

PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1900

PRICE FIVE CENTS

VOL. XII. NO 627.

SOME TOWN TALK.

Several Incidents of the Week the Other Papers Didn't Get, all Gathered Under This One General Heading.

Two morning newspaper reporters after Tuesday evening's session of the Church of England Synod in Trinity church decided they were entitled to a little worldly refreshment after so long a siege of matters spiritual, and the stout bands of "copy" they held in their cramped hands told a tale of hard work. They soon found a

town fellow's triumph was seemingly complete a voice coming from behind asked where he had captured so rich a prize. The juvenile fisherman had lifted his explanation and the bystander grasped him by the arm, advising him to conceal it beneath his blouse and hurry home.

The little fellow was impressed with the

edited with an abundance of real good local matter, and the same can be said of the reconstructed Acadia. Progress hopes the next time these journals have occasion to make sweeping improvements they will appear fresh from the multiplex resplendent in colors and cuts.

St. John's Old Sleuths.

We have now three full fledged detectives on our police force, Officers Ring, Killen, and Garnett of the North End division. Captains Jenkins and Hastings frequently take a hand in unravelling knotty cases, while the Chief himself is by no means slow when there is any Old Sleuth work to be done. Of late, perhaps for a year or more, a keen rivalry has sprung up between Detectives Ring and Killen and now that Officer Garnett is enrolled as a tracker down of microcreants he too betinks of his laurels and the spirit of competition is doubtless quickening his genius as well. Since the first of the year these three detectives have been vying with one another in the sharpest kind of a way. Officer Garnett started out by hiding for a bunch of bad boys who were destroying the Crookshank cottage on Mount Pleasant. Progress told some time ago how cleverly the officer bagged the whole group, after working on a clueless case for over a week. Only a week or so ago Officer Killen made the green monster rampage about in the breasts of the other detectives by skillfully netting a couple of Moncton thieves and about the same time making another important capture. Evidently Detective Ring imagined he saw something looming up in the distance that spelt like t-i-n-i-s-h, and thought of it in connection with his career as a hound of the law, so he brushed up his tactics and sallied forth early this week for a light-fingered gentleman off the American boat. The clever tracking down of this individual, his high dive from a two-story window in the Cumberland hotel and an inventory of the goods he pilfered, have been done justice to in the dailies. It's Officer Garnett's turn again, so spring it on us officer!

Death of Mr. E. B. Johnston.

The death of Ezekiel B. Johnston of Loch Lomond, was a sad surprise to those many people who knew and liked the man for his genial ways and honest straightforward manner. He was always well-known in the country, and of late years, since he has been in the summer hotel business his acquaintance with city people has widened greatly. Mr. Johnston was not a native of New Brunswick but came from Carrick Fergus, Ireland, where his father, Robert Johnston lived. His brother "Sandy" as he is known to his friends, lives on a farm near that of the deceased. A wife and several children survive him and have the kindly sympathy of all who knew the husband and father.

PROGRESS

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DR. ORONHYTEKHA,

Supreme head of the Independent Order of Foresters, New Brunswick High Court, sat in Woodstock this week.

unable place to quench their thirst. When just in the act of starting the soothing liquid on its missionary journey into the interior, a party of four lay delegates of the Synod bounced off the door. They were cautiously through the door. They were chaperoned by a very ecclesiastically inclined legal light about town. Their embarrassment was very evident when they recognized the fellows who had been recording their deliberations all evening and shuffled about admiring the choice collection of pictures, the steel sheathing, in fact anything and everything, until the reporters passed out. When the newspaper chaps were about to leave a third scribe joined them followed by a second contingent of laity from the Synod who just slid behind a convenient barrier time to escape the keen glance of His Lordship the Bishop, who had hurriedly entered the office to register. Those who saw the second party after they reached the bar say the chilly perspiration stood out upon their trembling flesh when they realized how narrowly they cleared His Lordship, and it took an extra "collins" or two to set their nerves right for next morning's session.

TROUT FISHING IN THE PARK.

A Very Small Boy Captures a Very Big Fish "Unbeknownst" to Mr. Hamington.

While the men who indulge in the sport of angling for the speck led beauties lie away to some resort outside the city the small boy, is perfectly content to remain nearer home, as may be seen by the fact that a good sized trout was captured by a wee kilted chap in Dominion day in our public park. The trout was first seen in the small stream running from the falls endeavoring to attain the place where it had once sported and where probably its companions were at the time enjoying some tempting morsels.

But, alas, it will never enjoy that shady pool again for this coming man, producing his jack-knife speedily despatched it. The moment when the excited little

warning that "the man who owns the park" was approaching over the brow of the hill and would surely have his scalp if his eyes rested on the delicacy dangling at his side. So grasping the situation he wended his way homeward leaving his first catch proudly to the admiring eyes of his loving parents. The story will doubtless be told in ages to come how Park Commissioner Hanington was lax enough to allow a small boy to fish within the hallowed dogless precinct of Rockwood.

A Very Mean Bank Clerk.

Sometime ago a toxy fellow used a fake telegram from a Toronto firm to extract fifty dollars from a King street bank. He alleged to be a new traveller for this certain Upper Canadian house and on the strength of his "predecessor" having stopped at a certain hotel he was identified. Altogether his plan was very clever and he got the money. As soon as the swindle was exposed the bank clerk who issued the fifty dollars engaged Captain Jenkins to find the erring young man and it possible recover the needful. But the Captain's best skill on such cases was inadequate, for the swindler had eloped with himself. The hotel proprietress who identified the young man has had to make good the half hundred, and now the bank clerk presents a bill to her for the detective's fee, three dollars. Its paid too, but Captain Jenkins says it came to him as from the clerk, not the hotel proprietress, so altogether the kindly disposed hotel lady has received a pretty bad scorching.

Two Bright Provincial Papers.

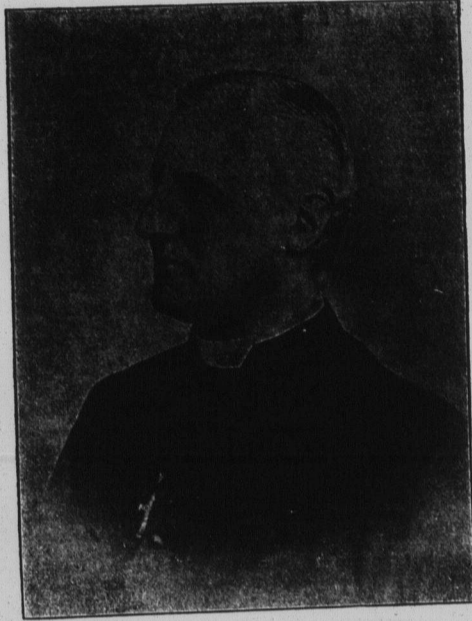
The Union Advocate of Newcastle and the Wellville Acadian, two bright weeklies which PROGRESS has the privilege of seeing every week, have recently undergone extensive changes for the better. Both are dressed in new type, with a general straightening up in all their departments, making them papers worthy of more pretentious towns than those in which they are published. The Advocate is bright, well

MADAME LA TOUR'S GHOST.

West End People Say There is Such a Spirit at Large—The Late Jack Sinclair Used to Describe Her.

It looks very much as if West Side was not without its fair proportion of credulous and superstitious people, for of late the story of Madame LaTour's ghost has been revived, and while the overwhelming number of residents poo-hoo the idea, these believing ones with wierd natures place a whole lot of belief in the report. They say that every once in a while, but

laughing crowd of young men and women congregate. The process of getting ready for a start takes up the best part of an hour during which time the utmost hilarity is indulged in. Westmorland Road people are just as fond of a quiet, well kept Lord's Day as any other neighborhood in town and it grates hard upon their better senses to listen for a full hour to the talk of a score



REV. J. M. DAVENPORT,

Of Mission Chapel, who has accepted a call to Toronto and leaves here in the fall. Father Davenport ably leaves for England on a vacation.

always at night, LaTour's faithful wife, dressed in the latest West Side style of nearly two hundred years ago takes a walk around the site of the historic fort she so ably defended in her husband's absence, and which she held secure until that traitorous officer secretly invited the enemy to enter it. The McDougall house is where she is supposed to have her abode, but the old fort was situated on that plot of ground upon which the house of the late Samuel Hutton now stands. At any rate its in and out of these back yards and down to the water's edge in the rear that Madame LaTour takes her airings.

Nobody has yet claimed to have seen the apparition except the ill-fated Jack Sinclair, who met death in Walk'r's Slip last summer. He used to love to tell of the ghost, and his descriptions of it were, to say the least, interesting. The little woman with silver gray hair wandering strangely about, fitting here and there in the night like a will o' the-wisp, peering anxiously out toward the harbor one minute as if awaiting somebody returning, and then walking back amid the modern houses to shed a few more tears.

Those who have interested themselves in the ghost story are becoming quite proficient in early Canadian history, as for as it affects the feuds of the redoubtable D'Aulney and the gallant LaTour. How the West End defender in a marine fight chased his opponent's ship so far into Courtney Bay that they were stranded in the mud, is now as familiar a story to them as the South African war, and of the active part played by Madame LaTour in all these quarrels, they are well versed. Who knows but what this fallacy of the ghost may stir up sufficient interest to start a LaTour historical club, or the Madame LaTour society of Canadian girls.

SUNDAY PICNICERS.

A New Disturbing Element in Town—Should be stopped.

Sunday picnic excursions are a fast growing lad with certain classes of young people about town, and while it would perhaps be somewhat of a difficult matter to stop the disseminating habit, yet the law can most certainly step in and prevent these picnickers from disturbing the usual Sabbath quietude within city limits.

Every fine Sunday morning of late buses have been stationed on the Westmorland Road, just off Marsh Bridge, and here the

of giddy women, or to everything but Sunday language of as many "funny" young men. Popular songs of the "There's Just one Girl" type are also hard to listen to when winding your way to worship.

In last Sunday picnic party assembling has gotten down to the level of a public nuisance in the vicinity of Marsh Bridge, and if the young people who have been indulging in them of late continue to do so, they had better choose a rendezvous out of town somewhere or run the risk of being "moved on" by the brass buttons.

CHINESE PUPIL PROTESTS.

He Says "God no Loves the Japanese" Is Answer to His Teacher.

Everything Chinese goes nowadays, at least with the newspaper fraternity, so here's a true incident which occurred in the Chinese department of Brussels street Baptist Sunday school last Sabbath. The teacher was struggling with the most simplified explanation of God's great love for sinful mankind.

"Him loves me?" asked the almond-eyed pupil curiously.

"Yes God loves you," answered the teacher, pleased to know she had at last conveyed some sense of her theme, and to ensure a still clearer understanding for her pupil she continued. "And He loves me, and the American people, the French people, the negro people, the Russians, the Germans the Japanese—"

"No, no, no!" broke in the celestial. "God no likee the Japanese, He killee them, no good!"

And right there and then the scholar refused to hear another word about God's love unless the Japs were excluded from the favored list.

Perhaps he was Boxer, who knows?

Knows His Business Well.

"Cal" Jordan, the proprietor of the Dufferin Hotel, Digby, was the busiest man in that town last Monday. His popular hostelry was full to overflowing with excursionists chiefly from St. John, but nobody was neglected. The meals served were excellent and other accommodations were ample and up-to-date, in fact one of the most pleasures to those who stopped at the Dufferin was found in their pleasant hotel visit.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Sewed 17 Waterloo.

... June 11, Mary A. Stevens 21.
... June 11, Hazel Rogerson 21.
... June 12, Ronald C. Macdonald 18.
... June 20, Norma McLellan 18.
... May 18, George M. Slick 22.
... June 16, Wm. H. Lecky 22.
... June 11, Mrs. Rainsford Barker 42.
... June 12, John B. McDonald 78.
... June 13, Mrs. V. Lutz 6.
... June 1, Mrs. Isabella Robertson 78.
... June 6, D. Clarke Armstrong 18.
... June 9, Edward F. Langtry 27.
... June 8, Marion R. Hogg 7 months.
... June 18, Mrs. Elizabeth Norris.
... June 18, Anabel, wife of John U. Ross.
... June 18, Mrs. Alexandra Bayley 56.
... June 16, Beattie Andrew 2 months.
... Dalhousie, June 9, George Adamson 55.
... June 20, Henry St. George Twining 51.
... June 18, Mrs. Sarah McLean 51.
... June 1, Albon B. Child of Wm. S. Fraser.
... Woodstock, May 31, Eva E. McCormac 28.
... June 19, Margaret, wife of Alfred H. Fair.
... June 17, Daniel, son of John McEhara 6.
... June 15, Vincent, son of Thomas Somers 11.
... June 7, Amy, wife of James Stephens 69.
... June 18, Rev. Frederick W. Wilson.
... June 16, Elizabeth J. daughter of Stephen
... June 8, Experience, widow of Thomas
... June 18, Caroline, daughter of the late
... June 20, Mary, daughter of the late Rob-
... June 24, Jane daughter of Patrick McFee
... June 18, Eva, wife of Thompson
... June 18, Emma 38.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Dominion Day

EXCURSIONS.

Fare for the Round Trip.

29th, 30th, July 1st and 2nd, good to re-
turn July 14th, between all stations in
the Atlantic Division, and to all
stations in the Montreal and east, also to and from
D. A. R. and P. E. R. Ry. points.
June 30th, July 1st and 2nd, to stations
in Montreal in Canada, good to return
until July 14th.
Commercial Travellers, on presentation
of tickets, on June 29 to points west of
St. John in Canada, good to return until July
14th.

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A. C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the
ship and train service of this Railway will
be as follows:

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.
St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday,
Friday and Saturday, Digby 10.00 a. m.
Digby leaves Digby daily at 12.30 p. m.
St. John, 8.35 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 5.00 p. m.
Yarmouth 5.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m.
Digby 11.45 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.00 p. m.
Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday,
Friday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8.50 a. m.
Digby 8.20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday,
Friday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4.40
a. m.

PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE.

ARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

The finest and fastest steamer plying out
from St. John leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Tuesday,
Thursday and Saturday immediately on
the Express Trains from Halifax arriving
in St. John early next morning. Returning leave
for St. John, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday
Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on
the Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace
Express Trains.

Rooms can be obtained on application to
agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby
and on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William
at the wharf office, a ticket from the Purser on
board, from whom time-tables and all informa-
tion can be obtained.

F. GIFFINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily
excepted as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

St. John for Hampton.....6.20
St. John for Campbellton, Fergus, Elton
and Digby.....7.15
St. John for Halifax, New Glasgow and
Sydney.....8.15
St. John for Moncton and Point du
Loup.....11.10
St. John for St. John.....12.00
St. John for St. John.....12.45
St. John for Quebec, Montreal, and
Halifax and Sydney.....21.45
Passenger car will be attached to the train
leaving St. John at 10.25 o'clock for Quebec and
Halifax.
Passenger transfer at Moncton.
Leaving car will be attached to the
train leaving St. John at 22.45 o'clock for Halifax.
Dining and sleeping cars on the
St. John and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

St. John from Sydney and Halifax.....6.00
St. John from Hampton.....7.15
St. John from St. John.....8.35
St. John from Quebec and Montreal.....11.50
St. John from Moncton.....14.15
St. John from Halifax.....18.15
St. John from St. John.....21.15
St. John from Hampton.....21.50
Trains are run by Eastern Standard time
by four hours notation.

D. J. FORTINGER,
Gen. Manager

St. John, N. B., June 18, 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
1 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Bryan's Anti-British Political Capital.

A meeting advertised as having been called "to tender a farewell reception to the Boer envoys," was held in Cooper Union last night. Two of the Boer delegates, Abraham Fischer and C. N. Wessels, and Robert B. Roosevelt, Congressman William Sulzer and the chairman, George M. Van Hoesen, made speeches, but the meeting might easily have been mistaken for one called to ratify the ticket to be nominated at the Democratic National Convention. Of the three United States citizens who spoke all were Democrats. Two of them, Messrs. Van Hoesen and Sulzer, made use of their opportunities to boom Mr. Bryan, to insult President McKinley and to picture the armies of the United States marching into Pretoria in support of the Boer forces when the electionist of the Platte should occupy the Presidential chair.

In all their efforts the speakers were ably seconded by the audience, which was largely anti-everything and anti-British in particular. Perhaps 2,000 men and women attended the meeting and hailed Congressman Sulzer as the next Vice-President. The champion of the "peepal" appeared to enjoy the allusions to such a possibility greatly took occasion to inform his audience two or three times that he was "going West on the midnight train." Mr. Van Hoesen called the meeting to order soon after 8 o'clock. Among other things he said:

"This meeting is called for the purpose of reaffirming our sympathy with the cause of the struggling South African republics, of bidding farewell and goodspeed to the envoys from those republics to our shores, and of assuring them that, no matter whether or not they have accomplished all they hoped to accomplish when they came here, they carry back to their unhappy land the heartfelt sympathy of the American people. When President Kruger and President Steyn requested the good offices of the United States to end the war they had a right to expect that our government would act upon the request with some vigor. Instead of that all the officials in Washington would consent to do was to act as a mere messenger."

Mr. Van Hoesen talked along leisurely for the better part of an hour and then introduced Mr. Fischer, who wore evening clothes. He had a most enthusiastic reception.

"We are grateful to the American people," said Mr. Fischer, "for the kindly treatment we have received and the respectful and cordial hearing which they have accorded us. We know that we take home with us the warm, earnest, heartfelt sympathy of the citizens of this great republic. Remembering that, we will also remember that liberty here is not shut up in any capital or town or city."

At this somewhat undiplomatic remark, the audience howled with delight and an excitable brother on the platform jumped up and shouted:

"We'll throw the British out of the capital on the 4th of March and then you'll get a show!"

"Three cheers for our Democratic friend!" shouted a tawny-haired young man, who had been nervously stroking a budding moustache and the audience yelled like Comanche Indians.

Mr. Wessels followed Mr. Fischer. He is something of a humorist and having put the audience in excellent humor, he told them frankly that the Boers were much obliged for American sympathy, but they wanted and thought they had a right to expect more.

"We want your sympathy," said Mr. Wessels, "but when you have given us that we want you to rise up in all the majesty of your young strength and say to England: 'Stop that war!' When you get ready to say that, it will stop. We want the help of all of you. We want the help of the ladies in America. I have heard that the almighty dollar controls elections in this country and, of course, the ladies control the purse strings. Therefore if we have the ladies with us we'll get your substantial help."

"You've got us now!" screamed a little, old lady on the platform.

"And besides the ladies," continued Mr. Wessels, "we want your boys to help their brother boys in the little republics. We've got the boys there who are of the stuff of which men are made. Jameson found that out. You know he was coming down to surprise us. (Laughter) He decided to come on New Year's Day, when all our young people were dancing and making merry. When the news reached us that

Jameson was coming a bugle sounded in the streets. What do you think our boys did? Did they go home and change their clothes? Not a bit of it.

"They just got out their Masers, mounted their ponies and went down to fight Jameson in their dress suits. They did the surprising and Jameson was thrashed, sent to England and imprisoned—for not succeeding. (Laughter) Then he was returned as a member of the Cape Parliament." [Hisses.]

Mr. Wessels gave place to Robert B. Roosevelt, who refuted the proposition that the war waged by England in South Africa was like our war against Spain. There wasn't enough billingsgate in Mr. Roosevelt's speech to secure an enthusiastic reception for it and the audience got up and went out in considerable numbers. Then came the Hon. Mr. Sulzer and he got a rousing reception. He had no sooner been introduced than some one yelled:

"Three cheers for the next Vice-President!"

The cheers were given, and Mr. Sulzer proceeded to deliver the real thing in the way of a Bryanized Democratic speech. After he'd been talking about half an hour, during which the audience nearly lost its voice cheering Mr. Sulzer said:

"Now, my friends, I don't want to talk politics. I'm going West on the midnight train. (Loud applause) And when I come back, I "As Vice President," yelled somebody. "I'll make it my business to talk some politics, and in every speech I make, I'm going to tell the people on my responsibility as a Congressman, that Great Britain is stealing territory right along from the United States in Alaska just as she is stealing it in South Africa. We don't appear to be sympathizing much with our selves, but, thank God! Citizen America is for the Boers, but official America is for England. Citizen America is for helping the Boers fight their fight against the chief of nations, while official America goes

around with its trousers turned up, asking permission of England to breathe. (Ho-lis and ch-ers)

"But I'm going west on the midnight train, and when I come back a man will be nominated to be elected President of the United States who will change all this. Therefore I would say to old Paul Kuger tonight: 'Hold on, Kuger! And when Bryan's in the White House, you can read another ultimatum, not to Salisbury, but to Roberts. And you can tell him if he don't take his army out of South Africa in twenty-four hours you'll put him out,' and the armies of the United States will help you."

Sulzer closed his speech by working himself into a fine frenzy over the fact that today, for the first time in our history, American soldiers are commanded by British officers in China. With this for a peroration the speech and the meeting closed.

A Chinese Ferry.

Ferries in China are numerous, and so are the heavy carts to be ferried. The spectacle of a crossing is full of surprises, says Rev. Arthur H. Smith in 'Village Life in China.' To get one of the clumsy carts down the steep and a diving incline to the river requires considerable engineering skill, and accidents are not infrequent. When the edge of the ferry is reached the whole team must be unattached, and each animal got on board as best it can be.

Some animals make no trouble, and will give a mighty bound, landing somewhere or everywhere, to the imminent peril of any passengers on board. When an animal refuses to budge,—an occurrence at almost every crossing,—its head is bashed and it is led around and around for a long time, so as to induce it to let up about the ferry boat.

At last it is led to the edge and urged to jump, which it will by no means do. Then the drivers twist its tail, put a stick behind it as a lever, and get six men at each end of the stick, while six more tug at ropes which are attached to the animal's horns.

After a struggle, often lasting half an hour, and frequently after prolonged and cruel beatings, the poor beast is all on board, where the more excitable prance about among and over the human passengers.

Next comes the moving of the heavy

cart, which must be dragged on to the ferry boat by the strength of a small army of men.

On the farther bank another exciting struggle occurs. The exit of the carts and animals is impeded by the struggles of those who are eager to cross to the other shore, and cannot be content to wait until the boat is unloaded. Order is unknown, and it is a wonder that people are not frequently killed in these tumultuous crossings.

