

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

ROSES ARE CHAMPIONS.

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE NORTH ENDERS AND THE ALERTS.

Now Pitcher Kennedy is out of town without paying his board—Rose's Pitcher Availed Him—An Eclectic Police Officer Carries his Vail.

With the exception of the short schedule of games to be played between the Roses and Fredericton Tartars for the championship of New Brunswick the baseball season in this part of the world is over. And what a season it has been surely!

Starting out in the usual unsensational hum-drum way it livened up to blood heat excitement, then lulled for a few weeks and finally finished with a flash in which the local champions redeem their laurels and take fresh hold on the prime position, when pretty nearly every body was contemplating their utter demoralization.

The unexpected thus happened once more and by a swift turn of capricious fortune and a little additional "starboring" on the part of the North End team, the brilliant coasted Alerts and their idol Kennedy were routed and victory perched once more on the banners of the lads from the northern end of town.

Peter Mahoney's silver cup will not adorn the headquarters of Manager Shaffer's players, but safe in the treasure house of the navy blues will it gracefully repose,—the result of the series of twenty games ending in the Rose's favor 10 to 4.

One other game should have been played, but the Alerts fully disheartened by the carelessness of some of their number in the 29 to 3 game threw up the sponge with disgust. And nobody blamed them for it.

It was a disgraceful game on their part and lucky was it for pitcher Kennedy that it was so near the close, for had he played "baby" baseball like that of the game in question earlier in the season he would certainly have received a dozen or more free tickets right back to his American home, and by his personal admirers too.

Catcher Harry Hope was not only a gentleman but a reliable baseballist and despite the fact that he was relegated to the benches for several weeks through a regretted accident he lost none of his popularity, and diamond game prestige.

The Alerts were greatly stimulated by him, and the same cannot be said of pitcher Kennedy. However this latter player's finale in St. John eradicated the good impressions he made and which in a measure affects the whole team.

Mr. Kennedy when he came to this town was looked upon as a veritable wonder, a passport to championship for the Alerts, who at that time were sliding fast on the slippery slope. He came, he saw the crowds, he heard their plaudits and for a time he conquered. Then the natural consequences of being lionized became apparent in him. His hat absolutely refused to encircle his massive brow and the gapings of the small open mouthed boy seemed to please him when he strode along the street.

He gave the Alerts a lot of new ideas, pitched good ball for a long while, made an unending list of heart conquests with fair bleacherites and had a good time generally. Of evenings not infrequently he would be with "the boys" and yet he hoped to keep in prime condition.

His coup de theatre was his game with the Portlands in which he pitched against the Montserratians and his coup de "hotel" was when he, assisted by pitcher Callahan of the Roses, extracted his valise from his King Square boarding house early last Sunday morning and got away Monday considerably in pocket through an unpaid board bill.

It was only twelve dollars, but for a \$65 a month man it was a small piece of business.

A funny thing occurred during the valise securing operation. A popular police officer whose beat includes King Square and who admired very much Mr. Kennedy and the razzle-dazzle of his curves, happened along. The "glad hand" was extended all round and the coveted valise was borne in a triendly spirit for quite a distance by the enthusiastic cop.

But Kennedy is a thing of the past in St. John for according to his own say he needs "intends to play in a place like this again."

Doubtless he meant St. John was too small for the proper appreciation of his

abilities, but yet another meaning, and a more fitting one too, can be taken from this remark. The Alerts are an honest-hearted and fair-playing team and next year will have the best in the market, yes even a better than Kennedy.

Drawing attention to the champions we find them also with their ups and downs, their "weird wonderful wanderings" and their "many merry mishaps"—Nid and Nod or the Evil Eye had nothing to do with it however. Early in the baseball year they annihilated their rivals the Alerts at almost every meeting. Then Kennedy came to buoy up the reds and McLeod left the Roses to try his fortunes in the west.

The Alerts procured J. Pe to catch and O'Neil went to the States and joined the Worcester League, leaving the Roses worse off than ever.

However, unequal warfare was waged gamely enough by the North Enders and the reds procured most of the plums.

But O'Neil came back and with the aid of pitcher Callahan of Maine the Roses sought to decide the championship question, which they did to their advantage, fully regaining their old time prestige and popularity.

It is the home boys are successful in their present contest with the Tartars a right royal testimonial is due them for their game and perseverance.

All through the summer the people of St. John have been treated to baseball in all its phases—professional, amateur, good, bad and indifferent. The Montreal and Portland games were the rarest treats local diamond followers ever witnessed, the contests between local teams and Maine aggregations were also enlivening, while any matches with Tartars never failed to prove "big house."

Manager "Dollar" Armstrong of the Victoria Grounds used his keen foresight to advantage when he leased the ball grounds on Marsh Bridge, and undoubtedly withdrew with a wad. The supplies saved well financially and certainly the members of the local teams are dressing unusually well, despite the fact that the imported man got pretty good pay.

In all St. John took one big step this year toward professional baseball pure and simple, and it is hard to tell what 1900 will produce in that line of sport.

Where are all the old pigskin chasers? and what has become of that new school of enthusiasts? Let the boys get together and see if the Winter Port city can't at least draw even with the striped-Wanderers just once more for luck!

It seems a pity that St. John cannot put up a good aggressive football team for the fall's campaign.

Fredericton is preparing a doughy comment to cope with all comers and it has not been so far back that we cannot remember the glorious gridiron victories which used to fall to St. John's lot.

HAPPINESS WAS BREWED.
A Story of Domestic Trouble as Told by the Wronged Husband.

Not so very long ago a crowd of young fellows on the lookout for fun would gather nightly on Union street near Waterloo and watch the love making of a newly married pair, who were not at all backward about parading their affection for each other, near a window in full view of the admiring crowd below. A peculiarity of the affair was the discrepancy in the ages of the bride and groom, for while the latter was of a very youthful appearance, in fact was little more than a boy, the fair bride had long ago passed her first youth, in fact had two daughters who must have been near the age of the boy husband. The love making went on apace for a little while; their was no cloud in the sky of the newly married pair and the serpent which is popularly supposed to exist in every Eden was nowhere visible. He was around though and if the story told by the sometimes happy groom is all correct he existed in the person of a well known young fellow employed in a grocery in the immediate neighborhood of the centre of the domestic hurricane. In fact the lady's speciality seemed to be widowers, and young ones at that for the grocery man was also a mourning widower when he met his fair innamorata.

The real trouble began last April when the husband had his eyes severely injured while at work. For a time it was thought he would lose the sight entirely, but while one eye was rendered sightless by the accident the other came but all right. It was during the time he was laid off work that

his wife took it into her head to visit relatives, and she spent most of the summer with them here and elsewhere.

Now the husband would not have objected to any little peculiarities on his wife's part, such as smacking in his head with a poker, but when his step daughter attempted the same little ploys, he strongly objected and a free fight ensued.

After this there was more or less, chiefly more coolness, among the members of the family, and here is where the grocery man came in, constituting himself the wife's champion. The climax was reached last week when the lady and the other man quietly eloped and now the husband mourns his wrongs.

He tells, too, blood curdling stories of assaults by other members of his wife's family and firmly believes there was at one time a deep dark plot to deprive him of his life. He is still very much alive though and anxious for revenge upon the destroyers of his peace.

THEY MUST PAY DUTY.
A new Ruling in Regard to the Seal Sacque Question.

With unflinching regularity the seal skin sacque and how it may be got across the border comes up about this time every year and in this connection it may be valuable to the ladies to know that the treasury department at Washington has made a ruling of interest to all who contemplate a trip across the border wearing a seal sacque, concerning the importation of that garment.

Whether the officers are more lax in their duties in summer or not is not known, but certain it is that at least twelve seal sacques went into the United States at St. John this summer without any fuss or delay what ever. The garments were purchased here by visiting ladies who seemed not at all afraid of the consequences.

The following list has now gone forth from Washington: Seal skin sacques cannot be brought into the United States as wearing apparel prior to October 1st without payment of full duty, but after that date, in ordinary baggage, they will be exempt from duty to the extent of \$100. In excess of \$100 a duty of 35 per cent. ad valorem will be levied upon the amount in excess, unless there should be other foreign made wearing apparel in the passenger's baggage, in which case he or she will be permitted to elect the articles to be included in the \$100 exemption. Tourists will also be compelled to satisfy the collector that the skins of which the garments are composed were not taken in the North Pacific ocean by poachers.

Requisite Pictures Indeed.
A country couple caused much merriment in front of Charles Lamont's cinematograph or free moving picture show at the corner of German and King streets on Thursday night. One of the films shown was that of the New York fire department turning out to a blizz. The pictures showed the crowds running and general excitement. Presently a three horse fire engine came tearing down the street directly for the crowd.

The rival spectators arm and arm and open-mouthed were in a front row "seat they fled in consternation about as the horses were plunged off the white sheet into the crowd." It was a very funny piece of realistic pantomime and everybody laughed.

High Sign Musical Bank.
Tuesday evening, October 10th, the Williams Concert Band will serve to the public another of these delightful musical menus. This aggregation of first class musicians has been in active rehearsal for several weeks and have the best programs they have ever given. Popular music will be distributed among the higher class numbers in greater profusion than ever, and there need be no fear of a tiresome evening of long classical pieces. Several musical novelties will be introduced and solists and elocutionists of note will participate.

Got Off For Free.
Charles deWitt of Fredericton who beat his little step-child to death a few weeks ago was this week sentenced to ten years in Dorchester for his revolting cruelty to the little helpless girl of three years. Many are loud in their expressions of belief that the sentence was altogether too light and that a heavier one should have been imposed upon the fiend when ungovernable temper was the cause of so much suffering to his step-children.

IN THE SYLVAN SHADES

OF ROCKWOOD THERE ARE MANY BIZARRE HAPPENINGS.

Some Grievous Things That Have Taken Place There During the Summer—What An American Tourist Thinks of the dog Epilepsy and Mr. Hanington.

As a favorite place for an unmyriads of people, Rockwood Park is gaining an unenviable notoriety, and just why people should select that sylvan spot when they are about to distinguish themselves in any special way is hard to understand. The number of children that make a point of losing themselves daily is legion but as they always turn up safe and sound there is no harm done. During the past summer the unsavory events have been unusually large and if those in authority were half as prompt in looking after suspicious characters and loiterers in the park at unsavory hours as they are in cruelly treating and shooting harmless little dogs there would be no cause for the unique threat uttered by a mother a few weeks ago to a disobedient child, "If you're not careful what you're about I'll take you out to the park and give you there." Just what the unknown horrors attached to Rockwood were, was not explained but they were sufficient to bring the unruly youngster to a better frame of mind. This may open up new possibilities in the way of punishment as it has all the virtues of originality.

Kitty McKrink who has been for years a familiar figure on the streets, a little old woman who always wore a shawl summer and winter, who was never seen without a basket, wandered out to the Park last Friday and whether she had any intention of shuffling off or not she nearly did so. She was found late in the afternoon in an unconscious condition and was taken to the hospital. She is now on the high road to recovery. A lamentable case was that of Mrs. Manning of Wall street who during a fit of mental aberration this week wandered from her home and committed suicide by drowning herself in Lily Lake.

It is just a month since Minnie Graham's infant was found dead in the Park and the girl is now awaiting her trial on a very serious charge.

A letter signed "American Tourist" has reached this office and deals with an incident of two weeks ago when Mr. A. H. Hanington shot a little dog which had accompanied its mistress on an outing and which was not doing any harm. The writer characterizes the affair as one of the most brutal, cowardly and unchristian acts he has ever witnessed and expresses the belief that in no other city on the continent would such a thing have been possible.

It is positively asserted that the little creature was most cruelly treated. Secretary Wetmore of the S. P. C. A. called upon Mr. Hanington during the week, and it is said that his reception was not quite so courteous as it might have been. Mr. Wetmore has yet to be heard from.

NOT VERY NEIGHBORLY.
A Citizen Who Succeeds in Annoying a Neighbor.

A citizen who has after many long weeks succeeded in having his brownstone house finished on Leinster street has gained everything but favorable comment by his action in erecting an unusually high backyard fence which completely smothered the view of a bay window in a humble cottage being finished on the street adjoining. Even the light is excluded by the fence, which is only about a foot from the smaller house. Its hard to believe the dignity of the case. Like brownstones would be much affected if the pretty little houses next door were allowed to enjoy the usual privileges of light and view.

A Misplaced Out.
Marriage has long been the mark at which the cynic and the joker have aimed their arrows of sarcasm and fun but a local evening paper perpetrated unconsciously of course, a joke the other day that threw most of the others into the shade. It was an innocent old lady who used to supply as a wedding present some nicely worked religious mottoes for the new home of her young married friends conspicuous among which was the suggestive one "Fight on, Fight over," but the paper in question went one better and those who read the advertisement on its third page last Wednesday evening were startled to find among them one which was illustrated with a formidable looking wife and unrelenting husband the assurance that it was the

very thing for a wedding present. The wife belonged to an advertisement lower down but its misplacement was the source of much merriment.

FAVOR BEDFORD BASIN.

Mark Lynch Will Not Row on the Kennebecasis.

Just when local sportsmen were anticipating a good and exciting match between Mark Lynch and Harry Vail, the announcement is made that unless the contest takes place on Bedford Basin it will not take place at all. Just what Lynch's objections are to rowing on the Kennebecasis is not known, but it seems a pity that an event of so much general interest should be called off for some unexplained whim. When Vail's manager Mr. Harry Ervine visited Halifax a few days ago it was thought that the matter had been definitely settled, Lynch's backer and manager stated that he would back Lynch to row Vail for \$300 a week and said that in all probability the race would take place in New Brunswick waters. Now Mr. Gough is out with the ultimatum that it must take place on Bedford Basin. It is almost time St. John had its turn for all recent races have taken place in Halifax. Just how the affair will end is a question and meantime all negotiations and plans are at a stand still.

IT WASN'T BLAIR.
A York Point Laborer's Mistake and Anger.

A tall dignified looking Customs House official was on Wednesday last viewing very interestedly from a point of vantage the I. B. R. terminal works. A stranger would have thought him one of the contractors or even a government official—indeed this is what he was mistaken for by one of St. John's own residents, a man of the working class looking for a job. Accosting a passerby—the humble toiler says, "See here young man is that Blair?" Fond of a joke the pedestrian answered in the affirmative. With much bowing and scraping the custom official was approached and before he had time to explain his identity the laborer had showed his allegiance to Liberals great and small and after explaining his political history for the past half century, he struck for work. A few seconds later the practical joker from behind the corner saw the laborer scanning the horizon with red stuff in his eyes and a brick in his hand.

It Belongs to the Government.
It would naturally be supposed that any fines extracted for smuggling and attempting to cheat the government of a country would go into the country's coffers but when one Todd of St. Stephen and George Joseph of this city paid over \$125 recently for their juggling with dutiable articles the money went into the city treasury. That is why H. A. McKeown M. P. P. special officer John T. Kelly made a call upon the Police Magistrate this week and requested a return of that \$125 which the Inland revenue department has decided properly belongs to the government.

He Backed Out.
The local Y. M. C. A. people have a good solid grievance against Dr. H. M. Crittenden of Haverhill, Mass., who it was fully expected would have had charge of the physical department for the next year. The doctor got a free trip to St. John and all his expenses paid by the local branch last summer and doubtless doesn't trouble himself with the opinion that are being expressed regarding his dishonorable action. He alleges a reason for changing his mind that a better opening has presented itself and he has secured something more than the \$800 offered him here.

The Halifax Fair.
The N. S. Provincial exhibition opened in Halifax last Saturday and though the weather has been at loggerheads with the management the attendance has come up to a good figure. Thursday was the first day since the opening of the fair and the attendance was very large indeed. Those who have visited the sister city say the exhibition is a good one, and regret the unfavorable weather which has so materially affected its success.

