charlie is a fine fell-  
the squarest man in  
n going to take them

## Involved in Turn,

happy,  
beloved  
same chappy.

## ROADS.

## 1 Railway

June 10th, 1901, train  
cepted) as follows:-

## LIVE ST. JOHN

ton.....	5.30
ppelton.....	7.00
ay.....	11.00
me, Halifax and	11.50
.....	12.00
.....	17.00
.....	18.25
.....	21.45
.....	22.45
.....	23.15

## AT ST. JOHN

ey.....	5.00
.....	7.15
.....	8.35
.....	11.50
.....	12.00
.....	17.00
.....	18.25
.....	21.45
.....	22.45
.....	23.15

## OTTINGER,

Gen. Manager  
T. A.  
St. John, N.B.

Chat of the Boudoir.

PELLS OF FASHION. Silk petticoats are so important in these days, says a dress authority, when so much depends upon the skirt hanging well to give the gown the smart look that is its chief requisite, that more time than ever is spent in choosing colors and materials, and also in having the petticoat fitted well.

The best hanging petticoats are those that fasten at the side, are in circular shape, and have a deep attached flounce trimmed with ruffles and lace. The petticoats to wear with street gowns are made on the same lines as the ones for the evening gowns, but are much less elaborate in the trimmings, and the darker hues silks and brocades are used in preference to the lighter ones.

India silk and surah are chosen by some women in preference to taffeta, and they are, of course, much softer more clinging materials, and consequently seem more in keeping with the soft materials and the clinging effects that are so fashionable, especially in house gowns.

An elaborate and effective petticoat to wear with a ball gown is made with a short train, is of white satin, and on the circular flounce has rows of point d'esprit edging headed with lines of narrow black velvet, and on the point d'esprit itself are lines of the black velvet ribbon crossed and re-crossed to form squares. The material of the petticoat extends to the edge of the flounce, and is finished with pinked ruffles of taffeta silk.

A charming fashion, although of necessity an expensive one, is to have a petticoat made to match each gown or the lining of the gown. Taffeta is the most popular fabric, but pretty brocaded silks and satins are also considered smart. Another fashion is to have corsets and petticoats made to match and for this purpose brocaded silks and batistes are used.

Petticoats trimmed with lace ruffles and knots of ribbon are always effective, but not all new; and the embroidered muslin flounces which button on the petticoats and can be cleaned separately are far smarter. Muslin and cambric skirts will always be worn with simple wash gowns, and the prettiest of these are of the figured with lace insertion and having silk flounces that button on to the skirt below the flounces. These are always of taffeta silk and are finished with pinked edges.

Black silk petticoats are trimmed with ruffles of silk and lace, or with pleated flounces edged with pinked ruffles. They are only worn by people in mourning or with traveling gowns or skirts intended for general hard wear. Plain color taffeta petticoats, the same color as the lining of the dress skirt, are more fashionable than the all black, and the different shades of purple are the most popular.

The shaded taffetas make good petticoats and are more in favor than a year ago, but oddly enough are preferred in the darker colorings, shaded green and blue, or green and red especially. This season the checked or striped silk petticoats have been fashionable, with accordion plaited bias flounces trimmed with pinked ruffles in plain colors. Black and white affects are the smartest in these, but blue and white are effective also.

There are frugal minded mothers, with a good deal of reason on their side, too, who never look with favor on the plain woolen materials for school gowns, so frankly they do resist all gresse spots and ink stains. They make their choice only among the plaids, the checks, the broken stripes and the heather mixtures.

They are making these gowns up this fall on the very simple lines of the shirt-waist-trock that flourished in duck and gingham this summer. The corsage is made on the lines of the latest approved shirt waist patterns and the skirt is correspondingly simple.

There is opportunity here for the bright little belt and tie to work wonders. For instance, a coral morocco belt and the same shade of tie marry so well with a wood-brown chevrot frock and these accessories in turquoise blue give just the needed touch to a heather mixture frock where green predominates.

The new flannel and silk waists are beginning to show themselves shyly and promise delectable things for the coming season.

Of course, the plain shirt waist, plaited or tucked and worn with a fetching stock and girdle will be correct for certain wear, as it always is, but there are to be other shirt waists that make the humble name sound like profound irony.

Flannel, cloth and the heavier silks such as Louisine, peau de soie and Liberty satin, will be the popular materials and wools

or silk and wools may follow the same model over cotton linings and bring the cost of the gown down to a very reasonable figure.

While the early importations of fall hats display few differences from the models worn during the summer, there is, however, a decided tendency to drop much of the former exaggeration in both the trimming and the flare at the left side, though the latter feature is still observable.

The picturesque Gainsborough, showing a modification in the turn of the brim and the mode of trimming, will undoubtedly become the most popular hat for ceremonious wear. When fashioned from flexible braids and ethereal textiles over fine wires this shape is capable of enough variations to insure almost universal becomingness, says the Millinery Trade Review.

The hat with a double brim—one of the novelties of the season—suggests innumerable possibilities in adornment. A wreath effect in silk and velvet roses, poppies or geraniums arranged between the edges all around and supplemented by a bow of black velvet ribbon falling over at the back is the usual trimming, though soft folds of tulle, chiffon or rich lace over tulle may be used instead of the floral wreath, and dainty little blossoms may be disposed at the left side on a bandeau to rest on the hair, with the inevitable bow of black velvet on top of the hat at the back, the ends falling gracefully over.

This type of hat will be fashionable in the satin straw and chenille and velvet braids for present wear and for late autumn as well.

The tricorne in a modified form will be popular for the autumn season, and it promises many interesting effects. The crown in the latest examples is flat, and the turned-up brim will extend far over it, being secured almost at the centre by a pretty ornament or a broad bow of velvet ribbon. An extreme novelty is a four-cornered hat forming a narrow square front and back, with long, straight rolled-up sides. The odd creation depends upon its adornment for its beauty and becomingness and should only be selected when adapted to the wearer.

Toques of chiffon, lace and tulle intermingled with soft silks or wide Liberty satin ribbons and adorned with flowers or ostrich tips and aigrettes, or others made of jetted and spangled nets in association with panne velvets, will be favored for dressy wear, while the smart turban with rather low crown and rolled brim, developed in the fancy braids and rich velvets, is also included in the autumn models.

Evening wraps now being shown by customers recall the style of preceding seasons in outline, but they are what the market offers the woman who prefers a becoming garment which she knows to a problematic one whose virtues are yet to be tested, says the New York Sun. The high Medici collars that have so long distinguished the short evening capes—the long ones, too, for that matter—have been found too universally beautifying to be done away with.

But a perfectly new detail with many of the short imported capes is a wide, three-quarters length sleeves. 'Chinese sleeves' is the name they go under, and some of the China silk used for the little wraps is said to be from China.

Other pretty evening capes are made of silk poplin in white or pale colors, with which ochre-colored lace is sometimes combined with rich effect.

Skirts Clearing The Ground.

What a joy the 'walking length' frocks have been to us this summer! How nice it was to return from a scramble on the rocks or a ramble in the woods or a morning's boating in the outing skirt, and find the hem perfectly fresh, and the lustre of the binding undimmed by mud, dust, or soaked with sea water, says the Philadelphia Record. How much the short skirt simplifies the duties of the girl without a dressing maid only she can tell. The putting on of fresh skirt binding is a task only less repulsive than the removal of a soiled binding and the cutting away of the tattered fragments which result from letting a long skirt sweep along the streets.

The summer brought us a welcome reprieve from skirt lifting and skirt carrying. Who will want to reassume such onerous duties. The proper place for a trained skirt is the drawing room or the carriage. The train is obviously out of place in the skirt of a street costume.

After our three months holiday from carrying a street dress to train over the arm we are loth to go back to distasteful servitude. The girl with small, well-shaped feet will not be an obstacle to any movement which will popularize having our autumn frock out with the skirt 'walking length'. The skirt which touches but does not drag gives some degree of trouble because the binding receives a coat of dust mud, and the skirt is too short to be

held up. The skirt which clears the ground gives real satisfaction.

Variety In Dainty Collars.

Never before has there been such a variety in neckwear as this year. The openwork collar is no doubt the novelty of the season. It is made of black or colored satin bands between which there are strips of white or colored netting or chain work. These collars owe their stiffness to skillful boning. A pretty stock worn by smart girls is of taffeta or lawn tucked or corded for a space through the centre and worn twisted twice around the neck with a single loose knot in front. Fold and jeweled slides are often used to hold these ends. The handsomest of these ornaments are on the art nouveau order representing flowers or leaves.

A chic white pique stock has a narrow colored tie fastening to the left with two ends and a square buckle. Stocks and buterfly bows made out of madras handkerchiefs are all the rage. Postilion collars of plaid figure finish in front with two long tabs laced with gold cord and tiny gold buttons.

For very dressy occasions openwork collars of lace are very smart.

Necklaces for Evening Wear.

The summer low neck gowns call for necklaces. Strings of artificial pearls are now sold made in such a perfect manner that they defy detection when placed side by side with the real jewels. These strings of pearls are the prettiest things a woman can wear. They are ornamented with crystals or pearl pendants and art nouveau medallions. Pearls also look pretty in long ropes to be used as watch chains or simply allowed to hang carelessly about being wound twice around the neck.

The veil of the moment is of white chiffon with a black ring. The rings are rather large and are placed wide apart. Closely figured veils are no longer worn by fashionable women.

In regard to hair ornaments, flowers still lead. Huge black poppies spangled with rhinestone dewdrops are very effective, and so are black chrysanthemums, but the latter are extravagant to buy as the petals soon lose their curl. Geraniums in all shades have to some extent taken the place of roses, which are now regarded as too common. Two of the latest artificial blossoms are morning glories and orchids.

Fashions At The Beach.

Following a current fashion in bodices, a new style of night dress is made to button down the back. The fastenings should be small and carefully covered with a fly fold, otherwise your buttons which close the gown will be uncomfortable if you rest on your back, to say nothing of their imprinting themselves literally upon you.

One model has a pointed yoke in front. Rows of Valenciennes lace insertion alternate with rows of fine tucking. The tucks are arranged in groups five, each one-eighth of an inch in width. The yoke is deeper in front than in the back. The gown is fastened with flat linen-covered buttons, pierced in four places, as they can be sewed on through the button instead of raising it by a shank.

We are quite able, while bating sin, to pity and be charitable to the sinner—we happen to be the sinner concerned.

The importance of plain talk can't be overestimated. Any thought, however abstruse, can be put in speech that a boy or negro can grasp.

When a woman ceases to care how she looks, or a gentleman loses restraint in the presence of his servants, the end is not far off.

I sometimes forget the good things that happens, but hangs over the other side, and that air the fault of other people as well as myself.

I don't know what to do with those popular angels that arrived yesterday, complained the chief musician in the Elysian Fields.

How's that? inquired the assistant. They say they won't play on anything but silver harps.

'Do you think that a young man who is poor has an advantage over the child of luxury in an artistic career?' asked the aspirant.

'Well,' answered Mr. Stormingtoar Barne, reflectively, 'of course, he has this comfort: He isn't nearly so liable to lose a lot of money.'

LIQUID refreshments—baths.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE 25c. It is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, cleans the sinusses, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto 2nd Street.

Sunday Reading.

How the Church Will Ultimately Conquer.

Ultimately the church is going to conquer the world by conquering the home; and it can only conquer the home by going there more than it does holding the hands of little children. If Christian nurture is ever to take place of spasmodic evangelism it can only be this way. The lambs must be fed with tender, individualized solicitude. They must be taught and loved and watched and trained by men and women who see and understand that for them this is the loftiest service which they can render to the human race, and the deepest proof of their own devotion to the Saviour of the world. If all Christian parents, the parents of the average Christian home and of those homes which fall below the average in faith and intelligence, are to be taught to train their children, we all see and know that it cannot be merely through general rebukes and exhortations from the pulpit. Some one must do what the pastors of former days did in Scotland and in New England—some one must go into the homes as the teaching pastor of the children. We know that the general pastor of a large church cannot do this. He must preach his powerful sermons, he must fulfil many public functions, he must supervise the general policy and work of the church; give him as his colleague the man who is trained and has consecrated his life to be the teaching pastor. This is the next step in church organization and method, which has been already taken by some congregations, which promise more than can say for the future nurture of the children of the church.

Shame On Us Christians.

After Rev. M.B. Shaw had been in India as missionary for a time he wrote home that hardships and comforts were mixed as in other callings.

'If I were here in the British service, I would be congratulated; why pity me then, when out here in Christ's service? Is it not a shame on us that we call it sacrifice to do for Christ what hundreds of men are doing for their King all over the Empire? Government agents hasten into the Klondike and no one remarked it. But when the first minister went it was talked of as a sacrifice for Christ. Is it any harder to preach Christ than to attend to official business for the government? Government appointees travel all over Canada—the Indian reserve included; physicians do so too; yet I have heard people talk of the sacrifice of the missionaries and ministers of the churches in doing the same for Christ. Are we not putting the minister to shame by such talk? Is a servant of Christ to seek ease or endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ? Are we not leaving the impression on the world that a minister is a man who earns his money easy—a gentleman of leisure? Let us have done with this thing. Appreciate to the full all that our brethren do; but to raise no cry when a little hardship comes. Every traveller for every firm in Canada has a harder time than the average minister and has nothing. 'But he gets ample pay for it' so do you, if you believe what your Lord has promised.

'Quit you like men and be strong,' brethren. Don't let the tender-hearted spoil good service.

Enthusiasm for Christ.

Every Christian should be filled with enthusiasm for Christ, Actors are enthusiastic in executing their plays. Teachers devote their time to their calling. Doctors with professional skill, apply remedies for the restoring of the health of their patients. Lawyers, with zeal, work day and night for their clients. Soldiers have been enthusiastic for their generals. Referring to the soldiers under Napoleon great the writer says: 'There was a magic about the emperor which swayed his soldiers. They were emptied of themselves, and he lived in them. The great emperor marched in them on long marches endured in great privations, toiled in them over snowy Alps, charged in them in bloody charge, exalted in them in magnificent victories and when they came to die, in their heart of hearts was enshrined the emperor himself. This was great enthusiasm for a mere man and should not Christians be filled with more zeal for Christ, the Captain of their salvation? Ought they not to have as great zeal as the teacher, doctor, lawyer, actor? Ought they not, at least, to have as great enthusiasm for Christ as the soldiers have for their general? Blessed be God, we have many preachers and laymen, in our beloved Zion! whose zeal for their Saviour burns within and

shines without with a splendid flame, and they are doing all they can in spreading the glad tidings of salvation. Lord help us to be more zealous in the salvation of souls.—

One Remedy For Fat and Lean.

The pretty stenographer had never worked for a physician before, and hence, when on this first morning, office hours began, she settled back in her chair to listen with as much interest as though she were at a matinee. The first patient was a young man whose padded coat would not conceal the narrowness of his shoulders and the weakness of his chest. He was a very puny young man, indeed.

Doctor, he said, I want to get fat. I want to resemble a man rather than a lead pencil. I want to wear a bathing suit without shame.

The physician answered: 'Dine at 7 o'clock and exercise an hour with chest-weights and Indian clubs. Then take a cold bath and breakfast without coffee or tea. During the day contrive, somehow, to get a two hours' walk, and sleep at least nine hours a night. Don't smoke. If you follow these directions you will gain ten pounds in a month.'

After the thin young man had gone a fat young woman entered.

'Doctor,' she said, 'make me thin. Take off most of this too solid flesh. Let me wear a straight front like other girls.'

The doctor prescribed: 'Rise at 7 o'clock and exercise an hour. Then take a cold bath, and for breakfast have no coffee or sweets. Go a two hours walk during the day, and sleep at least nine hours every night. You'll lose ten pounds a month if you obey me.'

The patient left and the stenographer asked the doctor how it was he prescribed for leanness and for fatness the same thing. 'Because,' he said, 'that thing is exercise and exercise makes you right. It makes you, if you are too thin, stouter, and, if you are too stout, thinner. It is the only remedy in which I have confidence.'

'Johnnie, your hair is wet. You've been in swimming again.'

'I fell in, ma.'

'Nonsense. Your cloths are perfectly dry.'

'Yes'm. I know'd you didn't want me to wet 'em so I took 'em off before I fell in.'

'HOW old is she? Do you know?' 'Not exactly; but she can't be less than twenty-seven. Why do you think so?' 'She has been contending that no girl should marry until she is twenty-six, at least'

SLEEP FOR BABY



Sleep for Skin Tortured Babies and Rest for Tired Mothers, in a Warm Bath with

Cuticura SOAP

And a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humours with loss of hair, of infants and children, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies fail. MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too frequent offensive perspiration, in washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sensitive antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and BEST toilet and baby soap in the world. COMPLETE TREATMENT FOR EVERY HUMOUR. CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, and CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood.

Sold by all druggists. British Depot: 27-28 Charterhouse Lane, London. FORRES & CO. GUY'S CLIFF, BOSTON.

Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Thomas Jefferson, the undoubted son of his father, began his fourth annual tour as Rip Van Winkle September 16. He has been steadily and largely successful.

The third act of The Rogers Brothers in Washington will represent the court of fountain at the Pan-American exposition, with the electric tower as the centre of attraction.

Verona Jarboe, who will be the leading woman in the revival of Masopha this season, will be strapped to the back of a tall white Arabian horse, which is the grandson of old Dan Rice's trained horse Excelsior.

Stuart Robson, who will this fall make a revival of his most profitable play The Henrietta, is endeavoring to secure the services of as many members of the original cast as possible.

Mary Anderson celebrated a birthday lately, and, as she declared it to be her 42nd we may feel sure that she does not mean to return to the stage, which she quit eleven years ago.

Maurice Bernhardt, the son of Sarah is coming to the front as a dramatist, with a rush. One play by him will be produced at the Porte-Saint-Martin in January. It is called 'Nini l'Assommoir.'

Arthur Lewis, brother of Julia Arthur has assumed charge of the Blythe Dramatic school, that is directed by Helen Blythe. Two of the school's pupils are Lela and Etta Arthur, Mr. Lewis's sisters. Ellen Terry says she is now too old for such sweetheart roles as Marguerite and Olivia, and will play them for the last time on her forthcoming American tour. Fay Davis, formerly of Heulton, is to succeed her to that extent next season at the London Lyceum.

Clara Morris signed an agreement last week with Thomas Broadhurst to deliver a series of lectures this season under his direction. Since her retirement from the stage Miss Morris has devoted herself to literature. Her lecture will deal chiefly with her experiences on the stage.