Turkish Police Justice.

A trifling dispute between a Kurd and an Armenian, on a street in Constantinople the other day, says the Chicago Record, led to an amusing instance of justice as it is dispensed by the Turkish police:

A tobacco box was found on the sidewalk, as alleged, by a Kurd. An Armenian claimed the box as his own. Neither would give in and the dispute waxed warm. From words they were near coming to blows when a policeman came up; but he could not decide the question of ownership.

At last the Armenian suggested that the policeman ask what was in the box. 'Tobacco and cigarette paper,' said the Kurd, promptly.

'The box contains nothing but a twenty-five cent piece,' said the Armenian smiling. The officer opened the box, and finding the Armenian was right, settled the dispute by giving him the box.

'The Armenian is the owner of the box,' he said. 'The Kurd is a liar.' Here he smote the Kurd over the head. 'Allah be praised! For my trouble in deciding this complicated affair I will keep the twenty-five cents.'

Marylanders in the Revolutions.

The character of the revolutionary soldiers from Maryland, who went to Massachusetts to join Washington's army, may be seen from the following letter to a gentleman then residing in Philadelphia:

I have had the happiness of seeing Capt. Michael Cross, marching at the head of a formidable company of men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, with tomahawks, and although some of them had marched eight hundred miles from the banks of the Ohio, they seemed to walk light and easy. Their health and vigor declared them,

after what they had undergone, to be intimate with danger and familiar with hardship. Many of them exceed six feet in height.

Yesterday they were drawn out to show the gentleman of Frederick Town their dexterity in shooting. A clapboard, with a mark the size of a dollar, was put up. They began to fire offhand, and few shots went wide of the paper. Then they lay on their backs, some on their breast or side, others from twenty or thirty steps, and firing appeared to be equally certain of the mark.

A young man then took the board in his hand, not by the end, but by the side, and while he held it up, his brother walked to the distance and very coolly shot into the white. Then he laid down his rifle, took up the board, and held it as it was held before, while the second brother shot at it. By this exercise I was more astonished than pleased.

But will you believe it, when I tell you that one of the men took the board, and placing it between his legs, stood with his back to the tree while another drove the centre?

What would an army of one thousand of these men do in the forests of America? They want nothing to preserve their health and courage but water from a spring, a little parced corn, and what they can easily procure in hunting. Wrapped in their blankets in the dampest night they need only the shade of a tree for shelter and the earth for a bed.

An Inquisitive Bear.

The story of a bear, whose inquisitiveness was the occasion of his death, is told by a woodman in the New York Tribune.

One summer I worked for a man on the Sinnamoning Creek, who had a queer experience with an inquisitive bear. The water used on the premises was forced to the house from a spring behind a knoll by a hydraulic ram that stood in a covered plank box a few feet below the spring.

Every beat of the ram's valve could be plainly heard in the wood-house, and the ram had worked all right for six years. When, one morning, it got balky just as the owner was dipping his pail into the trough, it stopped and started several times, and the astonished farmer, after he had listened to it a while, handed a monkey wrench to me and told me to go over to the spring and find out what the matter was.

Just then the man's wife wanted me to do something in the cellar, so the man himself took the wrench and started for the spring. When he got to the edge of a grove (the secret of the ram's queer conduct was revealed to him).

He saw a large bear with its paws on the box peering down at the ram, the animal's inquisitiveness have driven to tearing the cover off to find out what sort of a thing was beating in the box.

The bear was very much amused with its new plaything, for it touched the valve several times with its paw, and acted as if it was trying to ascertain why the valve didn't work when its paw was on it.

It circled around the box, eyed the valve and seemed to be bound to solve the mystery. Finally it grabbed the box and wrenched it apart.

That was more than the man could stand. He ran to the house, got the rifle and hurried back just in time to see the bear upset the ram and almost ruin it. Then he banged away and killed the bear.

Perjudiced.

Not exactly the right word, but a very expressive, was that used by a dilatory witness, a woman, who, says the Kansas City Journal, was brought by the sheriff before District Judge Thompson at Westmoreland.

'What reason, madam,' said the judge, severely, 'have you for not obeying the summons of the court?'

'I haist got none, Mr. Judge, only we have smallpox down at our house, an' I thought you might be kinder sorter prejudiced agin' it.'

The judge was kinder sorter prejudiced and the spectators must have heep more so, to judge by the quickness with which the court room was emptied.

A Humility.

'What do you think of these yarns about the Chinese being among the most civilized people on earth?' asked Plate Pete.

'Well,' answered Three-Finger Sam, 'I must say their way o' treatin' strangers they don't happen to like reminds me o' the palmy days in our great an' growin' city of Crimson Gulch.'

It's Always Midnight Gloom to the sufferer from stomach disorders and the diseases which can be directly traced there—neglect or ignorance may have produced the darkness, but so sure as night follows day, just so surely will Dr. Von Star's Pileapple Tablets let in the sunshine and bring back the full, rosy brightness of perfect health. This is taking strong ground—but proof is to be had—one tablet after eating—in a box—25 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.



Tom Fels zum Meer

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERBONES.

Cora Tanner, according to report is to forsake the dramatic for the operatic stage. Grace Cameron has been secured for Castle Square Opera company's Chicago engagement.

Hilda Clark who has been studying in Paris, has signed as prima donna of the Bostonians next season.

The Boston Ladies' Military band will tour next season under management of the Star Lyceum Bureau, New York.

Katherine Bloodgood has been singing in Nova Scotia, where her audience were charmed with her magnificent voice.

Charles L. Young will give a series of concerts at the Paris Exposition during August and September. None but American artists will appear.

W. S. Gilbert applied in London on Friday for an injunction to restrain Janet Steer from playing Pygmalion and Galates, Mr. Gilbert complains that Miss Steer has altered the business of the piece.

Augusta Lehmann once a popular opera soprano died at Santa Cruz, California last week. She was born in Germany and came to America with Parepa Rosa singing in all the principal cities. Recently she has been teaching vocal music.

Edward Strauss and his orchestra were a frost in the United States a few years ago but there has been such steady progress in the appreciation of music—whether profound or popular—that the visit of the famous leader next autumn may be more successful.

Lilla Vane who succeeds Viola Allan in The Christian (Eastern Company) is a sister of W. S. Harkins and will star in a wonderfully clever woman. Miss Vane was five years leading woman for Charles Frohman, who this season wished to secure her return to his ranks but circumstances prevented.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Excellent holiday houses greeted W. S. Harkins, upon his return the first of the week, for a weeks engagement here. "The Magistrate," the opening bill, is one of the unmet, bristliest, brightest things seen on the opera house stage in many years, and provoked that feeling of genuine mirth which made the hearty applause and expressions of approval wonderfully spontaneous and free from restraint.

All the principals were seen in roles that called for special ability and those who had seen them in "Quo Vadis" and "Sowing the Wind" were surprised and charmed beyond expression at the versatility displayed. "The Magistrate" was given two performances, and on Tuesday evening drew an excellent house, something which does not often occur following a holiday.

"Sowing the Wind" was played on Wednesday and Thursday. Today the engagement closes with "Dandy Dick" one of Puro's brightest and best comedies. Mr. Harkins had an especially successful trip through Nova Scotia, and from the various towns and cities in which he played some warm words of praise for the splendid work done by his company. Tonight the St. John theatre going people will say au revoir to Harkins and his company for another year, and he and they may bear with them assurance of deep regard and promise of a great big "hand" upon their return next season.

Mr. E. L. Breece left this week for a two weeks stay in New York on business connected with the forthcoming elaborate production of Monte Cristo, in that city later in the season.

Revels Humpty Dumpty company will play a short engagement here next week. It is largely pantomime, and has drawn largely wherever produced.

Billy Van's minstrels have been holding forth at the Institute this week, and attracting very fair audiences.

Julia Marlowe is summing at her cottage in the Catskills.

Bruce Melt is spending the summer holidays in Europe.

Christine Langford will play lead for Gus Hill next season.

Della Fox is rapidly regaining her health in a New York sanatorium.

Hobart Gosworth will be with Blanche Walsh next season playing lead.

"Lost in Egypt" will have its first New York production late in November.

Ada Rehan sailed for England on June 29. She may play on the other side.

Madame Helene Modjeska is spending the summer at her ranch in California.

Bessie D. Beardsley has been engaged for sourette roles with Thomas E. Shea.

Neva Harrison has been reengaged for the part of Fan Fan in "Two Little Vagabonds."

Gertrude Elliott has been engaged with Forbes Robertson as leading lady next season.

Hodge Podge & Co. will be the title of the play in which Peter Dailey will star next season.

George Clarke who was with Augustin Daly's company for many years has decided to go into vaudeville.

Helena du Carte will star next season in a repertoire of society plays under direction of George W. Howe.

Mario Wainwright will have a new one act play by Justin Huntley McCarthy for use in vaudeville next season.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence is to star next season in a new romantic play by A. F. Sellbauer, entitled "A Soldier Corsica".

Lillian Mortimer will be featured in Camille, Frou Frou, Oliver Twist and the Pearl of Savoy with J. E. Toole next season.

Henry Irving was warmly welcomed to London upon his return, and a banquet was given at which many distinguished people were present.

Lizzie Evans will not be seen in vaudeville next season, but will be featured as Georgia in Coon Hollow and will star in a new version of "Foggy Ferry".

Thomas A. Wise, the "Tom" of pleasant memory, will return from England early in August to originate the leading role in the new Broadway Comedy "The House that Jack Built".

Mary Manning will present next season besides "Janice Meredith" a dramatization of Anthony Hope's novel, "The Heart of the Princess Orsa" made by Edward Rose.

Nat C. Goodwin took an overdose of morphine at Butte, last week, and narrowly escaped death. A physician had prescribed morphine for insomnia and the comedian took too much.

London's most interesting theatrical event of last week was Wilson Barrett's first metropolitan production of Quo Vadis—his own version which is said to surpass all other versions in strength and dramatic interests.

It is said that Sarah Bernhardt in her tour of America with Coquelin next season, will receive \$1,000 for each performance and a percentage of the receipts above a certain amount. In addition all her expenses will be paid.

It was announced that James K. Hackett would play "Richard Carvel" by Winston Churchill but it has since been decided that he will play another season in "The Pride of Jennico," "Richard Carvel" is to be put on by Charles Frohman.

Ida Fuller is making elaborate preparations for next season. She will put on an entirely new set of dances which she believes will excel all her previous efforts in the same line. She has applied for copyright on her new effects.

Jessie Mackaye will be featured with Jefferson De Angelis next season in a new musical comedy with book by Charles Klein in which De Angelis will star under the management of Everett R. Reynolds. Miss Mackaye has gained prominence by her excellent work with De Wolf Hopper.

The preliminary season of "The Wooing of Mrs. Van Cott," John E. McCann's new comedy under the management of Edwin C. Jepson will begin in July. These have been engaged: Eugene Jepson, Frank Roberts, Jefferson Osborne, James Bevens, Walter Wilson, Margaret Fitzpatrick and Kate Jepson. Frank L. Bxby will act as business manager.

A notable feature of the coming season will be the quantity of famous novels to be exploited as plays. Mary Manning opens her season as a star in Paul Ford's "Janice Meredith," W. H. Crane will be seen in "David Harum," Viola Allen will be seen in "In the Palace of the King," Henry Muller is to put on "To Have and to

flat in the case of right-handed persons, the index finger and thumb being most marked in this respect. On left-handed persons such flat nails are rarely, if ever, seen. Dr. Minkow finally says that there seems to be a curious connection between the circumference of the chest and the breadth of the fingernails, his numerous experiments having shown him that the broader the chest is the larger the nails are.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

For the Sideboard

We are showing a variety of pieces in our Madison Britannia Company's silver plate that wears. This beautifully colored and decorated dish is fittingly enclosed in a handsome standard, the whole making a very attractive article. Other pieces of less or greater value in the same grade of plate in almost endless variety.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., are always in our stock.

Hold, Jacob Litt will produce "Caleb West," and Henry E. Dixey will be seen in "The Adventures of Francois." Wilton Lachayo is hard at work on his own dramatization of "Les Miserables." Daniel Frohman will have "Red Potage," Marie Barrough's "A Battle Scattered Hero," and Julia Marlowe's "When Knighthood was in Flower." Otis Skinner will be seen in "Prince O'to" and Henry Jewett in "The Choir Invisible." Sol Smith Russell will also be seen in a dramatization by Martha Morton of a well known novel.

Mary E. Wilkie is to be represented in the theatre next season by her dramatization of "Jerome, a Poor Man." This is one of the few works of the gifted actor that is a complete novel, her fame as a graphic describer of New England character having been won for her through the medium of the sketch and short story. "Jerome" is to be staged by Walter E. Perkins who has been identified for some time with "My Friend From India." The name of the dramatist has not been announced, but it is hoped he will preserve the charms of pathos and sentiment as well as the humor in which the story abounds. Miss Wilkie has a strong ambition to write plays herself. She wrote a New England drama that was acted by the ill-fated Theatre of Arts and Letters, and she has dramatized some of her own stories, but these are as yet unacted.

Facts About Finger Nails.

The detection of criminals will, it is believed, be much facilitated through the recent discovery of certain curious facts in regard to fingernails. When a crime is committed it is important to learn whether the perpetrator is right handed or left handed, and an examination of the fingernails will throw abundant light on this point. Dr. Regnault, in a paper read before the Anthropological Society of Paris, shows that there is a wide difference between the nails of the right and those of the left hand, and that the nails of the right hand of a right handed person are broader than those of the left hand, while the opposite is the case with left handed persons.

Dr. A. Minkow has made further researches in the same direction. According to him, the difference in the size of the nails of the right and left hand varies from one-fourth to two millimeters. In these rare instances in which both hands are used equally no difference in size is noticeable. The thumbnail is always the broadest in the case of adults and the middle finger has always the longest nail, next to it in order being the ring finger, the index finger and the little finger. The nail of the right hand are usually quit-

SUFFERING WOMEN

My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, displacements, inflammations, ulcerations & ulceration of womb, painful suppression and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea.

Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and testimonials of prominent physicians sent on application.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.

Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal

pick-up in that quarter died worth more than three hundred pounds, which he had saved out of his earnings.

It often happens at the end that a strict Jew goes out into the street and says to some christian passer-by, 'Would you be so kind as to come indoors and light my lamp? The fire-poker has failed me.'

Many a tip do the police constables get for services of the kind. One of them said that he had received scores of small presents for putting k-titles on the fire.

Particular.

'It's dreadful,' exclaimed the Boston girl, who was reading the theater program. 'What is dreadful?'

'This English. It announces a performer's appearance as a vanishing lady. 'Isn't that all right?'

'Certainly not. As a vanishing lady, she ought to announce her disappearance.'

Absolutely sleep-destitute.

'Can you depend on what Bondward says?'

'You bet your life! Why, man, I've known him to quit a poker game loser just because he'd promised his wife he'd be home early!'

The Weak Link.

'Our woman's base ball club went to pieces.'

'Game too exhausting?'

'No; but we couldn't find a lady umpire who would give a decision and stick to it.'

'Just interviewed a centenarian today, 'Man or woman?'

'Man.'

'Did he say he had been using tobacco since he was ten?'

'No.'

'Say he had never paid a doctor's bill in his life?'

'Not a word.'

'Say he had been drinking whiskey ever since he was a kid?'

'Never heard him.'

'Well, you can stake your life that he is no centenarian at all.'

'And what little boy would like to be president?' inquired the new teacher, as she toyed with the big globe.

No hands went up.

'What!' she continued, 'is it possible no little boy would like to be president?'

'Der might be some,' spoke up the boy who had been put on the bench for cartooning the blackboard, 'but dey ain't a going to say so. Day remembers Dewey.'

PAIN-KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes. There is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

'Have you got an ambulance call in the house?' asked the young man, shyly.

'Yes; it's in the next room,' replied the rich man, as he stopped, for a moment, cutting off coupons.

'Well, let's go in there; I'm going to ask you for the hand of you daughter in marriage.'

'What makes the Armless Wonder so surly this morning?' asked the Living Skeleton of the Fat Lady. 'The Snake Charmer got him to go and have his fortune told, and after he had paid his fee at the door he discovered that the fortune teller was a palmist.'

'My son always explains the railway time tables to me before I go home.'

'That is kind and thoughtful.'

'Yes; he knows I never understand anything he tells me but it makes us both feel safer.'

'She moves like a swan on the water.'

'Do you think so? Now my idea has always been that she moves like a duck going after a grasshopper.—Herald.'

'It pays to be honest.'

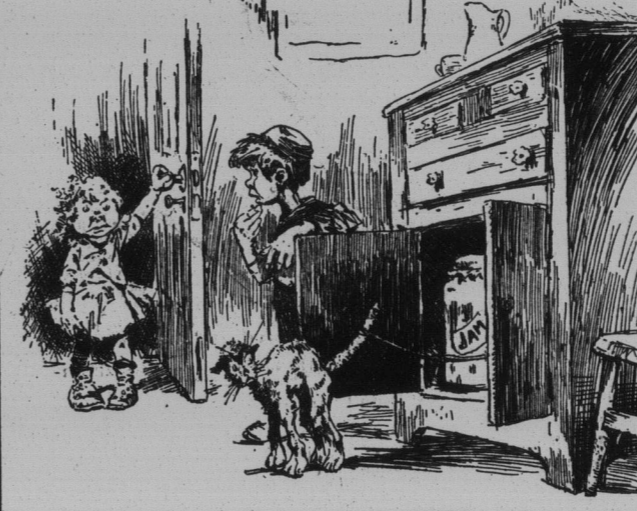
'Yes, but that is a mighty low-down case for being honest.'

SOFT WHITE HANDS IN ONE NIGHT.

Produced by CUTICURA SOAP.

Soak the hands thoroughly, on retiring, in a hot lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry and anoint freely with CUTICURA Ointment. Wear old gloves during the night. For sore hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends, this one night cure is wonderful.

Sold by all Colonial Chemists. FORTY DAVES AND CHASE CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.



THE STRATEGISTS.

It's Always Midnight Gloom to suffer from stomach disorders and the diseases which can be directly traced there—nausea or indigestion may have produced the sickness, but so sure as night follows day, just so surely will Dr. Von Stern's Pileus Tablets set in the machine and bring back the full sunny brightness of perfect health. This is taking strong ground—but proof is to be had—on tablet after eating—99 in a box—35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited).

Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuance.—Persons sending resistance to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

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, JULY 7.

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

CIVIC MISMANAGEMENT.

Some matters of civic government seem easy of accomplishment. The taxpayers must have read with some surprise the board of management consider two farms adjoining their water privilege on the Loch Lomond as worth \$3,600 and \$3,000.

Is it any wonder that men and women pass the place with a feeling of disgust and annoyance and wonder who is to blame for this outrage.

Is there not something faulty with the management or with the system that provides so much hostile criticism? The taxpayers of St. John are not severe as a rule.

The Roses baseball team of North End have now one game to the good in their summer series with their rivals, the Alerts.

The season starting so discouragingly for the Roses robbed the rivalry of most of its interest, but Tip O'Neil was coaxed back into the North End fold and with the addition of Holland the Memramcook twirler, the "ponies" have gained their lost ground, and more too.

Unfortunately Fred Shaw and Jimmy Mitchell of the Alerts were forced to surrender baseball to business and left for Sydney a few weeks ago, but now Shaw is coming home again, dissatisfied with the place which he claims is overrated.

The fraternal spirit that prevails among the Aldermen and the officials is doing harm to the city. No man appears to be able to do any wrong. Criticism is out of place while the mention of dismissal for incompetence would require more daring and a higher sense of responsibility to the public than prevails at present among the

representatives of the city. The principles that prevail in our successful business houses are to a great extent unknown in our civic management. Ability often fails of recognition and incompetence is unnoticed and unpunished.

CITY GOVERNMENT IN CANADA.

City government in Canada is the subject of a most interesting article by S. MORLEY WICKETT Ph. D. in the Political Science Quarterly. He finds that while the municipal system of Canada is modelled in a general way after the American pattern, its development has taken place under different circumstances.

The slower growth of Canadian cities and the unlimited authority of the Province have permitted a gradual development of the municipal system—the dropping of unsatisfactory features and the adoption of new ones as experience has advised from time to time.

With our present facilities, our work cannot be equalled. Deck shirts, shirt waists and all summer wearing apparel, done to look like new work, delivered when promised always. Unger's Laundry and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

JOYS AND WORBS OF OTHER PLACES.

Another Tip From Helliar. (Halifax Echo.) The public to be will be opened on July 2d. The other side are Mad. (Hants Journal.) The prettiest girl in Shelburne, Miss Evangeline Durfee, last week became Mrs. Dr. Bowles, of Wolfville.

FISHERMAN'S FIG "CATCH."

As a result of a fishing expedition to Newville last week, a noble red man of the Micmac race now owns the loss of his better half. "Me loom for our own name man, and one with big legs, me want 'um wide back."

THEY'RE FAKERS ALL RIGHT.

The Beer envoys remind one of the "fakers" and it's show man. They go wherever the crowd goes. They were at Philadelphia last week. They're liable to be in Newcastle next.

OBINA MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

The crowd opposite the Chinaman's Saturday night each waiting their turn to get their laundry, resembled the pictures we had seen of the crowds endeavoring to get to the crown lands offices in the Yukon district.

"PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE, ETC."

When you hear a man arguing that education is raising the soul of the workman and giving them false conceptions of life, just inquire into that man's personal history. In some cases out of ten it will be found that he has sprung from one of the lowest grades of society himself.

ST. JOHN KNOWS DIFFERENTLY.

Referring to Leman Brea's circus, the Woodstock Times of May 30th, says: "The circus men were very orderly, and a reporter of the Times, who was down to the grounds watching them put up their tents, didn't hear a single word of profanity, from any of them. The old circus man's profanity, so common years ago, seems to have gone out entirely."

CONSCRIPTION NOT NEEDED.

No man serves under the British flag against his will. 'Conscription,' such as is common in many countries, is not necessary in the great Empire whose sons; by tens of thousands, from every quarter of the vast domain, and those outside it too have crowded each other in their eagerness to volunteer to serve their Queen and country.

A READY-MADE FAMILY.