Popular Brother Married.
Harold, better known as "Chip" Olive, the Prince William street Customs broker and ex-baseballist was married this week to Miss Boutley of West End. St. John holds few young citizens more popular than Mr. Olive, not only in a social way, but in business and in sporting circles and good wishes are made for his future happiness.

Years

its best composition and its best aim. That is to make the best of the world are open to us. If all best paint it would be wise for us to show that a combination of these better paint than either one alone, white lead dealers, nor zinc dealers, on the best result, and with pure the paints that have made us.

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For tickets, steamers and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis street; North street depot, Halifax, N. B., or to agents on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

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L. E. BAKER,
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Yarmouth, N. S., July 24, 1899.

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EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.

and after THURSDAY, July 28, the **HAMER CLIFTON** will make two Excursions a week to Hampton, (Tuesdays and Thursdays) leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m., local time. Returning leave Hampton every day at 9 30 p. m. Arrive back 7 00 p. m. Full Round Trip, 50 Cents. Excursions may be taken to Hampton by and return by rail or vice versa for 50 Cents. Seats on sale at the Boat or I. C. R. Station. On other days in the week, the **CLIFTON** will leave Hampton, Mondays, at 8 30 a. m., Wednesdays at 9 a. m., and Saturdays at 8 a. m., and will arrive at St. John, Wednesdays at 8 a. m., Saturdays at 9 p. m.
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SHE SAW MANY YAQUIS.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH MEXICAN SAVAGES.

An Exciting Honeymoon for a Young Bride—Sleeping in a Hut With a Pistol Loaded for Murderous White Men—Her Story of the Strange Experience.

To sleep with her pistol by her side, with no companion but a faithful dog, in an old adobe in the heart of a hostile Indian country; to tie in her clothes, night after night, while her husband watched beside her, rifle in hand, ready for attack; to know that within rifle shot were 3,000 Indians armed with Mausers who might make an assault at any minute; to be stuck all night in a small river steamer, hung up on a sand bar, between banks on which the redmen were committing hourly depredations—such has been the experience of Mrs. W. W. Percival of this city. Says the San Francisco Chronicle:

"She accompanied her husband to the little town of Potam, on the Yaqui River, in the State of Sonora, Mexico, some ten months ago. It was their honeymoon trip. Mr. Percival had accepted a contract to manage a flour mill owned by wealthy Mexicans at Potam, and as there was no thought of danger from the Indians at that time he took his wife with him. Potam is a short distance below Guaymas. The latter place they left in a small steamer, which makes the short stretch down the Gulf of California to the mouth of the Yaqui River, on which Potam is situated, about ten hours inland.

When the Percivals arrived the Yaquis and the Mexicans had been at peace over a year. They had signed a treaty of peace, the Indians had been given Mauser rifles and stores of ammunition and \$200 a man, and there were no indications of the war now raging in and about Sonora. But the Indians were discontented; they had the same old story to tell about the seizure of their land and the breaking of the articles of the treaty. They took council among themselves; their rifles and ammunition were counted up, war dances were held, strongholds in the adjoining mountains were fortified, and finally on July 21 last came the outbreak which precipitated the war.

Mrs. Percival was in Potam at the time. Her experiences were such as fall to but few American women in these days. Her tale reads like one from the story of some pioneer. The shots and shouts of the savage Yaquis disturbed her waking hours and pursued her in her dreams. When the danger increased her husband insisted on her return to civilization. She went three leagues overland from Potam to a place called the Medano, where she boarded the small steamer that took her to Guaymas. Only a short time before the Indians had captured a launch at the Medano and murdered its occupant; they also overtook and killed parties on the Potam road.

It was with no little trepidation, therefore, that Mrs. Percival undertook her trip home. Her anxiety was increased shortly after leaving the Medano, when the steamer grounded on a sand bar and stuck fast. Fortunately she escaped without mishap, and reached Guaymas in safety. She arrived in San Francisco a few days ago, and is now with her mother, Mrs. A. Buckelw. Mrs. Percival shows the effect of her brief residence in the Yaqui country. She has lost much flesh and looks weak and ill. But that she is a brave little woman, her modestly told story testifies.

"I accompanied my husband to Potam ten months ago," she said. "It was our wedding trip. He had good opportunities offered him down there in the flour mill business, and so we went. Potam has about 1,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the bank of the Yaqui River, a narrow stream that runs into the Gulf of California, a short distance below Guaymas. Across the river—not more than half a block away—is a Yaqui pueblo. There were about 1,000 Indians when I arrived, but when I left there were fully 3,000.

"The Indians own all the best land along the river. It is very rich, for the stream overflows its banks and gives the land ample irrigation. Anything will grow there. The Indians raise wheat mostly. Before I left I heard some talk of a cotton raising project, in which English capital was interested. But while the Indians have rich land and are able to raise two crops a year, the Mexicans further away from the river have to depend upon irrigating wells, for the rainfall is insufficient for the crops. The trouble between the Yaquis and the Mexicans arose from the seizure of the rich Indian lands by Mexicans who squatted on it, and from the confiscation of Indian cattle.

"On July 21 a young man named Laurencito Torres, the nephew of Gen. Torres of the Mexican army, was across the river in the Yaqui settlement on business, when he was attacked and murdered. His body was terribly mutilated. When his friends

went to look for him the Yaquis shouted that they had killed him and added: 'Come over and eat him.'

"The Indians were, of course, plainly visible from our side of the stream. We heard their tom-toms beating and their fierce shouting.

As soon as the news of the murder became known, the town was at once put under guard, and so it remained up to the time I left, on Aug. 19. Fontes, who was Mayor, Chief of Police and everything else, issued arms and ammunition to everybody who asked for them. He also impressed a lot of men and posted them around the town and along the river as guards. They were paid 60 cents a day.

"The patrol was maintained day and night. All the people living on the outskirts of the town packed their beds and bedding and moved inside to get within protection. There were 300 soldiers in the cuartel under Col. Martinez, but not one was turned out to guard the town. That will strike you as curious, of course, but they do strange and curious things in Mexico. The soldiers in the cuartel were all convicts. They are called Pleone, to distinguish them from the Nacionales, or volunteer troops. These convict troops are never let out alone. Why every day before the trouble, they were taken out individually and given a drink of.

"During the excitement I was taken sick. I suffered greatly from the heat, which is simply terrific. I tried to get some of the Mexican women to wait on me, but do you know, though they were nearly starving, they refused to become servants. I could get a woman for a day or two, but no longer. They won't take orders. Besides, all the Mexicans in Potam are terrible cowards.

"Being unable to get any of the women to stay with me and my husband being on duty at the flour mill all night, I slept all alone in my adobe when I was sick. I had a dog and a pistol, but it was a very uneasy time with me. There was no use getting

frightened, but I must confess I was somewhat uneasy. Afterward I slept in the mill. Everybody went to bed with his or her clothes on. My husband was on the cot beside me, and his rifles and pistols were within easy reach. The Indians were only across the river all this time; their numbers were constantly increasing and we could not tell when they might attack the town. When I went to Potam there were only 1,000 Indians there. When I left there were fully 3,000 Yaquis across the river, all armed with the best Mausers and with unlimited ammunition. Every day or so there were encounters between some of our people and the Indians. Many of the Yaquis were captured. The captives were brought into the town and shot. I could hear the shooting. Did I see it? No. I didn't. I saw none of these executions. The Mexicans keep no prisoners in the Yaqui war.

"A short time before I left 900 Mexican soldiers arrived, under command of Gen. Lorerzo Torres. The General was wounded in one of the fights. He charged the Indians, told his men to take care of themselves and then went smashing at the Yaquis. He was carried off with a ball through his thigh. He had a very narrow escape. When I left Gen. Torres was in Potam suffering from his wound. His word is law down there. If he says, 'Shoot this man!' that man is shot, and that's the end of it. He is a great Indian fighter and keeps his plans very secret. Once no one knew where he was for about three weeks. Then he suddenly appeared and drove the Yaquis before him. He allows very little information about the war to get out.

"My husband accompanied me on my departure to the Medano, three leagues from Potam. There were ten Mexicans, two Yaqui women and myself in the party. I was always an object of some curiosity to the people, because I was the first American woman that had ever lived in that country. The only woman in the town that spoke English was the wife of Col.

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Martinez.

"Our steamer left the Medano to go down to Yaqui to the Gulf at 11.30 o'clock in the morning. All the men were heavily armed. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon we struck a sandbar and there we stuck until 10 o'clock next morning. It took us five or six more hours to reach Guaymas.

"I shall never forget the trip on that steamer. The food was horrible, the heat was frightful and when one considers the proximity of the Indians and the great danger of the position, the situation was anything but pleasant. I was the only white passenger. The rest were Mexicans and the two Yaqui women.

"At Guaymas I took the railroad and came to San Francisco overland. I have not heard from my husband. The mails are supposed to come every two days but they have been very irregular on account of the uprising."

Large Police Force.

Of all the countries in the world where civil law is enforced, Iceland is undoubtedly the most moderate in the precautions which it takes toward enforcing order.

Iceland, says the Green Bag, is peopled by the descendants of Vikings, including many famous warriors and heroes, but they are so law abiding that they have no need of policemen.

The solitary officer, in spite of his great responsibility, has a very easy time. He is maintained more for ornament and dignity than for use. The Icelanders think it would

not do to have a capital without a policeman, and so they keep one.

This police force is large in one sense. Its member is six feet high, broad shouldered and handsomely uniformed.

Like a Lady.

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down stairs like a lady. Harper's Bazar tells how the little maid followed instructions.

Francis retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see you can come quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first you made so much noise."

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

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not do to have a capital without a police- man, and so they keep one. This police force is large in one sense. Its member is six feet high, broad should- ered and handsomely uniformed.

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Music and The Drama

TELES AND UNDERTONES.

The concert of the St. John male quartette in the Opera house at Friday evening, will doubtless be well patronized. It should be for several reasons. The concert will be an excellent one, the combina- tions of talent being one that is not often heard in concert in this city, and one that could not be improved on among local singers. The quartette deserves every en- couragement in this venture. The gentle- man composing it, Messrs. A. H. Lindsay, J. A. Kelly, A. Seely and A. Chip Ritchie, have been prominent in musical circles, and have always been most anxious to help the cause of good music. They have also all been most liberal with their talents, at all times willing to assist in a deserving cause. Now that they are having a concert for their own benefit, it is quite natural they should be confident of support. They will be assisted by Mrs. Charles Taylor, Mrs. H. B. Schofield, Mr. Albert Ford, violinist, and Mr. James S. Ford pianist. The programmes will differ from most concert programmes, in having a number of concerted pieces. Among them will be The Sextette from Lucia di Lammermoor. The quartette will be heard in a brief English part song 'Great Orpheus was a fiddler,' and another of the selections will be a famous chorus of the Pilgrims from Tabanar.

Kitty Loftus goes with 'In Gay Paree. Alice Nielsen this week produced 'The Singing Girl' in Montreal.

John R. Rogers has acquired the Ameri- can rights to 'The Barmaid.'

Goldmark has thoroughly revised his opera, 'Merlin,' for the Vienna Opera.

The scene of the new Sullivan-Hood opera for the Savoy has been changed to Persia.

Jane May, a sister of Edna May, is to appear in Owen Hall's new comic opera, 'Florador,' at the London Lyric.

Mary Elene Barnard, known in grand operatic circles as Marie Barna, has mar- ried Frank Russak, a banker, of New York.

Judge Dillon, it is said, is to be the backer of the company to be headed by Minnie Methot, who is going to play an opera written by Kirke LaShelle and Fred Ranken.

Leoncavallo's 'Zaza' will be produced at the Lyrique, Milan, this winter. Puccini's 'La Tosca' will be produced at the Con- stanzi Theatre, Rome, on January 10. The principals singers will be Marchi, Giraltoni and Mme. Darcole.

The cast for the Paris production of 'Tristan et Yseult' includes Gilbert and Lafargue as Tristan; Chais and Sembe, Kurvenal; Vallier and Chellet, King Mark; Litvinne, Pacary and Janssen, Isolde, and Brems, Barlays and Spanyi, Brangaene.

Genius generally has to fight his way to success, and the case of the well known composer of Fantus was no exception to the rule. Shortly before his death Gounod wrote a brief account of how he became a musician, and this has lately been published for the first time in the British Weekly.

It was before the boy was thirteen years old that the spirit of music stirred in his nature. He was a pupil of the Harcourt school, and had the hard discipline of seeing his mother trudge through winter snow and beneath summer sun to obtain the means to pay for the education of her children. The boy longed for the day when he could help her. But her views of how that day was to dawn differed from his own. She wanted him to go to a university, while he felt that only through music could he live his real life.

His mother was determined. She would do anything rather than see her son a

'vagabond musician.' It seemed inevitable that he must become a soldier. At last he appealed to her again.

'I will stay at school if you wish it,' he said, 'but one thing I am determined on. I will never become a soldier.'

'Do you mean that you will not obey the law which calls for military service?' she asked.

'No,' he replied, 'but I mean that the law shall be a dead letter, as far as I am concerned. I will win the Prix de Rome, which will free me from the necessity of be- coming a soldier.'

His mother saw that he was in earnest, and went to the school principal, Father Pierson, to lay the matter before him. This pleasant old gentleman sat for the lad.

'So, my little fellow,' he said, 'we are going to spend our life among musicians.'

'Yes, Father Pierson,' was the answer.

'But music—is that a profession?' asked the instructor.

'What about Mozart, Meyerbeer and Weber?' replied Gounod.

The good principal was somewhat taken aback.

'Oh, Mozart! That is a different matter altogether,' he said. 'He gave proof of genius when he was only your age. But you, what can you do? Let us see.'

With these words he scribbled on a piece of paper Joseph's ballad beginning, 'When my childhood was past, I handed Gounod the sheet.

'Come, let me have some music for these words,' he said.

The boy ran off, and two hours later came back with his first musical composition.

'Good gracious!' said the old gentleman.

'You are a terrible fellow. Go ahead and sing your little song now.'

'Sing without a piano?' remonstrated the boy.

'What do you want a piano for?'

'To play an accompaniment. It is im- possible in any way to set forth the true harmony of the work without,' pleaded the lad.

'Nonsense, I don't care a fig for your harmony,' said the old gentleman. 'What I want to know is whether you have any musical ideas, any true musical tempera- ment. Go ahead.'

The boy began to sing, and when he had finished he glanced timorously at his critic. Tears stood in the old man's eyes, and more rolled down his cheeks. He was so strangely moved that the boy com- poser was not surprised to find himself the next moment in his arms.

'It is beautiful, beautiful, my boy,' he said. 'We will make something out of you. You shall become a musician, for the real fire is in you.'

And so the first step was taken and the lad had secured a champion. His mother allowed him to study music, and three years later he took the 'Prix de Rome,' and accomplished his heart's desire.

TALK OF THEATRE.

One of the most important local theatrical engagements of the season is that of The Evil Eye under the management of Charles H. Yale, which comes to the opera house next week for four nights and a matinee, opening Monday evening. Mr. Sidney Ellis is the writer of The Evil Eye and he personally superintends every per- formance.

Mr. Yale has given it an investiture of scenery, costumes, mountings and mechani- cal effects superior to any ever given in a stage production of this sort in this country. Some of the devices simply beggar de- scription. Chief among them is a human windmill, a catapeltic drawbridge and ap- pearing and disappearing rooms. There are numerous startling electric effects; one of which is employed in a most brilliantly illuminated dance in which each dancer is aglow with electric bulbs of all colors and so arranged that any combination of color desired can be secured, while the dancer is entirely free and footloose. The company is one of extraordinary excellence. All are fun-makers. One is that Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of all German com- edians, Al. H. Wilson; another, Fanny Bloodgood, the scoubrette; two others, and great they are, Rosaire Elliot, English pantomimist, acrobats, dancers and clowns; Lillian Wrenn, a nightingale among sopranos; Arthur Hamilton, long a great London favorite, baritone, will make his first American appearance; still another, English importation, the Eight Great Phasays, ballet specialists who lead the great corps de ballet, and many other.