Mrs. Pether will produce in London early in November a new play, entitled The Mills of the Gods. It is a four act romantic piece, the scenes of which are laid in Paris during the reign of Louis XV. The Mills of the Gods was written in New York. The authors are Charles Bradley and Edward Paulson.

The date of the initial presentation of Miss Hazel Ford's dramatization of A Gentleman of France, in which Kyrie Bellew is to make his appearance on the American stage, is now definitely fixed for Monday evening, at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. Eleanor Robson will have the leading female part.

Edgar Temple, the well known operatic tenor, returned to New York last week from a summer tour through the New England states with an organization of his own, playing standard light opera, called the Temple Opera company. The season, which lasted two weeks, was most successful, and Mr. Temple expects to cover the territory again next summer.

Paris, with a population approximately of 2,000,000, supports some 27 theatres and music halls, not counting circuses and cafes chantants. London, with, roughly, twice the population, has some 75 places of amusement, though it is important to remember that here the proportion of music halls is much greater than in Paris.

Willis Granger, who has spent the summer at his country home at Bath Beach, L. I., recently enjoyed a peculiar adventure. While strolling along the beach the actor was horrified to see a charming girl fall off one of the piers, and with a feeble cry for help, the girl apparently sank. Hastily divesting himself of hat, coat and shoes, Granger dove into the water, and dexterously swimming rescued her, and to avoid publicity, quietly stole away. The next day at the usual hour for his afternoon walk, Mr. Granger saved the young lady. Amazed by this singular coincidence, he resolved to watch, and a few days later, a female, for the third time seemingly beyond her depth, screamed and floundered helplessly around. The cry was repeated, but the actor apparently heeded it not. In a little while the woman struck out for the shore, and it was indeed a very angry mermaid who confronted him, 'Coward!' she hissed. 'You have spoiled a press agent's story by refusing to save me, and my success still hangs in the balance.' So Willis Granger is not on speaking terms with the actress. Drow's Shining Hair.

John Drew, it is well known, is most particular regarding his dress both on and off the stage. He was playing in the Liars two seasons ago on the road, and his itinerary included nearly two weeks of successive one night stands. His man attendant always looked after the clothing he wore at the theatre, bringing it to the actor's dressing room shortly before Mr. Drew appeared to dress. In one of the smaller cities the valet, had sent Mr. Drew's linen to the laundry, and the actor found when about to don it that the bosom of his dress shirt contained a polish which disgusted him. He said things. But there was nothing to do but wear it, 'polish and all.

Mr. Drew had a long speech in a scene with Arthur Byron. The latter at once observed the unusual polish on Mr. Drew's dress shirt, and while he was delivering the lengthy dialogue Mr. Byron thought it was not noticed by the audience, began to adjust his hair, straighten his tie, and otherwise complete his toilet by the aid of the polish on Mr. Drew's shirt. A rear view up from behind the scenes, and Mr. Byron's joke nearly spoiled the scene.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will begin its twenty first season at the Symphony Hall on Oct 19. There will be this year be the customary series of afternoon and evening concerts twenty four in all being given. The orchestra will also give its series of concerts in New York, Philadelphia where two series of concerts are to be given there this winter.

Milka Terina has been singing at the new Prince Regent's Theatre at Munich and had been in that city during part of the summer. Most of the singers are preparing for the immigration to this country next month. Mmes. Semblich and Calve do not sail with the company but come on later steamers. Mme. Calve has had sixty-five young girls from Paris to visit at her chateau during the summer and recently organized a concert for charity near her home. She then sang for the first time in public several lieder by Schumann. Mme. Semblich has been journeying in Semon Switzerland with Ignace Fadrowski and his wife who were recently in Dresden, Mme. Nordica, who was in the Black Forest, has left Munich, where she sang four times and is in Paris. Mme. Eames has returned to Paris and it was on the journey from Florence that she took the cold that resulted in her illness. Suzanne Adams, who has been in England, will be the first of the prima donnas to return as she sings at the end of this month in concert. Sibel Sanderson, who was at Aix les Bains, has been at her villa near Paris during the summer. Mme. Schumann Heink is at her home near Dresden and is enjoying her first vacation since she arrived in Europe, as, after stopping for one day at her home, she went to Bayreuth. Susan Strong spent most of the summer at Bayreuth and sang several times at Wahnfried with Franz Korby to accompany her in some Liszt songs. Mme. Brevai, who is to sing at the Opera Comique before coming to the Metropolitan N. Y. this winter, was in Paris except for the time occupied by her Covent Garden engagement.

The Mystery Solved. It was a warm summer night and the hour was midnight. The scene was Madison Square park, New York. The policemen on the four sides of the rectangle were getting dull with sleepiness. So one of them said afterwards—the one who tells the story. Suddenly into the stillness of the night a shrill cry projected itself: 'Help! Help! Murder! Murder!' The cry appeared to come from within the square. And simultaneously the two policemen nearest at hand rushed into the park, the leather thongs on their night sticks in place for striking. 'They're killing me! Help! Help!' spurred them on. The policemen made a systematic search of the green area, ending finally in the center. Well, where is it? asked one. 'Give it up. I thought 'twas here, was the reply. Keep away! Keep away! Don't come near me! I cried the shrill voices. Slowly and warily the policemen made their way to a bench a little to the south of the centre, which seemed to be the spot where the voice came. And there they stood for a moment, wondering what it meant. Then from the branches of the maple overhead a whistling voice said: 'Folly was a cracker. The mystery was solved. It was somebody's parrot, escaped from the cage, which had played this joke on two of New York's cleverest policemen. The bird remained in the park for a day or so, resisting all efforts to be captured, and then disappeared, having perhaps found its way back to its cage.

Ignace Paderevski has written to this country that he will play in Germany from the middle of October to the middle of December giving in all twenty eight concerts there and will then play twice in London. During the rest of the season he will be in Spain and Italy and will then rest in Poland until he goes to London to attend the first performance of 'Manru' at Covent Garden, where it is to be sung by the company from the Court Theatre at Dresden that will go to London with the full chorus and orchestra to be conducted by Ernst von Schuch. Even during the next year the pianist does not expect to come here, although that plan is likely to be changed. Maurice Grau is still in negotiation with the composer's agents for the rights to 'Manru' for the Metropolitan Opera House, where it may be sung next season although Mr. Grau would undoubtedly prefer to perform it first while the composer was in this country. Minnie Tracey is to be the soloist at the Roy Albert Hall when John Philip Sousa gives his first concert there in October.

The band will be heard at the Metropolitan for the last time before its European trip on Sept 22. Two other American singers are to be in England during the winter. Zolie de Lussan and Ella Russell are to be at the head of the Moody Manners Opera company, Clementine de Vere is to sing during the winter in the English opera performances in Australia. Josef Hofmann will be heard in recital at Carnegie Hall on Nov. 21 and 23. Alexander Lambert will give the first concert at the New York College of Music on Oct. 3. Maurice Grau, accompanied by some of his opera company, was to sail for New York on Sept. 18. The season will open in Albany.

The Maine Musical Festival will be held on the 3d, 4th, 5th of October at Bangor, while the rest of the week will be devoted to Portland. The singers are to be Mmes. Suzanne Adams, Maconda, Schumann-Henk, Morrison and Bouton, and Mm. Boehler, Campanari, Miles, and as instrumentalists, Anna Olson and Carrie Hirschmann. 'The Redemption' and Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise.' The same artists that appear at the Maine Festival are to be heard at Manchester and Burlington.

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Notice to Mariners.

No. 56 of 1901.

DOMINION OF CANADA. New Brunswick

I. Gannet Rock Light—Temporary Change in Character.

To permit repairs to the revolving mechanism, the light on Gannet rock, in the Bay of Fundy, will show as a fixed white light, from and after 1st September, 1901, until repairs can be completed. It is expected that the flashing of the light will not be interrupted for more than three weeks. Notice will be given of the resumption of the fixed and flashing characteristics of the light. Lat. N. 44 deg. 30m. 30s. Long. W. 66 deg. 45m. 87s.

II. Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Two pole lights established by the government of Canada on the south beach at the entrance to Richibucto harbor, Strait of Northumberland coast of New Brunswick, were put in operation on the 1st instant. The lights are fixed white, shown from pressed iron lanterns hoisted on poles, and should be visible three miles from all points of approach. The front line is elevated 34 feet above high water mark. The mast is 26 feet high, and stands 115 feet back from the water, at a point 2856 feet southeastwardly from the front light of the old Richibucto harbor range. Approximate position, from Admiralty chart No. 249. Lat. N. 46 deg. 45m. 42s. Long. W. 64 deg. 45m. 5s.

The back light is elevated 37 feet above high water mark. The mast is 37 feet high and stands 295 feet S. W. from the front one. The two lights in one, bearing S. W. W. lead to the black can buoy in 4 1/2 fathoms that marks the southern limit of the anchorage outside the bar. They also lead between the buoys marking the channel over the bar which carries 12 feet of water, to the red can buoy which marks the sharp turn of the channel to the westward inside the bar. A line passing the turning buoy the course up the shore between the north and south beaches is N. W. by N. W. W. From this point up to the town the somewhat tortuous channel is marked by buoys. At the same time that these range lights were established the red back light of the old Richibucto harbor range, on the same south beach, was discontinued, as the alignment now gives only 2 feet water over the bar, but the front white light is yet maintained to guide up from the turn above described. Variation approximately 24 deg. W.

This notice affects Admiralty charts Nos. 3199, 3204 and 1861; St. Lawrence pilot, Vol. II., 1895, page 82; and Canadian list of lights, 1901, the two new lights being entered under the numbers, 629 and 580; the present No. 529 becoming No. 531, and the present No. 530 and the remarks opposite the two being struck out. F. GOURDEAU, Deputy Minister of Marine, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada, 6th August, 1901.

All bearings, unless otherwise noted, are magnetic and are given from seaward, miles are nautical miles, heights are above high water, and all depths are at mean low water. Pilots, masters, or others interested are earnestly requested to send information of dangers, changes in aids to navigation, notices of new shoals or channels, error in publications, or any other facts affecting the navigation of Canadian waters to the Chief Engineer, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada.

No Public Receptions. An orderly sergeant with proper instructions, stationed at the door of the theatre box, would have prevented the assassination of Lincoln, says J. F. Rhodes, the historian, of Commonwealth ave.

Had there been three policemen or special officers in company with Garfield, Gibeau would not have fired the fatal shot at the Washington station. Such reflections have undoubtedly had their influence on those who have had the care of subsequent presidents.

Had there been no public reception in Buffalo McKinley would not have been assassinated there. One of the lessons to be learned from the sad event which we all deplore so much is that the president ought not in the future to hold public receptions to which any one and every one is admitted without question.

These receptions serve no necessary purpose; they are a tax on the president's time and a drain of his physical strength. The difficulty lies undoubtedly in the unwillingness of any actual president to discontinue a custom of so long observance.

Pres. Roosevelt may well be the man to give up the practice. Nobody can doubt his physical courage, and there ought to be a general demand from the people on him that he should not incur this unnecessary risk.

PROBATE COURT.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John or any Constable of the said City and County—GREETING:

WHEREAS William H. Moran of the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, testator, and Mary E. Furlong, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County aforesaid, wife of Thomas Furlong, of the said City of Saint John, Executor and Executrix named in the last Will and Testament of Robert Ritchie, late of the said City of Saint John, Merchant, deceased, have by their petition, dated the Eleventh day of September, A. D. 1901, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn Form, and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with: YOU ARE THEREFORE required to cite the following next of kin, devisees and legatees of the said Robert Ritchie, deceased, namely: Robert J. Ritchie, Grocer, resident in the said City of Saint John; Thomas Furlong, resident in the said City of Saint John; Mary E. Furlong, wife of the said Thomas Furlong, resident in the said City of Saint John; Edward Furlong, infant, aged one year and ten months, resident in the said City of Saint John; and all other next of kin of the said Robert Ritchie, deceased, if any, and all persons interested, and all others whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the City and County of Saint John at the Probate Court Room, in the Fawcett Building (so called) in the said City of Saint John on Monday the TWENTY FIRST day of OCTOBER next at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon, to attend and take such other part with regard to the proving of the said last Will and Testament in solemn Form as they may see fit, with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they and every one of them may deem right.

The Petitioners affirm the validity of the said Will and Testament. Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court this Eleventh day of September, A. D. 1901.

(Sgd.) ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Judge of Probate. (Sgd.) JOHN MC MILLAN, Registrar of Probate. (Sgd.) E. A. MCKEOWN, Proctor for Petitioners.

McKinley's Fate Foreshadowed. The death of Pres. McKinley recalls to superstitious persons the appearance of the shadows on the large pillars of the white house portico early last winter. These shadows had been noticed for three or four years, but it was not until last December that they attracted general attention. Then it required no stretch of imagination to recognize a human forearm and hand, with bent finger upheld in the attitude of warning, outlined near the top of one of the columns. This appeared shortly after noon each day for nearly a week, lasting about an hour.

After that, when the position of the sun changed somewhat, the shadow disappeared from the pillar, only to reappear in a nondescript form later in the day on the column at the northwest corner of the portico. It then gradually assumed more definite form and finally represented the face and shoulders of Pres. McKinley in profile the resemblance being most striking. The silhouette appeared four or five days in succession but lasted only a few minutes at a time when it changed gradually and by imperceptible degrees into an easily recognized outline of the features of the late Queen Victoria.

It is a fact, testified to by all the messengers and police officers at the white house and by many visitors to the mansion, that the death of Pres. McKinley's mother was preceded for several days by a shadow picture on the porch pillars of the bent form of an old woman standing near a spinning wheel. 'If I were to go to Kansas to make speeches,' said the orator, 'do you think I could get audiences?' 'Well,' answered the resident of that state, 'there is one way in which you could insure yourself the most attentive consideration. You might let it be understood that you are a farm hand looking for work. But they would probably mob you when they discovered the deception.'

You remember that stately Miss Minerva Biggers—the girl who read the essay on Mind and Master Force at the graduation exercises? Yes, what about her? She's just married that whippersnapper Slimest.

You don't say! What could she see in him to admire? She discovered that his complexion just matched the ribbon on her diploma.

What makes you Despondent?—Has the stomach gone wrong? Have the nerve centres grown tired and listless? Are you threatened with nervous prostration? South American Nerveine is nature's corrector, makes the stomach right, gives a world of nerve force, keeps the circulation perfect. A regular constitution builder for run-down people. One lady says: "I owe my life to it."—85

with a splendid flame, and all they can in spreading of salvation. Lord help us saloons in the salvation of

ody For Fat and Lean.

stographer had never physician before, and hence, first morning, office hours led back in her chair to such interest as though she ce. The first patient was whose padded coat would narrowness of his should-ackness of his chest. He young man, indeed.

d, I want to get fat. I a man rather than a lead to wear a bathing suit

answered: Dine at 7 o'clock an hour with chest-ian clubs. Then take a breakfast without coffee or day contrive, somehow, r's walk, and sleep at least t. Don't smoke. If you tions you will gain ten th.

young man had gone a fat ntered.

aid, 'make me thin. Take to solid flesh. Let me ont like other girls.'

cribed; 'Rise at 7 o'clock hour. Then take a coldakfast have no coffee or o hours walk during the least nine hours every e ten pounds a month if

t and the stenographer how it was prescribed for fatness the same thing, 'that thing is exercise o you right. It makes o thin, stouter, and, it thinner. It is the only I have confidence.

hair is wet. You've been

ar cloths are perfectly

'd you didn't want me to em off before I fell in.'

Do you know? 'Net ant be less than twenty- yant think of? 'She has ant that no girl should marry -ix, at least

KEEP BABY

ortured Babies and red Mothers, in n Bath with

icura

ation of CUTICURA f emollients and greatest is in the purest, sweetest, nant, and economical uring, disfiguring, itching, scaly, crusted, and all other remedies fail.

Use CUTICURA CUTICURA Ointment, for skin, for cleansing the ping of falling hair, for ing, and soothing red, nde, and for all the pur- bath, and nursery. MIL- SO CUTICURA SOAP in irritations, inflamma- or too free or offensive washes for ulcerative or many sensitive anti- which readily suggest in ONE SOAP at ONE in and complexion soap, baby soap in the world.

ENT FOR EVERY HUMOR, nance the skin of crabs and itched scuffle, and con- instantly allay itching, in- tion, and soothe and heal, venty, to cool and cleanse

11th Depot, 27-28 Chestnut- & N. CORN. PROP., BOSTON.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT 21.

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

A GREAT MAN.

The death of William McKinley removed from the earth one of the World's greatest and noblest men. There will be found few persons who will deny to the late martyred president the foremost place among the leading characters of modern times.

Among the great men who have risen to the chief executive of the United States, the late president will be regarded by history as one of the first. It fell to his lot during his term of office to deal with many important and intricate questions, in all of these he displayed an intelligent, national and courageous mind.

The doings of Providence are mysterious, but with that mystery we have nothing to do. It has been the Will of God that PRESIDENT MCKINLEY should die. A greater man than MCKINLEY or any other man that ever lived, died for the good of his people and by that death a whole world was saved.

Anarchism has raged but all too openly in the great republic. This was all too evident in the time of Lincoln. It was more strikingly shown by the shooting of GARFIELD. Still it was allowed to exist and even the assassination of KING HUMBERT did not bar its advances.

The name of William McKinley is secure upon the embossed pages of America's noblest annals. He was a wise legislator; a great statesman; a model son and husband; a broad brained, large hearted, kindly affectioned, manly man; an ideal American citizen, a president of consummate force of character and judicious grasp of great questions decided for the good of country and humanity.

A WORSHIPY MAN.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT who has succeeded WILLIAM MCKINLEY as president of the United States is a man in whom the American nation will have the fullest confidence. He is the youngest citizen of the Republic who has yet been called to the high position of President but though young in years he has had a large experience in public affairs.

As assistant secretary of the Navy and later as a governor of New York ROOSEVELT displayed unusual ability. In all matters with which he had to deal, he exhibited a breadth of mind and an intelligence that has called forth admiration. He has shown himself to be a man of strong backbone and one who was never afraid to do. Party managers and those who are in

politics for selfish ends have ever found in the new president an individual who could not be swayed from the path of honor and rectitude.