While Mr. David Clark was travelling through the woods one day lately, hunting up his cows, he came upon a partridge nest containing 11 young partridges. The old bird was not with them, so he took them to his farm and placed them in charge of a hen. The hen seems quite proud about coming into possession of such a large family without having the trouble of sitting on eggs for three weeks, and she is taking the best care of them.

THE BOTTLE MESSAGE JOKER STILL ALIVE.

Another "message from the sea" practical joker has been heard from. This time it is the story of a resident of East Jeddore, Halifax Co., who picked up a bottle with the following in it: "I am near the breakers and will soon pass away. I make this statement on the bottom of my boat. Tell all my friends of my sad end. 'George Baker.' Good bye mother. 'God. I hope to meet you in a brighter world.' What a great thing it is to have writing material

mystified. He will be remembered as the busy headed pitcher with the contortionist moves and serpentine delivery who performed here year before last. His pitching is still very effective.

Jack McLean, the Ross "long Tom" backstop, is true to his fraternal of 1900, and says he will not play with the exhumed Tartar, whose fortune Tommy Howe is piloting, but as yet not very successful. McLean has his fighting blood up now and intends to stick by the North Enders in weal and woe, and if he can bring it about it will be mostly well.

Today there is another game between the reds and greys. Everybody should go, for the excitement is now to fever beat with the players and lots of good Alert and Ross money has been stacked up.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE DUFFERIN.

The tourist hotel business is about beginning and the early visitors are already enjoying the beautiful weather St. John is favored with. Among those well known hoteliers that have prepared to entertain visitors is the Dufferin and it is safe to say that the house is in every way up to the mark and ready as usual to make it pleasant for all who go to the house. Manager McCaffrey deserves credit for the manner which he has conducted the hotel in Mr. Willis' absence. The appearance of the exterior has been much improved by the usual spring painting and every room in the interior looks as fresh and neat as possible for the same reason.

Soon shall my feelings fade from the world away— Time, ever-during, shall thrill through the years; Love who once sustained me, surely hath saddened these— Half of my music is made of his tears! Love may I list thy name— Not through the summer's day Far or the dawn when the wild grasses wave; Tern when my day is done, Oh, at the set of sun, Pour out thy spirit near to my grave!

A TYPOGRAPHIC REMINISCENCE.

I have passed to hear the music of the big perfecting press As it hummers and it clamors to rebuke my idleness; I have seen the pages leaping from the mighty whirling screw, and the red and bang and rattle has made music to my soul.

SOME UNNECESSARY REASON.

At the woman's league convention Miss Goggin had attention She was billed to lecture on a theme of interest to all It was this: 'Why I Am Single,' And their nerves were all a-ting-e."

EDITOR—HUMORIST, CH? HOW CAN YOU WRITE JOKES, BEING ARMLESS AS YOU ARE?

Armless wonder—I write with my toes. Editor—Yes; but you haven't any funny bones in your leg.

FRIEND—THE DOCTORS DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

Dyspeptic (gloomily)—No; I guess I need a constitutional amendment.

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

on hand in such direct quantities, and to have the bottom of a boat on which to write the letter with bottles with the messengers in quite a "joke" of some people, and a ten cent now paid for their finding.

BEAUTIFUL AND GENTLE GLADYS

From all sorrow free, Shine on a star as she and cheer us, With thy sparkling gle; Pleasure making, love creating, Richest melody.

BEAUTIFUL AND PLAYFUL GLADYS

From all sorrow free, Shine on a star as she and cheer us, With thy sparkling gle; Pleasure making, love creating, Richest melody.

BEAUTIFUL AND CHARMING GLADYS

Blossom of our spring, Combine year may wish bear thee These may sadness bring To the fairest, to the dearest Sorrows thencest cling.

THE MEADOW LARK.

How shall I cheat of thee, Floating in meadow whirled with thy song? Flitting about my feet, Flitting and wildly sweet— Oh, could I but soar as thou, I could by spirit to mortal belong!

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

First Cow—'That silly call! He's inquisitive enough to want to know how a bee tastes!' Second Cow—'He's more likely to find out that it tastes better than horse-radish.'

IN DARKEST ADVICE.

'First Chief—'That's a dandy new war club you have.' Second Chief—'Isn't it a beauty? If I could roak some white man with that, his burden wouldn't bother him!'

AN EXPLANATION—UNDERTAKER (TO BYSTANDER AT THE FUNERAL)—ARE YOU ONE OF THE MOURNERS?

Bystander—I am, sir. Undertaker—What relation to the deceased? Bystander—None at all—but he owed me \$5.

'GIVE IT UP.'

'They voted to lay a resolution on the table, and she came hurrying up with a sofa pillow for them to lay it on!'

ISN'T THAT ELEVATOR BOY RATHER UPPISH FOR A PERSON IN HIS POSITION?

"He wasn't the last time I saw him" answered the friend whom he annoys. "In fact, he was quite the contrary. He was down-ish."

THIS DID NOT CONTENT THE FIS WHICH STILL FOLLOWED. SO THE SAILORS HARPOONED IT AND DROGGED IT ON BOARD.

On opening it they found, to their surprise, the old woman sitting on the chair selling oranges three a penny. Pearson's Weekly.

EDITOR—HUMORIST, CH? HOW CAN YOU WRITE JOKES, BEING ARMLESS AS YOU ARE?

Armless wonder—I write with my toes. Editor—Yes; but you haven't any funny bones in your leg.

FRIEND—THE DOCTORS DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

Dyspeptic (gloomily)—No; I guess I need a constitutional amendment.

AL BAKING POWDER PURE delicious and wholesome

My boy Jimmy, aged nine, is a corker in psychology—and it's only his second term at it. "Indeed?" "Then how did he account for it?" "He said I was afraid of the police!"

Here's my bonnet, just come home, said the publisher's wife. He watched her open the box, and remove layer after layer of tissue paper. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed, "now I understand why it cost so much." He had had some experience with the paper. Trust himself!

Husband—What! No ice this sweltering weather? Didn't the iceman leave any? Wife—He left plenty, but that new girl has been keeping the refrigerator open all day to cool off the kitchen.

First Cow—"That silly calf! He's inquisitive enough to want to know how a cow tastes!" Second Cow—"He's more likely to find out that it tastes better than horse-radish!"

First Chief—"That's a dandy new war club you have!" Second Chief—"Isn't it a beauty? If I could cook some white man with that, his burden wouldn't bother him!"

His Wife—"They are natives, of course." A man talks French so that can't understand a word he says I put him down for a Frenchman."

Mrs. Henpeck—"And when I heard that I couldn't say a word. Henpeck with thoughtless temerity—That was singular."

Mrs. Henpeck (sharply)—O, it was, eh? Henpeck thoroughly frightened—"Why, er—yes, my dear. You see—er—if you could have said two words it would have been plural. Ha! ha! just my little joke."

An explanation—Undertaker (to bystander at the funeral)—Are you one of the mourners? Bystander—I am, sir. Undertaker—What relation to the deceased? Bystander—None at all—but he owed me \$5.

"That Miss Timmins is such a tender-hearted creature! At the Women's Club's convention last week what do you suppose she did?" "Give it up." "They voted to lay a resolution on the table, and she came hurrying up with a sofa pillow for them to lay it on!"

"Isn't that elevator boy rather uppish for a person in his position?" asked the man who is on the lookout to find fault. "He wasn't the last time I saw him" answered the friend whom he annoys. "In fact, he was quite the contrary. He was down-right!"

This did not content the fish which still followed. So the sailors harpooned it and dragged it on board. On opening it they found, to their surprise, the old woman sitting on the chair selling oranges three a penny. Pearson's Weekly.

Editor—Humorist, eh? How can you write jokes, being armless as you are? Armless wonder—I write with my toes. Editor—Yes; but you haven't any funny bones in your leg.

Friend—The doctors don't seem to be able to do anything for you? Dyspeptic (gloomily)—No; I guess I need a constitutional amendment.



Mr. W. H. Brown's beautiful "Hillside Farm" Grand Day—a short steamboat or railway run and one of the river's most picturesque scenic spots. A big picnic booked for there in a few days.

Miss Bowman and Mrs. Florence Bowman, who has been spending a few weeks here, returned to their home in Windsor, N. S. today. Mr. C. A. Burns of New York is spending his vacation here.

Miss Nellie Nagle of Broad street left on Tuesday's steamer for Boston to spend a few weeks with friends and to arrive in Boston on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Harry Donnell returned Wednesday from Montreal.

Mr. Edward L. Brees left Tuesday afternoon by C. P. R. for New York and will return in a couple of weeks. His trip is to secure his wardrobe for the production of Stone Creek, in which he will be engaged the coming fall.

Mrs. Curran wife of Mr. F. C. Curran of the Canadian News Agency presented her husband with an addition to his family. The little one is a girl, and is the tenth blessing.

Miss Nano Stone of Gorman street, arrived home from Germany Tuesday night. Miss Nano Stone, one of St. John's popular young men, who has been for two years located at Watertown, Mass., has been home for a visit to relatives in St. John and Woodstock, left by steamer Prince Edward Thursday morning on his return to Watertown.

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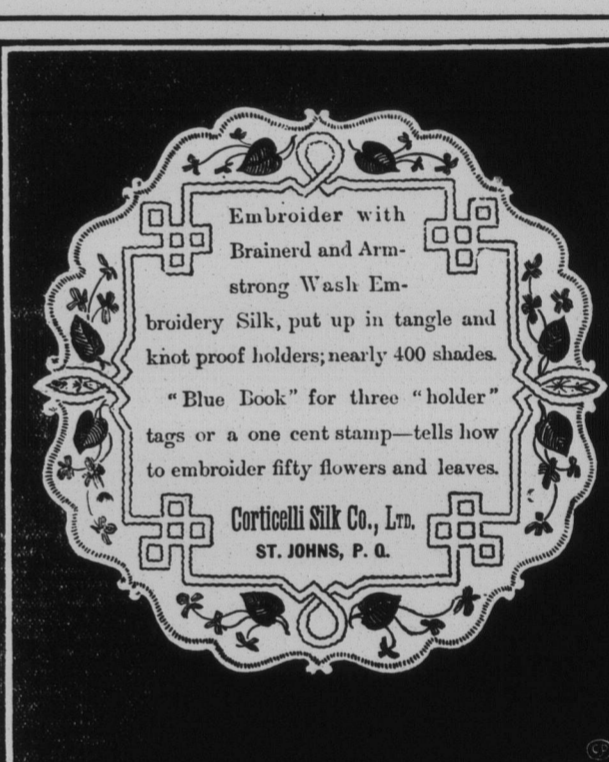
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Dear Economy Some short-sighted people practice a kind of economy that is not economical. They save a penny on soap and lose a dollar on cloth. Sooner or later they learn that the cheap common soaps rot clothing by burning the thread with strong alkalis, then they wish they had used

Welcome Soap which contains no impurities, nothing to injure the most delicate fabric. There is still greater economy in using WELCOME SOAP, Because it lasts longer than others.

White's Snowflake Chocolates Have the Letter S on Top



When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE'S (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

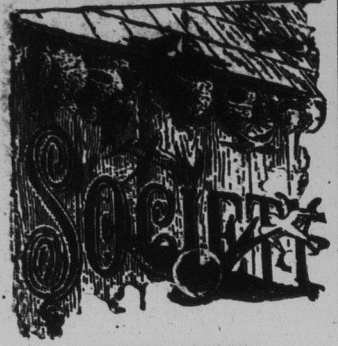
E. G. SCOVIL—Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH. Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year. The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, featuring the text "STRONGEST AND BEST" and "FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCOA".

Advertisement for Allan's White Pharmacy, located at 87 Charlotte Street, featuring the text "DON'T PASS Allan's White Pharmacy".

6
FOR AN ADDITIONAL COPY OF THIS PAPER AND
REMARKS PAGE.



DON'T! WOMEN.

Don't write to a woman, when the roof leaks. Write to a carpenter. Don't write to a woman when the water pipe bursts. Write to a plumber. Don't write to a woman when you are sick, write to a doctor. But why such superfluous advice? Simply to call attention to the fact that "women" who are not qualified physicians offer medical advice, in advertisements worded in such a deceptive manner that you are apt to overlook the important fact that the woman is not a physician.

The great success of Dr. R. V. Pierce, in treating and curing diseases of women has led to imitations of his methods, especially his offer of a free consultation by letter to all sick women. At the head of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., and with an experience of over thirty years, Dr. Pierce has achieved the position of the chief of specialists in the treatment of woman's diseases. There is no living physician, male or female, who can show an equal record of over half-a-million women cured and ninety-eight per cent. of every letter to the doctor. Your letter will be read in private, answered in private and its statements held as sacredly confidential. To assure the exclusion of a third party from this correspondence, every letter is sent sealed in a plain envelope, bearing no advertising or printing upon it. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well. Accept no Substitute.

HALIFAX NOTES.

PASSENGERS FOR SALE IN HALIFAX BY THE NEWBOY AND AT THE FOLLOWING NEWS STANDS AND OFFICES:
MORROW & CO. Barrington Street
" Commercial Street
" George & Grandville Sts
" Railway Depot
" Brunswick Street
" Dalhousie St
" 100 Hills St
" 101 Brunswick St
" 102 Brunswick St

JULY 5—Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Bower celebrated the anniversary of their silver wedding at St. Mark's church by the Rev. Alfred Brown.

E. L. Emerson, E. Cottrill, Mr. and Miss Wiltzington, J. L. Ferguson and wife, W. L. Sims and E. D. Wilkes are in Boston.

Rev. H. Vossema was a passenger by the steamer Florida Monday night for Boston.

Principal Patton of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, will shortly leave for a trip to the old country. **Joseph Gillin, son of the Rev. W. E. Gillin, Bridgewater, left Wednesday morning** for Cape Nome, the new Alaska gold fields.

Mrs. S. P. Hutson of Washington is at Charlotte town.

Manitoba Free Press: Bishop Courtney of N. S. accompanied by his chaplain, Archdeacon Kaulbach, brother of Col. Kaulbach, M. P., passed through the city this week on their way to British Columbia, en route to Australia. Bishop Courtney is the representative of the Canadian and American churches in the grand Australian Church of Emulation, and will be absent nearly three months.

T. Merrick, J. T. Balmir, A. French, J. W. McNeil, Miss Fullerton, F. R. Willis, and John Bryanton left Monday morning by the D. A. D. for Yarmouth to attend the Grand Lodge of the I. O. G. T. held at that place, July 4.

Mrs. Chas. E. Higgins was at home to her friends on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon and evening at No. 1 Poplar Grove.

Fred Jost and his bicycle tandem partner Mr. Gardner, arrived from Boston last evening and will spend a few weeks in the city.

Colonel Collard left for China Monday morning by the C. P. R. and is accompanied by Sergeant Pearce. The colonel goes to Yola, China. It is expected the trip will take twenty seven days.

Frederic Murray has left for two weeks visit to his constituency.

The marriage takes place in a fortnight at the north end, of a couple whose combined age is over 140 years. They are receiving the congratulations of their friends in advance.

Mrs. (Dr.) Courtney of Toronto, who is on a two months visit to Halifax was at home on Thursday and Friday afternoons and evenings, July 5 and 6 at 145 Windsor street (Willow Park).

It is understood that **Mr. Robert McConnell** of this city has been designed to be the minister in connection with the Statistical department of Ottawa.

Mr. James W. Baird has taken his steam yacht up to the "Florence," Bedford.

Miss Sadie Hawley left Saturday noon by fast express for Sydney to visit sisters there and at Digswell, C. B., she will be absent about four weeks.

Mrs. Henderson and Miss Muriel Duncan, daughters of the late Francis Duncan, E. A. whose name is so well known in connection with St. John am balance work. They are on a visit to their native city and friends of their mother, the daughter of Rev. Wm Cogswell, who was married to Colonel Duncan when he was on this station.

Mr. W. A. Emmerson and bride left for North Sydney Wednesday morning.

Yarmouth Telegram says: Hon. Alfred Gilpin Jones of Halifax, is to be the next Lieutenant governor of Nova Scotia. The appointment will be received with universal approval and satisfaction.

Mr. N. E. McPhail, of Boston has been on a visit to the city accompanied by his wife (see Emma Melvin—the letters' column, who died in Boston, was buried here on Sunday). They are the guests of Mr. Douglas Stevens, Dominion Steamship Inspector, North street. Mr. McPhail occupies a responsible position on the Boston Post, one of the great dailies of the Hub.

Says the Ottawa Citizen: Miss Gessie Simson of 56 Gloucester street has left for Halifax on a visit to her uncle. Miss Simson will be absent about a month.

Rev. Dr. Campbell of St. Mary's left Monday for P. E. Island on a trip for the benefit of his health, and may be absent for some weeks.

Two of the St. Paul's school cricketing party are clerymen, Rev. messrs. Tibbets and Brindley Morcy the school professional was some years ago one of England's most famous professionals. He is now over 59 years of age, and is playing against the Wanderers today.

WINDSOR.

JULY 4—Mrs. Street, Halifax, is visiting Mrs W. D. Sutherland.

Mrs. Jas. Henniger, Avondale, is visiting Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Mosher.

Miss Greenough, Cheverie, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Shaw.

Mr. John P. Graman arrived in town Monday evening from Boston, on a visit.

Mrs. George Forbes, Little Harbor, is on a visit to her daughters the Misses Forbes.

Miss Icie Sutherland is spending a vacation with friends in St. John and Eastport, Me.

Mrs. J. E. Bowley, Middleton, who has been on a visit to the parsonage, leaves next week for home.

Mrs. Hedley V. Dimock, Boston, is spending the summer with C. M. Dimock and friends in Hants County.

Mrs. F. F. Sherman and children, Lawrence, Mass., are visiting at the home of Hon. M. H. Gouda.

Mr. and Mrs. Augusta Allison, Halifax, after spending a few days at "Sunnyside," returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Robbins, who has been attending the Nor-

YARMOUTH.

JULY 4—Dr. Benjamin Russell, M. P. for Halifax was a passenger from Boston Friday morning, returning to Halifax from Ottawa.

Mr. B. B. Hardwick, the lucky traveler for Pyle's Pearline, who was so generously remembered in the will of his late employer, arrived from Boston on the S. S. Boston Friday.

Among the Yarmouth passengers from Boston Saturday were Mr. Frank Killam, Mrs. R. H. Ford and Mrs. F. K. Robbins and family.

Mr. Isaac L. Burri, who has been in Mexico for two months, was a passenger from Boston per steamer Prince George Saturday.

Mr. A. S. Hood returned from Boston Saturday.

Mr. E. N. Clements was a passenger from Boston Saturday.

Mr. Thomas Hall returned from a visit to Boston Saturday.

Miss Emma Gilman arrived Saturday, and will spend her vacation with her mother, Mrs. W. H. Edinam, Tusket.

Mrs. B. W. Gillies, accompanied by her children arrived and will remain in Yarmouth or a few months. Mr. Gillies will come over later on for a brief visit.

WOLFVILLE.

JULY 4—Rev. Mr. A. Gale of Sydney, C. B., is visiting F. A. Dixon, Esq.

Mrs. Calhoun returned to Wolfville last Saturday afternoon to spend the summer.

Mr. Fred Corwin of New York, is visiting the Rev. F. F. Dixon, at the Rectory.

Mr. Hosterman, of the Wolfville Drug store, is away spending his vacation.

Mrs. J. V. Ellis and Miss Georgie Scammell of St. John, are visiting Mrs. Calhoun.

Mrs. Edwards and daughter of Halifax, are occupying their summer residence here.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Harris and family are spending a few weeks at North Kingsport.

Mrs. A. L. Rockwell arrived in town last week and is visiting her son, Mr. F. P. Rockwell.

Miss L. Eva Andrews has arrived home from Cambridge, Mass., and will spend the summer here.

Mr. K. H. Lee, who is attending the Agricultural College at Truro, is on a visit to his friends in town.

Miss E. hel Johnson, who has spent the last six months in New York, returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Ellis will receive on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of July.

Mr. Clarence Hemmon, instructor at the Kings College Collegiate school, is spending part of his vacation at the home of his parents here.

Miss Winnie Caldwell is home from Waverly, Mass., enjoying a two weeks' vacation. Miss

OLDWELL is passing a course at the McLean Hospital.

Dr. R. V. Jones left on Tuesday for Prince Edward Island, where he will attend the meeting of the Baptist association at Spring Hill, representing Acadia University.

Miss Kate Cook was in town last week visiting her aunt, Mrs. Patterson. Miss Cook is on the teaching staff of the Ladies' College at Sachville.

Mrs. W. M. McVicar, well-known in Wolfville and for a time a resident of this town, is now principal of the Robert's High school, at Cambridge, Mass., receiving a salary of \$1700.

Miss Isabel D. Davidson arrived in town on Thursday from Bellows Falls, Vermont, where she has been employed during the year on the teaching staff of the Fallows Falls Academy. She will spend a greater part of her vacation at her home here.

AMHERST.

JULY 4—Miss Ritchie of Halifax spent a week with her cousin Mrs. DeBlais.

Mrs. C. T. Hillson is at home from a long visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Silver in Montreal.

Mrs. McNeil with her children have returned to their home in New Glasgow, after a month in town guests of her parent, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Miss Hatchford returned on Friday last from a visit of several weeks in Halifax.

Mr. Walter S. Moore and bride, spent a few days in town with the rooms parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Moore, at the rooms in Montreal.

Mrs. W. F. Taylor who in company with her friend E. F. Carter, have been spending a few weeks with his relatives, left for Halifax en route for Kamloops, B. C.

Mrs. F. A. Quigley and Miss Nellie Quigley have returned from Vancouver B. C.

Miss Ellen Reed accompanied Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hill more to Winnipeg to attend the Convention of the B. Y. P. U.

Mr. A. E. McNeil formerly of the Summerisle Agency of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has been transferred to Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Froggart and son leave for Kamloops and the several weeks in Montreal.

Mr. W. J. Steele, son of Dr. Steele, has been appointed Acting Secretary of the Yarmouth, Y. M. C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danlop returned from their extended tour in Southern California last week.

Mrs. F. B. Robb, who has been ill during the past week is recovering.

Mr. J. H. Taylor left yesterday for Kamloops, B. C. where he will spend a few months.

Miss Carman, who has been seriously ill with Typhoid fever is slowly improving.

Mrs. W. D. Main has returned from Londonderry where she was the guest of her sister Mrs. Forman, for a few days.