The Cullhane, Chase & Weston Min- istrels are occupying the opera house stage today.

'In Paradise' may be produced in London.

Charles Klein has finished a melodrama for Frohman.

It is said that Marie Dressler, who has quarrelled with Lederer, will, with Walter

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FALL AND WINTER

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Jones, star in a piece called 'From One to Another.'

Henry Irving will be in Philadelphia December 11-24.

Oscar Hammerstein threatens to build another Olympia.

Ellen Terry has purchased a play by Beatrice Harraden.

Rose Melville's tour as a star has been successful thus far.

The Williamson-Mugrove partnership has been dissolved.

Grace George (Mrs. William A. Brady) is to star next season.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to appear in a play by Turgenieff.

John Kemell and Tim Cronin are to head a company in a new play.

'All Aboard' and 'In Greater New York' are the first two failures of the season.

Gertrude Elliott is said to have signed as leading lady of a London stock com- pany.

'The American Eagle,' a play by Charles T. Vincent, is to be produced by Roland Reed.

Max Pemberton has dramatized his Franco-German war romance, 'The Gar- den of Swords.'

Robert Downing has a pastoral ro- mance by J. C. Nugent entitled 'An Indiana Comanche.'

Captain Marshall's next play is to be a satirical comedy, with its scenes laid in an imaginary European country.

Wilson Barrett has selected the title of 'Man and Makers' for the new play by himself and Mr. Louis N. Parker.

Ogden Stevens is the new Colonel Sapt in Hackett's production of 'Rupert' at the Garden Theatre, New York, this week.

Henry Miller's production of 'The Only Way' had made such a hit that Froh- man will try to keep the play in New York for a long run.

Margaret Lemon will play the role in 'The Little Lambs' which Adele Ritchie was to have played, Miss Ritchie having again sailed for Europe.

Julia Marlowe has begun to rehearse in 'Barbara Freitchie,' and Odette Tyler in 'Phroso.' The Marlowe production is scheduled for next month at the Broad, this city.

George R. Sims' 'Elixir of Youth,' at the London Vandeville, may soon be re- placed by 'Les Fetards,' which will thus anticipate 'The Rounders'—its Lederer version—in the British capital.

In view of the fact that a large number of ladies of age and experience are going to play 'Hamlet' this fall, why don't they recast the chief character and call it 'The Melancholy Dame?'—Louisville Post.

In the new London Drury Lane melo- drama, 'Hearts are Trumps,' the sena- tional scene is an Alpine avalanche, in which the hero almost sacrifices his life. Charles Frohman is to produce it in America.

Beebohm Tree's 'King John production in London and the James Kidder-Hanford revival of 'A Winter's Tale' in America are the opening Shakespearean gems of the season. Julia Arthur is said to be already rehearsing 'Hamlet.'

Cicero Loftus during the past two weeks has been engaged to a Chicago publisher, has broken a contract with Weber and Fields, accepted a London engagement and decided to play Roxane in Mansfield's

production of 'Cyrano,' but was too ill on Monday last to join Mansfield.

In George R. Sims' farce, 'My Innocent Boy,' Otis Harlan has the role of a young architect, who marries at 36, keeping from his father and everybody the fact that he is a widower with a daughter 17 years old, in boarding school. The farce will come to the Garrick, New York, October 2.

Isabelle Urquhart will be the Lady Garnet in the Litt production of 'The Great Ruby.' Others in the cast will be Louise Thornadyke Boucicault, who will play the part of the adventures (origi- nated by Blanche Bates), Rose Eytinge, Louis Massen and Frank Losee.

Charles Frohman's London comedians are to open the London Criterion on Thursday next with Clyde Fitch's adapta- tion of 'Ma Bru,' now entitled 'My Step- son,' instead of 'My Daughter-in-Law.' The cast will include Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terriss, Cynthia Brooke (of 'Liars' fame) and Herbert Standing.

Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell have produced 'The Moonlight Blossom,' by Mr. Fernald, author of 'The Cat and Cherub.' The novelty and un- conventionality of this serious Japanese play made it attractive, though, stripped of its Japanese surroundings, it was a typical melodrama, with lovers and villains.

Lillian Russell is said to have surprised Weber and Fields' patrons by the vivacity with which she enacted the role of the 'Queen of Bohemia' in the new burlesque, 'The Whirligig.' Irene Perry gives an imitation of Annie Russell in 'Miss Hobbs.' Dave Warfield makes a bit in a bath cos- tume, with artificial club foot. In the burlesque of 'The Girl From Martin's' the fair Lillian was disclosed startlingly in bed, with arms and shoulders bare, and not until she got out from under the sheets, completely gowned, was the ap- prehensive tension relieved.

The comedian who aspires to play serious roles generally comes to grief. Francis Wilson's 'Cyrano' is to be re- modeled after his own light-and-airy style, just as De Wolf Hopper had last season to change his tactics and play 'The Charlatan' in other than the romantic fashion. J. Cheever Goodwin is to revise the Smith libretto, and Victor Herbert will lighten the score. As for Stuart Robson's frost- bitten, stungless 'Gadfy,' it will be with- drawn from Wallack's at the close of this week. Philadelphians will see him evident- ly in a new Augustus Thomas comedy instead. The New York critics meted out a certain degree of commendation to Robson's portrayal of the revolutionary hero, but the adaptation of Miss Voynich's novel has proved so poor as to justify her indignant protest against the Robson-Rose version. W. H. Crane will now produce 'Peter Stuyvesant' at Wallack's next week, when the old Dutch Governor's wooden leg will become, in all probability, almost as much-talked-about a novelty at Cyrano's nose.

Adel side Ristori promises to finish soon her 'Artistic Reminiscences and Studies,' intended as supplementary to the volume of recollections she published twelve years ago; but she frankly confesses that the date of the appearance of the volume depends in a large measure on the conduct of her grandson. The little Marquis Giuliano del Grillo is only five years old, but he rules his grandmother tyrannically, and most of the retired tragedy queen's time is now spent in amusing him. One of his best-liked toys is the doll theatre his grandmother presented to him. Signora Ristori, like most of the Italian actors that become famous, was an actress when she was little older than the titled grandson to whose amusement she devotes so much of her time nowadays. Like her famous suc- cessor to the title of the first actress in Italy, she is a Venetian. She is now 77 years old, and on the evening she was born, the company of strolling players to which her parents belonged were to give Schiller's 'Maria Stuart.' To this circum- stance is due the particular affection she has always felt for the play. Once she acted in this play in German, and this took place, strangely enough, in New York at a benefit performance given by German actors on Feb. 14, 1867, for a local charity. She acted first in one of the travelling Italian companies and then went to Turin, the city in which Duse first won recognition. The manager of the theatre there, who had never been heard of, made himself famous by discharging Ristori be- cause she refused to take his advice and play only comedy roles. He declared her unfit for tragedy, and when she refused to agree with him, he dismissed her from the company. When her great triumphs as an actress of tragedy had made her known throughout Italy, this manager came in for his share of the attention her renown attracted. But it was of rather an uncom- plimentary kind. At the age of twenty- five, when she had already made a great

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name for herself she married the Marquis Giuliano del Grillo. Her stage career lasted for many years after that, and after a retirement of several years duration, she came here to act in English. This was not more than a decade ago. The tour was not successful, and she never made any permanent return to the stage since that time. Last year in Turin she took a small part in the dramatic congress, but that was done to add brilliancy to the occasion. Giacommetti wrote many plays for Ristori and used to send them to her scene by scene for suggestion and approval. Once she sent him this message by telegraph, concerning a death scene he had written: 'You forget that I must die quickly and cannot talk forever over the corpse of the victim with whom I have shared the poi- son.' The telegraph operator regarded this message as very suspicious and notified the police. This official started an investigation which finally ended in much fun at his expense.

Where Most Means Death.
De Lesseps stated publicly that he never could have constructed the Suez Canal without the aid of the date and barley eating Arabs, who alone were able to endure the necessary labor in the unfavorable climate of that region. The Englishmen, Frenchmen, and men of other nationalities who depend upon meat as the principal article of sustenance quickly succumb to un- favorable climatic influences. This experi- ence of the great engineer had the effect of making him a vegetarian, and for a good many years before his death he was an earnest advocate of a vegetarian dietary.

Most Speak Our Own.
Two-thirds of all the letters which pass through the post offices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English. There are substantially 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or another of the ten or twelve chief modern languages, and of these about 25 per cent, or 125,000,000 persons, speak English; about 90,000,000 speak Russian, 75,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 46,000,000 Spanish, 35,000,000 Italian, and 12,000,000 Portuguese.

Drama turned fiercely upon Journalism.
'With me,' she sneered, 'it is still quality before quantity!'

'Particularly as to costumes!' retorted Journalism, with quiet, illustrated humor. But if such as they quarrelled, what was it to become of Art?

'Now we can be happy,' said Alfonso, 'for at last we are one.'

'Yes, but please tell me which one,' she replied.

'For she was of a practical turn of mind and was always anxious to settle the minor details at once.'

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worn this accident has not been an unfrequent occurrence in ballrooms; and last winter a commotion was caused in the hallway of an opera house simply by the breaking of one of these silken cords.
 As a precaution and to keep them from swinging many women when dancing fasten their pearls to the front of their bodices with a brooch; or if the string is long enough they wind them about their wrists. It is a most reckless habit to twirl these nervously about the fingers and to make a plaything of them; for it must necessarily hasten the fraying of the cord. The cost of having a string of pearls fifty pearls restrung at a reliable house is about seventy-five cents or one dollar, and surely considering the comfort it brings the money is well expended.

A Naval Solomon.
 Captain McB., a credit to his race says London Spots Moments, was once in command of a troop-ship returning from India. On board he had as passengers three ladies, all wives of officers in her majesty's service.

Now it fell out that the cabin allotted to them was fitted up to accommodate four, and consequently it contained four wash-basins, one of which was far larger than the other three.

For the right to use this particular basin each lady put forth her claim, citing her husband's position in the army. But the husbands, unfortunately, all proved to be of equal rank, so to settle the matter the trio bearded the captain in his cabin.

"We will leave it entirely to you, captain," they said, and abide by your decision.

Captain McB. cogitated, and then declared solemnly, with the faintest twinkle in his grey eyes:
 "Ladies, as it is no matter of rank, I think it would be right that the oldest among ye should have the biggest bowl."

"With murmured thanks the ladies filed out again, but that basin was never used during the voyage."
Tactful.

A little tact sometimes saves a great deal of pain, and every man whose duty it is to select or dismiss employes will find it as essential to his comfort as to that of the men with whom he deals. The New York Sun tells the story of a case which called for extraordinary tact and received it.

The conductor was trying the voice of a young woman who wished to secure a place in an opera troupe. The manager was standing by. The candidate was frail and timid. She finished her song with an air of distress.

"How is it?" asked the manager, unconcerningly.
 The conductor caught the pleading eyes of the girl. But he had his duty to perform. He struck three notes on the piano and left the rest to the manager.
 The three notes were B A D.

Keep it at Once.
 A lady's maid, visiting with the mistress at the residence of a celebrated surgeon, then deceased, noticed the classic invitation, 'Salve,' upon the hall floor, and in the drawing room a picture of Cleopatra applying the asp to her beautiful bosom. Whereupon, with that quick, but not always correct, woman's intuition about which we hear so much nowadays, she confidently, but in all innocence, inquired later—

"Dr. — was a physician, was he not? I felt quite positive he was when I first saw 'Salve' on the hall floor, and then that poor thing in the drawing room with the aspidochelone in her hand, I knew he must have been a doctor."

Keep it Bed.
 A French medical paper recommends, as the best cure for nervousness, remaining in bed a few weeks. It reports cases of what seemed incipient insanity cured by this simple method. It recommends a partial return to the custom prevalent in the time of Louis XIV, when the bed was used not only for sleeping, but as a pleasant place to remain while reading, eating, receiving friends, etc.

In Large Attendance.
 The attendance at the Currier Business University of this city is larger than ever for this time of the year. Forty-five new students entered during the past few weeks, and there are now about 185 in attendance.

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Mrs. F. J. Patrick was at home to her friends this week at 100 Waterloo street.
 Mrs. S. A. Taylor is here from Halifax the guest of friends on Carleton street.
 The marriage was celebrated this week of Miss Mabel Barlow daughter of E. W. Barlow and Mr. E. H. W. Ingraham at the home of the bride's parents on Coburg street, Rev. Mr. Weddall performing the ceremony in the presence of many friends. The bride who was beautifully gowned was accompanied by her bridesmaid Miss Ingraham and followed by a short wedding party when they returned they will reside on the corner of Queen and Westworth streets.

Mrs. Jarvis K. Wilson was in Hampton Tuesday to spend the day with Mrs. F. S. Whitaker.
 Mr. Wm. Vassie and the Misses Vassie are being warmly welcomed home from their European trip from which they returned last week.
 Among the brides who received callers this week were Mrs. Francis F. Burpee who was at home on Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday, and Mrs. Frank A. Baird on Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. J. F. Brown of Mecklenburg street is in Boston visiting her brother Messrs. Josiah and John E. Lavars.
 Mr. Robert Eustia who was taken suddenly ill the first of the week is much improved.
 The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. McClellan were in the city for a short time the beginning of the week.

Miss Mamie Brownly daughter of Mr. W. P. Brownly formerly of this city but now of New York, was married to Mr. William J. Purdy of this city by the Rev. Wm. Tilber at the Harlem M. E. church August the thirtieth.

Mr. James H. Hamilton and family left Tuesday on a visit to friends in Boston and New York.
 Miss Julia Delaney who has been spending the summer with her sister Mrs. Robert E. Galt in St. John, returned to her home in New Haven, Connecticut, on Friday last.

Mrs. J. B. Seaton's guest Miss Alice Mowatt, has returned to Montreal after a pleasant visit here.
 Mrs. F. J. Burns of Bathurst was here on Monday of this week.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hexamer of Philadelphia made a short stay in the city this week.

Mrs. L. A. McAlpine is in Halifax visiting her sister Mrs. Oscar Grosvenor.
 Mr. and Mrs. T. Percy Bourne have returned from Hampton where they spent the summer.
 Mrs. E. G. Evans paid a brief visit to Hampton the first of the week.

Miss Mitchell matron of the G. P. H. and her sister spent a week recently at Young's Cove.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Phelan and family of Paradise row left last week for Montreal where they will take up their residence for the present.
 Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Simms are paying a short visit to friends in Lynn, Mass.

Mr. Frank McCafferty of the Telegraph and Mr. Ralph Markham of the Sun are enjoying a little respite from duty, and are spending the time very pleasantly in Montserrat and New York.
 Mrs. E. D. Suberstein of the C. P. R. ticket office is spending his annual vacation in Toronto.

The death of Miss Inglefield which took place at Hampton a week ago came as a sad surprise to her many friends in this city and throughout the province. The deceased was highly esteemed by all who knew her, her kindly genial disposition and ready sympathy winning the regard of all whom she was brought in contact. The funeral took place last Monday from the residence of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Otty with whom she resided.