Impulsiveness is said to be one of ROOSEVELT's chief characteristics and in certain quarters this impulsiveness is feared. There is little ground for alarm however, for the president with all his dash and ardor has never shown any hastiness when he was called upon to decide momentous questions.

While the world sympathizes with the Americans in the loss of WILLIAM MCKINLEY, it at the same time congratulates the Republic that his mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders.

Preparations are being made for a most extensive crusade against vice in London. More than 1000 prominent persons, representing every borough in the metropolis, have associated themselves together for this purpose. They will undertake to repress public immorality, disorderly houses, obscene language, pernicious pictures, publications and plays.

The practice of hanging people in effigy is another of the more or less good old customs which have suffered from the march of improvement, or are likely so to suffer. It is not easy to conceive of electrocuting people in effigy.

The feeling of some honest folk from the country when they visit a large city have been very accurately described by a Chicago paper, and as this old farmer says there's very little difference between city and country if you only look for the things they have in common.

'I'm all right in Chicago if I can hear the roosters crow once in a while,' said John, 'but when I don't hear them I get pretty homesick, and want to hurry back to the old farm in Ford County. That's why I always pick out lodgings as close as I can get to South Water Street.'

'I came up here once in a while on business of my own, and I feel at home well enough down at the stock yards in the daytime, where the hogs grunt and the cattle bellow, but I'm lonesome at night when I can't hear the roosters.'

'I reckon if you was down on my farm a night or two, you'd be mighty glad to hear a street car gong, or a steamboat whistle, or a wagon clattering over the stones. When a fellow has heard a rooster crow about sunup every morning for forty years, he don't feel just right when he gets where there are no roosters.'

'You can talk all you please about your clean city and your city beautiful, as the newspapers call it, but I'd rather smell a clover field in this town when I'm lonesome than the sweetest flowers you have got on a State street.'

'I recollect Parson Cross saying once, in a sermon, that a touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Somehow when I hear a rooster crow up here, or a sheep bleat, or get the smell of a stable, it makes me feel that Chicago people ain't so much different from us on the farm, after all.'

Worse Yet.

A young man with a tallow complexion, blotched face and slender legs called at a doctors office to consult him.

'Doctor, he said, I've heard there's such a thing as tobacco heart. I wish you would tell me if you think that's what I've got.'

The physician listened to a statement of his symptoms in detail, noted the yellow stain on his fingers, and replied:

'No, young man, it isn't tobacco heart that ails you. It is worse than that. It is cigarette brain.'

Unbrained Made and Re-covered at Duval's 16 Waterloo Street

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

When Johnny spends the day, When Johnny spends a day with us, you never seen the beat. O' all the things a happens in this ole house an' street.

Ma she begins by lockin' up the pantry door an' cellar. An' she's place that's like as not to interest a feller.

An' all her chiny ornaments, a-stickin' round the She sets as high as she kin reach, for fear they'll get a fall.

An' then she sets the arachky and sticken plaster 'er. An' she says, "When Johnny's visitin' they're good to have about."

I tell you what, there's plenty fuss When Johnny spends a day with us!

When Johnny spends a day with us Pa puts his An' says, "How long, in thunder, is that noosecase goin' to stay?"

He brings the new lawn mower up, an' locks it in the shed; An' he hoes his strop an' razor, 'tween the covers of the bed.

He says, "Keep on that liberty, whatever else you do. E-I-I shall have a settlement with you, an Johnny tool!"

He says, "It makes a lot of fuss To have him spend a day with us!"

When Johnny spends a day with us the man across the street Runs out an' awears like anything, an' stamps with his feet.

An' says he'll have us 'fested 'cause his winder-eyes is broke. He says he ever catches us it won't be any joke!

He never knows who does it, 'cause there's no one 'er round. An' he's in particular, ain't likely to be found.

I tell you what, there's plenty fuss When Johnny spends a day with us!

When Johnny spends a day with us the cat gets up and goes. A-scoolin' 'erest a dozen lots to some ole place she knows.

The next dear children climb the fence an' hang round for hours. An' bust the hinges of the gate, an' trample down the flowers.

An' break the line with Bridget's wash, an' muddly up the cloze; An' 'er get she washin' then-an' that's the way it goes—

A plenty noisy an' plenty fuss, When Johnny spends a day with us!

It Isn't the Start.

It isn't the start alone that counts, it isn't the start alone; It's the place you held at the end by which the worth of your work is known;

The dancing horse and the prancing horse may be proud ere the race is run; But they never receive a cheer if they lag at the rear when the race is done.

A fool may start for a lofty goal and hurry ahead and still; He is a fool if the quills with the end he sought beyond him over the hill.

If the table that stretches through the sea from the distant foreign shore Fell short by a hundred little feet and cables were made no more;

Its uncoiled lengths would fall to serve; no answering instrument. Would it respond to the call from the far off land where eager heads are bent?

It's the end that counts—the end at last—your start may be like a friend. But the world will finally judge you by the place you hold at the end.

The bride whose face is aglow with pride as she passes down the aisle, Beholding the grand display of wealth and display of style.

May weep in the years that wait, while she that in poor, coarse raiment is wed; May still have the love that's dear to her heart when the hair of pleasure whitens her head.

And the wonder who stands at the head of his class may falter or stumble or fall. And the servant of him at the top;—The start that you make—'er all.

The fields may be green in the spring, where the wind is damped with the dew; The best you take may be smooth at the start, and level and straight as a side.

But the way may wind about as where robbers are to ambush hide. Oh, look to the end—the far away end—ere ever the start is made.

For it isn't the start alone that counts—it isn't the start alone.

To An Old Man.

Oh! speak! thou relic of a former age! Those horse-hair'd necks, and eyes of grey; Those rings that hang from 'em upon the 'rags;—Perchance, of history?

How many times the silent spaces thereof Of merry-making in the ancient times. Men graced in forms of power and pride and hea—Brought by thee in the 'rags?

How often hath it been, in days of old, That on thy arm the tears have fallen a flood. As weepfully, some lovesick maid hath told Her misery to thee?

And what thou bastions? Tell me truthfully! When, after thou hadst soothed her all the day, Her lover came, oblivious of thee, And kissed her tears away?

But, truth to tell, I do not care a rap. What strange adventures, holy, once were thine, While I am sitting in the spacious lap With Arabella in mine. —ARTHUR CRAWFORD.

When I am dead.

Let me not be laid in a coffin, nor in a bier, Nor in a lip whisper prayers beside my bier; I care for love, you will not give it now— I seek the words, you offer here instead— So, let your steps lead you away from me, When I am dead.

When I am dead, When I am dead, You will not lay a flower upon my grave; You will not help me ere my life be fled, When one kind look a starving soul might save, But would you care my useless clay instead? Alone, unloved I live; thus will I lie When I am dead. —EILEEN BENEK.

Catharine's.

Siamese cats, with their curious markings and loud, discordant voices, are now favorite pets. The Chicago Inter-Ocean describes them as follows:

In many respects the animals of Siamese breed are unique among cats. They follow their owners like a dog; they are exceedingly affectionate and insist upon attention and they mew loudly and constantly, as if trying to talk, and to a deaf person at that. They have more vivacity and less dignity than usually falls to the lot of cats.

In color they vary from pale fawn through shades of brown to chocolate. They are two varieties, the temple cats and palace cats the principal difference between the two being that the palace breed is darker in color.

The only sacred temple cats that ever left the land of their birth were given to Doctor Nightingale as a mark of special favor by the King of Siam. They were named by their new owner Romeo and Juliet, and are now the property of Lord Marcus Beresford.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

News of the Passing Week.

Pres. McKinley died last Saturday morning and that afternoon Roosevelt was sworn in President.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and party arrived at Quebec on Monday morning and were enthusiastically received.

The Frederick Exhibition was formally opened on Tuesday by his Hon. the Lieut. Governor—a large crowd was present.

The great steel strike was settled this week. The terms of settlement have been kept secret.

Reports received are to the effect that Lt. Perry the Arctic explorer is alive and well.

Henry L. Dickens son of the famous novelist and his two daughters are visiting Ottawa.

Merritt Bros. & Co wholesale grocers St. John successors to Turnbull & Co suspended payment on Wednesday.

Efforts to connect the Chicago anarchists with a plot to assassinate Pres. McKinley will be abandoned and the prisoners will be released. This decision was reached by the authorities Monday.

The American legation points out that as there is no American consulate at The Hague it is impossible for correspondence with the boers to have passed, through the hands of a United States consul there.

John Most, editor of Freiheit, who was arrested Thursday in New York on a charge which alleged that he had printed a seditious article in his paper was released Saturday on \$1,000 bail. He will be examined in a peace court.

A special despatch from Rome says the pope prayed an hour Saturday for the soul of Pres. McKinley. The pontiff kept with unceasing meditation on receiving the news of the President's death. All audiences at the Vatican have been suspended.

King Victor Emanuel at Rome has sent a message of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. McKinley. The premier Zardella and all the cabinet ministers called at the U. S. embassy Saturday to express sympathy. The pope has telegraphed his condolences to Mrs. McKinley.

Justice Jerome issued a warrant Tuesday afternoon in New York for the arrest of Deputy Commissioner of Police Devery. The deputy commissioner is charged with oppression and neglect of duty.

W. H. Miller's shingle mill and cook house two miles from Campbellton, N. B., were destroyed by fire Tuesday afternoon. The loss is about \$4,000. The property was uninsured. Four carloads of shingles were destroyed. Tuesday morning 12 buildings at Sayabec, Metepedia valley, P. Q., were destroyed, having caught from forest fires.

By invitation of Gen. Horace Porter, the United States ambassador in Paris, the resident and traveling Americans met at his residence Tuesday afternoon and adopted resolutions on the assassination of Pres. McKinley. The attendance was numerous, including many ladies dressed in mourning. Gen. Porter presided. Senator Lodge, Sen. Vignaud and Consul Gen. Gowdy were the vice presidents.

Three men armed with revolvers and with their faces covered with black marks, entered the saloon of Michael King, on 35th street, Chicago, Tuesday forenoon, and compelled the proprietor and six inmates to stand facing a wall while they relieved them of nearly \$100 in cash, a number of gold watches and chains and two revolvers. The hold-up men did their work quickly and after an exchange of shots got safely away.

Case. Peterson, pattern maker at the river works of the General Electric company, at Lynn, Mass; was forced to mount a platform in the pattern shop at noon Saturday and take back words he is alleged to have used about Pres. McKinley. The men threatened violence if he did not. Five hundred dispersed after he apologized. The Boston police commissioner Saturday issued an order to all captains to secure the names and residences and occupations of all anarchists in their division.

Also to try and knowledge of their movements and meetings and to make sure no overt acts are planned in that city.

The Newark, N. J., Italian who Sunday drank to the health of Czolgosz, was Monday committed to the penitentiary by Judge Lambert. His companion, who struck a woman, who cried 'Shame' when the toast was given, was held to the grand jury for assault.

Diet. Atty. Philbin in New York Monday got the report of two engineers appointed by him to examine into the condition of the Brooklyn bridge following an accident of July 24, when some of the suspenders broke, and as to its present safety. Mr. Philbin did not think it advisable to make public the entire report but he quoted the engineers as having reached the conclusion that the margin of safety was so small that the entire repair is very urgent.

The Czar of Russia with the Czarina arrived in France on Wednesday and were given an enthusiastic reception.

Thursday was proclaimed a day of mourning throughout Canada in respect to the late Pres. McKinley.

Twenty five persons were injured and six killed by a railway collision at Avon Mass. Wednesday afternoon, a misplaced switch was the cause of disaster.

The try in the Torryburn case at St. John returned a verdict of not guilty.

The Pittsburg Post says: All the bituminous coal mining companies of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and West Virginia and Kentucky are to be consolidated into one great corporation by the J. P. Morgan syndicate. The completion of this great project will mean the consolidation from \$200,000,000 to \$800,000,000 of invested capital. This will represent not only the undeveloped properties in the six states but also the actual coal proper under development.

The first stake of the world's fair to be held in St. Louis in 1903, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana purchase was driven Tuesday at Forest park. Officers and directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition company, municipal officers and others assembled on the site near the structural centre of the grounds and there the stake was driven by Wm. H. Thompson, president of national bank of Commerce who acted in his official capacity of chairman of the committee on grounds and buildings. A number of addresses were made.

The official statement regarding Tuesday's cabinet ouster in Paris contains the significant statement that the cabinet at its meeting in July settled the measures to be taken for the safety of Emperor Nichol during his visit to France. This phrase was deliberately inserted, it is understood to disprove the assertions of the national press that M. Waldeck, Roseau, the premier, was kept in ignorance of the czars coming until a few hours before the public announcement. It also accomplishes the stories of an alleged disagreement between Pres. Loubet and the premier on the subject.

The wholesale grocery firm of Merritt Bros & Co; of St. John, N. B.; suspended payment Tuesday afternoon. The firm are notifying their creditors by circular and in the meantime taking stock and making up statements to be laid before the creditors. Un til that time the liabilities cannot be learned. Announcement of the firm's difficulties comes as a great surprise.

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Miss Beatrice Fenety visiting Mrs. Turnbull, Fredericton to visit friends. The friends of Mrs. D. of St. James' church, wish health does not improve. Mrs. A. F. Sandilow, city, his week.

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Suburban summer returns to the City and on more putting on a quiet home in town so it may be in the city will soon be

Many are looking forward to the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and party. It is not expected that the McKinley will make an official function as far as concerned. The receipt of a brilliant event and St. John's best.

Happily so far nothing carrying out of the arena. However, though at one time stated that something had to be done to the Maritime Province have had little if any for

A great many St. John Fredericton this week. It is held there. The first carried very large number of the Exhibition the beauty of the Celest

Mrs. and Miss Fenety been visiting friends here evening. Miss Alice Scott, has returned to her studies. Mrs. James Burgess, Wednesday afternoons, Dr. J. D. Maher, left for the Fair. Mrs. D. of St. James' church, wish health does not improve. Mrs. A. F. Sandilow, city, his week.

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BAKING POWDER and wholesome

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ake of the world's fair to be ouis in 1903, to celebrate the rry of the Louisiana pur- chure Tuesday at Forest park. directors of the Louisiana position company, municipal ctuals assembled on the site ctual centre of the grounds stake was driven by Wm. H. rident of national bank of he acted in his official capacity of the committee on grounds . A number of addresses were

statement regarding Tues- om cilin Paris contains the tement that the cabinet at its ly settled the measure to be safety of Emperor Nicholt init to France. This phrase tely inserted, it is understood he assertions of the national Waldeck, Roseau, the pre- p in ignorance of the czars a few hours before the public ut. It also demolishes the alled disagreement between and the premier on the sub- esse grocery firm of Merritt of St. John, N B; suspended esday afternoon. The firm their creditors by circular meantime taking stock and statements to be laid before the in it that time the liabilities arned. Announcement of the ries comes as a great surprise.

ed on page Eight.

's Cotton Root Compound cessfully used monthly by over adies. Safe, Effective. Ladies ask ruggist for Cook's Cotton Root Com- o other, as all mixtures, pills and dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per degree stronger, \$2 per box. No. on receipt. Prices and two-cent Cook Company Windsor, Ont. and sold in recommendation by all ruggists in Canada.

—No. 2 are sold in St. John sible Druggists.



Suburban summer residents are beginning to re- turn to the city and out of town resorts are once more putting on a quiet appearance. The past week has witnessed a large number returning to their homes in town so it may be expected that social life in the city will soon become more wakeful.

Many are looking forward to the approaching visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall It is not expected that the recent death of President McKinley will make any difference in the program of social functions as far as St John or Halifax are concerned. The reception here will no doubt prove a brilliant event and St John society will be seen at its best.

Happily so far nothing has intervened with the carrying out of the arrangements of the Royal visitors though at one time many reports were circulated that something had arisen to curtail the visit to the Maritime Provinces. These reports seem to have had little if any foundation.

A great many St John people have journeyed to Fredericton this week to attend the exhibition being held there. The trains and river steamers have carried very large numbers. All speak in the highest terms of the Exhibition and its management and the beauty of the Celestial City at this time of year.

Mrs. Alice Scott, daughter of Mr. S. D. Scott, has returned to her studies at Acadia Seminary. Mrs. James Burgess received her friends at the manse, Prince street, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, the 17th and 18th of Sept. Dr. J. D. Maher, left Tuesday afternoon on a trip to the Pan-American.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Taylor of this city are visiting Mrs. Taylor's parents Mr. and Mrs. Allan Killam Killam's Mills. Miss Beatrice Fenety of Florida who has been visiting Miss Turnbull, Princess St., has gone to Fredericton to visit friends.

morning, via Boston, for Colorado, where they will reside. Wm Gamong, of the "Cedars," left for Nelson, B C, Monday afternoon on a pleasure trip. Mrs W E Scully, of St John west, has, with her children, returned home after an enjoyable visit to relatives and friends in Minnesota.

His Worship Mayor Daniel went to Quebec the beginning of the week to attend the welcome to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Mrs H G Hetherington, of this city, is visiting friends in Moncton. Miss Bella Cradell, of Wolfville, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Sifton, of this city, is the guest of Mrs J W Sharp, of Windsor, N.S. Miss Biedermann, Miss Alice Lee and Miss Maud Kelly, of this city, are visiting Fredericton. Mr Byron McLellan, one of the oldest motormen in the St John Railway Company employ, left for Providence, Boston and other American parts Wednesday morning. Mr McLellan's friends say a happy event is going to happen.

Rev David Long, pastor of Victoria street Free Baptist church, left Wednesday for the Pan American. Mrs Fred E Simpson, of Manchester, Robertson & Allison's employ, came back from Boston Tuesday. Mr G Gray Murdoch is home after spending about three weeks in visiting the Pan American, New York, Boston and Montreal.

The Misses MacLaren returned Monday from St Andrews. Miss Rabins Webber, Calais, is visiting friends in the North end. Miss Nellie Fitzgerald left Monday afternoon for Montreal to visit her brother.

H. Bowling; monologue, Wm McGorman; recitation, Wm McGorman; solo, G. Wetmore; recitation, Miss C. Coe; reading, Miss Hay; speech Wm Rogers. A. G. Blair, Jr., left for Ottawa on Wednesday evening. Supt. Osborne of the C. P. R., left for Montreal Wednesday.

Mrs. Luther Jordan of Main street has gone to California for her health. Mrs. A. D. Holyoke of Woodstock is visiting friends in the city. Captain Moran who is well and popularly acquainted with many in this city is enjoying a pleasant trip to Lynn, Mass, visiting his niece, Mrs. Clarke who has been in St John several times.