A Much Maligned Beverage.

"Death in the teapot." Well cheap teas steeped instead of steeped, called the saying. Good tea properly drawn, are a wholesome, as well as a palatable drink, but must be good, as for instance, today's Elephant brand Indo-Joyon Tea.

TRURO.

PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by D. H. Smith, Co., and at Crowe Bros.

JULY 4—Mrs. W. E. Bliz, with her mother Mrs. Andrew, is visiting in Windsor and vicinity.

Miss Spencer of Great Village is visiting at Mrs. J. J. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hogan gave a picnic on Monday to a large number of their friends at Desert Beach. The day though threatening in the morning turned out beautifully fine. Among those who enjoyed the outing were: Dr. and Mrs. Beck, Mrs. and Mrs. Bert. McLoughlin, Mr. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Misses Macdonald, Miss Sara Logan, Misses Glasgow, Miss Yorkton, Miss Sara Logan, Misses Thomas, Misses Macdonald, Miss Ida Snook, Misses Gillespie, Parraboro, Miss McDougall, Miss Mabel Spencer, Miss Doherty, Miss McDougall, Miss Maitland, Miss Cummings, Miss Allie Flemming, Miss Mabel McLoud, Miss Crowe, Miss Sadie Macdonald, Mrs. Crowe, Dr. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McCall, H. Flemming, A. Mahon, Crowe, C. A. McCall, New Glasgow, is visiting her sister Mrs. D. A. Bishop.

Mrs. J. T. Halliday, Miss Cummins and Miss Kathleen Halliday are visiting their relatives in Picton.

Dr. and Mrs. Randal, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Puck and Mr. and Mrs. Berrie Vernon spent Monday at Acadia Hotel, guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Porter. Mrs. D. A. Bishop and her sister, Mrs. McCall were visiting Acadia and Miss friends, one or two days last week.

ANNAPOLIS.

JULY 4—Miss Nellie Dunne accompanied by her nephew, Master John Barr, left for Boston on Saturday.

We are pleased to see **J. E. Shaffer** out again after his recent severe illness.

Carman O'Dell arrived home from Westport this week, and will remain for a few days.

Miss Greta Moody of Halifax, sister of W. H. Moody of Annapolis has succeeded in obtaining the degree of M. A. from Wellesley college, which institution she attended for one course. Miss Moody is a B. A. of Dalhousie. She will arrive here Monday.

The Misses Grace and Gladys Robinson, who have been on an extended visit to their brother, F. A. Robinson, from Ontario, have arrived home.

Mrs. Robt. C. Graves and child of Shirley, Mass., arrived here yesterday, and will spend a few days in town with Mrs. J. P. Edwards.

Lou Harris, employed in Burbridge's drug store in Halifax, after having spent a few days at his home here, returned to Halifax yesterday.

Mrs. A. H. Borden left on Wednesday for Fall-fax to be present at the closing exercises at Mount St. Vincent academy at which institution her daughter Frances is taking a course of study.

Miss Nellie McClellerty has been home on a visit.

Mrs. W. J. Shannon and Miss Shannon are visiting in St. John.

DIGBY.

July 6—Mrs. Charlotte Ambrose, of Sachville, is friends in town.

Mrs. Geo. Robinson left for Boston, via Yarmouth, on Wednesday.

Mrs. H. B. Short returned from her visit to Montreal last Saturday.

Miss Edith Robinson has returned home from Yonkers, N. Y.

Mrs. W. W. Saunders, of Wolfville, is visiting her sister Mrs. H. B. Short.

Mr. and Mrs. David Spruel returned on Monday from their eastern visit.

Mrs. W. Falweather went to St. John Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Dabin of Windsor, are the guests of Mrs. Richard Thorne, Black St.

Mrs. T. A. Robinson, of Eastport, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. H. B. Short, Queen St.

Mrs. Chas. Beard, of New-N. B. is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. Falweather, First Ave.

Master Leonard who gave a birthday party on Tuesday to twenty-two of his young friends.

Miss A. Reed, of Annapolis, was the guest of Miss Mabel, Prince William St., a few days this week.

Mrs. Harry Dodge, of the D. A. R. was called to Bellisle Saturday night, returning Monday morning.

The Misses Stilling of Ivoryton, Conn., are visiting their grandfather, Mr. Geo. Stilling of Harmsworth Lodge.

Mrs. and Mrs. Bryant, of Buffalo, N. Y. arrived here on Saturday and will occupy their new summer residence at Green Point.

Messrs. McPherson, Blackadar and Ross of Halifax passed through here this week on business connected with the Yarmouth S. S. Company.

Mrs. H. A. Harley returned from Windsor on Monday, accompanied by Miss Muriel Haral, who will spend her summer vacation here.

Mrs. Spurgeon Ritchie, accompanied by her sister, Miss Winnie McBride, are the guests of their mother, Mrs. John McBride, Water St.

Mr. David A. Thomson, Miss Thomson and Miss Jeanette Hunter, who have been registered at Lour Lodge have gone to Coonnet.

Miss Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ellis, has returned home from school at Halifax. She will spend the vacation with her parents.

SPECIALTIES
FOR
Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any articles whatsoever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, and correspondence confidential. Send for Stamp for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1142, Montreal.

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

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

Applications for space in the Industrial Building should be sent in early as the best locations are being rapidly taken up.

Tenders for special privileges are being received.

Special inducements are offered to exhibitors of working machinery.

Very low excursion rates to St. John on all railways and steamers.

Exhibits will be carried practically free on several lines.

For price lists, entry forms and other information, address

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

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblasts, Eczema, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworms, and Skin Affections generally. Larvae Pests, is 1/4d. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions.

Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

FOR ARTISTS.

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

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

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

Use
Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

FOR LADIES To dye at home Blouses, Skirts, children Frocks, etc.
USE MAYPOLE SOAP
Is unexcelled and costs no more than old fashioned dyes.
Send for FREE book on Home Dyeing to
A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

Pure and Fragrant
The "Albion"
Baby's Own Soap
Is specially recommended by every family physician, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

Free Cure For Men.
A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc. and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 502 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

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

Scribner's FOR 1900
{ INCLUDES }
J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).
THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.
HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.
Articles by **WALTER A. WYKOFF**, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES
The Paris Exposition.
FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.
NOTABLE ART FEATURES: THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.
Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by **WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF** and others.
Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

at Wimpole. Mr. Freeman will be absent four or five weeks.

Though Dominion Day was very quietly enjoyed around town many pleasant little parties were made up for picnicking in the country.

The day being rather chilly, for eating out-door luncheon was reserved in the dining room where every delicacy to suit the most epicurean taste was spread and the long drive had whetted the appetites to a keen edge.

On Tuesday next, Miss Winable Johnston, Miss McLoud and Miss Laura Burpee leave on their excursion for a trip to Victoria B. C. and points intermediate.

Mr. E. A. Payne of St. John is here visiting his sister Mrs. Chs. Beckwith.

Mrs. Arthur Branscombe who has been here spending a couple of weeks with her mother left for home yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bowes of St. John are among the list of visitors here this week.

Hon. Senator Wren is home from his parliamentary duties at Ottawa.

Mr. L. E. Rowley, B. A. of Maryville has graduated from Harvard University.

Latest styles in wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall and T. E. Acheson.) July 6—Prof and Mrs. Ganong of Smith's college are in town visiting Mrs. James Ganong, Union street.

Arthur Chipman of the Kingston military school arrived home last week.

Miss Sue Ganong of the ladies' college, Halifax, is at home for her summer vacation.

Miss Eleanor Nelson and Miss Kate Nelson have arrived from Boston to spend some time with Mr and Mrs Frank Nelson.

Mrs. Smith Dexter is the guest of Mr and Mrs Lewis Dexter.

Mrs. Franklin Eaton gave a charming party at her home one evening last week.

Mrs. P. P. Brennan of St. John with her children are visiting Mr and Mrs John Comins.

Miss Minnie Sproule has returned home from the Normal School, Truro.

A large number from the surrounding districts are in town taking the examinations conducted by Mr. Slade in the High school building this week.

Wrinkles from the Ram's Horn. It is useless reaching out dirty hands for God's holy gifts.

The Bible in the head will suffocate a man unless it is in the heart, too.

He who fears God is not afraid of any other.

Holy joys are current coin in heaven, but they will not pay church expenses on earth.

The church that is frozen at heart is most likely to depend on the ice cream social for its support.

The plea of consistency often means cowardice.

Dangers to Love. 'Sometimes,' said Mr. Blykins, 'I'm surprised at my own courage.'

'Why, you never want to war,' answered his wife.

'There are other risks than those of the battle field. Every time I pick up a newspaper I find an article on 'the dangers to our political system,' 'dangers to public morals,' 'danger of eating,' 'dangers that lurk in the atmosphere,' and so on without end. I tell you it takes a mighty nerry man to go on eating and breathing.'

Another Matter. McJigger—"He wanted to borrow \$5, but I wouldn't let him have it."

Thingumbob—"Why, not? He's honest, I'd trust him with my life."

McJigger—"That's alright. I don't suppose your life is insured in his favor; but would you trust him with \$5?"

His Mind Was Made Up. I cannot make up my mind," said the conscientious legislator, "until I hear what is to be said on the other side."

"But the other side," replied the practical member, "isn't putting out any money." "They say that money talks! Evidently there is nothing to be said on that side."

It Makes All the Difference. Grandpa Rabbit (reading cook book)—"Bear steak, when properly prepared, is an excellent dish for a change." Say, this is an interesting book, but rather tough on the bear. Ha! ha!

"Every Man is the Architect of His Fortune."

"An architect designs, and his plans are executed by a builder. The greatest builder of health is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It lays a firm foundation. It makes the blood, the basis of life, pure and strong. Be an architect of your fortune and secure Hood's as your health builder."

Headaches—"I was completely run down and was troubled with headaches and dizziness and pains in my back. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla which in a short time entirely cured me." Mrs. L. Winterton, Orangeville, Ontario.



in the woman's national council and has accepted the nomination.

PARRA BOBO.

(Paras is for sale at Farrboro Book Store.)

July 4—Flies on all the flag staffs have been at half mast since the very sad news was received this morning of Hon. A. B. Dickey's death which is most deeply regretted and little else is heard of Mrs. Ephraim Soaman of Minville is the guest of her sister Mrs. D. M. Pettis and is very ill.

Mrs. O. L. Price and baby son are visiting friends at Kingston.

Mr. Justice Townsend and family arrived on Tuesday to spend the summer.

Mrs. Loomis of Tillis, Ohio, and her son a Harvard student who are touring the lower provinces spent a part of last week here.

Mr and Mrs D. Gillespie went to Halifax to attend commencement at Mt St Vincent where two of their daughters are students.

Mrs and Miss Hewson of Amherst are at Breckin's beach hotel. Miss Thompson of Boston is a late arrival.

Mr. Cox of the Middleton Outlook has been spending a few days with Mr F. Lawson.

Miss Mary Smith went to Amherst on Tuesday and from there will go to Halifax to be present at the marriage of her brother, Dr. M. A. B. Smith.

Mr and Mrs W. B. Mah were arrived home from their wedding trip on Friday. The bride is assisted in receiving by Miss Mac Gillispie and wears a white gown becoming white gown.

Dominion day was much quieter than usual places of business were generally closed and a large number of people went to Springhill to see the races. Many others went fishing; The only diversion in town was St. B. Dickey's chess picnic on Father Butler's grounds which was well patronized the receipts were one hundred dollars.

Mr and Mrs J. R. Coombs and the masters Cowans of Montreal are at their summer residence at Fairbridge Island.

Mrs. Upham returned on Friday from her pleasant visit in St. John and St. Stephen.

Mr and Mrs. Stuart Jenks of Amherst, are at the Grand Central.

Rev. Mr. Howard, who has been the guest for two weeks of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Huntley, took his departure on Tuesday.

Miss Minnie Sproule has returned home from the Normal School, Truro.

A large number from the surrounding districts are in town taking the examinations conducted by Mr. Slade in the High school building this week.

Wrinkles from the Ram's Horn. It is useless reaching out dirty hands for God's holy gifts.

The Bible in the head will suffocate a man unless it is in the heart, too.

He who fears God is not afraid of any other.

Holy joys are current coin in heaven, but they will not pay church expenses on earth.

The church that is frozen at heart is most likely to depend on the ice cream social for its support.

The plea of consistency often means cowardice.

Dangers to Love. 'Sometimes,' said Mr. Blykins, 'I'm surprised at my own courage.'

'Why, you never want to war,' answered his wife.

'There are other risks than those of the battle field. Every time I pick up a newspaper I find an article on 'the dangers to our political system,' 'dangers to public morals,' 'danger of eating,' 'dangers that lurk in the atmosphere,' and so on without end. I tell you it takes a mighty nerry man to go on eating and breathing.'

Another Matter. McJigger—"He wanted to borrow \$5, but I wouldn't let him have it."

Thingumbob—"Why, not? He's honest, I'd trust him with my life."

McJigger—"That's alright. I don't suppose your life is insured in his favor; but would you trust him with \$5?"

His Mind Was Made Up. I cannot make up my mind," said the conscientious legislator, "until I hear what is to be said on the other side."

"But the other side," replied the practical member, "isn't putting out any money." "They say that money talks! Evidently there is nothing to be said on that side."

It Makes All the Difference. Grandpa Rabbit (reading cook book)—"Bear steak, when properly prepared, is an excellent dish for a change." Say, this is an interesting book, but rather tough on the bear. Ha! ha!

(Continuing)—"To prepare rabbit, remove the skin, boil for two hours, and then roast in a hot oven. Serve with

chestnut dressing and hot.' Outrageous! This book ought to be suppressed.'

THE 'PRESIDENTE SARMIENTO.'

A South American War Vessel That Has Sailed Around The World.

The only war vessel of the Argentine Republic which has ever circumnavigated the globe, the Presidente Sarmiento, is making a visit to the United States. She is a training ship, and a very fine one—built of steel, sheathed with wood, and measuring two thousand seven hundred and fifty tons. Her purpose is to train officers for the young Argentine navy, and she has forty cadets on board, beside a full complement of seamen. All her cadets are natives of Argentina, although in their veins runs the blood, not only of ancient Spain and ancient pre-Columbia of America, but of Italy, of England, of Scotland and of Germany. Argentina is a cosmopolitan nation, like the United States, and her best people are made up recruits from almost all the nations of Europe.

The visit of the Presidente Sarmiento possesses no little significance. She has lately been cruising in the Mediterranean, which she entered via the Suez Canal after a journey round the world. When she called at the Spanish port of Barcelona she met with a most distinguished reception. The Spanish people hope for a practical alliance between their country and the Spanish-American nations. They encourage the Spanish Americans to look with fear and suspicion on the assertion of the Monroe doctrine, and encourage the notion that Spain, and not the United States should protect them against European aggression.

So the Argentine officers, cadets and seamen had a brilliant reception in Barcelona, and profuse protestations of Spanish amity towards Argentina were made. However, the effect of all this attention must remain in some doubt to the people of Spain since the Presidente Sarmiento sailed almost directly for the United States where a cordial reception awaits her company from the Americans. The Argentines on their part, are showing Americans the same courtesy that they showed the Spaniards.

The Argentines have every reason to be proud of their new navy. It is now undoubtedly the best in South America, surpassing in armament and general merit the navies of Chili and Brazil, which are the only others mentioned in South America worthy of mention. The Argentine navy has over thirty ships, including coast defence armor-clads, first and second class cruisers, gun boats and many torpedo-boats. It is manned by more than eight thousand good seamen.

The presidente Sarmiento is named after a president of the Argentine Republic and former minister to the United States, who died in 1888 and who did more than other men to bring about the present advanced state of public education in Argentina.

The ship is not the first Argentine war vessel to visit the United States. The protected cruiser Nueve de Julio, or 'Ninth of July,'—the Argentine independence day—visited New York in 1893, at the time of the World's Fair. No other has visited us since.

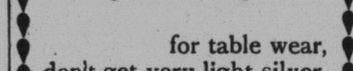
Wonderful.

Two sailors noticed that a shark was following their ship. Not knowing how to get rid of it, they threw a chair overboard. The shark swallowed this but still followed. The sailors then threw a box of oranges overboard to it. The shark swallowed this and still followed.

The men seemed completely beaten for a moment what to do until one of them said

If you can't afford heavy sterling

for table wear, don't get very light silver. Silver-plated knives, forks and spoons stamped with the mark of



give far better wear than most of the light sterling now used. The kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

that those on board should draw lots for who had to satisfy the shark.

It fell to an old woman. So the sailors tossed her overboard, and the shark's job was at one bite.

A Man Without a Country.

Joseph Keely is a useful example of a man without a country. He is now held at the harbor police station as a stowaway, and will return to Liverpool on the steamer Winnifredian, which brought him to New York. But he doesn't want to go to Liverpool. His home—that is it he has a home at all—is in Baltimore, but he is prevented from claiming residence there by a curious chain of circumstances.

He was born in Dundalk, Ire., but his parents brought him to this country when he was seven years old. They settled in Baltimore, where his father died two years later. The father was not long enough in this country to become a citizen, and the boy was not born here. The importance of these two points were not realized by him, however, until he landed Wednesday.

Since last September he says he had been running between Newport News and Liverpool as a cattleman. His last trip was made about a month ago as a cattleman on the Rapidan of the Furness Withy line. When the Rapidan reached the other side he learned that she was not to return immediately to America, but was to sail to some other port. The young man had been given a pass to return on the Rapidan, but when he learned of the change in the ship's programme, he surrendered the pass to the company and determined to take his chances as a stowaway. So he hid himself aboard the Winnifredian and remained out of sight until she was well out to sea.

He thought that 12 years' residence in Baltimore would make his landing from the Winnifredian a very simple matter, but the immigration officers decided that he was not an American citizen, and that if he was a subject of anybody, his sovereign was Queen Victoria. He will therefore be deported on the Winnifredian, and when he reaches the other side he may be prosecuted as a stowaway.

Thoughtful for His Mother.

Young Hopeful—"Papa, it worries me awfully to think how much trouble I give mamma."

Mr. Papa—"She hasn't complained. 'No, she's so patient. But she often sends me to the shops for things, and the shops are a good way off sometimes, and I know she gets quite tired of waiting when she's in a hurry."

'Not often, I expect.'

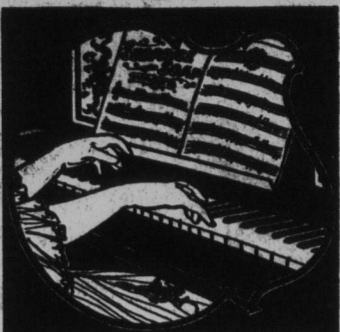
'Oh, she's nearly always in a hurry. She gets everything all ready for broad send finds at the last minute she hasn't any yeast; or she gets a pudding arranged and finds she hasn't any nutmeg, or something, and then she is in an awful stew 'cause the oven is all ready, and 'papa company comin', and I can't run a very long distance you know, and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma."

'Hamp! Well, what can we do about it?'

'I was thinkin' you might get me a bicycle.'

Well Scattered.

Telegraph Editor—"Here is a list of the casual lies in the last fight with the Boxers



Keep your Hands White

SURPRISE won't hurt them. It has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes, but is harmless to the hands, and to the most delicate fabrics.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints

THOS. L. BURKE, 25 WATER STREET

in China; Wau Lung, Wau Eye, Wun To, Wun Fung, Wun Fung, Wun—'

Snake Editor—"Seems as if that fellow got it everywhere except in the neck."

Why That Lie!—Mrs. Uptodate (feeling)—Yes, my dear, six months after we were married, Jack and I made up our minds that we weren't a bit suited for each other; so like sensible people, we faced the inevitable. Jack lets me go my way, and—'

Miss Verdant (sympathetically)—"And you let him go his way, I suppose?" Mrs. Uptodate (indignant)—"Good gracious, my dear, I should just like to see him try it!"

'I understand,' remarked the unscrupulous poet, 'that you were pleased to say I used a great deal of gray matter in composing my elegiac poem on 'The Rustic Graveyard?'

'Not exactly,' replied the editor. 'I said you used a great deal of Gray's matter.'

'So you are to be married next week, Miss Bunk?'

'Yes, Mr. Timkins.'

'I congratulate you. Who is the happy man?'

'Why, Mr. Timkins, I'm surprised. He isn't happy yet; he won't be tappy till he gets me.'

Little Elmer—Papa, what is a politician? Professor Broadhead—A politician, my son, is a man who bunglers and thirsts to sacrifice himself for his country in times of peace



Women's Dainty Wear.

We make a special feature of careful laundering of women's wear. We wash many pieces by hand—delicate Shirt Waists, Skirts with lace trimmings, etc.—and not a thread will be injured, not an atom of color lost.

If your clothes are specified as "hand work," there is no other place so safe to take them to.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

Advertisement for Cleveland, Massey-Harris, Brantford, Welland Vale and Gendron Bicycles. Includes text: 'Are made in Canada by Canadian mechanics, backed by Canadian capital, for Canadians or the world. We are the largest manufacturers of Bicycles under the British flag and our modern and well equipped factories are turning out wheels unsurpassed in quality and finish. Agents everywhere.' and 'Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. TORONTO. ST. JOHN REPRESENTATIVES: Cleveland, W. H. THORNE & CO. Welland Vale, H. HORTON & SON. Gendron, R. D. COLES. Brantford and Massey-Harris, OUR OWN STORE, 54 King St.'

ST. JOHN, N B., SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

The Circus Made an Impression on Him.

Lomen Brother's circus with its pink lemons and...

with the small boy as do all such organizations. The features of it were far below the average and outside the big elephant...

A Yankee Baseballist Who Filtrated.

"Hi" Foster, the tall stiff breaked Tutts College man whom the Who Filtrated.

Baseball fell back to second place and Cupid drum majored the procession. A few wild plays, quite un Foster like...

A search after the game revealed none of the sweet creatures that Hiram had already become enamored with, but early in the evening...

The voice at the other end of the wire was unmistakably female, and here's what is said to have been wafted into Hiram's ear:

"O yes, you know who's speaking, why I was at the game today, sat in the grandstand and you smiled."

Nobody knows what "Hi" said, he warbled it so softly.