Mr. Charles H. Bryant Yarmouth, was here for a day or two the first of the week.
 Visitor to the various suburban resorts the last summer or two noted that the halcyon girl had reached this province and though for the time being she may have been a thing of beauty she was not according to some ideas a joy forever. One well known society lady in discussing the matter the other day said:

"The vogue of the halcyon girl did not last long. Every I flance was against her. She was a picturesque sight, but beyond that there was little in her favor. Complexions suffered and coarsened as they never had before. Probably last winter's diamonds or low-neck dresses had more than anything else to do with the revulsion against this fashion. The charms of beauty and athletics are scarcely sufficient to reconcile a girl to the differences in that the summer tea brings, when no intervening has him smoothes it. This was the disillusion, in my result that decided many a girl last winter to stick to her hat during the summer weeks that have unpassed. Hastening with her hair flying in the wind, was an attractive sight, but the winter drawbacks were too strong to compensate for that brief moment of charm. Images in tint were not confined wholly to the complexion. Faded hair was nearly as common a year ago as tanned noses, and it went over as a heritage from vacation into the winter, and was the source of dismay to many a girl who never realized how much a summer without a hat could do toward burning straggled and unsuitable colors into her hair. There were girls without hats to be seen during the summer just closed, but they were few in number and generally of the kind that take up a task on during the second year and not during the first. Nobody will regret, for the sake of its own beauty, that the change in the style has come. As a permanent summer mode, it would have been more destructive of a maiden's beauty than any other. The swirls of golf and bicycle riding, which were at one time discussed vigorously, came only from the habit of going bareheaded. Everything in the two sports tended to improve a woman's looks, except the tan from sun and wind. The effect of both of these was much worse when she was bathing, and keeping her head covered will do more to make athletics beautiful than anything else."

Mr. Harry Kivin of the Daily Telegraph returned Tuesday from a trip to Halifax.
 Mr. G. G. G. who has been visiting Miss Elliott of Gorman Street returned to Parrboro on Wednesday.
 Miss Alice Latham arrived this week from Bangor on a three weeks visit to friends in Carleton.

Miss Helen Black has returned to Newcastle after a pleasant stay in the city.
 Mrs. Edward Sinclair of Newcastle was here last week to meet Miss Parker of New York. She will visit Mrs. Sinclair for some time. Mrs. Sinclair and her guest proceeded to the former's home on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank White have been spending a little while on the North Shore.
 Mrs. Edward Manning and Mr. Grace Calhoun left on Wednesday for a visit to Halifax.
 Miss Annie and Gertrude McDermott left the middle of the week on a visit to Boston and Hartford Conn.

Miss Purvis and Miss Emily McAvity left on Monday for Cambridge Mass to resume their studies.
 Mr. George F. Matthew went this week to New York to visit a son residing in that city.
 Mrs. [Dr.] Barbour of Fredericton is visiting her relatives in this city. She will next week be joined by her husband and they will then leave on a trip to the Southern states.

Miss May Nixon is spending a little while in the capital as the guest of Mrs. Vanbuskirk.
 Miss Edmond and Miss Cecile Fair have returned to Fredericton after a very pleasant stay here of two weeks.
 Miss Maggie Tierney and Miss Nellie Kierwin of the North End left Wednesday for Boston where they will visit friends for a few weeks.
 Mr. and Mrs. George McInerney of Richiboucto were in town for a few days recently.
 Mr. Fred Ferguson Miss Annie Ferguson, and Miss Fuller spent part of last week in town returning to Richiboucto on Saturday.
 Mrs. D. Lenihan of Fredericton is this week entertaining Mrs. James Coll of this city very pleasantly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Montgomery left on the St. Croix Wednesday night for a trip, taking in Boston New York, Philadelphia and Washington enroute. They will be present at the Dewey naval and military celebrations on Friday and Saturday.
 St. Peter's church, North End, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Thursday morning, the contracting parties being Miss Madeline Cunningham and Mr. John Rolston. Rev. Father Borgmann, C. S. R., the celebrant of the nuptial mass also pronounced the marriage ceremony. The bride who was attired in a dove colored gown with lace trimmings, was attended by Miss Margaret Rodden, while Mr. Fred O'Brien supported the groom. After the ceremony the bridal party and their friends breakfasted at the residence of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Rolston after a short wedding trip will be at home to their friends at No. 9 Simonds street N. E.

FREDERICTON.

[Provision is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Sept. 27.—Among the distinguished visitors in town this week were the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. McClellan.
 Mrs. C. G. Galt of Ottawa is making a short visit in the city.
 Hon. P. C. Keegan with Mrs. Keegan are here from Vanuvere, Me., and are the guests of Mrs. Keegan's father, Mr. Owen Sharkey, Queen street.

Mr. Carpenter gave a pleasant little tea on Monday afternoon at the home of a friend; tea was served in a marquee on the lawn.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Slipp have returned from their wedding journey and Mrs. Slipp is today receiving her bridal callers at her home on Waterloo row. Mrs. Slipp was today looking very pretty in a handsome gown of green silk with trimmings of white chrysanthemum and diamond ornaments. She had the assistance of Miss Nell in entertaining her guests; Miss Mary Thompson poured the tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fiske of Boston have returned home after a pleasant visit here; the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Hodge.
 Miss Lillian Beckwith of Boston also visited Mr. Hodge for three weeks and returned greatly pleased with her delightful visit.
 Miss Jennie Edwards of Halifax spent a few days here last week visiting her grandmother Mrs. John Edwards.

The Misses Bracie and Winifred Everett left on Monday for Boston where Miss Bracie will visit for two weeks, Miss Winifred will probably remain all winter.
 Mrs. Brydon Jack with her mother is here visiting friends and expects to leave in a few weeks to join her husband Dr. Jack at Vancouver.

Mr. John Carr and Mr. Jack Connell of Woodstock are visiting the city, Mr. Carr as the guest of Mr. L. W. Johnston, Mr. Connell is a guest at the Barker.
 Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Coy had a very pleasant and genuine surprise on Saturday evening when about fifty of their friends called upon them, the occasion being the fifth anniversary (crystal wedding) of their wedding day. A very pleasant evening was spent when supper was served the bride and groom were conducted to the seats of honors at the table. Mr. and Mrs. Coy received many crystal reminders of the day and among them very valuable pieces of cut glass.

Mr. F. A. Dole of Burlington with his little child has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Creed for several weeks past.
 Rev. Lee Palmer with Mrs. Palmer and children have been spending the past two weeks here as guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Creed.
 Mr. Palmer returned home today from a pleasant visit with Mrs. Johnston's father, Mr. Giles at Toronto.

Capt. Geo. W. Beverly has returned to his home in New York after an enjoyable visit with his relatives here.
 Mr. Clifford Creed and Mr. Arthur Porter are enjoying their visit at the Oromocto.
 Mrs. Will Robinson returns home tomorrow from her pleasant visit spent here with Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe at Ashburton place.

This has been a week of anniversaries all very happy ones too. On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wiley were most pleasantly surprised by their relatives and a few intimate friends, coming to offer congratulations on their twenty fifth anniversary of their wedding day, (silver wedding). Their friends came not empty handed but with some most substantial tokens of their good will, all in handsome silver presents. The bride and groom of twenty five years ago looked if not quite so young as then just as happy as they were nearly twenty years ago. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. J. W. McCready and Mrs. J. M. Wiley leave tomorrow for New York where they expect to enjoy a pleasant holiday.
 Miss Mabel O'Dell is visiting with her brother in New York. After her visit is over she will enter a convent in Montreal for a few years or more, it is stated.
 Mr. Octavius Crockett who has been visiting brother Mr. Jas. Crockett at Salamanca has come to Dalhousie to see his brother Dr. A. F. Crockett.

Miss Madge McLeod leaves tomorrow for Montreal to visit Dr. and Mrs. Sharp.
 Miss Robinson and Miss Cecile Fair have returned from a pleasant stay of two weeks at St. John. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Cooper and child and Miss Jeanie Cooper left on Saturday for Kansas city.

(CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.)

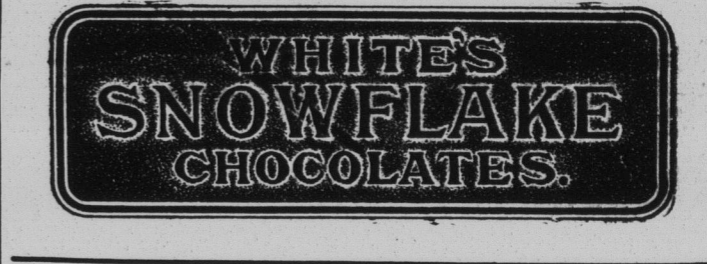
Isn't This the Kind You Want?
 EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

"I find your soap the best washing soap I have ever used. Does not chap the hands like others, and will not injure the finest of fabrics."
 MRS. FRANK EVANS,
 Pine Street, Halifax, N. S.

We receive hundreds of letters of similar tenor to above. The old reliable and famous

Welcome Soap.

Smooth on the hands. Rough on the dirt.



Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS
 is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by

THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.
 Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by

The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic, Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.
 Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

When You want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'

ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.
 GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL, — "Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariana as a tonic."
 JOHN C. CLOWES,

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.



You can dye perfectly and quickly at home now, in the modern way, with Maypole Soap, without disorder or uncertainty about the results you'll get.
 Maypole Soap is sold in all colors—they are absolutely fast and they are brilliant. It dyes to any shade. Leading Druggists sell it.
 Book all about it—free by applying to the
 Canadian Depot, **Maypole Soap**, 8 Place Royale, MONTREAL. MADE IN ENGLAND.



A rich man died the other day. He died in the very midst of life and he left his family \$1,000,000. The doctor's certificate showed that death resulted from typhoid fever. The doctor himself said to a friend: "That man had a splendid constitution. I could have pulled him through if his stomach had been sound. But he ruined his stomach by eating too much of the delicacies of the table."

HALIFAX NOTES.

Providence is for sale in Halifax by the new boys and at the following news stands and offices. Monro & Co., Barrington street. Oldford Street, George & Ursville St. Canada News Co., Brunswick street. J. B. FIDELAY, Railway Depot. J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth St. Queen Bookstore, 150 Gold St. Mrs. DeFreytas, 111 Brunswick St.

Tennis was well patronized last week—it was the grand rally before saying good bye for the season. The lawn will soon be getting soft and un. fit for play. The players seem to have grasped this and act for they consider the time they spend these days in the delightful pastime as "golden moments".

Dances and other entertainments on a large scale will begin this week with the return of the fleet. But first and foremost we have the list of attractions for the week which the exhibition offers to all of us. Lorne Allan, son of Andrew Allan, inspector, Halifax Banking Co., left last week for Toronto intending to take his final engineering course.

Miss Killam of Yarmouth, nephew of Rev. Dr. Harts, left for Washington, Monday to take a post-graduate law course. Jock Murray, son of Rev. Robert Murray, and Frank Stevens, brother of E. F. Stevens, left on Saturday for Kingston, Ont., school of Mines.

R. E. Mathers leaves on Saturday for New York to take a post-graduate course in medicine. Misses Winnie, Ella and Florenz Blake of Charlottetown, are visiting Halifax, are the guests of the Messrs. Keefe, Quispool road.

Harry Ervin of the St. John Telegraph arrived Saturday night and was warmly greeted by his many friends. Miss Blanche Johnston, of West New Annapolis, is visiting the Exhibition, the guest of Miss McConnell, 25 Church street.

Mrs. McLean, wife of Daniel G. McLean, Dominion No. 1, Cape Breton, and Miss A. Carmichael, daughter of Charles Carmichael, Glouce Bay, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson Fraser, 27, Edward street.

Mrs. Stephen Hilday, of Berwick is on a visit to Rev. G. W. F. Glendinning's. Mr. Thos. J. Wallace, barrister, left New York on s. s. Oceanic for Liverpool last Wednesday; he will only be absent four weeks.

Mrs. F. J. Nash who has been spending the last few weeks in the United States, returned, by the Duchesse Friday afternoon. While in the city she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. N. E. McKay.

Geo. G. Schwartz returned last week; by La Grande Duchesse on pleasant visit to Boston. DIBBY. Sept. 24.—Prof. J. H. Morse of Clarke University, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. A. J. S. Copp, M. P., has returned home from his trip to Ottawa. Mr. Geo. Freeman, of the Valley Telephone Co., was in town this week.

My Dispensing Department is the largest and best in the city. Every prescription receives careful attention and is promptly dispensed. My perfumes are of the highest quality and my Toilet Articles of every description. At my Dispensing Department you can get a delicious drink of Cold Fountain or Cream Soda. My confectionery consists of an assortment of Gansong's choicest goods, and in my clear case you will always find reliable Havana Brands.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Telephone 39. in Wolfville, and Rev. Mr. Clyde, Shelburne Co., took place in Halifax on Wednesday of last week. ANNAPOLES. SEPT. 24.—Mrs. W. H. Weldon is visiting in Lunenburg.

Miss Manning returned Saturday from her visit to friends in Falmouth, Hants county. Rev. E. P. Crawford rector of St. Luke's Halifax, and Mrs. Crawford spent Sunday in town.

Andrew B. Hardwick has been on a sick list for some time, but we are glad to know he is convalescing. William Plis and wife of Halifax who have been on a visit to the St. John exhibition, spent a few days in town on their return.

Rev. Dr. Shahan and Rev. Father Tate, professor in the Roman Catholic University of Washington, spent last Friday in town. Rev. Arthur Eaton of New York, is the guest of Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Owen.

Mr. Murdoch of Toronto, and Mr. Pimms of Edwards of Londonderry whose sons are at St. Andrew's spent Sunday in town. Mrs. and Miss Godfrey are visiting in Yarmouth.

Mrs. Madell, visiting in Yarmouth. Mrs. Maria McKay who has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. James McKay returned to her home in Middleton on Tuesday.

Harry How, eldest son of the Rev. H. How accompanied by his mother left Monday for Callorn on account of his health. The Rev. J. E. Warner of Granville Ferry, travels with them as far as Vancouver. The boys of St. Andrew's school were at the station to say farewell to their old classmates.

The sympathy and good will of the parish were practically demonstrated on Saturday by the presentation of a handsome contribution towards the expense of the journey. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitman and family left today for Boston where they now reside.

George Redding of Lockport was a passenger to Halifax yesterday afternoon. Mr. Redding is attending moving to Annapolis with his family this winter. The Rev. Canon Maynard and Miss Maynard are staying at the Rectory. The canon preached at St. Luke's on Sunday.

James E. Unsack of Mount Unsack, who spent the last year at St. Andrew's school, has been appointed to a cadetship at the Royal Military college Kingston. Mr. Chas. a graduate of Worcester college, Oxford, has been appointed assistant master at St. Andrew's school.

Mrs. James McKay spent Wednesday at Lake La Rose. Conductor William McClellery of the Mulgrave express, I. C. R. and Mrs. McClellery, spent a few days in town this week. They returned to Truro on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton returned yesterday to their home in Brooklyn, N. Y. WYOMOUTH, N. S. SEPT. 24.—Mr. G. D. Campbell left today on a business trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan arrived last week and are staying at the Weymouth hotel. Miss Simone Stethell returned to the Sacred Heart Convent last week.

Mrs. Jean Stethell is spending a few weeks in Weymouth. Mr. A. S. Hood has been spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. W. F. Journeay.

Rev. J. W. Shephardson who is taking a vacation owing to poor health arrived in Weymouth Monday and is visiting friends.

Mr. Edmund John of Bridgetown after spending a few days among his relatives and friends here and New Tuxet, left for home Wednesday.

Mrs. E. B. Bingsy of Yarmouth, who has been spending two years since her husband's death with her sister, Mrs. Campbell in Liverpool, Queen's Co., has come to Weymouth for the winter and is staying at the Goodwin hotel.

Mrs. Geo. C. Parker with her two sons of Lynn, Mass., is visiting at her mother's Mrs. Joseph LeBlanc, Fort Gilbert. Mrs. Parker was in town last week.

Mrs. Ois Goodwin of Boston arrived this week and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin. Miss Moore returned home Saturday. Miss Annie Goodwin went to Yarmouth Monday. She is the guest of Mrs. Godfrey who celebrated her silver wedding this week.

PARSBORO. [Progress is for sale at the Parrboro Bookstore.] SEPT. 26.—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Eaton who have been here from Brooklyn, New York were glad to see them. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Mair.

Miss Agnes Aikman and master Gerald Aikman returned on Friday from Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Elias Thomson and Master Olat are away on a trip to Boston.