Mrs T B Campbell of Boston who has been visiting her sister Mrs William Clark accompanied her on a trip to Fredericton on Wednesday. Mrs Campbell will remain in the city for a short visit upon her return. Mrs Wm J Robinson and Mrs W E Sherrard returned Monday from a few days' visit with Mr and Mrs Robert McLeod at Pe de Bata.

Miss Annie M Hicks, daughter of S. M. Hicks, Summerside, returned home Monday after a very pleasant visit with friends in Moncton and vicinity. Miss Irene O'Brien of Fairville left this week on a visit to friends in Fredericton. Miss Bessie Sadler of this city is on a visit to friends in Cathlamet.

Rev Wm Penns of Moncton was in the city on Wednesday. C B Foster of the C P R went to Fredericton on Wednesday. W S Barker went to Woodstock the middle of the week. Lady Tilley and Miss Howard left on Wednesday for St Stephen.

WHI E'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Corticelli Skirt Protector. Every woman who wears Corticelli Skirt Protector wears the best of all protectors. Its soft, porous, elastic texture, of pure selected wool-ensures the skirt, sheds dirt and dust, does not quickly. Stays shrunken in the press, cannot pass the skirt, cannot fade-no frayed edges, no cut-bottoms, no pulling away from the stitching. Sewed on flat, not turned-over. Every dress goods store. Sold everywhere. Stamped with the trade-mark.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, - Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic JOHN C. CLOWE. 62 Union Str.

The S. CARSLY CO. Limited. No. 1783 Notre Dame St. Montreal's Greatest Store. Sept. 1901. ORDER BY MAIL. NICKLE SILVER WATCH Special Offer To Mail Order Customers. Extra quality Solid Nickel Silver Watch open face, stem winder, American movement, same as cut Special price to our Mail order Customers \$2.25 DONT FAIL TO WRITE FOR FALL and WINTER CATALOGUE. Containing 273 pages descriptive matter fully illustrated Sent to Any Address in Canada POST FREE.

The S. CARSLY CO., Limited, 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal. New Brunswick Provincial Agricultural EXHIBITION And Industrial Fair at FREDERICTON, N.B. SEPTEMBER 17, 18, 19, 20, 1901. A fine array of special attractions. Excursion rates from everywhere. All entries should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary, who will furnish prize lists and all further information on application. JOHN A. CAMBRELL M. P. P. President, A. S. MURRAY, Secretary, J. DARELL JAGO, Assistant Secretary.

Fry's Cocoa. Over 200 medals and awards taken for its superior excellence. Absolutely pure Cocoa in its most concentrated form. It is strengthening, nourishing. The most economical Cocoa to use because a little goes a great ways. Dissolves quickly and easily. A Quarter Pound Tin Makes 50 Cups Sold Everywhere.

YARMOUTH. Sept 17, - Mr A J Lorrey, an old and much esteemed citizen, died at his home, Queen street, this forenoon. He was about 76 years of age, and leaves ten children. Mr and Mrs G G Sanderson, Miss Mary Lovitt, Miss Ada Goudey and Mrs CSP Robbins left by yesterday morning's train for the Pan-American Exposition. They will return a week from Saturday.



# FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

## The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.  
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

### APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith ..... in full payment for ..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME, ..... ADDRESS, .....

#### THINGS OF VALUE.

#### GROUPY COUGHS OF CHILDREN.

The tendency to croup is a foe that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night, when the help must be right at hand if it is to be helped at all. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a blessing to all families where there are children subject to attacks of croup or any mean cough. It has a wonderful reputation for its efficiency and fully deserves it. You cannot tell what aight your child may wake up choking to death with croup. In such a case what do you do? Send for a doctor and wait an hour, or perhaps two hours, while the child is gasping for breath? How much simpler where the true specific for croupy coughs and all throat troubles is right at hand. Indeed no other way is safe with young children in the house. Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and is a safeguard which no mother who knows it will dispense with. All coughs and inflammation of the throat or bronchial tubes are cured by the Balsam with promptness that surprises. All druggists sell it, 25 cents. The genuine has "F. W. KINSMAN & Co." blown in the bottle.

#### Everyone Likes the Best of Perfume.

Have just opened a full line of Reger & Gallet's latest odours. R. and G. Soaps, Powders and Dentifrice. Call and see my display. Everything marked at lowest figures.

W. G. Rudman Allan,  
Chemist and Druggist,  
87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Mail orders promptly filled.  
Telephone 239.

#### HOTELS.

#### CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,  
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor  
Retail dealer in.....  
CHOICEST WINES, ALES AND LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME in season

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.  
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

#### QUEEN HOTEL.

FREDERICTON, N. B.  
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

#### Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

#### THE DUFFERIN

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

#### BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean."  
100 Cc. V. Villand XXX  
100 " Dubit & Co.  
100 " Moret, France.  
10 Octaves "  
For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE  
2 WATER STREET.

## Job ... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

### Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

## Progress Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

### INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY WILL SELL TICKETS

Toronto Exhibition  
Aug. 27 TO Sept. 7.

FROM ST. JOHN  
To Toronto and Return  
Good Going  
Aug. 27, 28, 29 and 31 and Sept. 3  
AT  
First Class one Way Fare  
AND  
Aug. 30 and Sept. 2. At 15.50. Good for return until Sept. 12, and proportionately low fares from other points.

#### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.00 per month and expenses, permanent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 6th & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Progress Job Print.

#### AMHERST.

Sept. 18.—Mrs W. M. Fullerton is making a visit in this, her native place, a guest of Mrs Mackinnon, Hay clock street. Mrs Fullerton is now a resident of Sydney.

A "at home" on Thursday last, given by Mrs C. E. Casey at her residence on Park street, was a most enjoyable function, and was participated in by a large number of guests.

Mr. Grant, of Halifax, spent a week or two with Mr Quinn at Mount Whately.

Miss Mary, daughter of C. H. Best, of the Savings Bank, has returned from a long visit in Campbellton, N. B., with her cousin, Mrs Flett.

There is a soiler accession to the town by the arrival of Mr David Mitchell and family from Montreal, who are occupying a pretty little cottage on Robie street. Mr Mitchell is manager of the Maritime Coal Company, recently organized to develop the Chignecto coal properties at Macaan.

Dr Chapman and bride, of Albert, Albert Co., N. B., spent a few days in town last week, guests of the Dr's parents, Mr and Mrs C. S. Chapman, Robie street.

Mrs Robert Pausley and daughter, Gwen, returned on Saturday from their visit in Campbellton, N. B.

Mrs Hugh Hooper returned to her home in Prince William, N. B., after a visit with her parents, Rev Donald Bl-., Mount Whately.

Mrs A. Mackinnon and daughter, Sadie, have gone to Sheburne to visit Mrs Mackinnon's brother, Rev W. Morris, rector of Christ Church and St Peter's-by-the-Sea.

Mr Clifford Martin and bride returned Saturday from their bridal trip.

Two more marriages of interest to very many will come off in town this month.

Mrs J. D. McGeer and little son, Donald, returned last week from a pleasant visit in New Glasgow and Tyro.

Serge Townshend, of Halifax, was in town last week, a guest of his brother, J. Medley Townshend, Victoria street.

Dr D. G. Stewart, surgeon of the staff of Bellevue Hospital, New York, is spending a few weeks in the country. Dr Stewart is a native of Wallace.

Harold Main, of the Halifax Banking Company, St John, is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr and Mrs W. Main, Holm Cottage.

Mr and Mrs McIntzembert and Miss Adelaide and Mrs McDougall went to Farnboro on Saturday and returned on Monday, spending the time at "Broderick's" popular seaside hotel.

Mrs E. L. Fuller gave an "at home" on Tuesday last week, which was largely attended.

#### TURO.

Sept 18.—Mr Malcolm McBeth of Sydney is in town visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs Angus Mc Beth.

Walter Brown of Montreal is the guest of Mr and Mrs Thomas Watson, West Prince street.

Mr F. Douglas Cummings left on Thursday for Ponghkeeps, where he will attend Commercial College. He will also take in the Pan American before commencing his studies.

Mr W. A. Aston is away on a business trip to Boston and New York. During his absence Mrs Aston and little daughter will visit friends at Pictou Landing.

Miss Edith Smith left last week for Windsor where she will take special work at Edgchill.

The friends of E. Sheburne Tupper of Danmouth were greatly shocked to learn of his sudden death. During his short visit in Turro Mr Tupper made many friends, and was warmly welcomed at the ems grounds. Great sympathy is expressed for his mother and sisters in their sad bereavement.

The friends of Mrs H. D. Bichelows are glad to learn that she is surely, though very slowly, recovering from her severe illness.

Mrs Stevenson and Mrs A. D. Wetmore and family have returned home after a delightful summer in Cape Breton.

Mr and Mrs George Lewis are away attending the great American Exposition.

Dr Les Murray of Montreal is home on a brief visit to his parents, Mr and Mrs Angus Murray, Pleasant street.

Mrs George Blair of Roxbury, Mass., is the guest of Mrs Henry C. Blair, Willow street.

Mr J. A. Hanson and Mrs Hanson have returned from a delightful visit with friends in St. Andrews.

Mrs Fuller of Amherst is the guest of Mrs George F. Nelson, Pleasant street.

The marriage took place last week of Mr Stanley McCulloch, traveller for R. S. Black & Co to Miss Eva G. McKay, daughter of Mr and Mrs Hugh McKay, Arthur street. The ceremony was performed by Rev R. G. Strathie of St Andrews church, in the presence of the relatives and immediate friends of the contracting parties. The bride looked charming in a dress of white organdie, trimmed with lace and insertion, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. She was attended by little Miss Abbie Urquhart, who also wore white.

#### ANNAPOLIS.

Sept. 18.—Reg. Roop, of the Bank of Nova Scotia staff, is enjoying his holidays in Boston.

Mrs H. B. Burnham, of Dieby, is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs W. Riley, sr.

Mrs Wm Corbit, of Halifax, wife of Conductor Corbit of the D. A. R., with her daughters, the Misses Farnik, and Nellie and Lotie, who spent last week with relatives here, have returned home.

Miss Ethel Johnson is attending Mount Allison College, Sackville.

F. H. Arnaud, manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, St John, with his wife and daughters, the Misses Constance and Winifred, have been the guests of Mr Arnaud's brother, E. D. Arnaud.

Miss Constance Whitman left for Edgchill last week.

Mr and Mrs C. W. Mills and family, and Miss Jennie Figgitt of Granville Ferry, are spending a few weeks at the Millard House, Millford.

Dr Falkner, of Drew Seminary, Madison, N. J., was in town last week for a few days, the guest of Mrs Stalling.

W. J. Shannon went to St John this week on a business trip.

Lumbago Backs Straightened.  
Don't lie around the house losing time and money because your back is stiff from lumbago. Do as thousands before you have done. Buy a large bottle of that unusually good liniment, Folsen's Ner-viline, and rub it frequently over the sore part. It gets at the pain, drives it out, limbers you up in no time. Nerviline is quick to relieve; never fails; never harms. Try it today. 25 cents.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS have found Folsen's Nerviline very useful. There is nothing equal to it in all cases of bowel troubles. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Folsen's Nerviline. 25c. and 50c.

Better be a clean hog than a filthy man.—The Petrel.



**Baby's Own Soap**  
His babyship will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert" Soap.  
This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.  
Beware of imitations.  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

**Eugene Field's Poems \$7.00 Book.**  
Given Free  
Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund.  
180 George St., Chicago.  
You also wish to send postage, enclose cents.

**NOTICE.**  
Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Higham, Immigration Commissioner, who has been engaged for some months past, it is noted that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital in the province, with a view to having farms. All persons having farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when forms will be sent, to be filled in a necessary particulars as to location, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also desired and farmers desiring help will communicate with the undersigned.  
St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901.  
ROBERT MARSHALL.

**Views and Opinions**  
OF  
National Importance.  
**The Sun**  
ALONE  
CONTAINS BOTH:  
\$6 a year  
\$3 a year  
The Sunday Sun  
the world.  
Copy. By Mail, \$2 a year.  
Address THE SUN, New York.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL  
MONMOUTH

Sept. 19.—Miss Bessie Robinson left for Boston on Saturday to be absent for a few weeks. Mr. R. A. Irving of Evesham, was in town this week on his way to Cape Sable. Miss Mary Wright, who has been spending a few days at Hillsboro, returned home today. Mr. Russell P. Boylston returned from a business trip to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Mrs. H. G. Hetherington, St. John is in the city. The guests of Mrs. Geo. Palmer, at Georgetown. Miss Ruth Child left for Capatillon on Monday. This week the party of Mr. W. J. Cressdale. She was on her way to Boston. Mr. James McQueen, barrister, Steddie, was in town Saturday en route to Amherst to attend the funeral of Miss Allen. Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Haddon and Mrs. Mrs. G. H. Haddon left for St. John Saturday evening on a driving tour through Albert Co. Mr. W. F. Boylston, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. D. M. Coad, left for Ottawa Saturday night on the Montreal express. Mr. Bradley Dalton, who has been working for Mr. W. F. Ferguson, has taken a school at Montserrat, Kent Co., and left for that place Monday. Miss Mary Perry, Bellefleur street, arrived on the C.P.R. Saturday from Summerside, P.E.I., where she has spent a fortnight visiting her brother. Mr. James Gilroy, of the I.C.R., has gone to Moncton to attend an operation in the hospital in that city. He was accompanied by his son, Mr. C. J. Gilroy. Mr. Thos. J. Gallagher left Tuesday on a driving trip to Cambridge. He was accompanied by Mrs. M. C. Leves, representative of the Empire Tobacco Company. In receipt of Mr. W. H. H. of St. John, N.S., is visiting her former home at Lunenburg, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilbur. Mr. Fred C. Jones returned last night from a successful business trip to Nova Scotia taking in the Halifax exhibition upon his return. Mr. William Minto of Summerside, P.E.I., was in town yesterday and left this morning on a business trip to New Brunswick and other Maritime points. Miss Violet Kimmer, only daughter of John M. Kimmer, of Sussex, was married in Trinity church yesterday to Frank Brown of Evesham. The young couple left on the C.P.R. west for Denver, Colo., where they will spend the winter. The Rev. Frederick T. Coyll, of St. John's church St. John West, performed the marriage ceremony, the pastor of Trinity being away from home.

ST. ANDREWS.

Sept. 18.—Mr. L. B. Knight, chief game warden's shoner, and Miss Nora Knight were in town on Friday last. Miss Willard Foster of Cabot returned home on Tuesday, after a very pleasant summer in St. Andrews. Miss Amelia Kennedy of the nursing staff of the Kensington hospital, Philadelphia, and Miss Annie Kennedy of Boston are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Kennedy, in St. Andrews. Mr. Roy D. Grimmer will enter McGill college the coming term. Dr. J. F. Mulaney, of Charlotte, P.E.I., visited his parents in St. Andrews this week. A large number of the members of the Wordstock have been visiting St. Andrews and St. George's friends. The Rev. Mr. St. Stephen has passed a successful examination as candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity at the University of Toronto. Lady Vanstone and Miss M. Vanstone have gone to Montreal to be present at the reception of the princess reception in that city. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macdonald have closed their summer home in St. Andrews and have returned to Montreal for the winter. They have enjoyed a most delightful season at the seaside. Mr. and Mrs. Alan H. Macdonald and family returned to Montreal, after a pleasant summer, and address their St. Andrews friends on Monday. Miss DuVernet Jack, of Grand Manan, has been visiting the Misses Morris lately. Mr. Daniel Gilmore and family after a most delightful season spent at their summer home at the mouth of the Magalloway river, have returned to Montreal, Mr. Gilmore has added to his property this year and contemplates establishing a dairy on a modest scale. He is building a home for his dairy keeper and making other preparations for the venture.

ST. STEPHEN.

Sept. 19.—Mrs. Wm. McVey and family left this week for Sydney to join Mr. McVey, who has been steadily employed there for some time. Miss Vera Young and Miss Bessie McVay left for Boston on Tuesday evening to visit friends. Mr. and Mrs. Emalley are the guests of Mrs. Smalley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McVay, Beaufort street. Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Stevens expect to move into Mrs. Meredith's home shortly where they will reside during the winter. A party of lady and gentlemen friends of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens, Jr., gathered at their residence on Saturday evening to see Mr. and Mrs. Stevens in celebrating the 25th anniversary of their wedding day. Many presents of silver were bestowed on the host and hostess. Whist and dancing occupied the attention of all for several hours. A delightful supper was served during the evening. Miss Charlotte Young is visiting in Bangor. The Rev. Mr. Robertson, rector of Trinity, leaves tonight on a three weeks vacation trip to Toronto, Niagara Falls and the Buffalo Exposition. During his absence, Trinity Church will be closed, so that no services will be held for three Sundays. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Cameron entertained a small party of intimate friends at tea at their residence on Tuesday evening. Mrs. C. N. Vroom entertained several young lady friends at her home on Friday evening. J. H. Meredith has been making a short trip to St. John during this week. The engagement of Miss Sara Byerson Clarke, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Clarke, to Mr. John Bayden Easton has been announced this week. Miss Martha Harris left yesterday for Boston. She will also go to New York city. The engagement is announced of Miss Jean Sprague, daughter of Rev. Howard Sprague, D.D., trackville, and Henry W. Nichols of Casals.

All the way from the North Shore. Housekeepers send us requests to tell them more about our 50 pieces for 50c. There may be women in St. John who don't know all about it, but its odd it they don't. Upgars Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

HOMELYING STOCK.  
Roosevelt the New President is Noted For Family Affection.

Tragedies have confronted Theodore Roosevelt before now, and no one who saw will ever forget his quiet, almost superhuman self-control the day when his mother and wife, who was Miss Alice Lee of Boston, were both laid to rest. The dearly beloved mother and wife of Theodore Roosevelt died in the same house within a few hours of each other, and his self-control was marvelous, inspiring all with the deepest respect and admiration.

The present Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who before her marriage was Edith Carew of New York, is a remarkable woman, and one of the highest principles and of a far more than ordinary mental calibre. She has always shrank from anything like notoriety, and the necessary publicity that her husband's position has forced upon her has, so far as lay in her power, made her less conspicuous. She is an accomplished linguist, and her musical knowledge is far above the ordinary.