Then the girl answered. "Not particularly, I can see you on King street near the foot about half past eight."

Little did the genial collegian dream that "Dutch" Ervin of the telegraph, female impersonator and burnt cork comedian...

was the girl behind the telephone, so he grabbed his cap and spik and ran in his Yankee trappings left the Dufferin hotel to meet his girl.

"Dutch" had a crowd in hiding at the corner of Canterbury street and when "H" majestically sailed past, they administered the newspaper "holer" to him.

The trick was exposed in a jiffy and with all the look of a practical joke victim, bushes, etc., Foster joined the convulsed party.

If you not down to fighting weight don't hint anything about girls to the Tutts College jester.

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"Illustrious brother of the sun and moon! Look upon the slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live.

"We have read the manuscript with de-

light. By the bones of our ancestors we swear that never have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it, his Majesty, the Emperor, would order us to take it as a criterion and never again print anything which was not equal to it.

When are lesses Scott and Briting to have they our on the B and A. Grounds? They must not forget that the time for another shipment to Sou h Africa is drawing near.

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Is Was Friars of the Ros's still going to pose as an orator, if so he better take a friendly tip and purchase a new book of general recipes. Among his epigrams last Saturday were:

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Etc. etc

Long speeches too are wearisome, even when a L-pew or a L-arrier has the floor.

Isn't it pretty nearly the scale of our other city bands were doing the courteous thing by playing on the Hazen Avenue stand. The City Cornet band is treating the people to a generous programme every week, and to the best of music too, while over in Carleton the West Side band is holding open air musicals as well. It certainly looks as if the 62nd battalion and Artillery bands, which are really the bands of the people, are ashamed to present themselves, but still it they have an excursion or concert on the carpet they

expect the people to attend in large numbers. Come now bandmasters, let us have a few bars and you and your bands will be thought of all the more when your entertainments seasons arrive.

The street railway management has recently ordered the enforcement of the rule preventing passengers from riding on the front of the open air cars. While the habit was very little indulged in, yet those at the head of affairs perhaps thought it safer to keep the front platform clear, as a collision or some other accident might bring about actions for damages. And yet it is a privilege visitors to the city greatly enjoyed, especially the Americans; who were thus enabled to view the town as they could in no other way.

The calves have announced that a campaign is about to be started against expectation in public places, in street cars, and if possible on the sidewalks. All the cities of any importance have laws regarding this ill-bred and dangerous habit and there seems no reason whatever why St. John should go blindly on as a microbe incubator. Laxity of the law and general indifference has given the careless public full license to spit whenever and almost wherever they choose, whether it be the Opera House floor, the electric cars, or some other place or vehicle where crowds congregate. In most cases persons with coughs accompanied by expectoration are more or less diseased, and the doctors tell us that the omitted sputa when it dries bursts into germ life, entering into the very air. Then people wonder why it is tuberculosis is so prevalent, and why it should be that this or that young person should fall a victim to consumption, when all his or her parents and ancestors were the hardiest of people. Dr. Bayard's unpublished letters on the causes of consumption and how to get over them are the most wholesome of reading, and everybody should digest them.

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Street spitting is also becoming a very gross source of annoyance, not to say dangerously common. At night whole crowds of fellows loaf about on corners and alleys and for a lady to pass with a skirt near the ground would be to have that garment bedrabbled with tobacco juice and spits, as well as a copious coating on her shoes to drag into her home.

If new laws are made to cover all these bad habits of a privileged public, they should be enforced to the limit, for as it is the town seems to be doing just as it pleases in this regard. Arrests would only be lessons and fines unmistakable warnings.

"End of the sea!" evidence on the St. Hogs. John streetcars as any of the big cities, and it seems time that some plan should be devised which might be tried on him, (or perhaps "her") in order to make it a little more convenient for passengers in a general rush. To be frank, there is no seat in any public conveyance than can be reserved by any first comer if necessity demands he move up to give the next passenger his right to enter. Take, for instance, the closed electric cars in winter. Only that old lady who rode one cold day to North End has ever dared refuse the conductor's command to "Please move up there!" It was she who absolutely declined to budge for the last corner, because, as she said, having warmed that place, she meant to stay in it! Of course, the gently bred man or woman hasn't to be asked. It is not with the true lady or gentleman that one confounds the "end hog"; but how often, let me ask, has the experience been to crush over the knees and feet of an individual, and have him or her—it is usually her—say apologetically, "I am going to get out soon," and then find it is not the case, for you get out yourself at the next street or so. Unless we are careful about these little courtesies, life for us all will soon become a turmoil, souring of dispositions. Consideration to each other, even in a public street car, is but following out the golden rule. However, preaching is not in our line!

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Under Water.

Strange acquaintances are to be made under water. H Phelps Whitmarsh, who for a time adopted the calling of pearl fisher in Australian waters, tells this story of meeting a submarine monster.

It was a muddy day, and everything in consequence looked blurred and exaggerated. In the yellow distance I saw an immense dark object moving slowly toward me. As it came nearer, I made out a central body with several great arms or feelers waving rhythmically. My heart was in my mouth.

I felt sure it was an octopus. Then, when I was about to stir up the mud at my feet, to avoid being seen, I discovered that the enemy was nothing more than a fellow diver. The feelers I had imagined were his arms, legs and lines.

A shadowy giant about twelve feet high, with huge hands and a head like a small barrel, was approaching. He walked slowly, his heavy boots raising the mud behind him like a cloud of dust, and his great central eye gleamed darkly. Although I knew him to be a man, it with difficulty that I refrained from taking to my heels. At right of me, he too was startled; but he quickly recovered, and we shook hands. Then we nodded, grinned, showed each other the state of our bags, and parted.

No Amuse

Of brilliant advertising will make a brand finally successful. Man are fools to try it. As for us merely tell a tame truth and say Adamson's Botanic Balsam is splendid for coughs. 25c. all Druggists.

MAN-EATING SHARK.

The Story a Mississippi River Pilot Told of His Own Experiences.

Will a shark bite a living human being? The question has been debated hundreds of times, and came up for discussion the other night among a little party at a suburban resort. In spite of the current legend, said one of the group, "I don't believe sharks will attack a living person. I have spent my life near the sea and have heard a hundred stories of swimmers being killed or bitten by the monsters, but all the tales were either at second hand or so vague they would never have passed for evidence in court." "Well, sir," said another of the party, "I believe sharks do kill men, and I have the best of reasons for my belief. I witnessed such a tragedy with my own eyes." The speaker was Captain McLaughlin, one of the oldest and best known bar pilots in the Mississippi river service.

"It happened twenty-one years ago last April," said the captain, when pressed for the details, "but the circumstances are as distinct in my mind as if it had occurred only yesterday. I was out looking for ships, with my partner, Captain Tom Wilson, and the usual crew, and about twelve miles off South Pass we sighted a large sailing vessel, which proved to be the Zephyr from Bath, in charge of Captain Switzer. There was a rival pilot boat nearby, and we both made a rush for the ship to get the job of taking her in."

"Our party was nearest, when Captain Wilson and two sailors put off in a small boat to go aboard, but in their hurry they made a miscalculation and were struck by the bow and capsized. It all happened in a flash, but Wilson and one of the sailors were lucky enough to get hold of the overturned boat and hang on. The other sailor was thrown some distance away into the water."

"He was a big brawny six-foot Swede named Gus Ericsson, and when we saw him come up one of the crew tossed him a circular life buoy, which he seized almost immediately. The buoy was amply sufficient to sustain him, and he put his arms across it and held himself out of the water fully breast high. We had another small boat and started at once to pick up the three men making for Ericsson first."

"When we were less than a hundred feet away I saw a gigantic tiger shark rise and start toward him, and at the next instant the poor fellow shot down out of sight, life buoy and all, like a man going through a trap. We were so horrified that we simply sat still and stared, and what seemed to be two or three minutes elapsed. Then the life buoy suddenly appeared. It must have risen from a great depth, because it bounced at last four feet into the air and fell back with a splash. Of Ericsson we never saw a trace. He went into that shark's jaws as surely as two and two make four."

"We rescued the other men all right," said Capt McLaughlin in conclusion, and Captain Wilson is still alive to bear out what I say. That gentlemen, is my reason for believing that sharks will attack human beings. However, if any one can tell me what became of Ericsson, I am open to conviction."

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It was a muddy day, and everything in consequence looked blurred and exaggerated. In the yellow distance I saw an immense dark object moving slowly toward me. As it came nearer, I made out a central body with several great arms or feelers waving rhythmically. My heart was in my mouth.

I felt sure it was an octopus. Then, when I was about to stir up the mud at my feet, to avoid being seen, I discovered that the enemy was nothing more than a fellow diver. The feelers I had imagined were his arms, legs and lines.

A shadowy giant about twelve feet high, with huge hands and a head like a small barrel, was approaching. He walked slowly, his heavy boots raising the mud behind him like a cloud of dust, and his great central eye gleamed darkly. Although I knew him to be a man, it with difficulty that I refrained from taking to my heels. At right of me, he too was startled; but he quickly recovered, and we shook hands. Then we nodded, grinned, showed each other the state of our bags, and parted.

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IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

My face, my heart, seemed on fire with shame.

“Oh! grandfather, grandfather! how could you vow me to another?”

I wept and wrung my hands, going up and down the garden walks, a dejected maiden in trailing white gown, bare head and my tawny hair unbound and floating over my shoulders.

I thought of Joseph's daughter, going up and down on the mountains, bewailing the fate to which her father had vowed her.

She had her companions to pity her, to weep with her, but I was alone, miserably alone.

My grandfather was old—what could he know of lover or lovers?

I have had been as nothing to him for many a year.

What could Jeanek ow—who had never had a lover, so far as I had ever heard?

I thought of all the tragic maidens I had ever read of—of her, the love born girl of our own house, who rather than go to a hateful bridal, dropped herself into the moat, and so ended all!

Poor, misguided girl! What a terrible blank she made of her God-given life—how I pitied her!

“Come back—come back!” I cried, as if I saw her going to her own undoing.

I must have been hysterical; I scrambled over the ivy, to the top of the wall, and peered over into the dark, sullen waters flowing along below, on the other side.

“Oh! child, child!” it was Jean's voice, and Jean's hand caught hold of my dress.

“What are you doing here, my darling?”

“There was such a sob of tenderness in her tone that I took her outstretched hand and leaped down.

The newly risen moon was shining full upon her face, and I saw that tears were trickling down her cheeks.

“Miss Lettie, surely you are not intending to play that dark tragedy of your house over again?” said she, drawing me to her.

“No, no, no!” I sobbed. “I could not cast away my life so.”

“No, Miss Lettie, our lives are given us to be lived—and to be lived honorably.”

“Jeanie, you do not think me wrong?” I asked, my head on her shoulder.

“I do not think you right, Miss Lettie, nor your grandfather, nor yet Mr. Maitland, whom he as good as kicked out of the house.”

“Kicked!” I gasped.

“Well, he made no fuss, but stood at the hall door and saw him go.”

“Wasn't he?”

“Why, when the bother was?”

“Have you heard, Jeanie? Do you know I'm to marry my cousin Oliver?”

“Yes, dear. He's coming to-night or early to-morrow to claim you.”

“Have you known of this long?”

“Yes for years.”

“And what do you think of it? Why did you never mention it to me?”

“You were such a child, and when you were—well, older, I feared to put my marriage into the affair.”

“Then you don't like the thought of it?”

“It doesn't matter about my liking it; that rests or ought to, with you.”

“I shall hate him.”

“Who?”

“My Cousin Oliver.”

“No, dear, no girl is justified in even saying that much, and certainly not in feeling it of the man she vows to honor; that in, if he is worthy of her, and Mr. Oliver is worthy of any girl.”

“Do you know him?”

“I saw him as a lad—a noble, generous hearted boy he was. But come incoars you are shivering!”

She drew me in and bolted the door.

“Do you know Miss Lettie, I lose my lower by another girl taking him from me. I hadn't even your satisfaction of giving him up at the call of duty,” she whispered, as she kissed me good-night.

“By another girl taking him?”

“Yes, and that girl my own sister. She loved him, and won him from me almost on the eve of our wedding; I let him go and have lived my life, without taking that hard word 'hate' into my heart, or even allowing it to be on my tongue. Good-night Miss Lettie!”

She left me, and I wept myself to sleep, as much for Jeanie as for myself.

But this was real; my ring was certainly missing from my finger.

I searched, and searched, and searched, and when Jeanie came in, she did the same, but it was not to be found.

“Oh, Jeanie! what shall I do?” I cried at last, when we had searched through the room as thoroughly as time afforded.

“Go down to breakfast, Miss Lettie. If your grandfather misses it, as we know he will—well, he's what I heard—tell him the truth, that you can't find it, that you must have mislaid it. Plain de-lig-le jewel, you know, and it must be only mislaid; we have no thieves in the house.”

“And I answered—

“Oh, no, of course no! and went down with some trepidation, on account of what happened yesterday, as well as because of the ring being absent from my finger, a fact which I knew my grandfather's sharp eyes would soon spy out.

It was a costly bauble, because of its stones; of the first water, Jeanie said they were.

There were two such rings among the Marsden jewels; one had been worn by my grandfather's first wife, and was given by him at her death to my Uncle Lionel, and so was lost with him.

My own, as I have said, had been worn by my mother. My grandfather had missed it before I was well seated at table.

I had mislaid it, I said, and he in came my cousin Oliver.

In my consternation about my ring I had forgotten that he was to arrive last night or early to-day, and that this was my betrothal day.

I met him coolly and almost sullenly, for my grandfather had ordered me for his wedding, so coolly and sardoniac a relic; and though, like a poor little hounded me in his arms and wish I had all good wishes, putting in my hand a case containing a set of pearls that had been my mother's as well as slipping a pretty new ring, as his own special present, on my finger, I felt he had not forgotten yesterday.

Nor did I.

My cousin had brought me a waist belt of Australian gold, of beautiful workman-ship, and a small pocket, which he took from his pocket and replaced again, making my cheeks tingle, for I guessed what it was by the look he gave me.

“Well, we got through breakfast, and I must say, I could have liked my cousin if he had not been what he was to me.

He was a fine, handsome man, with dark hair, and a calm mouth; but there was something in his smile and his way of expressing himself, in his manner and his eyes, which made me shudder and grow cold.

With that he set him down to grow hard, and almost browning like my grandfather's.

After breakfast the old man asked for a general search, my cousin taking part with the rest, but the ring was not to be found; and then came an assembling of servants in the hall—my grandfather seemed in a great hurry about it, disappeared into his study, and at ten o'clock he came in the house late, with a scowl on his face, and a host of questions.

“And James the footman being put upon what was he doing as binding as an oath, was constrained to own that he had seen Mr. Maitland—or someone he supposed to be him—hiding through passage, and coming after his dismissal, and that he had followed him till he reached Miss Lettie's suite of rooms, and—well, then he followed him no farther.

The poor fellow stammered, and grew very confused.

“Is that all you know?” thundered my grandfather.

“As for me, I must have turned pale as death, for I felt ready to faint.

“Yes, sir, all except that one of the rooms says he saw Mr. Maitland leap the wall of the Lady's Garden, and hasten to his late.

away—and here he is to say it.”

“And he did say it.”

“And what could I say or do, save to shiver and shake, and cling to Jeanie's arm?”

“You may as go,” said my grandfather, with a wave of his hand, and then he mentioned my cousin to come with him to the library.

I followed.

“No, Lettie; we have no need of you,” said grandfather shortly.

“Let her come, sir,” pleaded my cousin, no doubt reading my desire in my eyes.

“Well, there's little doubt as to who the thief is,” said the grandfather, when I was allowed to form the third with them.

“Who?” asked my cousin.

“Mr. Maitland!”

“The perfidious painter I told you of?”

“But there might be some mistake. It's rather hard to give a man a bad name unless you've really evidence of the fact. He surely would not—could not—

He hesitated and looked at me, a compassionate smile in his eyes.

“He is the thief! He could not purloin the precious thing, he would have a price in it.”

“It is false, grandfather. He has purloined nothing, and you ought not to call a man a thief, even behind his back, till you prove him such,” cried I hotly.

“Softly, little woman, softly!” spoke my cousin.

“I will not go so till my grandfather has taken back that word—‘thief.’”

“Tell me why the fellow came sneaking back, and through the house, whose doors had been shut in his face, but to pilfer and steal! Tell me that,” said my grandfather as sternly as if he had been in the magisterial bench.

“He came to see me, and wish me good-by,” stammered I, my hands itching my burning cheeks.

“A pretty confession for a maid to make, and she betrothed to another?”

“No, sir, do not taunt the child with—”

“With a maid's unmaidenliness,” snarled my grandfather. “The fellow shall be searched for, apprehended,” and he set down to his desk, and drew pen, paper, and ink towards him.

He rang for a servant when he had finished writing.

“Take this to the police station at Framton,” was his mandate, and the servant retired with the note.

My cousin wandered out into the grounds, I crept away, like a poor little hounded de-browned queen, my crown gone—everything I valued, as it seemed to me, scattered; my love an unworthy one, if all they said was true.

It could not be true; he, my unconscious lover, could not have committed so base a deed.

“And yet my heart misgave me against my will.”

“Could it be that last hand clasp was but a thief's trick?”

I had wandered up to the gallery.

I should have screamed as the thought presented itself to my mind; only, the echoes would have tossed the sound about so unmercifully.

I went to where stood my picture, veiled like my poor, humbled life; there it lay, an unfinished thing, like what my future would be—a beautiful something that might have been, but would never be row; incomplete, lacking!

I should live on, and feel and suffer, and my brain rejoice; but not with the exultant jubilation of one with her heart's desire crowned, consummated; nor suffer with that intensity of soul where the harp strings of life are tuned to ecstasy.

A poor, unfinished life, surely, mine would be, very like my picture; and down I sat in the old carved chair, where I had so often sat before, and wept.

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grandfather, it is, my tears falling fast the while.

It was a nice later afternoon.

Would that I could see some difference—some effect even—in the workmanship of the pitiful little bauble I slipped round and round on my finger.

But no, it was the ring—my own ring, and Mr. Maitland must be what they were calling him.

My idol was fallen—battered; and yet I still loved him, even in his abasement—his own uncaring.

The Marsdens were true in love and hate.

If I loved, it must be love for ever; if the story depicted, it was—it must be—love still, and part of an old ballad of my mother's, which I sometimes sang, came lighting through my brain.

“Pray, what is love? O! maiden, say what is victory, what is war?”

“The summer days were never so bright; The hills were covered with a world of light; The birds and meads were never so green; The earth was wrapped in a golden sheen; And when love comes,” he bowed her head. “Love comes, but never goes,” she said.

We were to have a party, a dinner, and a dance after—some would have called it a ball in honor of my eighteenth birthday; a young people's gathering in the house, for the first time in my life.

Ah, me! what a mockery it was when Jeanie dressed me on my first party—I to play hostess and queen of the evening, to dance, and be gay and entertaining; to please my so-called friends and admirers; and be, the beloved of my heart, in durance vile, waiting to be weighed and sifted, as it were, on the morrow, and then to be sent for another period of waiting, to end in a felon's doom.

“He is innocent! he is innocent!” My very heart throbbled the words through that long, miserable farce of dress-

“What cared I what I wore—how I looked?”

I tossed my new gowns and trappings, aside so impatiently, as the order went on that Jeanie, good, patient Jeanie, repeated me.

“Child, to be fracions under a trill is but to increase it—wear, both to yourself and others. I doubt if your poor prisoner in his cell is so ill-disciplined as you. My heart bleeds for you, but my hand is as gentle towards you as on the day I took you from your mother's dying arms,” said she.

And when at this I wept and wept, she told me that my beauty was not my own to mar and spoil for the evening, but my grandfather's, when he had been waiting these eighteen years to see me shine among my fellows.

“Well, we'll reprove an impatient, perverse girl, and you will get little for your pains save pride and sullenness; so, at last, Jeanie let me alone, ready to go down and play hostess for the first time, in all my pretty year—a shimmering white silk gown from London, my mother's pearls, my white bouquet, and I fairly disappeared from the room.

But when she was gone, and I had wept away my rebellion and ill-conditioned kicking against the pricks, my conscience admitted the truth, in regard to what had befallen me; for, simple and unaccustomed to the world and its ways, I knew, as by intuition, it was not the correct thing to allow those stolen meetings with this passing stranger, sitting at our table as such.

“No, no; I had been wrong, and I would go below and own as much to my grandfather, and sue for the poor culprit whose future he was blighting—blasting!

So, when I had bathed my eyes, and become more composed, taking a glance into the glass at my beautiful shimmering self, to see I was as a bride in appearance, would like me to be, I went down, just a humble suppliant, to sue, not for the life, but for that which was equally precious and dear to him—the liberty, of Mr. Maitland.

“Give him his liberty, let him go free without examination or trial, and I'll marry Cousin Oliver.”

This should be my plea; all for love, and the world well lost; was my one-sided view of the matter.

“No thought did I turn to my cousin's playing two parts in such an arrangement. Well, I went down early, before any of our guests had arrived, and found my grandfather sitting alone in the library, as I had hoped, beside a smouldering log fire, for the evening was chilly, the sky overcast, and the sound of rain in the wind, as it swept around the old house.

Grandfather, I said, kneeling beside him, my head on his knee, “I have something to ask—to tell you.”

“Say on, Lettie,” he returned, using that still—old name again.

“Do not send Mr. Maitland for trial; let him go free. He is innocent—I know he is innocent!”

“Tut, child! you're mad to say that, when the ring was found upon him,” spoke grandfather, his tone hard and severe as that of a judge.

“No, no; I can't believe it, grandfather! I cried.

“But seeing is believing. When you have the all-convincing ring upon your finger, how can you persist in your glibly toly?”

“And if he is guilty—which he is not,” were my contradictory words, changing my tactics, “be merciful to him, grandfather—let him go free for my sake, because I have loved him—love him still!”

“Silence, little granddaughter, and listen to me! I will hear no more of these unmaidenly confessions. I believe your very innocence prompts them; but I will not listen to you; Every tub must stand upon its own bottom, as the old saying goes. This fellow has courted his own fate, and he shall bear it, save upon one condition.”

“Yes, grandfather, I know what you mean. I will marry my cousin—I will, indeed; only, release Mr. Maitland.”