Mr. G. Norris MacKenzie left on Tuesday for Los Angeles. Mayor and Mrs. Day are in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Townsend and Master Stuart Parsons left on Monday for the Halifax Fair. Mr. B. F. Henderson is on a business trip to New Brunswick. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is spending several weeks in Truro.

Dr. M. G. Aikman spent Tuesday and Wednesday with his family, returning to Halifax on Thursday. Rev. Mr. Cummings conducted the service in St. George's church on Sunday evening.

Miss Minnie Coe, Springhill, has been the guest of Misses Hatfield. Mr. W. H. Hill of Halifax is in town on official business.

Mrs. Hutchinson, Wolfville, is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Y. Davidson. A number of the townspeople drove or wheeled

The Best is None too Good. At Allan's White Pharmacy, 87 Charlotte Street, you will find the best of everything in the Drug Line.

My Dispensing Department is the largest and best in the city. Every prescription receives careful attention and is promptly dispensed. My perfumes are of the highest quality and my Toilet Articles of every description.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899. GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S 'THE ROUGH RIDERS' (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S 'LETTERS' (new & better published). Edited by GEORGE CURZIE. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories. GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, 'The Entomologist'—Illustrated by Herter.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated. MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS's new collection of stories, 'The Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann.'

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, 'A Ship of Stars.' ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays. SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists. THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE-- it gives them Flesh, Strength and Bloom.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists. Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs.

Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in cakes and Tins. R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

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

J. D. TURNER. Until comparatively recent times, the discovery of Food, after prescription, Dr. C. sends a utility drive, nervous system, sleeplessness, all dealers.

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa. 'No flav in its claim to be ABSOLUTELY PURE!' Fry's pure concentrated COCOA. 200 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS. STRONGEST AND BEST.

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings. ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (New York published), edited by GEORGE COLVIE.

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

D. TURNER.

Tarina Hair Soap. The Ladies' Hair Soap. Cleanse and Soften the Hair, leaving it glossy, smooth and sweet. The fine Stockholm tar, of which it is made, tends to cure dandruff and allays the itching of the scalp which is often so troublesome.

to Port Greville on Saturday afternoon to see the landing of the ship and to attend the tea for church purposes in connection therewith. Mr. F. H. Roderham arrived on Tuesday from North Sydney, and is at Hotel Alpha.

Mr. A. V. Smith to merely the Halifax Banking company's staff here was in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blais and their young son left for their home in Boston today.

NERVES

The Modern Malady and the Up-to-Date Scientific Treatment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Until the latter half of the present century nervous diseases were comparatively unknown and scarcely recognized by physicians. As nervous prostrations, hysteria and paralysis became better understood, science found means to cope with them and the crowning triumph of medical discovery was given to the world under the name of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, after the famous physician and author who first used this celebrated preparation.

Misses Helene and H. nate Bigelow are spending a few days in Halifax. Dr. Walker and Mr. R. McK. Hanson are enjoying a few days duck shooting at the North shore.

HALIFAX.

Sept. 27--Judge McLeod who spent the summer at Lunenburg returned to his home in the city on Saturday. Mrs. Cecil E. March has gone to South West harbor, Me., to visit her sister Mrs. (Dr.) Lemont.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. E. Jones bookstore, S. Melanson's, and at Canadian Railway News Depot.

WOODSTOCK.

Sept. 27--Rev. Scott Neale, wife and family are visiting friends in this section. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dent, Gardiner, Me., are visiting Mr. Thos. Dent.

King Street, St. John, for the past few days returned home Saturday morning. Mrs. John G. Adams, Fredericton, a sister of Mrs. Arthur Bailey, died on Tuesday.

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THE YELLOW SPOON

—not gold—not silver—not brass —just yellow—who has not just such in his possession! It's an eyesore—and moreover has probably cost as much as the bright silver-plated ones marked

WALROGERS

Silver-plated knives, forks and spoons which bear this mark—are guaranteed to be "The kind that lasts." Any dealer can supply them.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

Pain Disappears

WHEN YOU USE

"Sun" Liniment

25c. a bottle everywhere. THE HANBY MEDICINE Co., Mfrs., Montreal.

Good Paper

AND Good Ink

are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job.

Progress Job Printing Department.

Hotels

Victoria Hotel,

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

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for visitors and business men.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL,

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

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFOETE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED A well broken spaniel, good retriever. Apply at this office, stating price etc.

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. The house is situated about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel. Reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenby, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 54-57

Evening Classes.

Open for Winter Term Monday, Oct. 2 HOURS, 7.30 to 9.30.

Shortland--The Isaac Pitman Business--The Latest and Best system, for use of which we hold exclusive right.

S. KERR & SON, ODDFELLOWS HALL.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Cooper to visit her parents and Miss Cooper to visit her brother Fred, they will be gone all winter, Mr. Cooper returns in two weeks. The Parlor concert on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Stratton, Kirgwick, was a very delightful affair and reflected much credit on the ladies who were so indefatigable in their efforts to make it the success it was. The programme was an exceptionally good one and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present and was as follows:

Vocal duet.....Misses Fenety and Nichols. Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe. Violin solo.....Mr. E. H. Nichols. Vocal solo.....Mr. Martin Lemont. Vocal solo.....Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe. Whistling solo.....Miss Sherman. Vocal solo.....Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe. Reading.....Rev. Canon Roberts. Violin solo.....Mr. Nichols. Vocal solo.....Miss Gertrude Fenety. Mrs. Beatrice Fenety and Mr. Wilmont Lemont were the accompanists of the evening. Some gramophone selections were also much enjoyed. Ice cream, coffee and cake were also served by the kind hosts which added not a little to the enjoyment of the evening.

Miss Emery of Woodstock is here visiting her friend Mrs. Edwin Clarke. Miss May Nixon of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Vanburen. Mrs. Brown expects soon to leave Marysville to join her husband who is in Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Stewart Morrison is looking particularly happy the last few days, the occasion is a young daughter in the home. Mrs. Arthur Edgcombe is spending a few days in St. John.

Mr. Howard Woodbridge has returned to his studies at Harvard University. Miss Fyrie of Boston is visiting her cousin Miss Mabel Brittain Charlotte street. Miss Brittain leaves on Saturday to resume her studies at South Framingham.

Mr. Vavasour et al. is visiting with friends at Southampton. Miss Hannah Cockburn returned on Saturday from a short stay with friends at St. John. Mrs. Albert Everett of Windsor Hill, and two sisters the Misses Campbell are having a delightful time doing Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McCarthy of Blackville are visiting the city. Miss Fiona Johnston leaves on Friday for Boston where she will enter a hospital in training for a nurse. Miss Mowatt has returned from a visit to her friend Mrs. Boyer at Victoria Cr.

Misses Alice Mowatt and Myra McLeod have returned from spending a few days with friends in St. John. Mrs. J. I. Harris of Boston spent a few days here last week visiting her brother Mr. Harris whom she had not seen for thirty one years.

Mrs. James Coll of St. John is visiting Mrs. D. Lunhan. Miss Nellie Simmons will accompany Mrs. Harry Simmons who goes next week to Vancouver to join her husband Dr. Harry Simmons.

The Misses Gertrude and Helen Brannon of South Framingham are here on a visit to relatives. Miss Gertrude is married in the state reformatory, and Mrs. Helen also holds a position in the same institution.

Mrs. Charles McGilbon and Miss Maud Ferguson leave on Saturday for two weeks visit to Bangor. CHICAGO

ST. STEPHEN AND CALLAIS.

[Passengers for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of St. W. A. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Callais at O. P. Treas's.]

Sept 27.—Capt. Chipman and his squad of soldiers returned from Europe on Friday night. They were received by the home guard. During drill much admiration was expressed for Dr. Blair in the equivalent drill.

The members of the public library intend inventing \$200, the proceeds of refreshments sold at the town picnic, in books at once. Mrs. Z. Chipman is quite seriously ill.

The party enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young returned home on Friday, having enjoyed a rail on the St. John river. Mrs. Rogers, of Turo, N. S., is the guest of her son Harold, of the Bank of Nova Scotia's staff.

W. F. Todd, M. P. F., enjoyed a shooting trip last week. Messrs. C. H. Clarke and W. B. Ganong will leave for New York shortly, where there will witness the yacht race between the Shamrock and Columbia.

The Misses Bertie and Louie Taylor have again returned to Pittsburg, Pa. Miss Louise Marchie left on Wednesday to join Miss Wheel's school, which will leave shortly to take a year's course in Paris.

Lady Tilley and Miss Gibson were the guests of Madame Chipman one day last week. Mrs. Henry Graham is again able to go out after an illness of two weeks.

Mrs. C. F. Bavid returned from a pleasant visit to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Brad, of Charlottetown, last week. Mr. E. G. Vroom is visiting Boston.

Miss Ellen Nease returned to Boston last week. She will remain there during the summer months. Mrs. Wm. Grimmer is expected home from St. John shortly.

Miss Hazel Teches, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Inches, is again quite seriously ill.

At Night!

Oh mothers, watchful, loving, true, So patient and so kind, To every wile so alive, To every fault so blind! You never seem so near to grace, So far away from sin, As when you stand above their beds To tuck the children in!

God bless the cunning little heads, The sturdy limbs so still! A couch of some thing as from heaven, Comes ever you with a thrill; And, look! the little lids unclose Amid the moonlight's beaming, And by y' sees with smiling faith The angels of its dreams!

What wonder that your eyes grow dim, And soften'd in your love, Since dear John and Christian Are here with you alone! What wonder that a prayer you breathe To keep them safe from sin, As with a soft and loving hand You tuck the children in!

Drink Only Good Tea. There's a reason for it. Cheapest are not only flavoured, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavoured, and are sometimes most dangerous. A brand name like Juley's Elephant Brand is safer, as its packer's business reputation is staked on its purity.

Choice Biscuits, Cakes, Buns, Pastries, etc., 17 Waterloo.

"A Fair Outside Is a Poor Substitute For Inward Worth."

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is sure to come if Hood's Sarsaparilla is promptly used. This secures a fair outside, and a consequent vigor in the frame, with the glow of health on the cheek, good appetite, perfect digestion, pure blood.

Loss of Appetite.—"I was in poor health, troubled with dizziness, tired feeling and loss of appetite. I was completely run down. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and after awhile I felt much better. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up." LEZLIE A. RUSSELL, Old Chelsea, near Ottawa, Que.

Biliousness.—"I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up." A. MORRISON, 89 Deane Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver bile; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

NOT ON THE TIME TABLE.

How a Train was checked to let a Star go by. In the rarefied atmosphere of the high tablelands of Mexico objects that are really a long way off appear to be close at hand. This has led to many ludicrous mistakes on the part of tourist and even on the part of those having a knowledge of the peculiarity of the country.

The Mexican central railway has a tangent section of track in which there is no curve that is said to be the longest in the world. It is over sixty miles in length, and a locomotive headlight can be seen, of course for a very long distance.

One evening a train round the curve approaching this tangent and as it entered on the straight track its brakes suddenly began to grind. It soon came to a standstill and the conductor, fearing that an accident had befallen the engine, hurried forward, and was shown by the engineer a light that was twinkling and dancing on the tract directly ahead.

"A headlight, sure," the engineer said. "Must be an extra and the despatcher has overlooked it, for our orders do not mention it."

"Guess you are right," the conductor replied; "but I never knew the despatcher to be so careless before; anywhere but on this tangent there would have been a collision and somebody killed. We better move ahead slowly to the next side-track, we can't tell just how near that train may be, and wait for it to pass us there."

They reached the side track in safety, and dragging it on it, awaited the coming of the other train. Half an hour passed, and the engineer was fuming, wondering how much longer he was to be delayed, when the conductor called to him to step out to the main line.

"What do you think of that headlight, now?" he asked, when the engineer had joined him. "Seems to have got clear up and up and off the road."

The engineer gazed at the twinkling light, then, "Venus, by Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "Billy, we've side tracked to let a star go by, or my name's not Smith!"

All By Electricity.

The Duke of Northumberland is setting the electrical ball rolling in the laundries of the aristocracy. At Alnwick Castle the washing machine, the wringer, and the drier are all driven by an electric motor, and the experiment works satisfactorily. From the laundry to the kitchen is but a step, and the merciless inventor now threatens the whole race of rats and mice with electrical extinction. A small piece of cheese on an electric wire is the latest trap for the killing of these vermin, the advantage over the ordinary traps being that the creatures die instantly, without suffering hours of torture in their struggles to be free.

Waste of W. ter.

Occasionally the typical Pat has a brilliant afterthought; sometimes it is not so luminous as he fancies. "Are you going to move the well, sarr?" inquired a man of all work, whose employer had announced his intention of building a new house in a new and more convenient spot.

"No," answered the gentleman, briefly, his mind full of his own plans. "Now that was a foolish question for me to be axin', sarr," said Pat, after a few moments' reflection. "Sure, and why didn't I think? Av course, ivery drop of water would run out and go to waste while you were moving it! It's nothin' but a blundering goose I am!"

It Likes Resistance.

The force of dynamite is always in the direction from which the greatest resistance is offered. When dynamite is on the ground the explosive force is downward; when it is placed alongside a wall, its greatest force is against the wall; when placed under an object, its force is chiefly in an upward direction.

NATURAL DEATH IS A RIGHT.

Should Doctors Prolong Life When Cure Is Impossible?

In the course of an address before the American Science Association, in Saratoga recently, the president of the association, Judge Simon E. Baldwin of New Haven, said:

"There are certain maladies that attack the human frame, which are necessarily fatal and others which naturally end in a speedy death, but may be so treated as to lead to a protracted state of weakness and suffering incompatible with any enjoyment of life or useful activity, and from which there can be no reasonable prospect of ultimate recovery.

"In uncivilized nations such diseases are of short duration. They are either left to take their course without interference, or the patient is expedited on his journey to the grave.

"In civilized nations, and particularly of late years, it has become the pride of many in the medical profession to prolong such lives at any cost, discomfort or pain to the sufferer, or of suspense, or of exhaustion to his family.

"The patient has come to a point where he cannot bear the thought of eating. The throat declines to swallow what the stomach is no longer to digest. He craves nothing but to be alone. A few hours, and nature will come to his release. She is already, perhaps, fast throwing him in to that happy unconsciousness of pain which we call lethargy. The vital forces that have been spent. The main spring is broken and the watch has run down. It can be made to tick feebly for a minute or two by shaking it hard enough; but cannot be mended. Only another main spring can mend it. Only another soul, another world, can give value to this human life that is only to flicker out because it is worn out.

"The family ask the doctor if there is no hope and he responds with some sharp stimulant; some hypodermic injection; some transfusion or infusion to fill out for a few hours the bloodless veins; some device for bringing oxygen into the congested lungs that cannot breathe the vital some cunning way of stimulating some other organ to do the stomach's work. The sufferer wakes to pain, and gasps back to a few more days of life.

"Were they worth the living? Do they bring life, or a parody of life? Has nature—that is, the divine order of things been helped or thwarted? For the time, thwarted, but not for long. The suffering or at best, the lethargic existence, has been successfullly protracted, but the body will soon fall and fail in the unwanted functions forced upon parts of it made for other uses, and death comes, to the relief of the dying and living, alike.

"Nature has kindly smoothed the sufferer's pillow by leading the way to that gradual exhaustion of the vital powers which follows the refusal of the stomach to receive or digest food.

"To force nutriment into the system in such a case through other channels is simply to prolong a useless struggle at the cost of misery to the patient and to the profit to no one but the doctor and the nurse.

"In determining the nature of a disease, we look for the cause of the symptoms.

"Nature has so ordered it that symptoms are observed at that time of life when life is most worth saving. A lesson of one organ may then be expected to produce a reaction throughout the system. There is general sympathy on the parts. On the other hand, in old age the outward manifestations of an interior lesion seldom indicate that more than one organ is affected, and are often hardly noticeable at all. The patient does not know that he is a patient. There is no occasion that he should. The weakest part of his bodily

A pure hard Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

mechanism has broken down. Why prolong it up? Another is hardly less weak, and must soon succumb. Better for him that his last days should be unclouded by the apprehension of coming death, and the change come to him as quiet a dream in sleep.