Ever since her marriage she has devoted herself heart and soul to her husband's career, and yet at the same time has been a devoted mother. Her circle of acquaintances has been from childhood the same as her husband's, and they have among their friends the leading people of the country. Mrs. Roosevelt is rather petite, has brown hair and brown eyes, a clear skin, with some color when she is excited, but her chief beauty is her mouth, which is marvelously expressive.

She dresses simply, especially in the street, and wears no jewels, except with evening dress, which is always extremely handsome.

Not everybody knows that she and her husband were child sweethearts. As they grew older, their lives were rather separated. After the death of his first wife, Mr. Roosevelt travelled abroad. There again he met Miss Edith Carew, and very soon the news came to his friends of his marriage, which has been an ideally happy one.

Mrs. Roosevelt does not go in for any of the athletic sports of the day, but she is a good horsewoman and has taken up riding again within the last two or three years. She is an expert needlewoman, writes cleverly, and there is somewhere extant a book of verse which she has published for private circulation. She is a member of several luncheon clubs, but she has never taken part in fashionable entertainments.

She is a woman of rare talent which made Mrs. Cleveland so popular, of remembering the faces of people she meets once or twice, and also being able to remember all them. She is the boon companion, as well the very wise and tender mother, of her step daughter, and her own children. She has a wide knowledge of politics, both foreign and American. She is a trail looking woman, but has much more strength than she apparently possesses. She is deeply religious.

Mr. Roosevelt's two sisters are women noted for their rare charm, intelligence and their most gracious manners. Mrs. Cowles, formerly Miss Anna Roosevelt, has been married only a few years. When her cousin, Mr. J. Roosevelt was in charge of the British embassy in London, she went over as his guest and stayed with him for a time, taking charge of his household. Her success as a hostess was marvellous in London. There she met Commander Cowles, whom she married the following year. She is now living in Washington. Mrs. Douglas Robinson, the younger sister, is the wife of a real estate man in Boston.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt's eldest child, will be 18 next March. She is a very charming young girl, with an unusually pleasant manner and with intense interest in life. She is very fond of outdoor sports, is a good horsewoman, and thinks nothing of walking from five to seven miles a day. She is a fine tennis player. Her chief beauty is her light fairy hair of which she has great quantities. She has blue eyes and a fair skin; is above medium height and has a very slight figure, although rather athletic in build.

There is another Miss Roosevelt who will not be introduced to society for some years, but who is a very pretty child of about 10 years. She resembles her mother very closely, although she has blue eyes and fair hair.

The Roosevelt love of home is a marked characteristic of the family not confined at all to this generation, for the Roosevelt clannishness was at one time a byword. Mr. Roosevelt certainly takes intense pleasure in being with his children, as they do in being with him. Home for the Roosevelts is the 'dearest spot on earth.'

Dyspepsia

That means a great deal more than pain in the stomach, else it might be easily cured. It means that that organ lacks vigor and tone and is too weak properly to perform its functions. It means, too, that much that is eaten is wasted and the system generally undernourished.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., had dyspepsia for years; so did H. Budan, San Luis Obispo, Cal. Mrs. C. A. Warner, Central City, Neb., was so afflicted with it she could scarcely keep anything on her stomach and became very weak and poor.

**Food's Sarsaparilla** permanently cured these sufferers, according to their own voluntary statements, as it has cured others. Take it.

Food's Pills cure liver ills; the non-stimulating and only cathartic to take with Food's Sarsaparilla.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The business was established many years ago by W. W. Turnbull, who died a few years ago leaving a big estate. Merritt Bros. & Co. have sustained considerable losses by fire and otherwise in the past few years.

Pres. McKinley left a will. The instrument was executed some time before the shooting and at no time during his final suffering was there any wish or occasion to revise it or to frame a codicil. It leaves a bulk of his property to Mrs. McKinley. How much the estate is worth cannot be stated by those most familiar with the late President's business affairs, but it is believed to be a goodly sum, although not amounting to a large fortune. He carried about \$75,000 life insurance.

The trial of Dr. Brocksman, (who was public prosecutor under the Transvaal government at Johannesburg, on the charge of treason, in addition to bringing to light some alleged traitorous correspondence exchanged between Dr. Kratz and others with Boers in the Transvaal, under cover to Mr. Gordon, the American consul at Johannesburg, has also developed the fact that correspondence with the Boers was exchanged through taking cognizance of the evidence will not bring it to the attention of the United States government, leaving Washington to take action if any is desirable.

Harvard's track team left Boston Tuesday afternoon for New York, where the trials with Yale will be held Wednesday to select the team that will meet the Oxford and Cambridge athletes next week. The men were in good condition with the exception of Rutch the high jumper, and Richardson, the distant runner. Rutch has been under the weather for some time. Richardson has a severe cold. Harvard men are not in the best of moods over the attitude Yale has taken since the beginning of the training. Yale desired to enter Boardman in the quarter without trial. Trainer Graham said on the train that Harvard men would never agree to this.

He said "No."

The great Young Men's Christian Association Convention recently held in Boston brought delegates from all parts of the world to testify to the value of the Christian religion as the highest rule of conduct for a practical life. It was natural, as the delegates met each other, for them to exchange vital experiences. The following was told by one who had travelled eight thousand miles to attend the meetings: "My father was a rancher on a small scale in Australia. He had only a thousand sheep or so and a couple of square miles of run for pasture. He was an English emigrant of sturdy yeoman stock, and while

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Sale of Unclaimed Goods.

There will be a sale of Unclaimed Goods at the Freight Shed at St. John Station on FRIDAY, the 1st November, 1901, commencing at 10 o'clock. Catalogues can be seen at the Railway Stations.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 11th Sept., 1901.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Tenders for a New Station and Freight House at Trois Pistoles and a 50,000 Gallon Water Tank with Foundation at Chaudiere.

Special sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Station and Freight House, Trois Pistoles," or "Tender for Tank at Chaudiere," as the case may be, will be received up to

TUESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER, 1901.

Plans and Specifications may be seen on and after the 18th day of September, 1901. For the Tank at Trois Pistoles, at the Station Masters' Offices at Chaudiere, Lewis, Riviere du Loup and Trois Pistoles, and for the work at both places, at the Chief Engineer's Office at Moncton, N. B.

Forms of tender may be obtained at the places named. All the conditions of the Specifications must be complied with.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Sept. 18th, 1901.

the free life of a shepherd had taught him tolerance and kindness, he remained true in principle to the strict lesson of his early years.

'The nearest neighbor or station was ten miles away, but the ranchman used to think nothing of riding twenty or forty miles to a centrally located farm on Saturdays to spend the night in carousal, and ride back on Sunday.

'The isolation was so depressing and the heat so exhausting that when the men came together once a week in this way drinking and gambling seemed inevitable. In the kindled passion and excitement of these coarse pleasures they thought they might forget for a few hours the suffering and privation of their lot.

'At last it was my father's turn to entertain. He must invite the herdsmen of the kraals and ranches within a radius of nearly fifty miles.

'Boys,' he said to his two sons, my brother and myself, 'it's the parting of the ways. We either live as we have lived, simply in the fear of God, minding our business, paying our debts if we can saving our money if possible, and being out by every man round here, or we fall into the ways of our neighbors, and drink and gamble ourselves into perdition. I am not going to break your mother's heart, and I say 'No,' even if they burn us down.'

It was the critical moment of our lives I could have fallen at my father's feet and worshipped him when he made that decision. He looked like a god—determined and invincible.

So it came about that my brother and I divided the circuit between us, and I rode to the north and he to the south. To every ranchman this message went: Father invites you for Saturday and Sunday as usual. There will be no cards or liquor—only a quiet talk about old England and the welfare of the colony.

We waited that Saturday afternoon with trembling, not expecting a single guest. But suddenly one rode up, and then another, and another, until the whole section was represented. There never had been so large a gathering. They came in curiosity and with respect.

With mother opposite him, father said grace at table, and we boys saw tears flow down rugged cheeks. That night the men talked long about bushmen and rabbits and fawns and drought, and how to stand by each other.

The next morning, as he did every Sunday morning, father conducted prayers, this time before fifty of the roughest men I have ever seen assembled; and there was singing of hymns, broken here and there by sobs and by tears. When they parted, my father, although a recent comer, was the acknowledged leader of the community.

That section became the most prosperous section in all the country round. And I thought it Christian courage could accomplish that, it was good enough for me to live and die by. My father's 'No' was the one thing needed to save the community, and it saved it.

"77" BREAKS UP COLDS

A Cold taken at this time of the year, unless "broken up" may "hang on" all winter, and is apt to run into Grip, Catarrh or Bronchitis, and possibly break down the health of a lifetime. Nothing can be more important than the cure of a fall cold, it means so much. "77" is the remedy and the cure; taken at the beginning, the Cold never reaches the second stage, while its tonicity sustains the system during the attack.

"77" is a small vial of pleasant pellets that just fits the vest pocket. At all Druggists 25 cents, or mailed on receipt of price. Doctor's Book MAILED FREE, Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co. Corner William and John streets, New York.

E. W. Snow

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Fresh SAUSAGES, LARD, Hams and Bacon for Saturday.

THOS. DEAN, - - - City Market



Makes Child's Play of Wash Day  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
is a pure hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing. SURPRISE really makes Child's Play of wash day. Try it yourself.  
ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.  
St. Stephen, N.B.

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

Woods Phosphorine is sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

The Great Pan-Am. Buffalo.  
ONLY ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD  
TORONTO AND BUFFALO  
If you travel by the Canadian Pacific  
Try our Personally Conducted "Excursion to the Great Pan-American on September 17th and October 15th.

Call on nearest ticket agent or write to A. J. BEAULIEU, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Withdrawal of suburban Train Service.  
The 6:00 A. M. express from Fairville to Lingby and the 6:40 A. M. express Lingby to St. John will be withdrawn from service after Saturday September 21.

INTERCOLONIAL RY.

NOVA SCOTIA EXHIBITION.

EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS to Halifax will be issued from all stations in New Brunswick on Sept. 19th, 19th, and 19th, at first class one way fare, plus 25 cents for admission coupon to the Exhibition, good for return up to and including Sept. 23rd, 1901.

Tickets are not good for starting journey after date of issue, and are good for continuous journey only in either direction.

D. FORTINGER, GENERAL MANAGER, Moncton, N. B., September, 12th, 1901.

Intercolonial Railway!

Quebec Exhibition!

SEPT. 16TH TO 21ST, 1901.

Excursion Return Tickets at First-class fare will be issued from stations in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia on Sept. 14 and 16, good to return on 11 Sept. 23. This will also enable visitors to Quebec to avail themselves of the opportunity to witness the reception of the Duke and Duchess of York at Quebec.

The most James A. G. two at the time A. A. frezzed m ready to ly Southern sy dangerous platform of ful presence Fellow C are around waters and ment are the mercy and t Fellow citiz government The ede crowd quiet ten years l was telegra author was Washington The alter 1865, were clouds envel was chilly w in the atten pondent, fill on the Pres Mr. Lincoln notion' of s theatre that Lincoln; bu had already place of Gen somewhat u Burlington, The party purpose of t to see "Our theatre, and leave Wash inclined to as it had be papers that go to the th had rather in order the not be whol The part President a Rathbone s late and as the band s The play cheering; performance Meanwhi conspirator for the mur and liked a his address passage bu Once there ence by an to be faster door so the from witho contingent box by bo which he hired a sm which he his friends. The me minutes be his underl door and l He went a brandy an rapidly tr way to the his card to pass in. ended' the d turbing a who were Holding in the eth Dropping his right h aprang to him, cuttin Then he r the railing stage. He frequently plays. Ho but his spu the front o but instat



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21 1901.

How Lincoln Died.

The most notable speech ever made by James A. Garfield was that of a sentence or two at the time of Lincoln's assassination.

The effect was instantaneous. The crowd quieted; the danger was past. Sixteen years later the ending of this speech was telegraphed over the country when its author was lying at the point of death in Washington.

The afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw, and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly with occasional showers.

The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see 'Our American Cousins' at Ford's theatre, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington, the President had felt inclined to give up the whole thing.

The party that finally went included the President and his wife, Major Henry R. Rathbone and Miss Harris. They were late and as the President entered the box the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief.'

Meanwhile Wilkes Booth and his fellow conspirators had made every preparation for the murder. Booth was well known and liked at the theatre. He counted on his address to gain access to the small passage behind the President's box.

The moon rose at 10 o'clock. A few minutes before that hour he called one of his underlings to the theatre to the back door and left him there holding his horse.

Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other he opened the back door, put the pistol to the President's head and fired. Dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand and, when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him, he struck savagely at him, cutting him badly in the left arm.

Major Rathbone shouted, 'stop him,' and the cry went out, 'He has shot the President.' Two or three men jumped out from the audience and went in pursuit.

The President scarcely moved; his head dropped forward slightly; his eyes closed. Major Rathbone hastily unbarred the door and two surgeons entered. They at once pronounced the wound mortal.

The President was carried to a small house across the street and laid upon a bed. Mrs. Lincoln was almost distracted and Major Rathbone fainted from loss of blood.

The news created such consternation as Washington had never known before. Mr. Brooks, the correspondent, gives this account of the event as he recalls it: 'The evening being inclement, I stayed within doors to nurse a violent cold, with which I was afflicted, and my room mate, Mr. A., and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards.'

The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying, 'Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks, I have dreadful news. I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling, and wee-be-gone, and told his awful story.'

'When we had sufficiently collected our selves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares.'

Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other he opened the back door, put the pistol to the President's head and fired. Dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand and, when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him, he struck savagely at him, cutting him badly in the left arm.

The body of the President was removed from the White House to the capitol with a great military pageant. Here it lay in state and was then removed to Springfield, Ill., where it was incased in a mausoleum.

Instantly flags were raised at half mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep universal mourning.

Wandering aimlessly up F street toward Ford's theatre we met a tragical procession. It was headed by a group of army officers walking bareheaded, and behind them, carried tenderly by a company of soldiers, was the bier of the dead President, covered with the flag of the Union, and accompanied by an escort of soldiers who had been on duty at the house where Lincoln died.

Booth was meanwhile being carried on of danger by his swift horse. He gained the navy yard bridge in a few minutes, was hailed by a sentry, persuaded him that he was returning home and was allowed to pass.

If Booth had been in health there is no reason why he should not have remained at large a good while, but there is no final, escape except suicide for an assassin with a broken leg. At each painful move the chances of recovery increased.

The course was soon ended, Booth and Herold found refuge on the farm of a man named Garrett, but on the night of April 25 a party of cavalry arrested a Confederate soldier whom the conspirators had met and forced him to guide them to Garrett's farm.

The barn was fired and while it was burning Booth, who was clearly visible in the flames, through the cracks of the building, was shot by Boston Corbett, a soldier of a gloomy and fanatical disposition who was afterward confined in a Kansas asylum for the insane.

The body of the President was removed from the White House to the capitol with a great military pageant. Here it lay in state and was then removed to Springfield, Ill., where it was incased in a mausoleum.

Breaking it gently, 'What do you want, little boy?' 'Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?' 'Yes.'

What— 'Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that horrible street car accident?' 'I haven't heard of his being in any street car accident.'

The young English tenor had been asked to favor the company with a song, and responded with an interpretation of 'Happy Be Thy Dreams' in which the singer's antipathy to the letter H was painfully manifest.

NERVOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, and kindred ailments, take wings before the healing qualities of South American Nervine.

On good authority soldiers like best to be officered by gentlemen, but they have their choice of the type. Of the right kind was General Crawford, the leader of the Light Division.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Baiting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John's Sulphite Company, Ltd.

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

J. D. TURNER.

Return back, sir, Crawford said to the officer, and go through the water like the others. I will not allow my officers to ride upon the mens backs through the rivers; all must take their share alike here.

TAKE ONE of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills after dinner. It will promote digestion and overcome any evil effects of too hearty eating. Safe, prompt, active, painless and pleasant.

The methods employed by ex Governor Throckmorton of Texas to make clear the claims of his clients were perhaps unlike those of any other lawyer, but they often carried conviction with them.

At one time he was defending a man who was on trial for murder in Gainesville, Texas. He desired to make it plain to the jury that the man whom his client killed, although in his shirt-sleeves and without a pistol pocket, might have been well armed.

'Can you see any signs of arms about me?' demanded the general, taking off his coat, and standing before the jurors.

'Watch me!' he said, dramatically, and with that he proceeded to draw a pistol from under each arm, one from each boot leg, and from the back of his neck a bowie knife of most sinister aspect.

KIDNEY DUTY.—It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder.

An Animate Fancy. My grandmother, says Mrs. Gillespie in 'a Book of Remembrance,' was a woman with a keen sense of humor and a ready wit.

She was awakened one night by a noise in the room; sitting up in bed, she saw a rat eating the candle which stood in the chimney place; she aroused her husband, who said sleepily;

A Lazy physician, who had been out shooting, on coming home complained that his luck had been very bad, and wound up by saying— 'I didn't kill anything.' That's because you didn't stay at home and attend to your legitimate business! spitefully retorted his wife.

THOSE WORRYING FILES!—One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Files. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents.—Sold by A. C. Smith.

First Guest— 'Won't you join me in requesting Miss Squaller to recite?' Second Guest— 'But I don't like recitations. First Guest— 'Neither do I; but if she doesn't recite, she'll sing, and that will be infinite ly worse.'

THAT CUTTING ACID that arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a forerunner of indigestion and dyspepsia. Take one of Dr. Ven Stan's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent this distress and acid digestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents. Sold by A. C. Smith.

THAT he who reads may run—'Look out for the dog.' 'WHAT a slender little thing she is.' Yes, but you'd be surprised if you were to see some of the big men she has thrown over.'

'Do you work for the poor?' asked the philanthropist. 'Oh, yes, indeed; indefatigably, replied the society bud, with enthusiasm. 'Why, I make it a point to go to every charity ball that is given.'

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

Advertisement for SURPRISE SOAP, featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and text describing its benefits for children's play.

Advertisement for SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE, THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' and 'STOOD THE TEST' for half a century.

Advertisement for Wood's Phosphodine, described as 'The Great English Remedy' for various ailments.

Advertisement for CANADIAN PACIFIC, mentioning an EXPOSITION and travel services between Toronto and Buffalo.

Advertisement for INTERCOLONIAL RY. and SCOTIA EXHIBITION, including information about return tickets and exhibition details.

# HELEN'S SECRET:

IN TWO INSTALMENT—PART II.