“Now, at once, you promise me.”

“Yes I promise it;—I—” I stammered over it.

It seemed like shutting out all life, light, warmth, and gladness from my very being; but for his dear sake—for the sake of my heart's dear love—what would I not do?

Then a figure rose and stepped forward from a distant window.

“It was my cousin Oliver.

“Uncle, why will you torture the poor child in this way when you know you have promised me to release this—this man on the morrow? Why bring her very soul like this?” said he, half sternly.

“To teach her a lesson—to bind her to you!”

“So be it. Cousin Lettie, this Mr. Maitland of yours shall be liberated to-morrow—I promise you.”

He patted me on the head, this good, true cousin Oliver.

My heart yearned towards him with such gratitude, that I caught his hand and kissed it.

“So I had made my plea, and gained it—nay, my cousin had forestalled me, and wrung this concession from my grandfather for me.

When our guests began to arrive, nobody divined, perhaps, what a bitter sweet tumult throbbled at my heart, under my skimming gown.

I got through my first dinner with credit then followed a wandering at will—for those who preferred it—about the rambling old house, and dancing in the long, echoing saloon, ablaze with lights.

It opened out into a conservatory, where, at one end was a green bank, with an alcove-like seat, overhung with creepers.

It was a device of my mother's—here she used to sit and dream her girlish dreams; and, as dance followed dance, I managed to creep away and sit in this alcove of retreat, for a breathing time, and to think—of what?

A poor, proud, indignant prisoner. Like a lion in a net, shut away from everybody, a stigma upon his name for evermore; and I was here in this shimmer of life and beauty the gayest of the gay, to all seeming.

“Oh, mother, mother, mother!”

The cry had never escaped my lips before, long in my happy life I had never missed her; but now—oh! to lay my head on her bosom and whisper all in her sympathetic ear, to feel her caressing fingers among my hair!

“Little Cousin Lettie! It was my cousin Oliver!

I intuitively shrank from him, as he took my hand.

“Child! Do not evade me like that! Do not think I have come to claim you like a little hand slave. No, no! No honorable man chooses his wife so.”

“You have no choice,” said I in a low voice.

“Oh! haven't I? Every man has as much freedom as that—to choose his own wife, his own life-companion.”

“You will lose this estate!”

“Well, what of that? All for love, and the world well lost? Is not that something like what you are doing?”

“I—I—I stammered.

“Little cousin, it is cruel perjury to vow yourself away to one man, to save another you love. Think of it!”

His voice was kind, but grave.

“We were both vowed away, years ago,” I reminded him.

“Yes; but we needn't ratify the vow and make ourselves miserable.”

“But—but what can we do?”

“Let it stand over, Lettie. It takes two to make a bargain, and there's only one ready in the present instance, and that one is not you! Now, shall we go back and dance one dance together—that is, it's not our own. Remember, you are as free as air with regard to any contract or condition our elders made for us in the past!”

He led me back to the life, the gaiety, the dancing, and kept me by him as much as he could, seeing I was hostess and had to be here, there, and every where and to be all things to all men, as he laughingly whispered to me.

That night I lay down, my mind in a maze of joy, hope, perplexity, and wonder.

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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Sunday Reading. The Story the Doctor Told.

By Harry Ide Hallmark in Ladies' Home Journal.

It was Sunday morning in summer. All was peace and quietude. There was sunshine after a fortnight of dreary weather.

The whitewashed assembly room of the insane was transformed this Sunday morning. The money of the rich who made of philanthropy a cult, and the flowers of those who loved all humanity, depraved or diseased, for the dear Christ's sake, had made of this place a bower.

The imbeciles sat in rows on a large platform waiting for the organ music. They were dressed in white. Some were nervous and d-d-j ected, others were giggling and nudging their neighbours as they saw come into the room a pauper whom they knew. Some of the paupers in the room looked on with glee; others with contempt.

A few elegant women with their maids were eying the scene with an enthusiasm born of well doing. The doctors, keen eyed, eager, watchful, were sprinkled through the audience. The head nurse was talking to a distinguished nerve specialist as eminent in letters as in medicine.

Leaning against the wall was a brain surgeon of international repute; over in a corner lounged a man who knew more about insanity than the insane could tell him.

The resident physician was in his adjoining office talking to a nurse. He kept his eyes shifting to and from a bent woman who sat by the window. Her face showed a pair of weary eyes, beyond weeping, and as she lifted her veil for a moment a mouth of unusual melancholy.

In a few minutes a lovely woman, in the last of her twenties, came through the door from the room where the paupers were singing.

"You want me, Doctor?" she said, and greeted the doctor's sister who stood near.

"Yes, I sent for you," the physician said, "to tell you a story." He continued after a pause: "They say that you are proud and cold, Miss Carter, as well as the most sought after woman in society, but Alice and I know better than that, including his sister with a half turn of the head."

"This is a beautiful Sunday morning; you might have heard a sermon had you stayed in there; but instead I want you to hear a story. God grant that it may end with a benediction," he added in a prayerful tone under his breath.

"I want to tell you the story of this lady who sits here," he went on. "It won't take long, and you will be interested. She is nearly fifty years old, and in those glorious old days before the civil strife Virginia knew no loverlier girl."

"Her father sent her to a well known seminary near Charlottesville, for Virginia was the land of her dear, dead mother. Her father was a Philadelphian, and had great expectations for his daughter. He would make her rich; she was already beautiful; she would be a leader in society; she would marry a great man. But she married a senior at the University, and they kept the marriage quiet until he should be graduated."

"Foolish? Yes; but they loved each other ardently. The day that he was graduated they announced their marriage to a few friends, and a month afterward he was in that hopeful band of young Virginians who followed Lee."

"One day a little girl was born, and, a fortnight after, a straggling soldier brought a letter from the boy husband with his last goodby. He saw death the same day that the babe saw life. The young mother's father had never written to her since the day she announced her marriage, and in her poverty and agony she came to Philadelphia to find him. She found no trace of him, for he had gone to the support of the victorious flag, and had met death when honor had just crowned him."

Miss Carter was leaning forward with both arms on the table watching the doctor's face with growing interest. He loved a dramatic story, and he was telling this one with all the resources of voice at his command.

"In this city," the doctor went on, "she found no one to whom she could turn. She had placed her hopes on her father, and he was gone.

Some rich people whom she had heard her father speak of as philanthropists, and watched in the icy twilight while the butler took the child into the warmth. She, poor girl, hurried away to face a six months' illness in the charity ward of a hospital.

"Truth is stranger than fiction, for when she applied to a church society for sewing she found it possible, upon application, to get clothes to make for the adopted child of the philanthropist. For twenty-four years she has sewed for this child; first its baby garments, so delicate, demanding such gentle work; then the underwear for the school girl; then the dainty things for the young lady in society.

"Women friends of the girl wondered and grew anxious at the exquisite work done on these garments; each was hand-made, delicate as a spider's web. Three times a year the girl would send for the seamstress, and each time the girl would be touched with hands that trembled, and had her eyes noted the woman's that look of love and hunger must have had its explanation.

"Time and again the mother would pray to God to give her strength not to say a word nor give a look that would ruin this girl's chances of wealth and happiness. She would beguile the girl into talking of her beaux and her parties, of her life as a young lady, and of her hopes, and ambition as a school-girl. When the girl's beauty became society's pride the mother kept every mention of her daughter's name made by the newspapers, and when her ball gown was described she knew that in them was the work of hours of her love. Twice the papers rumored her betrothal, and the seamstress would find a pretext, some new measurement, to go to the house and ask the girl if the rumor were true. When it was denied she was happy, for she knew that the girl was safe in her present home.

"Then came an awful day. The girl went to Europe with the philanthropist, and the seamstress had to find other work. Four years she has been struggling, but her eyes gave out, and to-day she sits here an applicant for a room in the almshouse, and the doctor's voice broke.

"On this beautiful Sunday morning," he went on, she has just walked from the hospital and has given up," and the doctor turned away sobbing.

The veiled head of the woman had dropped on the table. Miss Carter was edging her hand along the side of the table. She reached the bowed head and moved her hand over it. Slowly she drew the veil back, revealing first the mouth, then the weary eyes; it was the face of the dear old lady who had made her underwear from childhood.

"Oh, you poor, suffering—oh, my mother!" cried the girl as she dropped to her knees and gazed at the woman with tear-filled, imploring eyes.

"Oh, my child!" cried the woman; "this is all wrong! It is the doctor's doing. I did not know he was going to tell you anything. I did not know you were in this country. I mustn't make your life wretched. You have others to think of, and you are in luxury and comfort. Oh! it is cruel to have told you—forget it, forget it!"

The girl drew the needle-scarred but still aristocratic hands down from the half-blind eyes.

"Forget it?" she cried, as she caught her mother in her arms. "I have just begun to live. Oh! thank God for this revelation. He whom you left me with—my Uncle Jack as I called him—is dead, and has left me all his money. They told me I was an orphan, who had been left to them, and let me think you were dead. But I am rich, do you hear?—rich, and we shall have all that the world gives; and your eyes shall be made well. You shall give to these people, instead of being one of them; we shall never know a sorrow. Oh, my mother! I am so happy; I will be so good to you."

The mother took the young face between her hands and dwelt upon every line and feature. "Then, 'My child!' she cried as she surrendered.

"Oh, I am so happy!" cried the girl, as she bent over the worn old wedding ring and kissed it between her sobs.

And from the hall came the voice of the man of God in solemn tones, over the heads of the paupers, saying: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, be with you, now and forevermore. Amen!"

Too Late.

Not long ago a young man of twenty was arraigned in one of the Boston district courts for assault with intent to kill. The case as reported was so peculiar that the writer took occasion to look into with care. The preliminary history of the boy is interesting, because it indicates a dangerous road down which any hot-blooded youth is liable to take a swift descent.

Charles, as we will call him, belonged to

a respectable family, but from very early years he showed a fiery temper, and his parents were too busy or too thoughtless to correct and restrain it. The habit of giving way to anger grew upon him, and he became quite uncontrollable. At times no one dared to oppose him, and the youth who was generally pleasant and good-natured, became the periodic tyrant of the household.

At one time he beat his little brother into insensibility, and might have killed him, had he not been forcibly restrained. The apology made for him at home was, 'It's Charlie's infirmity. He can't help it.'

When his father died the young man began to earn his own living, and contribute to the support of his mother and uncle, who lived in the same house. Before long he lost his place, owing to an outburst of temper, which his employer would not excuse. He found out in other ways that people outside his own family were not disposed to treat his 'infirmity' with much indulgence, but the lesson apparently did him no good.

Early one morning Charles went to his uncle and demanded two bank-books that he knew were in his uncle's possession. Receiving a refusal, he flew into one of his fits of rage. Beside himself, and probably not clearly knowing what he did, he seized a cane and struck his uncle several blows till the old man sank to the floor. In an instant, terrified at his own violence, the youth came to his own senses; but it was too late.

People expressed surprise when he was arrested, as he was considered generally a well-behaved boy. The newspapers said: "He bears an excellent reputation, and is quiet in manner. Too long neglect of self-government was the only explanation of his crime. When asked why he did it, he replied: 'I just got mad.'"

On last Christmas day a boy of nineteen got into a quarrel with his father at the table. The father, it is true, was drunk and abusive; but the boy, who ought to have controlled himself, became transported with rage, and snatching up a knife, stabbed his father in the arm. He was tried for manslaughter, and the jury failed to convict him, he will carry with him to the day of his death the consciousness that he is a patricide. He gave loose rein to an unbridled temper, and when the bounds of filial sensibility and of law and order were overstepped, it was too late.

"Anger is a short madness," (but it is also a swift mischief); and a mad moment may ruin a lifetime. Unless early checked, a fiery temper becomes one's master. Its best antidote is the study of the Great Example—a timely cultivation of self control under divine aid. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

AFTER-DINNER STORIES.

Anecdotes Related by Senator Chanancy M. Depew.

Senator Depew's fame as a teller of amusing stories and anecdotes is quite as widespread and well-founded as are his achievements as a man of affairs. It is therefore, to have him indicate a few of the anecdotes which seem to him to contain the essential ingredients of that rare work of art, "a good story," and the following tales are the result of this selection.

Englishmen, as a race apart are sensitive about their slowness in appreciating the point of a joke, and sometimes in their efforts to cover up this national defect they succeeded only in getting deeper in the mire of their mental bettledement, as the following illustration given by Senator Depew demonstrates:

"I was delivering a speech at the annual banquet of the St. George's Society, and in the course of my talk I casually remarked that if my jokes were not always appreciated by my British hearers at the moment they were sprung upon them, by the time the next yearly dinner came around they were sure to see the point. 'I don't think that's such a dandy thing to say,' growled a stolid, red faced son of Johnny Bull, who sat opposite me at the table. He had broken in loudly and interrupted my flow of language. 'Oh,' I replied before taking up the thread of my speech, 'that's all right, my dear fellow. You'll see the fun in it a year from now.'"

The Wit That Won the Teachers' Woodchuck.

To illustrate the position of one of the great national parties during a campaign noted for its partisanship, Mr. Depew tells this story of the youthful politician and the woodchuck:

"The tutor in one of the smaller schools near my native town of Peckskill had drilled a number of his brightest scholars in the history of contemporary politics, and to test both their faith and their knowledge he called upon three of them one day and demanded a declaration of personal political principles:

"You are a Republican, Tom, are you



"If you

see a thing too often, you no longer see it; if you hear a thing too often, you no longer hear it." Perhaps you've seen and heard so much of "Pearline" that it makes no impression upon you. Then it's time to wake up and look about and see what Pearline is doing for other women. Pearline gives the easiest, quickest, most economical washing and cleaning.



not?" "Yes, sir." "And Bill, you are a Prohibitionist, I believe?" "I am, sir." "Well, now, the one of you that can give me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck which I caught on my way to school this morning." "I am a republican," said the first boy, "because the Republican party saved the country in the war and abolished slavery." "And Bill, why are you a Prohibitionist?" "I'm a Prohibitionist," rattled off the youth, "because rum is the country's greatest enemy and the cause of our overcrowded prisons and poorhouses." "Excellent reasons, Bill!" remarked the tutor encouragingly. "Now, why are you a Democrat, Jim?" "Well, sir," was the slow reply, "I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck."

"And he got it, too," added Mr. Depew. The Colored Porter who runs a Railroad. Senator Depew does not tell how the following came to be reported to him, but it is such a good story that he uses it continuously in dismissing dignified bores or influential beggars from his office. The Senator was on his summer vacation when a pompous little man called to see him and encountered the colored porter who guards the outer gates of the Depew sanatorium. "I want to see Chanancy Depew," said the little man.

"You can't see him. He's gone to Europe, sah."

"Well, then I'll see his secretary."

"Sorry, sah, but Mistah Deval, he's done gone to Europe."

"Then I'll see Corn-lius Vanderbilt."

"He's in Newport, sah."

"Well, is W. K. Vanderbilt in?"

"No, sah. He's done gone to Newport too."

"That so? Then I'll see the Vice President of the road."

"He's in Albany, sah."

"How about the second vice president?"

"He's down to Long Branch, sah."

"Is the Superintendent in?"

"He's out inspectionin' de road, sah."

"How about General Passenger Agent Daniels?"

"He went away to Cape May dis maw nin'."

"Who in thunder is running this road, anyway?" shouted the little man, getting very red in the face.

"Well, I tell you, boss," replied the ebullient attendant, "dis yere road is run by de Lord, sah, an' dere ain't nobody needed 'round to look after things but me."

Reminiscence of Daniel Webster.

As a balk-headed slip at a well known member of Congress who is too fond of looking upon the wine when it is unlined, Mr. Depew tells this anecdote:

"The member of Congress was being shaved by an aged colored barber in Washington. The shop was a favorite one with the prominent men of the Capital, and the old dandy who presided over it often boasted that he had shaved every great statesman since the Madison Administration, which may or may not have been true. The member of Congress returned to was being shaved by the veteran one day, when he said to the latter:

"Uncle, you must have shaved many famous men?"

"Oh, yes, sah; I has indeed."

"And a great many of those famous persons must have sat in this very chair where I am sitting, eh?"

"Dat's right, sah. Deys set jes' whar yo' is a settin' dis moment, sah. Yes, sah. An' I've jes' been a noticin' a mighty curious similarity between yo' and Daniel Webster, sah."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the highly delighted law-maker. "Is the similarity in the shape of my head, Uncle?"

"Oh, no, sah. 'Tain't dat."

"Is it my manner?"

"No, boss, 'tain't yore manner nudder; hit's yore bress."

The Hotel Clerk's Liquid Autograph.

Here is a typical Depew story, and its author is particularly fond of this off-pring, born as it was under sunny skies and rehabilitated to point a moral in one of the Senator's famous political speeches: "Last time I was travelling in the South

I had to put up over night at a second-rate hotel in Western Georgia. I said to the clerk when I entered: 'Where shall I autograph?'

"Autograph?" said the clerk.

"Yes; sign my name, you know."

"Oh, right here." As I was signing my name in the register, I came thro' a roughly clothed, unshorn fellow immediately recognizable as genuine Georgia Cracker. One of the men advanced to the desk.

"Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, his face aglow with the pleasure that comes from the consciousness of intellectual superiority.

"Certainly," said the Georgia Cracker, his face no less radiant than that of the clerk; mine's eye."

"There was no escape for the clerk, and he treated with as good grace as he could command under the circumstances. Next morning I said to him: 'That was too bad, the way you got caught last night.'

"Well, I suppose I shouldn't complain," he replied; "but the next time I speak a foreign language in my own country I'll know what I am talking about."

Mr. Tabor's Bloodless Battle.

A great deal has been made of Radyard Kipling's connection with the Thorsomenden School, in Kent, England. His contribution to the publication issued by this school has attained world-wide fame. The best-known head master that the school ever had is now living in New York, directing clubs for boys. He is Francis H. Tabor, who was head master from 1890 to 1894. His father was head master in 1857, and the present incumbents are young Mr. Tabor's cousin and brother-in-law.

To get a kick. Within an hour he was beaten ten games. It went on this way for three nights without the stranger winning a single game. Finally he turned to the club member and asked:

"Say, do you know the superintendent of this club?"

"Why?"

"Oh, nawthin, only I'm a-goin' to lick him. I've licked every superintendent this club has ever had, and I don't intend to break my rule now. Say?"

"Well, you've got to fight better than Mr. Tabor, jr. left Horsemenden in 1894 and went to Cambridge university. Thence he came to New York, where his special fitness for instructing an entertaining boys won for him instant success. Mr. Tabor is smooth of face, slight of build, but he has muscles of steel and he does not know what fatigue means. One night at his club a young man lounged in with his hands in his pockets and an ugly look on his face. He happened into the checker room, and sat down.

They began a game and the visitor failed you play checkers if you lick this superintendent, and you'd better begin right off, because I'm the man you're lookin' for."

"I guess we'll break the rule this time. If you can fight as well as you play checkers I'm not in your class," was the slow reply.

Colors the Hen Didn't Like.

The people of Elkhart, Indiana, affirm that whatsoever the defects of hens in general, they have seen one hen which was not color-blind. She and her brood were displayed in a druggist's window, says a dispatch to the Louisville Commercial, as an advertisement for dyes.

The druggist dyed the twenty chickens, some red, some brown, blue, violet, green and yellow. The hen, a big Plymouth Rock, evinced a remarkably violent dislike for the little fellows who wore the red and the brown, and fought them from her with all the vehemence at her command. She regarded the others with varying degrees of favor, and was particularly fond of her violet-hued offspring.

As night came on and the difference in colors became less noticeable, the hen's antipathy always lessened, and by the time the electric lights were turned on she would have all the twenty snuggled under her wings. Day-light, however, was sure to bring on a renewal of her troubles.

"Sure, Pat, and what are ye wearin' ye'r coat buttoned up like that for on a warm day like this?"

"Faith, ye'r reverence, to hide the shirt Oi haven't got on."

of that, I said, kneeling beside head on his knee, 'I have some-ask—to tell you.'

He returned, using that name again. "I'll be bound," he said, "to send Mr. Maitland for trial; let free. He is innocent—I know he is!"

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Dangerous Tools for Lunatics.

The lunatic problem is very troublesome in Louisiana just now in consequence of the rapid increase of the insane, especially among the negroes, due probably to the general use of cocaine and other drugs. The increase in lunacy in the State has been so rapid of late that although the insane asylum at Jackson has been added to every few years, it is unable to accommodate a large number of the insane, who are accumulating in all the parishes, but especially in New Orleans, awaiting for a vacancy to occur in the asylum by death or discharge. These lunatics are confined in the local jails, places usually unsuited to them, and in which they suffer the greatest hardships, being usually without the necessary attendance and treatment. An investigation by the authorities in New Orleans a few days ago disclosed such a frightful condition of affairs among the lunatics that the city has decided to erect a temporary asylum where they can be confined until the State has room in which to quarter them. Meantime, they are confined in a private institution, the city paying their board.

This overcrowding of the State Asylum has led to another evil. In view of the fact that there was no accommodation for the lunatics, except the noisome police jail the milder lunatics—those who were believed to be safe and quiet, have been allowed to run at large. On June 24 a severe lesson was taught when one of these harmless lunatics, Richardson, by name, ran amuck through the principal streets of New Orleans, killing a former friend, Schlossel, and a boy, Whitaker. The lunatic himself would have been lynched by a mob, who knew nothing of his insanity, but for the sheriff.

Several other affairs of this kind have impressed upon the people of Louisiana the fact that no lunatics are harmless, and a demand has been made on the Legislature for a large increase in the appropriation for the asylum, so as to enable it to provide for all. There are 1,157 insane persons confined in the asylum and the total would be increased to 1,500 if there was room enough in the institution. The increase in the inmates has been at the rate of five per cent a year, showing a remarkable development of insanity in Louisiana. Some of the increase may be due to the fact that cases of lunacy were concealed before; whereas now that the State Insane Asylum enjoys such enviable reputation as one of the best in the country, with an extraordinary percentage of cure, the wealthiest families in the State prefer to send their weak minded to the Jackson asylum rather than to private institutions as they did formerly.

Of the inmates, 422, or nearly one half are negroes, and it is remarked as a curious fact that whereas among the whites the males exceed, at the rate of four to three, the female lunatics, the contrary is the case among the negroes, where the woman lunatics are in a majority.