"It is a great responsibility this, that rests on modern medicine. It has a power to hold us back from the grave, for a few days, a few weeks, a few years to which the physician of antiquity was a stranger.

But we are sure that the course of nature with mankind is really at fault? May not she know best when she had enough of us in this state of being? Or, to rise to a higher and truer level, may not the God over all, who has ordained these laws of bodily decay, though He has ordained these laws, later discovered by us, of scientific physiology be safely left to name the time for calling His children home? That He has given men some brief power to hold them back is not of itself and always a warrant for its use, when under all reasonable possibility the result will be only a short postponement of an inevitable and barren of any intermediate opportunities for good.

"Are we sure, let us ask from another standpoint, that we have a moral right as against ourselves, to postpone the hour of death?

"Is there a place waiting for every one which every one is equally fitted to fill? Or is each to have a place which is especially fitted for him, and that has been made ready for his coming?

"Is life on earth for every individual merely a brief chapter of a long biography? If that future life which we connect with the name of heaven be one of activity in endeavor, of energy of achievement, of the strong helping the weak, the wise instructing the simple, are we sure that the analogies of life here are so far deserted, that there is always work for all, appropriate to each? Or may, in a certain sense, time, that is, the due order of succession in events, have its reign in other worlds; and positions of usefulness in this planet or in that to be assigned to new comers, as vacancies arise, and only then?

"If to a natural death, coming in ordinary course, may be the divine way of calling one up from a condition of existence to which he is unfitted, or in which he is not needed, to one in which he is needed, and needed at once. To postpone it, to protract a life in doing so by medical skill beyond its seemingly appointed bound may, looked at in this light, risk the loss of a fitter place in a larger life—the loss of a God given opportunity.

Sisiboo Pulp and Paper Company.

The exceptional advantages enjoyed by this company has quickly made of it an attractive industrial undertaking, and sufficient capital has already been obtained to ensure the flotation of the enterprise. In the possession of an inexhaustible supply of raw material, and a properly situated practically on the sea-board, thus affording every facility for prompt shipment of the manufactured article, the Sisiboo Company have a decided advantage over the majority of manufacturers of pulp and paper, and with ordinary good management the success of the company in realizing all that is set forth in their prospectus would seem to be assured. The ever increasing demand for pulp and paper, both of which now enter into the composition of so many articles of daily use, promises a market for more than the many mills can produce, and the market price of the article is so encouraging to its manufacture that referring to the recent sale of crown lands in New Brunswick, a St. John paper says that "Canadian spruce makes the best fibre for pulp, and that the result of this will be that the manufacture of deals will cease altogether, and the timber will be converted into the more valuable pulp."

From the first prospectus issued by the original promoters of this enterprise, we learn that the company has acquired upwards of 17,000 acres of wood land, well timbered with spruce of the best quality for making pulp. This tract of land, together with the pulp purchasable, will afford an inexhaustible supply of raw material adequate for all the business of the company. The company has also acquired the only available wharf property on the Sisiboo River at Weymouth Bridge, Nova Scotia. This property has a navigable water front on one side, and a railway terminus on the other.

With such manifest opportunities for the

successful manufacture, shipment and sale of pulp and paper, the Sisiboo Pulp and Paper Company is not likely to experience any difficulty in disposing of the stock now offered to the public for subscription.

THE REGION OF DEATH.

A Place in the Klondike Where Death not Gold is King.

Afar to the northwest of the Klondike Cold-fields,—this time on United States soil, but on a waste unspeakably bare, desolate and Arctic,—some placer gold-mining has lately been begun in regions which are known as the Cape Nome and Kotzebue districts. Nome is a cape and Kotzebue a sound, but both mining districts are far inland from the coast.

Neither of the districts has any growth of timber. To them all the fuel in mining must be carried. The hardships experienced by miners are far more severe than those likely to be encountered in the Klondike. But their miners are flocking in large numbers, although it is known that more than a hundred men of one expedition perished of scurvy, and the return in gold have been meagre.

It is a strange, yet perhaps on the whole a creditable characteristic that hardship and suffering, and even desolate surroundings and depressing circumstances, seem to attract men of our race. An American public man once said: "There is no employment, no matter how terrible and repellent it may be, for which a man cannot be found. At any rate, I shall not doubt this so long as there are two applicants for every vacancy on the Nantucket light-ship."

The man upon this ship must spend months in practical solitude, anchored fifty miles from the shore, seeing only their few companions, having only the most restricted opportunities to go on land, restlessly heaved to and fro, night and day, and subjected to death in any furious, overmastering storm.

The new gold fields—where death is nearer at hand than gold—literally yawn with privation and misery as compared with the Nantucket light-ship; and yet men seek them, impelled by the gambling spirit that makes mining attractive, and by a love of desperate venture over which they apparently have no control.

A Helpful Maid.

The nurse who is the heroine of Miss Beatrice Harraden's recent book, "The Fowler," displays, in the fragment below, a sense of humor and a knowledge of a certain phase of human nature that are a credit to her profession.

A lady remarked of a gentleman who was always yawning himself ill, that he had discovered another ailment.

"Ah, I am glad to hear that," the nurse replied. "It will keep him in health and spirits for quite six weeks."

Utique as a Map.

Some American railway men have allotted £20,000 towards what promises to be a unique exhibit at the Paris Exhibition. A large scenic map is to be constructed that will show the route of every railway in the States by means of electrical devices, all elevation and natural features to be shown in their proportions.

Fall Excursion! Boston and Return.

\$6.00.

The DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY will issue an excursion return ticket at above rate.

S. S. "PRINCE EDWARD"

Sept. 11th to Oct. 11th.

Good for one month from date of issue. Full information at 111 Prince William street, and at new pier, Beck's Point.

Fragment of text from another page, including "Pag...", "ON A...", "FROM...", "WARDEN...", "DUTY...", "AS IN...", "SOME AN...", "OF HUM...", "TIMES OF...", "ANY HAVE...", "MEN, THE...", "FIRST...", "WHO, IN...", "OF HIS P...", "LONELY. I...", "(OF MARI...", "AND 'LITH...", "TIMES AT...", "TO DINE...", "INVITATION...", "LAXATION...", "MANDER", "IS IN A F...", "ELECTRIC...", "OUS CABIN...", "OF THE W...", "FACTORS AB...", "AND SHAR...", "DISTINCTION...", "BODY ELSE...", "WORD S...", "WHEN HE...", "NIVAL NO...", "EST FAR W...", "THAT HIS...", "PASS FROM...", "AND BACK...", "LANDSMAN", "THE W...", "ANT PLACE...", "TAKING IN...", "SOME OF...", "THESE IS...", "AND SOME...", "IS AVAILABLE", "DRAWING...", "FOR LIEUT...", "CHAPLAIN", "MAY UN...", "AS ENJOY...", "THE GRIP...", "IN THE SC...", "IN THE BU...", "THE AFFI...", "ACTUAL SIG...", "BOTH WAR...", "ADVANTAGE...", "WHICH THE...", "GUN, CA...", "INVADED H...", "QUARTERS", "THEY WERE...", "THE GU...", "GAIN, ON...", "HILARIOUS", "MELODY AT...", "SUB-LIEUT...", "AND OTHER...", "MEN. WITH...", "WE FIND A...", "THE HIGHER...", "TAKING THE...", "SENIOR AT...", "TIMES FOR...", "OUTSIDE OF...", "MORE PRIV...", "THEY SLEEP...", "FACT—CAR...", "HEALTHIER...", "OF IT, FOR...", "THEY ARE...", "ARE STILL...", "GOES STOOD...", "APPOINTED...", "THAT STERN...", "CHECK. THE...", "BOARD MUS...", "OF CORRECT...", "GROWTH IN...", "ON THE MO...", "ROOM BO...", "MANS, CH...", "FROM THE...", "THROUGH AN...", "PETTY OFFI...", "EVEN OF THE...", "ONLY FITTING...", "SUPERVISOR...", "FREELY. B...", "THEY MOST...", "ONE GREAT...", "THEIR CHARG...", "FOR ANY OF...", "AFTER PART...", "BODY OF ME...", "THEY ARE T...

RISE SOAP

Successful manufacture, shipment and sale of soap and paper, the Sissiboo Soap and Paper Company is not likely to experience any difficulty in disposing of the stock now offered to the public for subscription. Among those who have exhibited their confidence in the success of the company, becoming stockholders and directors, are, prominent Montrealers; including Messrs. F. Gault, Robert Mackay, and James Atherton.

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Place in the Klondike where Death not only is King.

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—FROM—
Sept. 11th to Oct. 11th,
for one month from date of issue.
All information at 111 Prince William Street, at New York, Bond's Point.

PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

ON A BRITISH WARSHIP.

FROM THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN TO THE TARDER IN THE FORECASTLE.

Wardroom and Gunroom Amusements—New Warfare and Petty Officers—Honored—Before Occupations When on Duty—Spit and Spas Orders.

As in a town, we have here men of all sorts and professions, we find all manner of human interests crapping up here in times of leisure, and yet the whole company have one feeling one interest in common, their ship and through her their navy.

First of all, of course, comes the captain who, in spite of the dignity and grandeur of his position, must at times feel very lonely. He lives in awful state, a sentry (of marine) continually guarding his door and although he does unbent at stated times as far as inviting a few officers to dine with him, or accepting the officers' invitation to dine in the wardroom, this relaxation must not come too often. The Commander, who is the chief executive officer, is in a far better position as regards comfort. He sits between the Captain and actual direction of affairs, he has a spacious cabin to himself but he takes his meals at the wardroom table among all the officers above the rank of Sub-Lieutenant, and shares their merriment the only subtle distinction made between him and everybody else at such times being in the little ward 'Sir,' which is dropped adroitly in when he is being addressed. For the rest, naval nous is so keen that amidst the wildest fun when off duty no officer can feel that his dignity is tampered with, and they pass from sociability to cast iron discipline and back again with an ease amazing to a landsman.

The wardroom of a battleship is a pleasant place. It is a spacious apartment, taking in the whole width of the ship, handsomely decorated, and lit by electricity. There is usually a piano, a good library, and some handsome plate for the table. It is available not only for meals, but as a drawing room, a common meeting ground for Lieutenants, marine officers, surgeons, chaplains, and senior engineers, where they may unbend and exchange views, as well as enjoy one another's society free from the grip of the collar. A little lower down in the scale of authority, as well as actually in the hull of the ship, comes the gunroom, the affix being a survival, and having no actual significance now. In this respect both ward-room and gun-room have the advantage over the Captain's cabin, in which there are a couple of quick firing guns, causing those sacred precincts to be invaded by a small host of men at 'general quarters,' who manipulate those guns as if they were on deck.

The gun-room is the ward-room over again, once more so—that is, more wildly hilarious, more given to outbursts of melody and rough play. Here meet the Sub-Lieutenants, the assistant engineers and other junior officers, and the midshipmen. With these latter Admirals in embryo we find a state of things existing that is of the highest service to them in after life. Taking their meals as gentlemen, with a senior at the head of the table, at other times for social enjoyment, once they are outside of the gun room door they have no more privacy than the humblest bludgeon.

They sleep and dress and bathe—live, in fact—caram pulico, which is one of the healthiest things when you come to think of it, for a youngster of any class. Although they are now officers in H. M. navy, they are still schoolboys, and their education goes steadily on at stated hours in a well appointed school room, keeping place with that sterner training they are receiving on deck. The most grizzled old seaman on board must 'sit' them, but there are plenty of correctives all around to hinder the growth in them of any false pride.

On the same deck is to be found the common room of the warrant officers, such as boatswain, carpenter, gunner; those seagoers who have worked their difficult way up from the bottom of the sailor's ladder through all the grades, and are, with the petty officers, the mainstay of the service. Each of them has a cabin of his own, as is only fitting; but here they meet as do their superiors overhead, and air their opinions freely. But, like the ward room officers, they mostly talk 'shop,' for they have only one great object in life, the efficiency of their charge, and it leaves them little room for any other topics. Around this, after part of the ship, cluster another little body of men and lads, the domestics, as they are termed, who do their duty at at-

tendance upon officers and waiting at table under all circumstances with that neatness and celerity that is inseparable from all work performed in a ship-of-war. Body-servants of officers are usually marines, but the domestics are a class apart, strictly non-combatant, yet under naval law and discipline.

Going 'forward,' the chief petty officers will be found to make some attempt at shutting themselves apart from the general by arrangements of curtains, &c., all liable and ready to be flung into oblivion at the first note of a bugle. For the rest, their lives are absolutely public. No one has a corner that he may call his own, unless perhaps it is his 'dirty box,' that little case of needles, thread and other ceteras that he needs so often, and is therefore allowed to keep on a shelf near the spot where he eats. Each man's clothes are kept in a bag, which has its allotted place in a rack far away from the spot where his hammock and bed are spirited off to every morning at 5 o'clock, to lie concealed until the pipe 'down hammocks' at night. And yet by the arrangement of 'messes' each man has in common with a few others, a settled spot where they meet at a common table, even though it be not shut in, and is liable to sudden disappearance during an evolution. So that a man's mess becomes his rallying point; it is there that the young blue-jacket or marine learns worldly wisdom, and many other things. The practice of keeping all bedding on the move as it were, having no permanent sleeping places, requires getting used to, but it is a most healthy one, and even if it were not it is difficult to see how, within the limited space of a warship, any other arrangement would be possible. Order among belongings is kept by a carefully graded system of fines payable in soap—any article found astray by the ever watchful naval police being immediately impounded and held to ransom. And as every man's kit is subject to a periodical overhaul by officers, any sea efficiency cannot escape notice.

Every man's time is at the disposal of the service whenever it is wanted, but in practice much leisure is allowed for rest, recreation and mental improvement. Physical development is fully looked after by the rules of the service, but all are encouraged to make the best of themselves, and no efforts on the part of any man to better his position is made in vain. Nowhere perhaps, is vice punished or virtue rewarded with greater promptitude, and since all punishments and rewards are fully public, the lessons they convey are never lost. But apart from the service routine, the civil life of this little world is a curious and most interesting study. The industrious man who, having bought a sewing machine, earns substantial addition to his pay by making every item of his less energetic messmates' clothes (except boots) for a consideration, the far seeing man who makes his leisure fit him for the time when he shall have left the navy, the active temperance man who seeks to bring one after the other of his shipmates into line with the ever growing body of teetotalers that are fast altering completely the moral complexion of our sailors, the religious man who gets permission to hold his prayer meeting in some torpedo flat or casemate surrounded by weapons—all these go to make up the multifarious life of a big battleship.

DRIVEN OUT BY SMUGGLERS.

Customs Collector of St. Pierre Accused of Being a Canadian Spy.

The little French crown colony of St. Pierre, Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland, has a Dreyfus case of its own. Advice received from that place give details of the riotous proceedings there, some days ago, briefly reported at the time by telegraph, in which an attempt was made to lynch the resident Collector of Customs, who was accused of being a spy in the employ of the Canadian Government.

For many years past St. Pierre has been the centre of extensive smuggling operations into Canada. Rum from the West Indies, corn whiskey from the Western States, and French wines and brandies are exported illicitly to points in the Lower St. Lawrence and in the Maritime Provinces of Canada in enormous quantities. The large vessels which leave the islands with these cargoes are met in the gulf by smaller ferry smuggling craft, to which they distribute the contraband goods. These smaller schooners contrive to land their cargoes on Canadian soil despite the vigilance of the Dominion officials and of the revenue cutters employed by them. At long intervals one of these smugglers is captured and consigned together with her cargo, but the profit of this illicit commerce is so large, owing to the enormous duty upon spirits and quars, that those in the trade could well afford to have one vessel out of three seized and forfeited to the Crown.