In spite of the fact that most of the liquid ran down her chin and on to her dress, the little she swallowed revived her.

'You are not well, Helen,' he said soothingly, when she was able to sit up. 'You had better go to your room, and I will write to you to-morrow. Here, take my arm; I will assist you upstairs. If you meet anyone on the way I will explain that you were attacked with sudden faintness.'

She made no resistance, but allowed him to take her to her room.

'Good-bye,' he whispered, hurriedly sweeping his mustached lip across her cheek. 'Take care of yourself, and look for a letter from me in a day or two.'

With a sigh of relief he saw her enter the room and close the door.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Wyvern returned to town.

In vain Helen waited for the promised letter.

The days passed, but no communication came from him, except a short note to Mrs. Dimdale.

Lady Laura Wyvern was convalescent. She had battled successfully with the extreme weakness consequent on her illness, and was fast returning to health. But there was a shadow on her face, a heaviness in her eyes, which never changed.

The nurse—for only one now remained—was astonished that her ladyship made no mention of her child; but her consternation was great when Lady Laura said suddenly one day—

'Now, nurse, you may tell me all about my baby's death. Do not be afraid, I am quite prepared to hear everything.'

'But, my lady—'

'I have known it all the time, but I saw you wished to spare my feelings. I was quite prepared—I knew he would not live. Fate is against me, and has doomed me to a life of loneliness.'

Helen, coming in just in time to catch the words, uttered in a sad, resigned tone, rushed away again, falling into a passion of bitter weeping when she was alone.

The girl had grown very thin and haggard.

'People, knowing how much attached she was to her employer, imagined that her altered appearance was due to anxiety and watching.'

How could they guess that she was haunted by a demon of remorse which gave her no peace?

Her one hope, too—the single prop to which she clung, seemed to be slipping away from her.

The anxious watching for a letter, the sickening suspense, the continued disappointment, were beginning to tell seriously upon her health.

Lady Laura spoke to her at last.

'Helen,' she said kindly. 'I am getting quite worried about you. It was not soon going abroad. I should send you away by yourself for a change and rest.'

'I am not ill, my lady.'

'Well, you look it. I spoke to Dr. Joyce the other morning, and he tells me that the change to Nice will soon put you right. You have taken my illness too much to heart, child. Now, put on your hat, and go for a brisk walk while the sun is shining; afterwards, if you feel able, you shall read me scraps from the papers. My eyes are not strong yet, the letters dance together when I have read for a few minutes.'

With a murmured word of thanks, Helen went off to do as she had been told.

## CHAPTER V.

With quick, impatient steps, walking swiftly, with a keen longing to get away from herself for a space, Helen trod the damp road, crushing the sodden leaves, which lay in heaps as the wind had drifted them, at every step.

A soft, moist wind blew in her face, tingling it with a delicate shell-pink.

Her beautiful grey eyes lost something of their troubled expression as the blood coursed through her veins, stimulated by the exercise which she had so neglected lately.

Right along the Millford Road she went, over the brow of the hill, almost into the town itself, when the declining sun warned her that it was time to think of returning.

She was sorry to turn her back on the soft glow of the western sky and face the cold, grey east again.

She lingered a moment for one last look at the setting sun, and became so absorbed in her thoughts that she was totally unaware of the approach of a young man who was crossing a field at right angles to her.

In spite of his clerical garb, he vaulted lightly over the fence, and accosted the girl in an eager voice.

Receiving no reply, he laid his hand gently on her arm.

Helen turned round with a startled cry, her face paling to a sickly hue.

'Forgive me, Miss Victoria. I had no intention of frightening you, but you did not hear me speak.'

The young man's tones were exceedingly pleasant and refined, and he pressed warmly the hand Helen extended. Then, in a concerned voice, he added—

'You are not well. What is the matter? I am quite well, thank you, only a little tired. I was about to return.'

He walked by her side, talking on in

different subjects for a time, but presently he remarked inquiringly—

'I have not seen you in church lately?'

'No. Her ladyship has wanted me a great deal, and I have not cared to leave her.'

'I am afraid you have been confining yourself to the house too closely. Our duty to others must not make us forget the fact that we owe a duty to ourselves. You must forgive my repeating that I think you look quite ill.'

'Really, Mr. Ellis, I cannot see why you should trouble about my appearance,' Helen returned, almost irritably.

'I trouble,' he said simply, 'because it concerns me very nearly. Helen, I love you.'

She stood still a moment as though turned to stone, then a torrent of hot blood flooded her face.

'You love me?' she repeated incredulously.

'Yes. Is there anything surprising in the fact? I did not intend to speak to you until my appointment to the vicarage of Hillsborough is confirmed, but it is practically certain. Now you can understand why it distresses me to see you looking ill.'

'Mr. Ellis, I never dreamed of this,' faltered the girl. 'I am so sorry.'

His face fell.

'Miss Victoria, do you know I have been conceited enough to imagine sometimes that you entertained a slight regard for me?'

'I did—I do, but not—not in that way. I value your friendship, but I have never thought—'

'Will you think now? I love you with my whole heart, and if you will trust your future to me, I think I can make you happy.'

'It is utterly impossible,' she said, much moved by his earnestness. 'I can not marry you, but I thank you for the honor you have done me.'

'Do not speak so. My honor and pride would have been to call you my wife. If such happiness is denied me I must bear my disappointment, but I shall go on loving you as long as I live.'

'Please do not say such a thing. I am unworthy the love of a good man. Oh, Mr. Ellis, you little know how heavy my heart is. For your own sake root out every thought of, and—'

With a great effort she mastered her agitation.

Holding out her hand she said quietly—

'Good-bye. Let me go on alone, and try, I entreat you, to forget me.'

The curate took the proffered hand, and resisting the longing desire to clasp her in his arms, pressed his lips to it.

'I will not worry you; but I beg you will allow me to walk with you. It is getting dusk, and there may be tramps about. You shall not talk if you do not wish to.'

What could Helen do?

Such chivalrous devotion could not be repulsed.

Nevertheless, she was not sorry when the house came in sight, and she could part from him without discourtesy.

'Remember,' he said, as he wished her good-bye, 'I am always your friend. Do not hesitate to make use of me if I can ever do anything for you.'

'You are very kind,' she said, the tears rushing to her eyes.

He watched her enter the house, a wistful expression on his finely-cut face.

Lady Laura scrutinized Helen as she seated herself ready to read.

'You do not look much better for your walk, child. Does your head ache?'

'Not at all, thank you, my lady.'

'Well, here are the Queen and the Court Circular. Pick out any bits of interest, will you?'

Helen read several items, turning the pages over and scanning the columns with eyes rendered quick by experience.

Suddenly she paused, uttering a faint cry.

'It cannot be true! Oh, Lady Laura, it cannot be true!'

'What?'

Helen turned the paper towards the lady, who read:

'We understand that the engagement between Mr. Hilton Wyvern and Miss May Curzon, second daughter of the Hon. Arthur Curzon, was publicly announced last evening. There are certain romantic circumstances attaching to the case which make it peculiarly interesting, the lady refusing to accept the freedom offered her when the posthumous child of the late Captain Henry Wyvern, of Rushmead, proved to be a son, and consequently, the heir to the property. The speedy death of the little boy, however, who was delicate from his birth, has restored Mr. Wyvern to his original position. The marriage will, we believe, be celebrated in the spring.'

'What is there so startling in this announcement?' said Lady Laura.

'Did you know that Hilton was in love with the girl, though I think it would have been in better taste—she added bitterly—if they had waited a little longer before publishing it?'

'He is a bad, cruel man!'

'Helen! Ah, I see how it is. Hilton has been making love to you, and you feel

aggrieved at his engagement. I gave you credit for more sense, my dear. He is a man who pays attention to every attractive woman he meets; but you surely did not imagine for a moment that his intentions were serious?'

'I am afraid I was stupid enough even for that,' answered Helen, speaking in a calm voice, nothing of her agitation remaining but a deadly whiteness. 'He told me long ago that I was the only woman he loved, and we have been engaged for nearly a year.'

'I'll warrant he bound you to the strictest secrecy?'

Helen admitted this was so.

'I can understand everything except your being so glib as to imagine that Hilton Wyvern would ever marry you—for that is what you expected, is it not?'

'May I ask, my lady, why you should consider such an event out of the bonds of possibility? I am not low-born, uneducated, or ugly.'

'My dear child, you are not unsuitable in any way in my opinion, but Hilton is an utterly selfish man who would marry no woman who could not advance his interests. I should have thought you had sufficient penetration to discover so much yourself.'

'You see, I trusted in and believed him,' the girl replied.

'Asking to be excused, she rose and left the room.'

Lady Laura was greatly concerned at the unexpected turn of affairs.

She was fond of Helen, and felt disgusted with her kinsman.

Her first impulse was to write and expostulate with him on his duplicity, but reflecting that this would do little good, and being also of a peace-loving nature, she decided to let the matter rest.

She watched Helen anxiously during the following days, and when the girl asked permission to go to town, she regarded her with dismay.

'Helen you would never dream—'

'I want to go and see my brother-in-law,' the girl said coldly. 'I did not tell you that he lost his wife during your illness.'

'Oh! poor man. Where does he live?'

'In Chelsea.'

'Well, go by all means. Perhaps the little journey will cheer you up. I shall be glad for your sake, as well as my own, when we leave England.'

## CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Wyvern put his latch key in the door; at the same moment someone from inside pulled the door open.

It was his landlady, dressed to go out, and standing with difficulty her evident impatience.

'I think, sir, you said you are dining out this evening, and that you leave early to-morrow?'

'Yes, Mrs. Yates; that is so,' he returned, looking surprised.

'Because I am going out, and as I have given my girl a holiday, I wished to know if there is anything you will be wanting?'

'I think not, thank you. I suppose the bath-water is hot?'

'Yes; and the boy is in the kitchen if you want anything fetched.'

'I shall see you in the morning before I go.'

'Very well, sir. Oh, I forgot! The girl claimed, as he was turning away. 'There is a lady waiting for you.'

'A lady waiting for me?' he repeated, in a bewildered tone.

'Yes, sir. She came about an hour—and a half ago, and insisted on remaining until your return.'

'Who is she?'

'She did not give her name. Good-evening, sir,' and Mrs. Yates hurried off lest she should be hindered by any more questions.

With a puzzled air, Hilton Wyvern mounted the stairs and opened the door of the sitting room.

'Helen!'

He uttered her name with angry surprise as his visitor turned from the window to meet him.

'Yes, it is I, she replied; and, in spite of his annoyance, he noticed the change in her tone and manner.

Instead of rushing into his arms, her face lighted up with loving smiles, she stood calmly erect, her mouth set closely, her grey eyes regarding him distantly.

'—is anything the matter?'

'Nothing of any consequence to you. I simply want confirmation from your own lips of a newspaper paragraph. Is it true that you are formally engaged to Miss May Curzon?'

'What do you mean?'

He spoke to gain time, but the dull color which mounted to his cheek told its own tale.

'I read the notice in the Queen, and I want you to tell me if it is correct.'

'Supposing it is?' he retorted, stung to defiance by her icy tone.

'You are engaged to be married to the girl I have named?'

'Yes; since you will have it.'

'You cared for her—there was a secret understanding between you—while you were making love to me, and vowing that the desire of your heart was to make me your wife?'

'Well?'

'Is it true?'

'I may as well admit it is true, since the papers have been so condescendingly smart. It was bound to come out before long. Helen,' he blurted out, overcome for the moment by a touch of manly shame. 'I'll admit I have treated you badly, but you were a bit of a goose to be taken in so readily. In spite of the pretty fictions of story-writers, you must be aware that men in my position very rarely marry girls in yours.'

'Then you meant nothing from the first—your name "pared for me"?'

'I cared very much, and, if you had been rich and higher in rank, I would have married you willingly. My betrothed, though a nice girl, cannot hold a candle to you for looks and style. No, my dear, do

not suppose I did not care for you—I do now, in fact. Let us talk this matter over sensibly, and see if we cannot come to some sort of arrangement.'

Deceived by her calm, quiet bearing, secretly relieved that the disagreeable task of acquainting her with his perfidy was over, his spirits rose, and he determined to brozen it out to the end.

'There is no "arrangement" to make. You have basely deceived two women, and possibly the one who is to be honored with your hand is the more to be pitied. I thank you for speaking with such brutal frankness; and now I have one more question to ask. If you will answer that truly, I shall be perfectly satisfied, and will go away.'

'What is it?'

'Is it true that the lady refused to cancel the engagement when you believed yourself to be penniless?'

'She had nothing to say in the matter. Her father broke it off at once. He, naturally, would not permit his daughter to marry a man who had no means of keeping her.'

'Naturally.'

A slow, peculiar smile broke the rigid line of her lips.

'But now that the little heir is dead, and you are the owner of Rushmead and the accumulated fortune of the late Captain Wyvern, the gentleman puts no obstacles in the way of your union with his daughter?'

'That is precisely how the case stands. And now, perhaps, you will tell me your object in coming here this evening.'

'I wonder you ask. Is it not perfectly natural that I should desire to hear from your own lips the tale of your treachery and faithlessness? I have felt instinctively for some time that your regard for me was waning, and I am thankful to say that your falseness has quite cured me of the foolish love I gave so ungrudgingly.'

Men are vain creatures at heart.

Instead of being glad that she took his desertion so quietly, his amour propre was wounded by her independent declaration.

'That is what you say,' he retorted; 'but you know in your heart you love me still.'

'You are quite mistaken,' she returned, and the quietly-uttered words were more convincing than the most violent asseverations. 'A woman does not often continue to love her lover when it is no longer valued; but when she has fallen so low as to commit a crime for the sake of the man she cares for, then all happiness must be at an end.'

'What do you mean?'

He was staring at her with incredulous eyes. Had this affair upset her reason? 'I mean,' she went on in a passionless voice, 'that I loved you with a love which blinded my judgment, and when I sinned for your sake, I did not realize the millstone I was hanging round my neck. I tell you I have not had a single happy moment since that day.'

'What day? I am quiet at sea.'

'You remember the night the baby was supposed to die?'

'Supposed to die?'

His countenance paled to an ashy whiteness as he gripped her arm; a cold horror crept into his eyes.

'Helen explain yourself. You have lied. You vowed to me that you did not harm the child.'

'Nor did I,' she replied, shrinking from his fierce gaze. 'I would not have hurt him for all the world.'

'What is the meaning of your extraordinary words?'

'The heir did not die!'

He stood still, only partially comprehending.

'I took him away and substituted my sister's dead child.'

Hilton Wyvern looked at the girl with menacing eyes, and shook her roughly by the arm.

'Be aware how you play any of your confounded tricks on me!' he hissed. 'You don't expect me to swallow such a stupid lie as that?'

'It is the simple truth, and I came to London today for the sole purpose of righting the cruel wrong. The child in my brother's law. It was he who brought his dead baby to Rushmead the night Lady Laura was so ill, and I met him just outside the park gates and gave him the little heir, all muffled up in a dark shawl. I took the dead baby back to the house, and re-dressing him, put him in the heir's crib. And he was buried, as you know, in the family vault.'

In spite of himself, he was bound to believe her.

The plain, unvarnished truth invariably carries conviction with it.

'You are a fiend!' he cried at last, but Helen did not quail. 'If your villainous tale is true you have placed yourself in a pretty plight.'

'I am ready to take my punishment. Anything is better than the torture I have been enduring.'

'When did your conscious first become so exceedingly tender?'

But Helen, whose strength had gradually been ebbing away, sank down in a chair and closed her eyes.

For the first time it had struck him how white and thin she had become.

He reached a spirited stand and poured some brandy into a glass, diluting it with very little water.

When the girl had swallowed it she revived.

## CHAPTER VII.

'And now, if you please, we will go on with this discussion,' the young man said, after a pause. 'I see plainly your clever little plan. You come and spring this wonderful story as a means of frightening me, and then, as you desire. If I take you by the hand and promise to lead you straight to bymenal altar—no, do not interrupt, please—the heir of Rushmead may live and die in the obscurity to which you have consigned him; but if I refuse to

marry you, I am to suffer loss of fortune and my betrothed bride at one sweep.

'It won't do, Helen. You are very clever, I admit; but you have overbaited the mark. Self-preservation is the first law of nature; it becomes necessary for me to look to myself. If I cannot keep the heir out of sight, though I am by no means sure I shall not try, I will at least, secure my wife before your pretty little comedy is published to the world. It would be rough luck to lose all.'

'What are you going to do?'

'I am going to find a nice quiet lodging for you, where you will have no inducement to talk, and no one to listen to you if you did.'

She started, and moved instinctively towards the door, but he smilingly barred the way.

'We are in the house alone, let me tell you,' he continued. 'You have too much good sense to attempt to attract notice by calling out; your presence in bachelor apartments uninvited would betray great indiscretion, to say the least, and would require a deal of explaining to Lady Laura Wyvern.'

She reddened and paled alternately under his fixed gaze.

'Don't you suppose her ladyship will seek to discover my whereabouts if I do not return tonight?'

'You will write her a little note at my dictation, which will allay all anxiety.'

'Very well.'

Helen seemed suddenly to have grown indifferent.

He eyed her suspiciously.

'Supposing you can manage to keep me hidden until you are married—what then?'

'I should like to see you that question. I shall give you an opportunity of making your escape if you choose to take it.'

She came to a sudden resolution.

'Supposing I agree to leave the country now—to start by the next steamer which sails for the antipodes. Will that suit you?'

'Do you mean it?'

'Yes.'

'It would certainly be your wisest course. You know, of course, that you have rendered yourself liable to imprisonment.'

She covered her face with her hands and shuddered.

Perhaps, for the first time the reality of the position came forcibly to her.

She had been borne up on the wings of lofty resolve, the earnest desire to retrieve a cruel wrong; but now the crude shame of the thing burst upon her in its nakedness she had been guilty of the vulgar crime of kidnapping a child!

Hot waves of colour swept over her—every nerve tingled.

How could she face the bitter humiliation of public disgrace?

Her resolve to bear bravely the punishment of her sin melted like hoar-frost in a sudden thaw; she became frantically anxious to get away and hide somewhere.

Raising her white, terrified face to the cynical one regarding her, she said—

'I will go right away from every body, Hilton. I dare not face the exposure!'

Impressed by her earnestness, he began to holla again.

Perhaps, after all, he would be able to turn aside the hurricane which threatened to overwhelm him.