In the last few years, under the administration of the present superintendent, Dr. G. A. B. Hays, the methods pursued in the treatment of the insane have been radically changed with a most salutary result. Some change became necessary when the number of inmates increased so rapidly without a corresponding increase in the revenues provided by the legislature. It became necessary to economize, and Dr. Hays decided to try to make the institution self supporting believing that this would be beneficial, not only from a financial point of view, but would tend to support the mental health of the lunatics. The result is that the asylum is one of the most cheaply run in the country, at a cost of only \$80 per capita a year; although most comfortable and convenient in all respects. The asylum is surrounded by handsome flower gardens, with here and there fountains flowing around the flowers and looks more like a public park or pleasure ground than an insane asylum.

This is accomplished with the meagre allowance made by the Legislature, mainly through employing the labor of the lunatics themselves, and this labor not only gives the lunatics pleasure and comforts they would not otherwise have, but it has, the superintendent thinks, a decidedly good physical and mental effect, employing what minds they have left and in many cases restoring the physical health.

It has been a matter of some years to perfect this system of working the lunatics. A number of them of course, could not be employed at all at any useful occupation, the violent lunatics and idiots,

As to the others, it was necessary to determine by trial and experience what work they were suited for, how far they could be trusted and how long they could work. It can be stated as a general proposition that the lunatic, no matter how wild his mental make up, cannot perform anywhere near the same amount of work in any line as a sane person. He becomes tired or restless in a few hours and it will not pay to work him after he shows the slightest fatigue or dissatisfaction. Up to that point, however, he will work well and efficiently and even seems to become interested in what he is doing. By studying the tendencies and methods of each individual lunatic, it is possible to get out of him nearly as much work as a sane man can do, and during these working hours he is capable not only of crude, rough work, but even of tasks requiring very considerable skill. Thus all the carpentering work in the asylum is done by lunatics, all the bread eaten as well by the inmates as by the inmates is baked by lunatics, and possibly the greatest achievement of all, the engineer who runs the engines which supply the asylum with water, heat and light, is a lunatic.

Perhaps the most serious problem in this connection is the fact that the lunatics are necessarily provided with tools or implements that may become dangerous in their hands should their madness assume a homicidal form as is always possible. The asylum revises all the vegetables it needs with lunatic labor, and its magnificent garden is kept in order by the inmates themselves. The men are furnished with spades and pickaxes, while the workmen those who cut fuel, carry axes. It would seem a most serious risk to work with men who are liable to break out into maniacal fury at any time, but so far this plan has worked admirably, and there has not been a serious accident to any of the inmates because of a man injuring himself or attempting to injure the others. The only

assault made was by one of the female lunatics employed in housekeeping work. In a fit of mania she attacked one of her companions with a mop and attempted to beat out her brains, but was restrained in time. In furnishing the lunatics with implements and tools that can be used as weapons the greatest care and attention are required. The lunatics are tested before the axes are given them. At the slightest evidence of any dangerous mental disturbance they are deprived of these weapons.

The amount of work got from the lunatics in this way is almost beyond belief; and it is probable that the lunatics contribute more to their own support than the state itself does. The women do all the house cleaning work, run the laundry, make all their own clothing, as well as the suits and underclothing used by the male lunatics. All the cooking is done by the inmates, the kitchen force being equally divided between men and women—for the sexes are necessarily separated in the asylum. In the matter of wearing apparel the asylum provides only shoes, socks and stockings and the heavier wearing apparel of the men; everything else needed is made in the asylum.

So far has the self supporting system been carried that the lunatics raise their own tobacco, which is cured and distributed among those male inmates who are smokers, without the loss of a cent to the asylum. As a consequence the asylum needs a very small force of nurses and attendants. There are only twenty male and twenty-two female attendants.

There are in addition superintendents who direct the work. The attendants work side by side with the lunatics and encourage them to labor; but labor is not compulsory in any way; nor do they receive any reward or compensation. It is found, however, that except in the case of the more violent, a lunatic, when he sees the others at labor, is anxious to join in himself.

But while the Insane Asylum has accomplished so much good, it cannot keep up with the increase in lunacy in Louisiana and the Legislature declares that it cannot give all that is asked or needed, and has cut down the appropriation \$20,000 this year, with the result that a great many persons who should be confined in the asylum will be shut out. And if the increase in negro lunatics keeps up, as it is likely

to do, now that the use of cocaine and other drugs has become so general, it is likely to prove more than troublesome.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Symptoms That Point out That Dreaded Disease.

The name rheumatism is applied to a great variety of affections accompanied with pain in the joints or muscles, some of them more of a gouty or uric acid nature, others probably of infectious origin, and others still the expression of some disease of the nervous structures. Acute articular, or inflammatory, rheumatism, is a disease characterized by pain and swelling in one or more of the joints, usually the larger ones, such as the knee, together with fever of more or less intensity. It is a disease of temperate climates, especially in cold and damp regions, being seldom seen in the tropics. It occurs in this country chiefly in late winter and early spring, although it may occur, particularly on the seacoast, at any time of the year. In England it is said to be most frequent in the autumn.

It attacks persons between the ages of fifteen and forty more commonly than those who are older or younger.

Physicians are not yet agreed as to its nature, although many now incline to regard it as a germ disease. It begins gradually, with slight aching in the limbs, sore throat, and a general feeling of depression. The appetite fails, the tongue is heavily coated, often there is complaint of headache and of chilly sensations, and the sufferer is generally 'out of sorts.' There is feverishness, and as this increases, pain and swelling appear in one or more of the large joints. The joints attacked are hot, red and exquisitely painful, and have every appearance of being severely inflamed.

All these symptoms may disappear in a single night from one joint, and appear at the same time in another; and so the disease may go on, attacking one joint after another, those first affected recovering much of their tone and function. One of the characteristic symptoms is profuse perspiration; the skin is not red and dry, as in most fevers, but cool, moist, and sometimes actually dripping with sweat.

The disease may come to an end in a week or ten days, or it may go on attacking joint after joint, and when all have suffered it may begin over again, and so go

on indefinitely. As long as the rheumatism is confined to the joints there is little danger, although occasionally it results from excessive fever; but there is always danger that it may attack the lining membrane of the heart and cripple the organ permanently. Rarely it attacks the membrane of the brain, causing violent delirium or death.

SHAVED HIS HEAD.

Pretty Girl in a Kiltway Feels Suppressed as Smart Drummer.

'Anything wrong?' asked the hotel clerk of the drummer who had just got home from the east.

'I was thinking,' was the reply, 'I rode from Buffalo to Toledo with the prettiest girl I ever saw.'

'But that didn't hurt you. Who was she?'

'Can't tell.'

'You didn't introduce yourself and get her card in return?'

'No.'

'No particular trouble, eh?' politely inquired the clerk.

'Well, it was this way,' replied the traveler, as he braced up for the question.

'She sat opposite me, you know, and I tried for an hour to catch her eye. She simply ignored me, and gazed out of the window. Then I rose and went for a magazine, but she declined with thanks. Ten minutes later I bought a new novel out, but she said she didn't want to read. Then I bought some fruit, but she would accept none. She also ignored me when I tried to draw her out of music.'

'But you persisted?'

'Oh, yes. That is, I was about to make another attempt to enter into conversation when the train came to a halt in town, and the girl beckoned me over. I was there in an instant, and with the sweetest smile you ever saw she asked if I would do her a slight favor.'

'With all my heart,' I answered to say.

'Well,' she said, among even more sweetly, 'suppose you leave the train here and take the next one that calls at your home. You have made me dead tired, and I feel like taking a nap.'

'Go gracious,' whispered the clerk.

'Yes, sir,' said the drummer, as he reached for a cigar, and I went to my room and sat and thought and tried and figured out. Perhaps it was all right the road settled down at home.'



PLEASANT REFLECTIONS.

Chat of the Boudoir.

To dress well is an art, and all women are not artists, but to dress appropriately to the occasion is a possible acquirement for every one, and according to the old English proverb, "All is fine that is fit."

A truly refined woman would rather follow than lead a fashion, and she is not well dressed who seems herself to be necessary to her clothes.

"Full dress," means a gown with low neck and short sleeves irrespective of elegance. It is worn at balls, the opera, at dinners musicales and other entertainments at private houses. Many persons wear full dress in the evenings. After six o'clock it is correct never before.

For a ball the essential quality of a gown is its freshness. Simplicity often gives an added charm to the wearer is youthful. To the married women should be left the silks, satins, brocades and velvets, the spangled laces and embroidered crepes.

Dainty, diaphanous materials are most becoming to young faces. White organza chiffon, mousseline de soie, tulle and China crepe are some of the gossamer fabrics that led one enthusiast to remark that their wearers seemed the connecting link between woman and angels!

Girls wear in their hair natural or artificial flowers, gauze, -ringed butterflies, or tied bows of ribbon chiffon; married women, pearls and ostrich tips.

Long white kid gloves, and patent leather slippers, or satin ones matching the gown, complete the toilette.

Girls wear little jewelry—only a string of pearls, or ribbon about the throat holding a small pendant, while married women exhaust the resources of their jewel-boxes. The only difference between tea dress at a ball and an informal dance is in the degree of elegance.

Dressing for Opera, Theatre and Dinners At the opera the women in the boxes appear in all the bravery of ball attire with jewels galore.

In England women do not hesitate to wear 'decollate' gowns at a theatre, concert or even in a public restaurant, but in America it is thought more seemly to wear a high necked gown, or a guimpe and long sleeve of lace and chiffon to fill in a low bodice, even at the opera, when not within the shelter of a box.

White gloves—only are worn at the theatre. Consideration for others has banished hats. Those who wear them upon entering, remove them before the curtain rises.

For large dinners women reserve their finest gowns. They are subject to closer inspection and risk no décolletage at dances. Low neck and short sleeves are worn universally except by elderly or delicate women, who cover neck and arms with some becoming arrangement of lace or chiffon. Patent leather or satin slippers and white gloves are worn. The latter are removed at table and resumed in the drawing room or not as one pleases.

At informal dinners the gowns are often of black tulle juttred or spangled, black satin with low trimmed bodices, or elaborate high waists of chiffon or lace are worn with skirts of silk, satin or velvet.

Young girls make a distinction in their dress for little dinners by wearing lace or chiffon sleeves with their low necked gowns.

A hostess shows good taste in dressing somewhat more simply than her guests. It is optional whether or not she wears gloves. For luncheons, reception and afternoon teas the guests wear street costumes, removing their wraps in the hall or in an upper room, but retaining their hats. The hostess and those receiving with her may be dressed as elegantly as they please, but high necked gowns only are worn, with out bonnets and often without gloves. In making her debut the young girl generally wears white.

When a Tea-Gown May be Worn. Tea-gowns, despite the name, are not worn at teas, nor is any semi-loose garment suitable in which to appear in public. They originated at English country houses, and were found convenient to slip on after retreating from ride or drive before dressing for dinner. The house-party would meet for afternoon tea, and if callers dropped in the informality of the occasion excused the neglect. In America they are worn occasionally by ladies who receive every week in the season, or at very small luncheons, and are supposed to indicate great informality.

For "days at home" girls and young married women wear pale shades of cloth with pretty bodices; light silks, China crepes, or light bodices of silk or chiffon, with dark skirts. For older women, Fashion's present edict imposes dressy

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

black gowns in all varieties—such as before described for little dinners, but always made with high necked bodices, or simple silk or satin gowns worn with lace fichus.

Dressing for the Home and for the Street At home a woman should be guided in her manner of dressing by an even greater desire to please than elsewhere. Her husband may be the most unobservant of men, but he will know when she looks neat and attractive, with hair newly dressed, and some pretty arrangement about the bodice of her gown.

It is a reversal of the proprieties when a mother dresses her daughters in a more expensive style than herself.

In the street elaborate dressing is in bad taste. The old rule, "dress so as to pass unobserved," seems to have changed to "dress so as to challenge admiration," but a gentleman who can afford to dress expensively would have her carriage to drive in.

A costume of dark cloth, rough or smooth, with a becoming hat, not too large, stout boots, and dogskin gloves, worn rather loose, is the fashionable morning attire for the street in winter. A woman's appearance must suggest that quality expressed in the slang of the day as "well groomed." For shopping, morning classes, charity meetings or informal visiting such dress is appropriate.

Dressing for Driving and Riding. For driving and coaching we now imitate the good sense and practical utility of English women's dress. No guimpe parasols, no dainty furbelows, but garments that fear neither sun, rain nor dust. A driving coat, covert jacket or golf cape, a hat without feathers, and which will stay on, defying wind and weather, a small parasol that shades one's eyes without imperiling those of one's neighbor, is an ideal outfit for a drive.

For riding the fashionable habit is of Oxford gray cloth, black, or invisible green, made severely plain. When not mounted the wearer loops the train on a button at the back, which gives the skirt the appearance of an ordinary walking gown. In front it clears the ground by two inches.

A single breasted jacket, long enough over the hips to almost touch the saddle, and cut away in front, is worn over a waistcoat or flannel waist. In summer it is worn over a shirt-waist and left unbuttoned, or discarded altogether. Trousers or black tights are worn under the skirt.

A Derby hat, or a sailor in the country, dogskin gloves and a crop of "Wanghee" (a flexible reed tipped with silver) complete the costume.

Costumes for Golf and Bicycling. For golf the regulation attire is a cloth skirt, three inches from the ground, flannel waist, jacket of scarlet cloth, and soft felt Alpine hat, trimmed with plaid silk scarf and long quill. For summer a duck skirt and shirt-waist are worn, with Alpine hat of stitched duck, with scarf and quill or pompon or straw sailor, and chamouis gloves buttoned on the back of the hand. Russet shoes with hobnails or bits of rubber on the soles are worn to prevent slipping.

For bicycling a skirt of double-faced cloth requiring no lining, three inches from the ground, with a jacket of covert, is worn with a flannel or shirt waist, according to the season, or the entire costume may be of the same cloth—including the Tyrolean hat—with cock feather at the side. Some prefer skirts of duck or heavy linen in summer.

For rainy days girls are adopting the sensible fashion of wearing their golf suits.

For travelling nothing is better than a costume of blue serge or other serviceable woolen goods, tailor-made. The hat should be chosen with discretion. A becoming one gives a woman a distinct moral support. It should be small that the brim may not catch in the wind, and without feathers that fear dampness, or flowers that change in sunshine.

The Traveller and the Stay-at-Home. An ulster and soft felt hat are best for steamer wear, with calskin boots or rubber soled russet ones.

At hotel tables a gentleman, when

traveling, dresses so as to attract no attention. At breakfast a cloth or serge gown, with waist to match or a simple silk bodice, would be appropriate, and for dinner a more elaborate bodice with black silk or satin skirt, or a plain gown with pretty lace fichu. Nothing bizarre, no exaggeration of the prevailing mode would be worn.

In summer young women live almost exclusively in shirt waists and duck or pique skirts, with sailor, Panama or Alpine hats. These gowns are varied for the afternoon with those of sheer net, organza, dimity plain or dotted Swiss, toulard and batiste, and when tastefully made are appropriately worn with flower trimmed Leghorn hats for visiting; garden parties or luncheons. White gowns are much worn at church with hats that are tasteful but inconspicuous. Chamouis gloves are popular for ordinary use, but many discard gloves altogether except for church or dressy occasions—comfort versus conventionality.

It is a growing fashion for girls to wear low-necked gowns in the evenings. Comfort commends it. The materials are usually plain or flowered organzies, Swiss muslin worn over different colors, or silk skirts with black chiffon waists. Simple ball gowns have renewed opportunities of usefulness.

Older women wear foulards, canvas, nun's veiling, nanook and dimity in the morning; grenadine, China crepe, summer silk and black net gowns in the evening. For church and visiting a simple or dressy hat makes a difference of attire with these same gowns.

Suede kid slippers in a variety of colors to match the gowns are worn this season. Some of the more fancy kinds show a trimming of gold braid.

The craze for fancy handkerchiefs squares of silk has assumed a new form since the fad for waists made of these squares broke out in the spring, and they are used as a hat trimming, being draped softly around the crown with the corners falling in short ends over the brim at the back. The centres of these particular handkerchiefs are patterned in Persian designs, scrolls and polka dots, in some rich and rather dark color, and the borders, fully three inches wide are in plain white or a contrasting color. Their use is confined chiefly to outing hats for golfing and morning wear.

White corselet belts of plaid ribbon are worn with either black or white gowns and are finished with cash ends or not, as you like.

A novel feature of parasol handles in England is the lead of some General fighting in South Africa, either carved in wood or wrought out in silver or gold.

Handsomely embroidered ecru batiste made up over pink silk constitutes one of the prettiest bridesmaid's gowns seen this season. Insettings of lace may be added for greater elegance.

Black and white lace gowns are coming rapidly to the front for the matron's full dress, leaving the spangled nets quite out of the race.

Russian linen in the ecru shades is used for yachting and golfing gowns, which are made without any lining. The short skirts have stitched hems, tucks down either side of the front and one box plait in the back, and the jackets are Eton in shape with short bell sleeves, worn over a colored shirt waist.

Canvas sailor hats are trimmed with a folded band of soft silk deftly twisted and looped into a stylish bow in front. A fold of black velvet finishes the brim.

The Psyche knot has appeared again among the fashionable modes of hairdressing, but it is only the woman with a Madonna face who can welcome this special variety.

The pure white shirtwaist is the most universal feature of summer dress. It is worn by women of every social rank, varying in perfection of fit, shape, quality and degree of decoration according to the

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Another little fancy in the way of neck decoration is a black silk cord as large as the end of one's little finger covered with fine jet beads, finished at the ends with a jet tassel and worn once around the neck and tied in one knot, the ends falling to the bust. With a white shirtwaist and a

JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES PATTERNS POST FREE. Model 1499. Model 1500. Model 200. John Noble, Ld., Brook St. Manchester, Eng.

amount of money expended. These shirt waists amount almost to a uniform if you view any number of women in morning attire, but they are decidedly the prettiest of all the shirtwaists. The finest, most sheer and dainty fabrics are used in their construction and no end of expensive embroideries and laces form the trimming.

If you are supplied with dozens of shirtwaists, as fashionable girls are, there is a special shirtwaist trunk which is a charming convenience for travelling.

Miles of narrow black ribbon velvet are used on the muslin gowns.

Linen and pique gowns are trimmed with machine-stitched ribbon bands.

One variety of sporting hat made of coarse but tight white straw has a slightly drooping brim, and a scarf of cream canvas with large moons of some light color in silk scattered over it is twisted around the cone-shaped crown.

A little book filled with leaves of tissue paper covered with face powder is one of the useful toilet accessories imported for summer use. The powder remains fast until the paper is applied to the skin and the fragrance and tonic effects are highly recommended.

Some very swell bathing suits are made of black satin, with a colored linen collar and vest. A square of bright silk is draped around the head over the rubber cap, and the woman with a full figure, who prefers not to wear corsets, has a deep girdle belt or fully boned, and wears a bus supporter with straps over the shoulders.

A pretty skirt for cycling is made with a rather deep yoke pointing down in front and at the back, the lower part being box-plaited on to this.

Two-piece linen suits in white or colors are all the rage, but their especial chic quality is in the fact that they are tailor made with exclusive smartness in the finish.

Very pretty fancy belts are made of narrow bands of colored sued leather joined at intervals with gold slides over a satin lining. Velvet ribbon is also used in this way, and then there are narrow belts of perforated leather over satin, fastened with a handsome gold clasp. A gold serpent set with turquoise forms an ornament at the back of some of the ribbon belts, and belt pins are as much worn as ever.

Another little fancy in the way of neck decoration is a black silk cord as large as the end of one's little finger covered with fine jet beads, finished at the ends with a jet tassel and worn once around the neck and tied in one knot, the ends falling to the bust. With a white shirtwaist and a

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collarband of pink ribbon fastened with short ends in front, it is very effective.

Jewelled neckband brooches, pins for the hair which confine the short locks at the back, neck chains and jewelled or enamelled belts are all very popular.

London at Night.

It is a market night in London and the streets will be a moving mass of men and women buying at the bucketers' stalls. Everything that can be sold at a stall is there—fruit, vegetables, meat, fish, crockery, tinware, children's clothing and cheap toys, boots, shoes and sunbonnets, all in reckless confusion. The vendors cry their wares in stentorian tones, vying with one another to produce excitement and induce patronage, while gas jets are streaming into the air from the roofs and flaring from the sides of the stalls, children crying, children dancing to the strains of an accordion, children quarrelling, children scrambling for the refuse fruit. In the midst of this spectacle, this din and uproar the women are chattering and bargaining quite calmly, watching the scales to see that they get their full pennyworth or six-pennyworth of this or that.

To the student of faces, of manner, of voices, of gestures; to the person who sees unwritten and unwritable stories in all these groups of men, women and children, the scene reveals many things; some comedies, many tragedies, a few plain narratives (thank God!) and now and then, only now and then a romance. As to the dark alleys and tenements on the fringe of his glare and brilliant confusion, this Babel of sound and ant bed of moving life, one can only surmise and pity and shudder, close one's eyes and ears to it a little, or one could never sleep for thinking of it, yet not too tightly lest one sleep too soundly, and forget altogether the seamy side of things.

A Poor Listener.

The Chicago Tribune reports the sad instructive experience of a man who was not desirous of hearing his wife talk.

"George, dear..."

"Don't bother me, Laura. I am reading, and I'd rather read than talk just now."

An hour dragged its way into the dim, misty past, and the voice of Mr. Ferguson was heard, calling loudly.

"Laura, how much longer have I got to wait for dinner? It ought to have been ready an hour ago!"

"It was, George," responded Mrs. Ferguson, from the dining-room. "That was what I went in to tell you, but you didn't want to hear me talk. We have all finished, and everything is cold, but you needn't wait another minute."

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

Uprisings Easy in China.

There is probably no country in the world that has, and has always had, so many and large uprisings as the Empire of China," says Isaac Taylor Headland, professor of mental and moral philosophy in Peking University. "Naturally a people of peace, they are yet a people of war—not of war, but of family squabbles, for their uprisings, except in extreme cases, do not rise to the dignity of war."

When there is a strong Emperor at the head of the government they are peaceful, but when, as in the present instance, there is a woman on the throne, the whole empire is turned into a quarrelsome bazaar, with the Empress Dowager in the character of the domineering mother-in-law, making trouble for the whole world.