The government has found itself serious-

ly handicapped in this matter by the persistent refusal of the French government to permit the British authorities to be represented by a resident consul at St. Pierre. No reason is given for this refusal except that the treaty ording the island to France does not provide for what the British ask, and none can be imagined except a desire to protect the industry in which the French smugglers are engaged. In the absence of a resident British or Canadian agent, who might keep the Ottawa authorities posted in regard to all cargoes leaving the island, the Dominion government has been compelled to look to others for the information. That somebody has been keeping them pretty well posted is evident from the successful manner in which the usual smuggling in the St. Lawrence has been kept down during the present season. The suspicions of the islanders that J. Ferry, Collector of Customs in the employ of the French government, was the traitor, were heightened by the fact that he received \$1500 in gold quite recently and deposited it in a local bank. On being requested by the authorities to account for the money, he explained that it was a remittance from a member of his family. Inquiry did not, in the opinion of the authorities, bear out Ferry's statements, and he was finally charged with being a spy in the employ of the Canadian government.

The recent visit to St. Pierre of the chief Canadian customs preventive officer aggravated the difficulty, and finally on the day that the news of the re-conviction of Dreyfus reached the island the anger of the people was aroused and a mob started out to lynch the accused. Ferry was compelled to flee for his life. After he had escaped by steamship to Sydney he was twice berged in a fling and the most insulting epithets were hurled about the place, comparing Ferry to Dreyfus, and containing such inscriptions as 'a bas les traîtres,' 'conspirez Ferry,' 'Dreyfus Ferry' &c. Ferry has gone to Montreal to endeavor to have M. Kockowski, the Consul General, afford him protection in the execution of the duties of his office. Unless he can disabuse the minds of the St. Pierre people of the idea there concerning him, it is believed that it will be quite impossible for him to attempt to live upon the island again. Hitherto he has moved in the best society of the place. So far the Canadian Government has not uttered a word in Mr. Ferry's favor.

LYING ABOUT JAMAICA.

Persistent Misrepresentation of the Island in Some American Newspapers.

The authorities of Jamaica have been greatly disturbed by alleged news, printed in this country, which the Kingston Gleaner says is probably the work of the Associated Press agent here. Some of these items have reported that a severe draught had caused widespread distress; that the coffee, orange and corn crops have been destroyed and famine impends; that the starving country people are fleeing into the towns; that the use of purid water has caused an outbreak of typhoid malarial fever, and so on. These statements were very inaccurate and some of them entirely false, and were calculated to injure the island by producing a most unfavorable impression in regard to its condition.

Colonial Secretary Evans, therefore, wrote to Vice Consul Springer calling attention to these erroneous statements and asked him if he could assist the Jamaican Government to put a stop to such continued misrepresentations or at least to counteract their injurious influence. He said they were already doing much mischief to the colony.

The Vice Consul accordingly sent specimens of these falsehoods, together with the letter which Mr. Evans had written him, to our State Department and they have just appeared in our consular reports. Somebody seems to be interested in libelling Jamaica, and has found a medium in this country for the promulgation of his falsehoods.

"Dry Goods."

Bishop Watterson of Nebraska was once mistaken for a travelling salesman by a commercial traveller who met him in a railway train.

"Do you represent a big house?" asked the traveller of the bishop.

"Biggest on earth," replied the bishop.

"What's the name of the firm?"

"Church and Co."

"Hum! 'Church and Co.' Never heard of it. Got branch houses anywhere?"

"Branch houses all over the world."

"That's queer. Never heard of 'em. Is it boots and shoes?"

"No, dry goods, I suppose," said the traveller, relating to the drapery business.

"Yes," answered the good-natured bishop, "they call my sermons that sometimes."

WEATHER AND NERVES.

EFFECT OF SUN, TEMPERATURE AND WIND ON MANKIND.

New Field Opening to the Meteorologist—Future Weather Predictions may Include War-Like as to Human Conduct—Some Observations Already Made.

"At no very distant day," said the Weather Bureau man, "the daily weather prediction will possess much greater significance than at present. We shall then scan the bulletin not only to find out whether to postpone a picnic or to carry an umbrella, but also to gain a clue to the probable conduct of our fellow beings, whose behavior, according to modern theory, varies with variations in temperature, humidity and the velocity of the wind. To the physician certain weather indications will prove a warning of danger to patients hovering between life and death; to the teacher, that her pupils will be unruly or stupid; to the chief of police they will indicate a day of assaults, murders and suicides; to the keeper of a penitentiary or insane asylum, a time of extra vigilance over his wards to avert fractious outbreaks; to the banker, a change in the weather may bring anxiety lest serious errors creep into his accounts or effect financial calculations; and to the ordinary citizen the prevalence of certain weather conditions will indicate that mental or physical operations should be curtailed or that a decision as to some momentous affair of business should be postponed to a season when the intellect shall be clearer and the judgment less clouded.

"That climate and weather influence feeling and conduct is universally admitted. The fact is recognized in popular tradition and in general literature, and the principal theories concerning it are familiar to the public. Everybody understands climatic effects upon character. The difference between tropical races and those living in the temperate zones, the depressing influence of a damp, rainy day and the stimulating effect of bright, sunny weather, are large facts in meteorology that are common knowledge. That spring causes a revival of human energy, that more suicides occur in summer than in winter, that extremes of heat and cold kill off human beings like a pestilence—these are some of the scientific conclusions as to meteorological influence that seem to be generally accepted.

"But we are on the eve of a refinement of the science that will extend its scope very materially. Past investigations have been concerned with the larger effects of seasons in which certain weather conditions were prevalent. Recent investigations have been concerned with the effect upon the conduct of human beings of daily variations in temperature, humidity and the velocity of the wind. The Weather Bureau has a small fund at its disposal for making investigations of this character, but has done little more than outline some of the elemental features of the complicated problems involved. In making these investigations the meteorologist goes on the theory that the human body is a machine capable of developing only a certain amount of energy per individual, which output must suffice to maintain his bodily functions and in addition to provide a reserve fund out of which must come the energy, physical or mental, expended in daily labor or other exercise. Now it is obvious that weather conditions that can effect an increase or reduction in this fund of surplus energy will have more or less influence on conduct. The weather is, however, always a secondary cause. It serves to create or help to create the conditions under which certain acts can or will be done or under which we lose the power to exhibit them. Weather also has influence over emotional states of mind, and these too are factors in determining conduct.

"To illustrate, it has been found that the best work of pupils in the public schools is done on days which are cold, calm or clear, and their worst work on hot or muggy days. Their deportment, as evidenced by the larger number of demerits entered, is worse on cloudy days. The suicide, strangely enough, in a majority of cases, chooses a fair day for self-destruction. The errors made by bank clerks are most common in the months of July and August, and more are made on the days of highest temperature than on any other. Bodily assaults are most frequent in spring and summer, and the susceptibility of the female sex to weather influence is shown in the larger proportion of assaults com-

mitted by women in July and August. It is found that the unseasonably hot days of spring and autumn are more productive of pugnacity than other hot days, even though the heat be much less than in summer. As a general rule, it appears that warm weather and sunny days are productive of human energy, whether for good or evil, and that very cold or very hot or windy or humid days are depressing in their effect, and while they may be irritating to the temper, are not conducive to accurate or energetic action. In the one case the favorable meteorological conditions seem to release a quantity of human energy which in the other would be drawn upon to counteract unfavorable conditions. To what extent the human machine is responsive to daily variations in weather is unknown, but that it is responsive, just as a modern steam engine is responsive to varying loads, is the conclusion to which all recent inquiries lead.

"The wind," continued the weather man, "exercises a meteorological influence of importance. In many countries there are winds to which are popularly and correctly ascribed certain physiological and mental effects. The debilitating influence of the famous east wind of the English coast is well known. A more remarkable example is found in the moist north wind which blows over La Plata. This damp wind of La Plata," says an observer, "seems to affect the temper and disposition of the inhabitants. The irritability and ill humor it excites in them amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing for men among the better class to shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance and lay aside all business until it has passed; while among the lower classes it is always remarked that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. Even murderers are said to lay to it the blame of their foul deeds. No sooner, however, does the southwest wind blowing from the dry and snowy summits of the Andes set in than health and comfort and peace are restored.

"The dry winds of Colorado appear to induce an electrical state that works havoc with the emotions. This suggests the large part which electrical conditions in the atmosphere may play in affecting human actions. As to this phase of the subject little is known. It has been observed that the electricity produced by the dry winds of Colorado has various effects upon the people of the State. It shows itself, according to one authority, in mild insanities or occasional irritability of disposition. Even horses feel the influence especially when brought from lower altitudes, and their trainers are always anxious about their ability to control the animals in the excitement of a race. In the human this electrical atmosphere induces an astonishing degree of energy. A man is enabled to turn a large amount of work at high pressure, but this cannot be long maintained without collapse. As a consequence professional men are compelled to take frequent vacations and in general to shorten their working time. For the same reason the school year has been considerably shortened. If such effects are observed in Colorado it is altogether likely that electricity is exercising its subtle influences elsewhere in many ways. There is here a wide field for investigation which has been as yet barely touched. The future undoubtedly holds in store an expansion of the science of meteorology that will be one of the marvels of the twentieth century."

Different Views.

In a lovely suburban district there dwell a couple of elderly maiden ladies, of whom it is rumored that compulsion rather than choice has to account for their state of single-blessedness.

One evening, some time since, whilst sitting in their cosy little drawing room, one of them heard a sound which to her seemed to be the stealthy footstep of a man in the room overhead.

"Jane! she whispered to her sister, who, being occupied with a book, had not heard the mysterious sound, 'there's a man in the house!'

"Nonsense!" retorted the other, as, laying aside her book, she gazed across at her sister, whilst the pair listened intently for a recurrence of the noise.

After a few minutes passed in listening, Mary, the one who claimed to have heard the footsteps, said in a dramatic whisper, "What are we going to do, Jane?"

"Do, Mary!" echoed the other.

"Yes, what are we going to do, to get him out of the house?"

"How funny!" was the only reply she received.

"I don't see anything funny in it," retorted Mary sharply.

"No, no, of course you don't dear; you weren't following my thoughts; it seemed funny to me that whilst you were pursuing your brain how to get him out of the house I was pursuing mine as to how best to induce him to stay!"

"By the Bonny, Bonny Banks
o' Loch Lomond."

A Romance of the Old Loch and the New

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

"Have some pity, Miss Graeme! I'm only a poor Englishman, not even claiming Scotch descent you know, and I haven't lived here long enough to be able to run up hills after a day's climbing! Pity the weak, Miss Graeme, and in your strength show mercy!"

A low, merry laugh was the only answer the stalwart young Englishman received, but the poor fellow showed up a little, which the Englishman appreciated less than the answering laugh to hear which he had made his little speech.

The sun had just set in the waters of Loch Lomond, far away in bonny Scotland, the last rays had just kissed the dark, frowning mountain piles which guard its shores, and the purple shades of evening were deepening and thickening, when two men and a girl all evidently weary out by a long walk plodded up the hill towards home.

Only to speak true, you could not ascribe the word plodded to the step of the winsome brown haired girl, leading the van, for truly,

"A foot more light a step more true;
Near from the bush-dove dashed the dew."

With a slow swaying motion the girl was mounting the incline, her regular steps in time with an old Scotch war song which she was softly humming to herself.

More appropriately can we use the word to describe her father's gait. Poor, clever old Professor Graeme! How many weary tramps had he made in search of his beloved specimens of plants, nearly always in the company of his daughter Margery.

How often had he returned home after a long day's climbing, tired to death, but so uplifted in mind over his new discoveries, that he could not reckon in his mind the weariness of his flesh!

Yes! As the third of the trio watched the long ungainly figure of his old professor, stumbling on before him, he could not but wonder again how the dainty little Scottish maiden, lilting like a wood bird; yet with all the pretty airs and graces of a spirit beauty could have sprung from this unlovely, eccentric, yet strangely lovable old botanist. High spirited she was too, and that Eric Wyam knew well, for he had had many a tussle with the loyal little Scotch woman, for Eric was not a co-patriot. The son of a wealthy English shipper, he had come to Edinburgh to take a course in the University, and now that his last session was over, was spending a few weeks holidays in viewing some of the unsurpassable lochs of Scotland, before returning home for the summer vacation, which was to precede his start in the actual work of life.

Right soon had he learned to appreciate the beauties of Loch Lomond, the day after his arrival he had discovered with pleasure that his favorite professor with his daughter was staying at the same little hotel or inn, and had been made heartily welcome by his old friend to partake in their long rambles in search of specimens. While the professor searched, his daughter taught the Englishman the beauties of the spot and the song of her country, for nature had endowed her not only with a sweet sympathetic voice, but also a wonderful power of retaining the words of the old ballads. There were few occasions which Margery could not suit with an apt quotation from some old Scotch verse.

When at last the three wanderers had reached the door of the primitive picturesque little inn and were taking another glance at the grandeur of the night the old professor exclaimed: "Dear me! dear me! surely you've got my spectacles, Eric, I had them a few minutes ago, and I can't find them now." "Why, no, professor I haven't got them. Surely you must have left them on that last rock where we were resting at the end of the Loch."

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy! You would have lost me, and forgotten me a thousand times over if I didn't know how to follow you! But you can't go back for them, father, you are far too tired already!" "I'll go professor, for it would not do to risk them out all night, but— with a side long glance at Margery, 'I'm not so sure of my way up to that favorite seat of Miss Graeme! If anything happens to me just let the old folks know!"

"Dear me, how pathetic, Mr. Wyam! I see I must be your guide. Well, come on! We won't be long, father, for I'll sing the 'Keel Row' and that will take us at a good rate! And off went the young girl, followed by Wyam leaving her father quite taken aback at the loss of his spectacles.

But the Keel Row did not last long. Margery was tired after all, and by the

time they had regained their former resting place was glad to sit down once more and rest. And indeed who could have hastened away from the magnificent scene which spread itself out before them.

"Come, now, Mr. Wyam, own you can not in all the lands of merry England find a scene to equal this?"

The witchery of the night made Wyam feel strangely quiet. By this time the moon had risen and its beams lay broad across the waters at their feet, making the mountains in contrast, grander and darker—veritable guardians of the strand; and the sweet low voice of the girl he had learned to love, speaking to him—everything was so hushed and still, almost solemn in its grandeur.

Wyam thought of the busy life that lay before him, of the very different scenes in which he would so soon be sharing, of the other women that he knew, clever, gay, accomplished women, but when weighed in the balance with this simple mountain girl, strangely lacking in something, he could not tell what.

His father told you, Mr. Wyam, that he has at last finally decided that we are to take our long talked of trip to Canada? You know he has two brothers out there, who have always been so anxious that we should go out some summer and see their homes. They say there would be so interested in the country, and so we are at last going. You know, when father once takes up an idea, he wants to act upon it at once, so we shall soon be far away from bonny Scotland for a time at least."

Wyam could say nothing at the moment. He thought of the vast separating ocean, he thought of the months that must pass before he would see her again, he thought of the many different people and places she would see that would all help to crowd him from her life.

"Are you not glad for me, Mr. Wyam. Do you not think I shall like it?"

"Glad! Margery, glad that you are going to the other side of the world from me! Glad that I may never see you again! Oh, Margery, rather are you not 'wae' for me?"

And as the wild rose color spread softly over her cheek, and her deep blue eyes were lowered from his passionate gaze.

"Margery, will you not promise that you will only go out there, as my promised bride?"

The saucy look crept into her eyes as she sang softly half under her breath, "Oh, I canna canna, winna winna, mauna—"

"Stop, there, Margery. Do not finish it."

"I'm owrie young to marry yet, I'm owrie young to marry yet, I'm owrie young to marry yet, I'm owrie young to marry yet."

Next day, Wyam went home to 'try and exist' as he put it to Margery, till he heard of their return, when he knew the Professor would come to his favorite loch, before a new college session opened. "And I'll expect you, then Margery," but a warning look, and 'I'm no sure, see very very sure,' changing the words of another song to suit her convenience, finished the scene.