There was no time to lose.

Consultation of time-tables showed that a boat left Liverpool for New York at eleven o'clock the following morning.

Travelling by the midnight train from Euston would give Helen ample time to catch it, and there were sure to be plenty of berths at this time of year.

She was willing for him to arrange everything.

His first action was to go out and send off three wires—one to engage a place for her on the boat, one to make an excuse for not dining with his friend, and the third to Lady Laura.

Returning to his rooms an hour later as fast as a banson could bring him—over then not wholly certain of Helen—he found to his relief, she was still there, sitting in the same position in which he had left her.

'I have sent word to Lady Laura that you are unavoidably detained in town. We must presently concoct a letter to throw her off the scent,' he announced, airily. 'It has never occurred to me—have you any luggage?'

'Only the little hand bag.'

'Well, that won't be enough to start with. You had better come with me; we shall be able to get what you will require at the other side of London, where the shops do not close so early. A few about money?'

'How much have you?'

'I have drawn out all I had in the bank—twenty-five pounds. I did not know what I should want.'

'You have it there?'

'Yes, in my bag. It is all in notes, except ten pounds.'

'Under the circumstances, it is fortunate you have it. We will set off at once, as it is getting late, and after we have done what shopping is necessary we will have some dinner. I shall accompany you to Liverpool and see you off.'

'There is no need,' she answered coldly. 'I should prefer going alone.'

'I am afraid you will have to put up with my company so far, though, if you find my society so distasteful, we can travel in separate compartments.'

'You are afraid I shall change my mind at the last minute and not go at all?'

'I would certainly rather see you safely on board.'

Once more a strange smile flitted across her pale face.

'I cannot think how I ever have loved you!'

'You have not the slightest faith in me, and I can see plainly that all your thoughts and anxiety are for your self. Hilton Wyvern, you are a very selfish, egotistic man.'

She uttered the words in the calm tones of one pronouncing an indisputable fact.

'Be silent in a shameless manner.'

'You can think what you like; but I am working in my own interest, you must

Continued on page eleven.

(Continued)

admit I am at the best way in the best way.

'But you do not mean to me—the country, alone, "I'm Y's better."

'Yes,' she intently; but I am For the first weeping—low her slight form.

Mr. Wyvern he at last stood saying good-bye.

The whole hurried, they both were tired, in the train.

The arrival in morning at Liverpool, and Helen in after a troubled dream a "Good-bye," tender inflection.

Now that the danger past he towards the girl more dearly than save himself.

He would have but she held out that in her face "Good-bye," clutching his shirt when shaking the "You have all "I think so, the "Don't forget Mary Vincent, a family in Brock to me as soon write. Good-bye—"

And so Helen had hoped—or life side by side.

Helen Victoria tears that filled despairing count which lay before

CH

Back to town could take him ing his absence commented upon. His course was He must make possible.

How his involution the current or than the time. He racked which should serious lady-love.

Once married, he identified with truth ever come from his own, a feel compelled pride, to find government were nominal and For, to the the thought of with dependence singularly distinct.

As the train of many land intervals of many which proclaimed with knitted veil of the truth.

When he reappeared, his slippers, and a and miserable.

Hilton called rooms.

He had left should retain his day, so a cheer cloth partially He rang the bell grilles at the breakfast table.

He worried, and had not thought felt faint from Having eaten delicious potato of stout, he felt cigarette, prepared the fire and engaged.

He wheeled right position, welcoming guest. His eyes in wreath of smokewards.

As it died away letter on the m upright in front.

He reached Helen's hand when "When did the girl, who at the table.

"I found it paper, when I Helen must be was in the room ore the envelope.

It contained caused his face gleam with happiness.

"Dear Hilton, brave; but I resist the temptation myself, as you your anxiety to solely on your the compact precaution, with friend, with the and will appear meant to take to hear the purport of my courage has ute.

"My love for ing passion pain than a pic

u, I am to suffer loss of fortune  
 betrothed bride at one sweep.  
 admit I am at the same time serving you  
 in the best way I can."  
 "But you do not think what banishment  
 means to me—the starting life in another  
 country, alone, among strangers."  
 "Isn't it better than risking—"  
 "Yes," she interrupted; "I will go cer-  
 tainly; but I am wretched—wretched!"  
 For the first time she broke into bitter  
 weeping—low, heart-breaking sobs tearing  
 her slight form.  
 Mr. Wyvern was greatly relieved when  
 he at last stood with Helen's hand in his,  
 saying good-bye.  
 The whole arrangement had been so  
 hurried, they had had to bustle so over  
 their purchases and hasty packing, that  
 both were tired, in spite of the long rest  
 in the train.  
 The arrival in the early hours of the  
 morning at Liverpool, their breakfast to-  
 gether, and final chat, all came back to  
 Helen in after years like the recollection of  
 a troubled dream.  
 "Good-bye," whispered the man, with a  
 tender inflection in his voice.  
 Now that he believed the threatened  
 danger past he felt very much softened  
 towards the girl whom he had once loved  
 more dearly than any creature in the world  
 save himself.  
 He would have taken her in his arms,  
 but she held coldly aloof, and there was  
 that in her face which he dared not defy.  
 "Good-bye," she returned, her fingers  
 clutching his spasmodically for a moment,  
 then shaking themselves free.  
 "You have all you want?"  
 "I think so, thank you."  
 "Don't forget you are entered as Miss  
 Mary Vincent, a governess on her way to  
 a family in Brooklyn. Send your address  
 to me as soon as you arrive, and I will  
 write. Good-bye."  
 And so these two parted, the two who  
 had hoped—or at least one had—to pass  
 life side by side.  
 Helen Vicars dashed away the blinding  
 tears that filled her eyes, and turned, with  
 despairing courage to face the new life  
 which lay before her.

(CONTINUED FROM TWENTY PAGES.)  
 I can say truly that I am thankful my eyes  
 are opened at last, though it has been a  
 painful process. Good-bye. Perhaps  
 when your first anger is over you will  
 be able to think of me sometimes with kindly  
 regret.  
 "H. V."  
 Almost before he had grasped the full  
 meaning of what this meant to him a  
 visitor was announced.  
 "I cannot see anyone," he said sharply.  
 But the caller was already in the room—  
 tall, gracefully formed figure with a re-  
 fined face and penetrating eyes, in clerical  
 garb.  
 "Mr. Ellis—yes?"  
 "Yes, Mr. Wyvern. I have come from  
 Lady Laura Wyvern to ask if you know  
 anything of the whereabouts of Miss Vi-  
 cars. Her ladyship is very anxious."  
 "Why should you suppose I know any-  
 thing of the young lady?" retorted Hilton,  
 offering a chair to his visitor in a perfunctory  
 manner.  
 Mr. Ellis, however, remained standing.  
 "Miss Vicars wrote me a long letter,  
 which I received yesterday afternoon. In  
 it she made some singular revelations. It  
 will save time if you will tell me whether  
 you have cognizance of the facts with  
 which she acquainted me."  
 "Again I must ask why you should  
 imagine that the lady would make me her  
 confidant."  
 Hilton asked this to gain time while he  
 reviewed the position.  
 "How much did the parson know?"  
 "Mr. Ellis did not keep him long in doubt.  
 "Miss Vicars has made a full confession  
 of her abduction of the baby heir of Rush-  
 mead, and the substitution of her dead  
 nephew in his place. Having stated the  
 fact, she was bound to give her reason for  
 such a cruel and criminal action. She be-  
 sought my aid in breaking the news of her  
 child's sale to the mother. I need not  
 try to describe the poor lady's frantic de-  
 light, nor the agony of a sense with which  
 she awaited its coming."  
 "The night passed, however, without  
 the appearance of Miss Vicars with the  
 little one. Only a message came the young  
 lady had been detained in town. I was up  
 at the house this morning, and was talking  
 the matter over with her ladyship, when a  
 young woman arrived with an infant. She  
 explained she had been called in to nurse  
 the little one about two months ago when  
 its mother died."  
 "I suppose you wish me to understand  
 that the child in question is the lost heir?"  
 "There is little doubt about that. The  
 woman said her employer, whom she be-  
 lieved to be the father of the child had  
 explained that he was suddenly called  
 away, and told to take the baby to Rush-  
 mead Hall. He had paid up his rent, and  
 left the apartments they inhabited on the  
 previous evening, first giving her full di-  
 rections how to act, and supplying her  
 with money for the journey."  
 "All this proves nothing," said Hilton,  
 who clutched at every straw in his despera-  
 tion.  
 "Taken in conjunction with Miss Vicars  
 letter, it impressed us greatly," returned  
 the curate; "but we wished to remove every  
 doubt. At Lady Laura's request, I came  
 straight to town, and engaged the services  
 of a private detective. But I believe I  
 could have fathomed the affair myself. Mr.  
 Collier, Miss Vicars's brother-in-law, was  
 soon traced. He had, on the death of his  
 wife, followed by that of the child in a day  
 or so, simply removed to fresh apartments,  
 where he appeared with a nurse and a liv-  
 ing baby."  
 After receiving a visit from his sister-in-  
 law yesterday, he had quickly made pre-  
 parations for a sudden departure, as I have  
 already told you. So far he has not been  
 found, and Lady Laura is very wishful to  
 avoid a scandal so long as the child's iden-  
 tity can be proved beyond a doubt. Now,  
 Mr. Wyvern, perhaps you will tell me any-  
 thing you know regarding this business."  
 And Hilton, recognizing the subtlety of  
 the would-be of no avail, told of Helen's visit  
 and subsequent flight.  
 In spite of the caution adopted, the next  
 morning's papers contained sensational  
 accounts of the kidnapping of the baby  
 heir, with various embellishments, mostly  
 fictitious.  
 There was the usual nine days' wonder  
 then the affair died a natural death, to be  
 followed by a newer interest.  
 Lady Laura regained health and vigour  
 with astonishing rapidity now that her son  
 was so marvellously restored to her loving  
 arms.  
 There was one vacant place in her heart  
 which could never be filled, but the baby  
 satisfied all the rest.  
 The nurse to whose care the baby had  
 first been committed, came to see him, and  
 she showed his mother the queer little mole  
 on the palm of the hand which had caught  
 Mrs. Dimsdale's attention.  
 If proof of the child's identity had been  
 needed this was conclusive.  
 Neither Helen or her brother-in-law  
 was discovered, in spite of the most string-  
 ent search, which was not surprising in  
 the case of the girl, as no one, save the  
 few who maintained a careful silence, knew  
 of her departure from England under a  
 feigned name.  
 Hilton Wyvern to his great astonishment  
 found himself an object of general interest.  
 Great sympathy was felt for his dis-  
 appointment, and certain influence,  
 brought to bear in high quarters, obtained  
 for him one of the very puny offices for  
 which he had craved.  
 Nor did his betrothed father prove ob-  
 durate with regard to the engagement.  
 It was May herself who threw him over,  
 regretting that she had mistaken her feel-  
 ings, etcetera.  
 So, in spite of his bright prospects, the  
 young man bit the dust of humiliation in  
 his most painful form.  
 As the years passed, there were times  
 when the vision of a beautiful face, framed  
 in wavy brown hair, rose before him, "the  
 light of love in the soft grey eyes, stinging  
 him with a keen pain of longing and re-  
 gret.  
 Like many another, he realized when

too late the worth of the love he had with-  
 rthlessly aside.  
 The hot summer sun flooded the large  
 office where a number of girls sat at  
 tables, either typewriting or verifying  
 addresses from books of reference.  
 "Miss Vincent," called a sharp-faced  
 man from a high desk at the end of the  
 room, "have you finished those letters?"  
 The girl addressed rose from her seat,  
 and, gathering a number of papers in her  
 hand, took them over to the man who had  
 spoken.  
 "Thank you; all correct, I suppose?"  
 Then, with a quick glance, and slight  
 change of tone: "You are looking pale  
 this morning. Nothing wrong, I hope?"  
 "I am quite well, thank you; it is only  
 the heat."  
 "Ah, it is warm."  
 Miss Vincent returned to her place and  
 went steadily on with her work, quite  
 oblivious of the various scrutinizing  
 glances the sharp-faced man cast on her  
 from time to time.  
 The sun was still pouring down ardent  
 rays when the employes of the firm of  
 Holden and Hickman left the place.  
 Miss Vincent walked quickly along, but  
 she had not gone many steps before she  
 was accosted by the gentleman who had  
 spoken to her in the morning.  
 "By gum, you don't give a fellow much  
 of a chance. I guess you don't feel the  
 temperature as much as I thought."  
 "I want to get home, Mr. Nayler," Hel-  
 den returned quickly.  
 "So I should say. But come now have  
 you thought over what I said the other  
 day? Have you found out yet which side  
 your bread is buttered? You've only to  
 say the word, and 'click, the things done!  
 We will be married right away."  
 He bent his thin, eager face close to  
 hers.  
 There was little encouragement in her  
 averted eyes.  
 "Mr. Nayler, you are very kind, and  
 please believe I thoroughly appreciate  
 your—your disinterested affection, but  
 what you ask is impossible. I cannot  
 marry you."  
 "Ah!"  
 The short exclamation was one habitual  
 to him, and was exceedingly expressive.  
 "I guess you left your heart behind you  
 in the old country. Don't you know, I mean  
 no offence. Just tell me this; was there  
 somebody across the pond who—you know."  
 Helen made an attempt to speak, but  
 her trembling lips refused to frame the  
 words.  
 "There, there; I won't torment you any  
 more! The fact is, I have been a selfish  
 brute, because I hoped to get you for my-  
 self; but as that is not to be, I'll make  
 things square. There has been a chap  
 inquiring for you—a dandy parson fellow  
 and I put him off the scent—told him  
 you had left our place some time ago.  
 But I'll make it alright; he is still in  
 New York. There, don't say a word. I  
 care too much for you to be a dog in the  
 manger."  
 He squeezed her hand, and was off  
 without listening to her faint protest.  
 And that very evening Mr. Ellis came  
 The warm-hearted manager brought him  
 right up to the flat, and left him at the  
 door.  
 Helen would have fled but Mr. Ellis  
 took her in his arms and held her fast.  
 "Thank Heaven, I have found you at  
 last, my darling!"  
 For a few blissful moments she lay quiet-  
 ly in his embrace, then drew herself away.  
 "You are good I am thankful to have  
 seen you once more; but we must part."  
 "Why?"  
 "Can you ask; you, who know my utter  
 unworthiness?"  
 "Helen, you did wrong; but your reason  
 was blinded, and you have suffered. I can  
 see what you have gone through by the  
 lines round your dear eyes, and you made  
 what reparation you could when you came  
 to your senses."  
 "Lady Laura—is all right?" she asked.  
 "Is happy and content. The child is  
 growing and thriving."  
 "How glad I am!"  
 "Did you not see the advertisements I put  
 in the paper for you?"  
 "Yes."  
 "And you would not answer them? But I  
 do not care now I have found you. Helen  
 I have been appointed to a vicarage in  
 Manitoba. Do you care for me enough to  
 cast in your lot with mine, and share my  
 life-work? Darling, will you marry me?"  
 "Can you trust me?" she asked, a wave of  
 colour sweeping over her pale face.  
 "Fully and entirely."  
 "Then I will marry you, and count my-  
 self the happiest woman in the world."  
 "We shall have some roughing it, and  
 the climate is trying; but mutual love  
 smooths the hardest places. Helen, I had a  
 inward conviction from the first that you  
 would be my wife."  
 "I owe everything to you," she whispered,  
 "for it was knowing that you cared for me  
 which made me see plainly the wrong I  
 had done. A good man's love has been my  
 salvation!"

The Pig Promoted Matrimony.  
 The prevention of cruelty to animals was  
 never carried to a more astonishing extent  
 than in a little town in Pennsylvania where,  
 very recently a woman went one day on  
 the plea that the man who owned an adjoin-  
 ing farm had robbed her of a pig.  
 The defendant testified, and was sup-  
 ported by witnesses, that the pig belonged  
 to him, and altogether the testimony was  
 so bewildering that the justice decreed that  
 the pig should be killed and divided equally  
 between the parties.  
 To this both man and woman demurred.  
 The pig was too young to kill, and worse-  
 over was a family pet, and it would be  
 heartless to deprive him of life.  
 Then the perplexed justice, having  
 learned that both parties were single, was

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 weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send  
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 man may easily cure himself at home. This is  
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 language.

had frequently visited the town. Thereupon  
 the stranger recalled the fact-slapping  
 episode, and politely requesting permission  
 to return the compliment, at once—  
 Pan-American Romance.  
 The tall, dark young man and the  
 short, blonde young woman had accident-  
 ally met and become acquainted while on  
 the way to Buffalo.  
 They had encountered each other in  
 the Court of Fountains at the exposition,  
 and renewed the acquaintance, and every  
 day thereafter for a week they met at the  
 same place apparently by accident and  
 strolled through the grounds together.  
 But the last day allowed by his ex-  
 curtion ticket had come and he could stay no  
 longer.  
 "It has been a delightful week," he said  
 to her.  
 She murmured an assent to the propo-  
 sition.  
 "And I have come to know you so well  
 that I hope you will not think me presump-  
 tuous if I ask you a question."  
 "What is it?" she asked, with down cast  
 eyes.  
 "Will you please tell me your name?"