At such a time rioting even on a large scale may be precipitated by the most trivial causes:

Let me describe an experience through which my wife and I passed. My wife, who is a physician, was going in a sedan chair to see a sick woman. I followed on a donkey to escort her. Just as we were passing through the east gate of Peking a company of soldiers came out of a side street and started the same way we had to go. My wife was compelled to get out of the chair on account of the muddy streets. The crowd that had gathered to see the soldiers called us foreign devils. I suggested that we cross over and go down a side street. As we did this a hoodlum came out of a corner shop, with nothing on but a pair of trousers and a pair of shoes, determined to raise a row. He followed us and gathered a crowd, who began to throw bricks, stones, dirt and mud, while the original disturber of the peace got close enough to kick my wife several times, without my knowledge. Then he kicked me and I knocked him down, and was about to step on him when several friendly Chinese stepped between us and him, themselves receiving many of the blows which were aimed at us. For nearly a half hour we were in the mob and while not seriously injured physically, both our nerves and feelings were badly hurt. I call attention to the fact that the mob was started by one scoundrel, or, as the Chinese would call him, a fier to tzu (a man who encumbers the ground—in effect, a loafer,) and some of the better class risked their own comfort and safety to protect us. The city authorities issued an edict at once, the scoundrel was arrested and a wooden collar about two feet square, which he had to wear for a month, was put about his neck.

When it is designed by any of the hoodlums or the members of a secret society to create a disturbance about the first thing they do is to placard the city. The announcement is first put on a board, the operation costing 50 cents, perhaps. From this rude engraving they can print from a hundred to a thousand copies. These are given to the members of the houses or courts but more especially near the city gates and at the cross streets, for in these localities they will be seen by the largest possible number. The words are then passed from lip to lip, and this the people call yao yen—or, as we say, report, gossip. No people in the world, perhaps, are greater gossippers than the Chinese. They tell everything they know and everything they can think about.

This is especially the case at Tien-Tsin. The Tien-Tsinese—or, as they are sometimes called, "Tient sinners," which they most emphatically are—are constantly placarding the city, stating the day they expect to attack the foreigners and massacre them or drive them out. Even the Tient sinners however, are not so bad as the Mohammedans, as is indicated by the proverb which says, "Ten oily mouthed Pekinese can't out talk one lippy Tient sinners; nor can ten lippy Tient sinners out talk one thieving Mohammedan."

Tien Tsin, like all the other ports, has suffered from its intercourse with foreigners. With the Tien-Tsinese it is much as some hold it to be with the new woman—she has ceased to be a woman, and has not yet become a man—they have ceased to be purely Chinese and have only become foreignized to the extent of drinking imported wine, beer and whiskey; smoking cigars and cigarettes and swearing. A Tien-Tsinese who knows not a word of respectable English is often able to swear very fluently.

While Li Hung Chang was viceroy, with his residence at Tien Tsin, it made more advancement and improvement than under any other regime. He established a

medical college and dispensary, both for men and women, and a university, which is now under the management of C. D. Tenny, and is one of the best managed government schools in the empire. It is not the best of all, and is, perhaps, on a par with any of them. The students in all these government schools receive assistance from the government to the extent of from five to ten ounces of silver a month, according to their rank. In Peking there are three large educational institutions—the Peking Imperial university, the Peking (Methodist) university and the Tung Wen Kuan or Imperial College. The Peking Imperial University, which is presided over by Dr. W. A. F. Martin, is well equipped with teachers and apparatus, and has a fair number of students, but I was told by one of its most prominent men two days before I left Peking that it may be closed because of the intense anti-foreign sentiment that prevails among its students. This sentiment is the result of the anti-foreign attitude of the present government. It is well known that when the university was opened by the authority of the Emperor three years ago there was a prospect of having 1,000 to 1,500 students of the liberal type, and the brightest young men of the Empire.

As it is, the institution has only about three hundred and fifty students, and they follow like a lot of sheep those whom the great viceroys, Chang Chin Tung, called "the old mossback leaders of the conservative party."

The Peking university is at the Methodist mission, where all the missionaries of the city have been gathered and where they have been defended by the male members of the missions, the gallant marines and the 150 students of the college. In harmony with this mission there is a girl's high school, in which there are 150 students, and also a church, which seats 2,000 people—the largest auditorium, perhaps, in China. Out of the twenty-eight graduates of this school one has been decorated by the emperor, by the queen of England and by the czar of Russia—Dr. Y. K. Tsao, the physician to Chang Yun-Huan, delegate to the queen's jubilee—and twenty others have entered religious (Christian) work on salaries of from one-third to one tenth what they could get in business.

The Tung-wen Huan, or Imperial college, is under the auspices of the Imperial Chinese customs. It was under the superintendence of Dr. Martin for many years and has done a great work, many of its graduates now being connected with the Chinese diplomatic service and with the legations and consulates of different countries. The present consul in New York is a graduate of the Tung Wen Huan.

It is sometimes said that the uprisings and outbreaks, riots and mobs in China are caused by and are mainly against the missionaries. Such reports are not true. The Chinese make no distinction between those who are and those who are not missionaries. Indeed, the present Boxer outbreaks, brigands, thieves, kidnapers, robbers or whatever you please to call them—for they all of these—make no distinction because of the callings pursued by the citizens of any country who wear European clothing. They are all equally foreign devils without difference or distinction.

China is severely criticized because the Boxers are not put down. But the truth is that China may fairly be justified in not putting down the Boxers—on the plea that she can't do it. Any one who has listened to the pop-pop-pop practicing outside the walls of Peking, trying but failing to shoot together in volleys, will agree with this. Not long ago I had the good fortune to witness an inspection of the Peking braves by the mayor of Peking, and it was a spectacle, I can assure you, not soon to be forgotten. It looked like Boston Common without the grass on the fourth of July when all the folks are in from the country. The tents for sideshows are all stretched, the fat man stands before his tent, the alligator lies winking in his pond, the peanut vendors have established their stands on every side, and the little boys have all bought horns, which they insist upon blowing everywhere and at all times, while a great lot of men have put on striped clothing as though a thousand clowns had escaped from the circus and were now having a good time while out of reach of the ringmaster's lash. The horns are blown, the flags wave, the peanut vendors sell peanuts and candy crowds gather together around an organ—and he cuts capers with his sword, the whole being

highly suggestive of a crowd of small Chinese boys I once saw playing soldier during the Chinese-Japanese war.

The youngsters had each found a small stick or a large weed, which they used as guns, and had arrayed themselves into a company. Then they made a feint as if to charge with all their force on some imaginary antagonist. They screamed and ran about in quite as military array as real Chinese soldiers or as a crowd of boys playing prisoner's base. This they kept up for some seconds until one of those in the front rank cried out in mock terror: "The Japanese are coming! The Japanese are coming!" when they all took to their heels like real Chinese soldiers, and fled in disorder and dismay. The obvious reason why the Chinese soldiers do not defeat the Boxers is their utter inability to accomplish the task. As they said about the Japanese "one or the other must retreat, and as the Boxers will not, we must!" It is a Chinese proverb "that no good man will ever become a soldier." And it is to be feared the proverb is nearly true—in China.

Ever since Li Hung Chang was appointed the representative of the Dragon Throne at the coronation of the Russian Emperor there has been more or less suspicion of Russia on the part of other powers. I was about that time that Sir Nicholas O'Connor, in an interview with Prince Kung, told him in a language as blunt as any Britisher ever spoke and as forcibly as any that ever fell from the lips of a son of Erin that unless he and his countrymen altered their methods and mended their ways, he should not be surprised if within five years he heard of Prince Kung being a beggar on the streets of Peking. At that time many thought there was a deep laid plot beneath that appointment of the great viceroy.

But with all our making fun of the Chinese because he cannot fight, we must not forget his power as a diplomatist. He may be easily overcome with the weapons of modern warfare, but look out for him when you come in contact with him in a diplomatic way. Your European representative troths and tames, pounds and thumps and sometimes sweats, and the Chinaman patiently waits until he gets over it and is ready to talk business, and then suggests that we go on with the affairs of state. Among the ranks of those who wield the tongue and pen the Chinese statesman stands in the foremost, and he never forgets that the pen is an index of a higher state of civilization than the sword.

The mistake made by the adherents of the young Emperor Kuang Hsu, was in entirely disregarding his army, poor as that body is. It Kuang Hsu had first surrounded himself with a bodyguard that would have protected him from the cuffs of the palace and the empress Dowager, he might have carried out his magnificent reforms to a successful end. And never in the history of China did so magnificent a beginning come to such a lamentable and pitiable end. That a young man raised from infancy in a palace prison, with two old conservative women as his chief advisers and associates, should break away from all the mossback official customs and many traditions, both of her own ancestry and of the people he governed and set himself to study the Christian bible, western science in all its branches, including mathematics, chemistry, physics, medicine, history, and even the English language, is evidence enough that Kuang Hsu is not a "weakling," as some of the papers represent him to be, but a character which, when the true history of China is written, will shine either as the first martyr for liberty and reform, or the Constantine Charlemagne, or Cromwell of the Orient.

UNJUST UMPIRE FOILED.

Defeat of the Houndville Humpers by the Hurling Lilacs on the Wisconsin.

The baseball cranks were assembled in their usual place in the back room of a drink dispensary, and were swapping stories. The man with sunburnt neck had just finished telling how he had once made a triple play unassisted, when the man with the sandy whiskers spoke up.

"The remarkable play which the man with the sunburnt neck has described," he said "reminds me of singular game in which I myself once participated. It took place out in Wisconsin. The team of which I was member was called the Hurling Lilacs, and my position was right field. The Houndville Humpers, the team that went up against us, was made up of cowboys, and they had the reputation of getting burly on the slightest provocation. The umpire was an extremely large man, who knew about as much about baseball as Adam did about the mechanism of an automobile.

"The game began, and the umpire's decisions were so uniformly unjust and idiotic that neither side suffered more than the other, and for a time all went well. But in the last half of the eighth the trouble

began. The score stood 48 to 40 in favor of the Humpers. Our side was at bat, and the first three men up drew bases on balls. Then the fourth man got four wide ones and the umpire called him out. Our first baseman was justly enraged at the unfair decision, and demanded an explanation.

"The bases are full" said the umpire, "and there is no room for the batter. Therefore he is out."

"Why you blankety-blanked chump, exclaimed the first baseman, "don't you see that it forces—?"

"No man can be scored unless the ball is hit out," interrupted the umpire. "You may go to the bench for using profane language."

"Of course the opposing pitcher gave the next man up four wide ones, and the umpire again called an out. The second baseman was the one to protest this time, and he in turn was sent to the bench and put out of the game. When the umpire called the third man out on the fourth ball the rage of our team knew no bounds. Fear of the Humpers prevented us from doing anything violent to him, and we had to be content with killing him with our mouths. We throw out words and epithets so vehemently that when our opponents came to bat every one on our side but myself had been ordered out of the game.

Our adversaries were already proclaiming victory, but I bade them cease their cries, and went in to contend against them alone.

The first man up knocked a pop up fly, which I easily gathered in. The second man hit a little grounder, which I stopped and by hard running beat him down to first. The third man was disposed of in a like manner.

I was the first man up in the next inning, and I saw that, as there was nobody to follow me, it would be necessary to make a home run. The first ball pitched was a wide one, but I leaped across the plate and landed into deep centre for four bases. I went to the bench and then came up in place of the second man. This time I jumped high into the air and banged the ball right over right field fence. Nine times I came to the bat and made one home run, winning the game by the score of 49 to 48. The Houndville Humpers were crazy with rage, but none of them questioned the slight irregularity of my coming to bat nine times in succession, as it was that I should take the place of the absent players. And when they take a good many liberties with the national rules out there.

A Hunt for Rhinoceros.

Still hunting at night in Africa has its drawbacks and surprises. These are sometimes in the form of snakes, sometimes of larger things. What it was that surprised Mr. C. V. A. Peel during a night hunt in Somaliland, is told by himself. He was stalking oryx, a kind of antelope.

We could not see more than ten feet before us, he says. I tripped, in my tennis shoes, over the stony ground toward the oryx. Not a sound could be heard. Suddenly, on turning a bush, I became aware of an enormous head and horn within three feet of my face.

I had literally walked into a big rhinoceros, which stood rigid. My shikari, who had my rifle, seemed petrified. I gave a glance each way, and backed out slowly and noiselessly, and got behind the bush.

As I turned to take my rifle, I saw the shakari far her back, behind another bush, pointing at the "rhino." I turned back, and there was the great beast advancing toward me without a sound.

It was now my turn to run. When I reached my servant, I took the rifle and proceeded to look for the rhinoceros. We could find it nowhere. Hearing two oryx close by, I started to stalk them, when my shikari again stopped. His face was as white as if he had seen a ghost. He pointed and whispered.

There, within a few yards, stood the rhinoceros which I could not find a moment before I was unceremoniously dragged from the spot by my shikari, who was superstitious. "Leave him!" he implored. "It am de debil—you no kill him!"

With much persuasion I got the men to go back, as I wanted to shoot the animal. I found him standing with his side towards me. I levelled my big rifle and was on the point of pulling the trigger, when he gave one wriggle of his huge form and vanished in the jungle. That was too much for my men. They ran for their lives.

I am not superstitious, but it was a curious fact that during all that adventure not a sound was made by the rhinoceros; not even a stone rolled under his feet as he moved. And in the morning we could find no tracks.

"You'll never be able to make a strawberry shortcake the way mother made hers," "Oh, I suppose not." "No, mother was left-handed."

FLASHES OF FUN.

The Lobster—You have no lungs. How do you get your breath?

Chorus of Clams—Bivalves in our shells.

Hinges—Bragge is a liar.

Jingoo—What's he said now?

Hingso—Says he can read a Sunday newspaper through in 48 hours.

General (haughtily)—I went to the war and defended my country.

Statesman (wearily)—That's nothing. I stayed at home and defended the war.

He—It is said that in making champagne the grapes are squeezed six times or more.

She—Well, it that's the case, I don't think you would ever succeed as a manufacturer of champagne.

Muede—"Isn't the man you are engaged to a speculator?"

Clara—"No, indeed! He's a financier."

Muede—"How do you know?"

Clara—"He didn't buy the engagement ring until after I had accepted him."

There goes our most remarkable citizen said the New England man to the visitor.

What is there remarkable about him?

He is the only banker in the state who was not the original, of the character of David Harum.

McJigger—He fell into Jones' well, and never landed him.

Thingumbob—You don't say! Didn't he hurt him, eh?

McJigger—No; and you know how hard he water is in Jones' well.

Well, dear, you enjoyed a good night's sleep last night?

No, Clara, not at all; I could have slept, but I stayed awake worrying because a good night's sleep always means I won't sleep a wink the next night.

This theory about fish being brain food is all nonsense.

Why do you say so?

Because the greatest number of fish are eaten by the very people who are idiots enough to sit out all day waiting for them to bite.

There was a piece of cold pudding on the lunch table, and mamma divided it between Willie and Elsie. Willie looked at his pudding—then, at his mother's empty plate. "Mamma," he said earnestly. "I can't enjoy my pudding when you haven't any. Take Elsie's."

And how do you spend your spare time?" inquired the philanthropist of the over-worked humorist.

Revising my collection of bathing costume jokes for the July market.

And why do you revise them?

They are all too long for the present styles.

What's the redheaded kicking the dictionary so furiously all around the library for?

He swears it's no good.

Why not?

His doctor advised him to avoid all phlogistics this summer, and he's spent all morning looking through the F's to find it, to find out what the doctor meant.

Towne—I saw Rashley today with a big bundle of railway guides under his arm. He must intend to do considerable traveling.

Browne—Oh, no. He's going to marry a Chicago woman.

Towne—What has that to do with it?

Browne—He wants to find some nice place to spend the honeymoon where she hasn't already been on a wedding tour.

Miss Gould's Clever Secretary.

Miss Julie Lipmann, the poet, is the secretary of Miss Helen Gould, and acts for her in other matters. When the Windsor Hotel fire broke out Miss Gould was not at home and her secretary opened the house, turned it into a temporary hospital and refuge, and invited those rendered homeless by the conflagration to enter its hospitality.

She was mistaken for Miss Gould by both the public and the representatives of the press. Miss Gould, having been sent for, returned shortly afterward and, complimenting her secretary for her thoughtfulness, had a hearty laugh over the mistake. Miss Gould then continued the work which had been started, and proved as skillful a nurse as had the poet. Miss Lipmann's literary talent is largely hereditary. Her father was secretary to Washington Irving, and her aunt was the wife of Alexander Dumas, fils.

A Compliment on Ice.

Mrs. Gadd—"You do not show your age at all."

Mrs. Gabb (delightedly)—"Don't I?"

Mrs. Gadd—"No; I see you've scratched it out of your family bible."

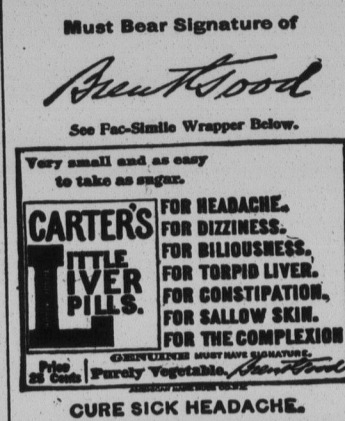
SHES OF FUN.

You have no lungs. How r breath? ... Bivalves in our shells ...

CHAPTER VII. 'Well, Letitia, your protegee thiel is let off scott free,' said grandfather on the morrow, coming in, after having gone down to the justice.

'Will you do this, grandfather? I asked. 'No; but I'm not an inlimate girl, bent on spoiling—some would say smugging—her life.' ...

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.



FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

So grandfather expressed himself as I dropped on my knees beside him. 'And what more? This is what my lover told me, later on; that my Uncle Lionel never sailed in the ill-lated vessel, as my grandfather supposed.

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

That's all there is about that. 'Well, what was the question I asked you?' 'You ought to know what that was. If you've forgotten your own questions, don't try to get me to remember them for you.'

AN OPEN LETTER

TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM ANAEMIA AND KINDRED TROUBLES. Mr. Wm. Wilson of Saratoga, N.Y. has been Registered Sixth after an illness of Over Two Years.

There are more tramps on these rural highways because the railroads running through those districts have been ballasted with stone. Some people may think these railroads are not doing the tramp infested country a favor by their stone ballasting.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a ten-cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headache.

Pluck.

'Yes,' said the iron master, 'it is a beauty and then pluck—these are the things a-'

'Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the begin-

'Well, this young man came up to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me;

'Good morning sir!' he said; and his voice had a ring to it that I liked.

'I shok my head. We never took strangers in that way, and I don't recom-

'No, sir,' I said. 'We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you.'

'The young man shook his head. 'That won't do,' he said. 'Think again, sir.'

'I saw that he was telling the truth, and that he must have work. It wasn't that he

'You mean that?' 'I do. Anything that will put bread in the mouths of

'The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days

'The gang I had in were mostly Italians—it was too dirty work for a Yankee to

'You'll get a dollar and a half a day,' I told him. 'You'll get your debt, too

'Well, how do you like it?' 'Well, how do you like it?' 'Well, how do you like it?'

'You'll get a dollar and a half a day,' I told him. 'You'll get your debt, too

in that direction. 'That man was working, sir, like a—like a house afire. The Italians are good work-

'The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked

'The next morning I was very busy, and although I thought of my gentleman once

'Oh!' said I to myself. 'One day was enough for him, was it? And I thought

'I strolled up behind him and look'd over his shoulder at the book. It was an

'No,' he said quietly. 'I am a book-keeper. It is a great advantage for a

'Why in the name of ever'ing foolish didn't you apply for a position as book-

'Nobody will take a book keeper with out references. I shou'dn't think much of

'So, so! I'll manage, though,—often been worse after a day's rowing,—and this

'I walked off, and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening

'The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened, and com-

'I shook my head, but an idea came to me. 'Will you take a man on trial?'

'What kind of man?' asked Gren. 'Well, I hardly know,' said I. 'I think

'Gren went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks, and engaged him

'That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler-works ever since

My little friend was by me, and she asked: 'How can you sketch a thing that you

'I remember it. I have an impression of it,' I said. 'What is an impression?'

'I explained by making an impression with the round end of the pencil on the

'The next day I was talking with a bishop on board, and said to him, 'my little friend

'And what is an impression?' he asked. 'Oh,' said she, 'it is just a round hole

'The woman in black had received the greatest shock of the year, and she frankly

'I expect you were somewhat surprised at my not offering to pay your car fare

'Yes, I know,' assented the first woman. 'I used to do the same thing, myself.

'When we got ready to go home the row had come and the car we finally

'At Fifty-ninth street, where we changed cars, we saw a boy selling roses. The

'Her remark struck me all of a heap. 'Gave it to the conductor. 'I said. Why,

'Mrs. Borden stopped short in the middle of the car tracks, and the warning

'And we had to let the thing go at that,' concluded the woman with the wheat in

'The badgering lawyer sometimes succeeds only in affording the witness an

'A certain actor was before the poor debtor's court in New York, last winter,

salary as a member of the Blank Company. 'But you must have something else,' said

'What—no personal property? 'Oh yes, a dog—and a watch.'

'Now think hard. What else?' persisted the attorney, believing he was on the right

'And a case of rheumatism,' said the witty witness.

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St Ann's, C. B. June 21, Mary Selan, 88. Marjorie, June 22, Nancy Huggan, 88. Pickett, May 29, Mrs. Alexander Gunn, 71.

BORN.

Rose Bay, June 13, to the wife of Benj. Cooll, son. Serwick, June 21, to the wife of Jas. Trahan, a son.

MARRIED.

Truro, June 20, Frank Wilson to Lou Ross. Truro, June 20, Sidney Lyons to Annie McNutt.

DIED.

Winstler, June 19, George Smith. New York, June 18, Nell Mahoney, 89.

THE WOMEN WHO PAID THE FARE.

A Double Tragedy That Upped an Old Female Lovers in Street Cars. The woman with the wheat in her hat took a nickel from her purse

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP EXCURSIONS Canadian Northwest. From Canadian Pacific Stations in New Brunswick.

DOMINION ATLANTIC R.Y.

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