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 Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**  
 Must Bear Signature of  
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 Very small and as easy  
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 FOR HEADACHE,  
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 FOR SALLOW SKIN,  
 FOR THE COMPLEXION  
 CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Back to town as fast as an express train  
 could take him went Hilton Wyvern, hop-  
 ing his absence had not been noticed, or  
 commented upon.  
 His course lay clear before him.  
 He must marry Miss Curzon as soon as  
 possible.  
 But he invent a plausible reason for  
 wishing the ceremony to take place soon-  
 er than the time decided upon?  
 He racked his brains for an excuse  
 which should satisfy his somewhat imperious  
 lady-love.  
 Once married, his wife's interests would  
 be identified with his own, and should the  
 truth ever come out, and he be ousted  
 from his own, and his father in law would  
 feel compelled, for the sake of family  
 pride, to find him some easy post in the  
 government service where the work would  
 be nominal and the pay high.  
 For, to the selfish, luxury loving man,  
 the thought of downright honest hard work,  
 with dependence on himself solely, was  
 singularly distasteful.  
 As the train rushed along, leaving a bur-  
 st of misty landscape on either side, with  
 intervals of masses of houses and chimneys,  
 which proclaimed a town, the young man  
 sat with knitted brows trying to lift the  
 veil of the future.  
 When he reached London, a heavy rain  
 was falling, the streets were greasy and  
 slippery, and everything looked depressed  
 and miserable.  
 Hilton called a cab and drove to his  
 rooms.  
 He had left word with the boy that he  
 should retain his apartments for another  
 day, so a cheerful fire was burning, and the  
 cloth partially laid for a meal.  
 He rang the bell and ordered a chop to  
 be grilled at once.  
 Breakfast had been a mere farce, and in  
 the worried, unsettled state of his mind, he  
 had not thought of food until now, when he  
 felt faint from fasting.  
 Having eaten a large chop, with some  
 delicious potato chips, and drunk a bottle  
 of stout, he felt much better, and lighted a  
 cigarette, preparatory to drawing up to  
 the fire and enjoying a quiet hour.  
 He wheeled his chair round into the  
 right position, and threw himself into its  
 welcoming seat.  
 His eyes languidly followed a blue  
 wreath of smoke which curled slowly up-  
 wards.  
 As it died away, he was attracted to a  
 letter on the mantelpiece which stood bolt  
 upright in front of the black marble clock.  
 He reached forward and took it up.  
 To his astonishment, he recognized  
 Helen's handwriting.  
 "When did this come?" he asked of the  
 girl, who at that moment entered to clear  
 the table.  
 "I found it here, sir, under the news-  
 paper, when I did your room this morning."  
 "Helen must have written it while she  
 was in the room alone," he thought, and  
 creased the envelope open.  
 It contained only a few lines, but they  
 caused his face to blanch and his eyes to  
 gleam with baffled fury.  
 "Dear Hilton," it ran—"I meant to be  
 brave; but I am a coward, and cannot re-  
 sist the temptation to run away and hide  
 myself, as you suggest. But I know that  
 your anxiety to get me out of the way is  
 solely on your own account, so I feel lit-  
 tle compunction in telling you that the  
 precaution comes too late. I have al-  
 ready acquainted Lady Laura, through a  
 friend, with the fact that her child lives  
 and will speedily be restored to her. I  
 meant to take him back myself, and stay  
 to hear the punishment I have earned, but  
 my courage has failed me at the last min-  
 ute.  
 My love for you was a blind, unreason-  
 ing passion which has been a source of  
 pain than a pleasure to me from the first.

Continued on page eleven.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Madame Eames' Diplomacy Many think that musical artists should present their services for concerts given for charitable objects.

Madame Eames is also of this opinion, but she recently, in London, put the matter in a new light to those who invited her to appear gratuitously.

Madame Eames was one afternoon at Lord Charles Beresford's and the next day received a letter from Lady Beresford saying that two ladies present had wanted to ask a favor, but in her presence had lost courage.

'But I am not afraid of you,' wrote Lady Beresford, and proceeded to say that the ladies in question, who happened to be extremely wealthy, wished her to sing for nothing for a certain charity.

Madame Eames immediately sat down and wrote a reply. It was her duty, she said, to save herself as much as possible for her operatic performances at Covent Garden, which were stipulated by contract to be two days apart so that she might give her freshest and best to the public.

She felt, however, greatly attracted toward the charity named, and would make only one condition regarding the donating of her services. She had received 300 guineas (about \$1500) for singing at W. W. Astor's and about the same amount at other private concerts. She would gladly sing for nothing at the charity concert if each one of the ladies interested, who had so kindly asked her, would donate 300 guineas to the object for which the concert was to be given.

As yet no replies from 'the ladies interested' have been received. But Lady Beresford, not being one of the 'interested ladies,' appreciates more fully the humor of the situation.

MR. CLARK ON THE ANNOXIOUS SEAT. Hardly any one ever hears the name of Representative 'Champ' Clark, of Missouri without wondering where he got it. Like the other good things of this world Mr. Clark possesses, he gave it to himself. His parents christened him James Beauchamp Clark but Clark was a common surname in his part of the country, and James even commoner; so, as he cherished dreams of glory, he knocked off the James Beau and became Champ Clark—easy to pronounce, easy to remember, and distinctive in sound. He was admitted to the bar as Champ, married as Champ, and elected as Champ. But every little while some body who remembers him in early life, and is careful of the properties, resuscitates the Beauchamp or James Beauchamp, and then the air turns blue.

Few members of the House have earned their bread in so many ways as Clark before coming there. He has worked as a hired farm hand, clerk in a cross-roads store, editor of a country newspaper, president of a college and attorney at law. His fame as an orator preceded him to Washington, and a pretty fair specimen of it is his tribute to Mr. Thomas B. Reed, whom he admired immensely as Speaker, though on the opposite side of the House. 'No company of soldiers in the regular army,' said Mr. Clark, 'was ever more thoroughly drilled than the Republican contingent under his leadership. When he said, "Thumbs up, it's thumbs up; when he says, "Thumbs down," it's thumbs down. He can't teach them to conquer, for that is impossible to any man; but he does teach them to harass and bedevil us Democrats almost into apoplexy.'

Mr. Clark has a right to speak for the Border States. He was born in Kentucky spent a part of his younger manhood in West Virginia, and settled down for life in Missouri. He was only eleven years old when the Civil War broke out, so he could take no part in it himself; but he has lived so much among the veterans of both armies and on the edge of battlefields, that his mind is full of what we might call the domestic history of the struggle. He hardly ever makes a speech without drawing some picturesque illustration from the war era of a generation ago.

Because he has not hesitated to criticize members of his own party when he disapproved of them, Mr. Clark has sometimes had his Democratic orthodoxy questioned. But he laughs at such talk, and says that it would be about as hard to shake him out of his party as it was for some serious-minded demagogues to shake him out of church. When he was a young man he was a famous dancer but after joining the church he was warned that he must give up this amusement. One

evening he was tempted beyond his strength, and surrendered himself to the delights of the ur, joining in every dance on the list, and taking out as a partner every pretty girl within reach. The church brethren were scandalized and summoned him before them.

After a long and solemn council the brethren decided that his name must be stricken from the roll of the church. Clark went away and took a place in the hind-most pew for the services of that day. His conduct there was most exemplary. He joined loudly in all the hymns; shouted his 'amens' at the proper junctures in the other exercises; and when the preacher invited to the front those sinners who wished to join the church, up he marched and took the best place on the 'anxious seat.'

The brethren who had expelled him an hour before exchanged glances of consternation; but what could they do? There was nothing left but to admit him once more to membership, and let him try again.

Mr. Sousa as a Non-Conductor. Mr. Sousa, the March King, wears his uniform at all times and seasons. He compels his men to do likewise. The fact that he does so leads to experiences that are very laughable to him.

Mr. Sousa was standing in a large building in Philadelphia waiting for the elevator. A man came up to him rapidly and said: 'What is the number of Mr. B's office?' 'I don't know,' said the short man in the blue uniform.

'Well, isn't he in this building?' asked the man. 'I don't know,' answered Mr. Sousa. 'Well, don't you know anything?' said the man. 'If I knew any one here I would report you.'

At which Mr. Sousa shouted with laughter, and the man, catching sight of the genuine elevator boy, saw he had somehow made a mistake.

Again, Mr. Sousa was standing in a railway station, on the platform, waiting for a train. A belated traveler ran up to him and shouted: 'Has the 9:03 train pulled out?' 'I really don't know,' answered the man with the blue uniform.

'Well, why don't you know?' shouted the irate traveler. 'What are you standing here for like a log of wood? Aren't you a conductor?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Sousa, 'I am a conductor.'

'A nice sort of conductor you are!' exclaimed the traveler. 'Well, you see,' said Mr. Sousa, 'I am the conductor of a brass band.'

An Unrecognized Genius. The announcement that Mr. Marshall Field will provide a large sum for building on the Lake Front of Chicago, as an adequate and permanent home for the museum which bears his name, calls renewed attention to the personality of the great 'merchant prince' of the West. It is commonly believed that Mr. Field has never experienced anything but flattering recognition of his business genius, but according to a story which is related by some of the older citizens of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, there was one occasion on which the commercial gifts of the merchant king failed to make themselves apparent.

When Marshall Field was in his father's father decided he would make a merchant of the boy, and took him to Pittsfield where he was placed in the store of a family friend. The father returned to Conway, and several months passed before he again visited Pittsfield to learn what progress his son was making. The keeper of the store received the father of his apprentice very cordially, but hesitated for a moment when he was asked 'How's the boy coming on?'

'To say it,' was the reply, but I guess you might as well take him back with you. The fact is, I don't think he's out out for a merchant!'

This anecdote is one of the chief traditions of Pittsfield, and is related with great relish by the men whose recollections cover the period of Mr. Field's boyhood apprenticeship.

Mr. Field is a plain, reticent man, with out pretensions to any fads or special lines of philanthropic interest, and finds his chief recreation in the game of great affairs.

Sailing Master—Better not go out sailing, young ladies—there's a heavy swell, and—

Chorus of Young Ladies—Oh, mercy! where is he?

What you get with PEARLINE. 1. Very little rubbing—no soap, don't tug. 2. Less hard-work—no rinsing, don't rub. 3. Less wear and tear. 4. Better health—stand up, don't bend double; live, don't merely exist. 5. Saving of time—precious, do n't waste it. 6. Absolute safety—be sure you're right, then go ahead. All Pearlins Gains

The horrors of the advertising man, are thus amusingly set forth by Mary Cholmondeley in the Monthly Review: I hear that the white cliffs of Albion are no longer to be left out in the cold as 'spaces to let.' Possibly before these lines find their way into print that landmark of English eyes and hearts will be transformed into a belt of advertisements which, I understand, will at night be writ in fire.

In the next war which the arrogance of other nations forces upon us we can imagine the hospital ships near our shore, how the sorely wounded soldier will say to the comrade who supports him: 'I'm goin' fast, Bill. Is 'Lemco' in sight yet?'

'No, old chap, it ain't.' 'Have we passed Labby's Lip Salve?'

'Not yet.' While on the bridge the burly captain peeps into the night and says: 'Dash my starry topkiss if we aren't out of our course.'

'No sir,' says the attendant boatswain, that's Keatinge's Cough Lozenges—a-showin' up on our low now.'

The disparagement of the usefulness and importance of the thumb implied in the expression, 'His fingers are all thumbs,' seems undeserved in view of the important part the 'thumb' formerly played in the social customs of the people, and the very important part it plays in our own lives.

Lord Erskine, in his 'Institutes,' states that among certain of the lower ranks in Scotland the final settlement of a bargain was always signalled by the licking and joining of thumbs.

Selden, in 'Titles of Honor,' says that kissing the thumb was a characteristic of servility. The clergy, the rich and the great, were in receipt of this honor from their tradesmen. From the remotest days of antiquity the practice of licking the thumb has always been regarded as a solemn pledge of promise, existing, according to Tacitus and other authorities, among the Goths, the Iberians and the Moors, and it may also be traced through successive periods down to our own times.

GROWING GIRLS OCCASIONALLY REQUIRE A TONIC MEDICINE

It will keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure & strengthen the Nerves and Prevent Decline.

Mrs. Hiram Rinkler, the wife of a respected farmer in South Pelham township, Welland county, Ontario, says:—'It is with great pleasure that I give this tribute to the health restoring virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When my daughter, Lena, now thirteen years of age, began the use of your medicine a little over a year ago, she was in a most wretched condition. In fact we were seriously alarmed lest she might not recover. The first symptoms were a feeling of languor and weakness, gradually growing worse. She became pale, lost flesh, had little or no appetite and was apparently going into a decline. Finally the trouble became complicated with a persistent sore throat, which gave her great difficulty in swallowing. I gave her several advertised medicines, but they did not benefit her. Then she was placed under the care of a doctor, who said her blood was poor and watery, and her whole system badly run down. The doctor's treatment did not help her any, and then acting on the advice of a neighbor, I began to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The confidence with which this medicine was urged upon us was not misplaced, as I soon noticed a distinct improvement in my daughter's condition. The use of the pills for a few weeks longer seemed to completely restore her, and from that time she has been a cheerful, light-hearted girl, the very picture of health. I will always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other sufferers, feeling sure,

they will prove quite as efficacious as they did in my daughter's case. Mothers with growing daughters will make no mistake if they insist upon the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they will help them to develop properly; will make their blood rich and pure and thus ward off disease and decline. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full name. 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' on the wrapper around each box. None other is genuine, no matter what some self-interested dealer may say. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

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BORN.

Berwick, Sept 7, to the wife of A F Shepherd, son.

Truro, Sept 11, to the wife of Harry T Archibald, a son.

Farrersboro, Aug 29, to the wife of Neil Terris, a son.

Truro, Sept 8th, to the wife of H L Doane, a daughter.

Avondale, Sept 1, to the wife of Timothy Lake, a daughter.

Mount Uniacke, Aug 31, to the wife of Daniel McIsaac, a daughter.

Denmark, Sept 4, J Weagle to Laura Whyne.

Proport, Sept 10, R E Morrell to Lizzie Lewis.

Hallifax, Sept 11, John I. rise to Mina Buckley.

Colombo, Ceylon, Walter Allen to Frances Hall.

Fort LaTour, Sept 4, William Snow to Eva Dexter.

Middleton, Sept 10, Wm Morris to Mabel DeVine.

Milton, Sept 11, Erastus Lovitt, to Helen Gardner.

Springhill, Sept 4, Thomas Nokes to Mary McNeil.

Hallifax, Sept 11, Huntly Cameron to Elizabeth Foot.

Charlottetown, Sept 10, M. J. Coyle to Harry McCumberland.

Boston, Sept 12, James MacIntyre to Fanny MacIntyre.

Charlottetown, Sept 11, Arthur Webb to Minnie Moore.

Fort Augustus, Sept 3, Charles Osteridge to Sophia Trainor.

Charlottetown, Sept 11, Frederick Lord to Eva Macneil.

Yarmouth, Sept 19, William Murphy to Frances LeBlanc.

Dorchester, Mass, Sept 3, Wm Leighton to Ray Kelley.

Sacred Heart, Alberton, Sept 10, John Albert to May Hodge.

Yarmouth, N. S, Sept 8, Jethro Goodwin to Benice Malone.

Worcester, Mass, Aug 20, William Montgomery to Elizabeth Eddy.

Roxbury, Mass, Sept 3, William Joseph O'Donell to Clara Cunningham.

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Roxbury, Mass, Sept 3, William Joseph O'Donell to Clara Cunningham.

St John, Sept 16, Alice Noble.

Cambridge, Aug 30, J S Miles, 67.

Woolrich, Sept 4, Minnie Pratt.

Donaghy, Aug 30, Mary Sprout, 65.

Moncton, Sept 2, Mary Bailey, 55.

Hallifax, Sept 11, Michel Casey, 55.

Apehuqui, Sept 6, James Bailey, 61.

Colman, Sept 7, Peter Murphy, 10.

Yarmouth, Sept 10, Nellie Aitken, 25.

Newton, Sept 8, Loretta Marling, 35.

Hampson, Sept 12, Stanley Pickles, 3.

East Boston, Sept 16, James Cassely.

Coldbrook, Aug 20, George Logan, 80.

Live, Sept 5, Nathan Kinney, 67.

Digby, Sept 7, Clifford Ellis, 6 months.

Hallifax, Sept 2, Alexander Donah, 42.

Yarmouth, Sept 10, Annie Murphy, 15.

Avondale, Sept 6, Eleazar Lockhart, 88.

Keystone, Sept 2, Wilfred Ross, 22.

Sussex, Sept 9, Harey Gray, 2 months.

Mount Driscoll, Sept 9, James Shaw, 80.

Charlottetown, Sept 11, John Collins, 80.

San Francisco, Aug 28, Mary Mitchell, 55.

Sussex Corner, Sept 9, Harvey Hably, 25.

Darlington, Sept 10, Francis Mumford, 52.

Smith's Creek, Sept 21, Thomas Coates, 51.

Charlottetown, Sept 10, Sydney Perkins, 11.

Herricks, Sept 11, Clarence Drake, 7 months.

North Sydney, Aug 27, Stevan Sargeant, 28.

Yarmouth, Sept 11, Bayes Weddell, 8 m on 113.

Foamie Bridge, Sept 8, Charles Townsend, 6 months.

Doctor—Mr. Tiffington, your wife will risk her life if she attends that wedding so soon after having the grip.

Mr. Tiffington—Well, doctor, she'll die if she has to miss it.

Harold—I think she would accept me, if I should propose.

Rupert—Oh! then you're safe enough. It's the kind of girls that accept a chap whether he proposes or not that gives one the rattles.

'Are there, indeed, so many eligible young women in America?' asked the count.

'There are countless thousands' replied the other.

'Supposing I give you your supper,' said the tired-looking woman 'What will you do to earn it?'

'Madam,' said Meandering Mike. 'I'll give you de opportunity to seein' a man go 't'ron a whole meal wit'out fudin' fault it a single ting.'

The woman thought a minute and then told him to come in and she'd set the table.

'I thought you were given a job in the public service because of the work you did for the party.'

'I was, but I quit.'

'Why?'

'Why! Why, hang it all! they're getting so blamed particular now that they want a fellow to work for his salary.'

John Drew has produced a drama without a villain. That is possible, but where is that dramatist that can produce a drama without an angel?

The Cat (on the fence)—Don't get excited, my young friend. The average mischief doesn't bit.

The Kitten—But you forget that this is the first time I've been under fire.

Hoop—What an effeminate young man Sandhede is.

Jock—Yes, every time he gets in a crowded street car all the men who have seen him instinctively hide behind newspapers.

Where do you go? asked the house-breaker.

Up to detective headquarters, said the safe-cracker. I have reason to believe the police are on my trail.

Surface—I see that nearly all the rich men of today began their careers by teaching school.

Deepness—Yes, a man who succeeds in getting along with an average lot of school directors can make his way anywhere.

The capitalist colored when he spoke of the check hung in a next frame over his desk.

A bit of sentimentalism, said he. The first billion I ever made.

Papa has forbidden you to come to the house. He says you are a dangerous man.

Dangerous. What can he mean?

He says you are the kind of a man who will hang around a girl all her life and never marry her.

Have you any sort of machine to sew on buttons? asked a bachelor in the twentieth century department store.

You will find the matrimonial agency the third to the right, replied the floor-walker.

Beacon—Did you say your friend had been operated on?

Egbert—Oh yes.

What did they operate on him for?

Why, for his fleeca. The operators down in Wall street did it.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dissels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—