A few days later the Graemes had hied them to 'Auld Reekie,' there to make hurried preparations for their voyage across the Atlantic.

As Margery had said, this was a long talked of trip. Professor Graeme had two brothers who had made their homes in Canada many years back before Margery's young mother had died, and they had been constantly striving to get their learned brother and his daughter to come out and pay them a visit. Now, the Professor had suddenly decided that he would. They would see a large part of Canada, for Dr. Wm. Graeme, the elder brother, had a large practice in the West while the younger was a prosperous lumber merchant in the northern part of New Brunswick.

The voyage across, was altogether a new experience for Margery, and a most pleasant one. The winsome Scotch face, with its true eyes, and glowing colour, attracted friendship, while the happy, merry temperament, retained them. They found the weeks went all too quickly as they visited the great rivers and mountains, homes and haunts of the new land. The Professor searched and sought, studied and discovered, among the prairies and forests of Canada, and all too soon they found the summer waning, and hastened to New Brunswick to spend the remaining weeks of their visit there.

The subject of the grave discussion between the two young English girls was Eric. It was evidently a puzzling subject, if we can judge by the serious expression in the bright young faces;—

"What is it, Ethel, what can it be? Something has changed Eric completely. He tries to hide it, and pretends to be just as interested in our motions, and the boys' cricket, and games as he used to be, but even old Laddie notices it, for he takes his own time when Eric drives him, and that is a pretty slow time, too."

"I've just been thinking, Winny, and I think he is just like that. What was when she got engaged. Do you think it could be the same, Winny? Surely, Eric is not going to get engaged, and the voice tell very low

at the thought of such an impending calamity.

"He's always just reading, and reading, and once when I looked at the book he had laid down, it was all some dry stuff about Canada. What does Eric want to know about Canada? With a stress of contempt on the name of the country, yet only a name to the little Briton."

"Well, I heard him say to father last night that he would like a trip across to America, but I didn't take any notice, for I thought he was only joking. Only I hope he doesn't really want to go for father would be sure to let Eric do just anything he wants to!"

All too pleased in the interest his son was taking in his shipping, and quite ready to let him see what he wanted of the world Eric was easily granted a trip to America in one of his father's steamers. Two weeks in New York, and around it, would give him a breathing space before the steamer leaves again for home.

Eric had persuaded the professor to send him occasional accounts of their doings and was endeavoring by means of books to make himself familiar with the sights they were seeing. But this would be far better!

As the 'Arctic' steamed into New York harbor, Eric tried to feel that he was now quite near Margery, but oh the weary distance of the 'New World.' The first week was spent in visiting New York, and some of the other large cities, among them Boston, which seemed more like many of the cities of old England, and through which he lay to wander.

One evening after a day's sight seeing, on his return to the hotel, a re-addressed letter from the professor was handed to him.

"Not many weeks, now, Eric till we are home again. We leave in a couple of weeks for New Brunswick, where my brother advises me to spend a few days in the old city of St. John, before sailing up the river to his home—sorry you can't be here to enjoy it all with us! Margery likes it all fine, but the lassie seems to be as eager to get back to our old Loch at home, as I ever was."

Aha, Daddy Graeme! Letting out secrets quite unconsciously! Eric suddenly felt like leaving a dollar for the postman who had brought him his letter.

St. John is it and from the date of the letter they will be there now. And didn't I pass a wharf and see a steamer start this very day for St. John and by a strange coincidence, and the blessings of the Fates won't I be in St. John too!"

What of it, though he was on board a whole hour before the boat started? That was no reason why they should be a whole hour late in starting, 'ye gods and little fishes!' muttered Eric, as he impatiently strode up and down the deck, if they don't hurry up and start, I'll get out and swim.

Well, it was all very fine to feel that he was going straight to Margery but he had not forgotten his promise, and how could he meet her, after his long separation, and talk every day nothing, that he might talk to his grandmother with perfect propriety!

'No' thought he as he paced up and down among the many tourists enjoying the cool breeze after the heat of the big city, 'No I'll bide my time I'll see Margery and wait my chance.'

It was late in the afternoon, almost evening, when the steamer entered the harbor, and entered at the same time a thick grey fog which seemed to hang like a protecting veil over the city to hide it from the rays of the scorching sun, which had burnt up the towns and cities he had just left.

Restless and eager for movement Eric passed the clamorous cabmen and by dint of enquiry easily found his way to the principal hotel, where he hoped to see the names of his friends registered. He determined to have a glimpse of Margery while she still thought him far away.

'It', he sadly pondered, 'she thinks of me at all!'

Yes! there were the names, the dear old familiar names 'Professor Graeme, Miss Margery Graeme.' They had been there a few days, the clerk said, and he believed they were still to be there two days, and will not be back for a few hours yet. I know because Miss Graeme came to me and asked me how to pronounce the name.

Eric could just hear the merry laughing voice trying to pronounce the long name. "Don't let them have any word of my arrival, tonight!" And Eric went off to dinner.

Afterwards, stationing himself in a position where he would be sure to see them on their return, he scanned the many, many strange faces, passing him, eagerly watching for the only two he would know.

At last! Wyam wondered how people could resist turning and gazing with delight at the little figure in the blue traveling dress, with such a sweet Scotch face, crowned by the way brown hair, and a little round sailor hat! Only a glimpse! but he knew he would soon have more, and was it not enough to feast his memory for one more night!

It was hard to prevent himself from making his presence known, but he knew Margery well, that since that promise existed, he must stick to it. There was nothing for it but to wait and see what the morning would bring.

He was early on the alert the next day, and determined to breakfast before they were likely to come to the dining-room. Not a minute too soon! As he left the room, he saw them at the other end of the corridor, walking towards him. He slipped into the shadow of a door way.

Margery's clear tones carried far— "Well, father, we are to go to Loch



Lomond, today, and if you enjoy it as much as you did Roxbury on Monday— "Her voice was lost in the distance; but 'Loch Lomond today!' Roxbury! Had the lassie gone deaf? Was he in Scotland again? What did it all mean?"

Hastening to the office he asked the clerk the names of some of the places tourists generally visited. "Well, sir, there's Nauwigewack, a fine place as you can go to, there's the Kennebecois, as I told you—"

"Oh, stop these jaw breakers," interrupted Wyam, "and tell me some civilized names."

"English, evidently, sir, and not accustomed to our Indian names! Well, how does Loch Lomond do, or Roxbury?"

"By all the shades!" muttered Wyam, as a great idea came to him, which would lead him out of his perplexities.

"See! Can I hire a bicycle here?" "Ten of them, if you like, sir, a little further up the street."

"Have one brought to me immediately. But stay, how far is it to Loch Lomond?" "About twelve or fifteen miles, I should say, sir."

"All right! Please have the bicycle brought at once."

"Now," thought Wyam, as he went off to prepare. "I'll live in the old Heath- enish times. I would have had to give a good lot offering to my guardian goddess; and, by Jove, it does seem as if I had been born under a lucky star with a vengeance!"

In little more than fifteen minutes he was waiting in a sheltered spot opposite, where it would be impossible to notice him, unless especially sought for. As the time went on and they did not appear— "Oh, surely they haven't changed their minds! Oh, desert me not now my luck. Ah here they were—"

A quick spring, and the little figure in blue, was in the carriage, and in a few minutes they were off. Now was Wyam's chance, and bravely he struggled up hill, and down hill, easily keeping in view, his friends, so unconscious of his presence.

Sometimes he would ride up, quite close behind them, so near as to hear the light hearted laugh beloved so well, and sometimes, as they got out into the country a verse of the familiar songs. Once he was nearly seen. It was a narrow escape.

"Stop, driver, I must get out a minute and get some of these beautiful flowers," Margery had called out.

It happened that Wyam was just then nearer than he had ever yet been and the words were easily carried to him by the wind. It was not a thickly wooded part. What could he do? Quick as thought he had crept into a dry ditch, at the side of the road, and put his bicycle down among the long grass.

"Now," thought poor Eric, "if only she will be content with the flowers at her side. But when was the ambition of woman ever satisfied with what was so easily attained?"

"Just a minute over here father, O!"

"And with a cry of alarm, Eric heard her run back to the carriage. There's a man in the ditch, and from his back he seems to be just awful!"

Oh, Margery, Margery, that vivid imagination!

The Professor wanted to get out and help, but Eric heard the driver saying there were always lots of tramps sleeping it off on the roads out here, and finally the sound of the wheels disappeared in the distance.

"It's a long way to come," muttered poor Eric to himself, "to be told that from your back you are just awful! But he was mounted again in a minute, and off in hot pursuit."

He kept at a greater distance, now, all along the beautiful road, between rows of bushes and trees reminding him of the hedges of his mother land. At the sight of the beautiful Loch Eric decided it was worthy of its name, and gazed with delight at the namesake of his trying place.

Far along the road the carriage led and Eric followed till finally it stopped at a quaint little inn.

"I dare say it's quite true that love can fly on wings" thought Eric, "but it must be a jolly lot easier than on a bicycle on a hilly road."

Eric waited till he had seen Margery and her father wander down to the shore, when he left his bicycle at the house, and followed.

It was very easy to keep them in sight of the loch, the professor produced fishing tackle and cast his line. It was easy for Eric to wait. Now that the moment seemed just within his grasp, he proposed to prolong the delightful anticipation a little longer.

Presently the roving ceased, the little

brown hands drifted in the water, and, as the professor drew more and more intent in his sport, the voice came over the waters to the listener, behind the bushes.

"My heart is only I darra teill,
My heart is sair for somebody,
I would strive, what would I do?
For the sake o' somebody!"

"Father, you've got a bite! Oh, what a silvery little thing. Let it go, Father!"

"Oh, why left I my name,
Why did I cross the sea."
Unkind Eric! most unkind! Have you no feeling for the pathetic words, sung in such a wistful voice? No, indeed, but the brown knickerbocker's danced a "passtot" behind the bushes.

"See that pretty little boat-house or club-house at the end of the Loch! We must row up and see it, later, Father."

"Row in, Margery, row in, I want some more hooks. These are no good! and with a few light strokes the boat was crunching on the shore.

"Wait for me, Margery, I'll just be a minute!"

The professor was off, and Margery was left standing by the side of the water; the little brown head thrown back, the deep blue eyes reflecting the lights of the waters.

"I lo'e use a laddie but one
He lo'e use a lassie but me
He has promised to make me his ain
And his ain I have promised to be!"

"Not yet, Margery, but you're going to!" and with a bound Wyam was at her side.

"Take care! take care Margery, my 'ain' as with a great start of astonishment the girl stepped almost into the water. But his arm prevented it, and retained her.

"Mr. Wyam, where have you come from?" and as she became conscious of his hold "you are forgetting our bargain."

"That you were not to speak to me— like that, till we met on the bonny, bonny, banks o' Loch Lomond! Oh!" as it dawned upon her where they were.

And another "oh," and a faint gasp made them both turn to see the astonished professor, regarding them as if they had been new specimens.

"Eric! what does it all mean?"

"It's the man in the ditch that wants your daughter, my dear old professor," answered Eric, as he wrung the man's hand.

"Was it you, Eric, was it you, why, did you do it?"

"Because I knew my lady dignity would not allow that her condition be broken, and I waited till we should both be on this lovely spot, and I think the jolly beggar that gave this place its name, and so has given me my love, weeks before I could otherwise have won her. Yes, Margery, I have come across the sea for you, and although I know 'from my back, I look just awful!'"

Full explanations of such a happy nature were soon told to the professor, although it seemed strange that Margery was the one who needed a longer explanation, which was given off to make discoveries, and the other two were trying to find their way through the woods to the club house.

They never found it!

How lucky that the driver was not only able to ride a bicycle, but after a clasp of Eric's hand was perfectly willing to do so, to the city's limits!

Need I tell you they both got out at the place where Eric had lain in the ditch, and had a right merry laugh over it. But the merriment gave place to quieter and deeper feelings, as the shades of evening fell, and as they saw the spires of the old city before them Eric whispered to Margery that old St. John would now always hold a very warm place in his memory.

For the professor may have found some valuable specimens, but I have got the most valuable of all, and some day we shall come back together to the bonny bonny banks of the new Loch Lomond.

Of course Eric went home on the same steamer as the Graemes, and Margery thought as they strolled on the deck watching the shores of the new country losing themselves in the distance, that of all the spots she had seen there, of all the magnificent mountains and rapid rivers none would be more dearer to her than the waters up among the hills behind the 'City of the Loyalists,' and which men call 'Loch Lomond.'

GERTRUDE ARNOLD.

FOR MOLTING
HENS USE
Sheridan's Condition Powder.
Once daily, in a hot mash. It assists in growing new plumage, gets them in condition to lay when eggs bring the highest prices.

CANCER
And Tumors
sure to stay
sure, a
killed Master
of Pain.
For Canadian testimonials & 32-page
book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Manufacturing
Co., 577 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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Sunday Reading

In the old days God sent his angels on
To men in thrilling hours, to women pressed
With daily tasks; they came to wash and croft,
And whispered words of blessing and of rest.

Not mine to guess what shape those angels wore
Nor tell what voices they spoke, nor with what grace
They lit the dear love down that evermore
Makes lowliest souls his best abiding place.

But in these days I know my angels well;
They brush my garments on the common way,
They take my hand, and very softly tell
Some bits of comfort in the waiting day.

And though their angel names I do not ken,
Though in their faces human love I read,
They are God-given to this world of men,
God sent to bless it in its hours of need.

Child, mother, dearest wife, brave hearts that take
The rough and bitter cross, and help us bear
His heavy weight when strength is like to break,
God bless you all, our angels, everywhere!

—From "Easter Bells."

The Truth About Growing Old.

It is an easy thing to theorize. One can sit down at thirty five for instance, and write most beautiful and inspiring words about the delights of old age. To be honest, I used to do that very thing myself, and I approached the grim reality with a fixed determination to grow old gracefully. But that was a good while ago, and now I really suppose that I am actually old. Yes, I am 'it,' as the children say, and therefore qualified to speak ex cathedra. Perhaps some of you who are trembling on the border would like to know how it really seems when one has fairly got into the strange country, and has had time to get one's bearings and see what it is like. A girl of twenty is apt to feel that the world must be a dreary place at sixty-five, and it is amusing to see the queer looks upon youthful faces when any of us branch out for ourselves, and persist in doing things 'just for fun.'

IS THIS GOD?

How a Child's Innocent Question Touched a Strong Man.

It was one of Victor Hugo's fine thoughts when he saved the life of a mouse and quoted the Divine Kindness as his reason: 'To that little being I am Providence. I treat it as, more than once, God has treated me.'

The world has heard of the starving child who looked up to her lady benefactor and asked, 'Are you God's wife?' Even more affecting, not to say startling, in its simplicity, was the similar childlike question that surprised Mr. J. H. Hanan when last spring he saved nine souls adrift in the sinking Caspian.

Mr. Hanan, a wealthy Englishman, with a party of American friends who he had invited to join him in his yacht Sagamore, was returning from the West Indies when, about half a day's sail north of Bermuda, his lookout sighted a floating wreck.

For his prompt rescue of the famished crew and passengers of the little ship he is to receive the Albert medal; but deeper than his sense of this distinguished honor, the lesson of innocent faith that he learned then touched him with its revelation and reward. The truth that every human helper of human suffering is a representative of Divine Providence was brought home to him in a way he will never forget.

For nine days the disabled Caspian had been tossing on the pounding waves, carried no one knew whither, and despair had come to every soul on board—except the captain's wife, Mrs. Gordon. As the crew after ward testified, this brave woman prayed, and impressed her own resolute Christian trust upon her child, Helen Sylvia Gordon, a bright little girl of four years. Hour by hour she had promised to her:

'God will save us; He has not forgotten us; He will not let us die.'

When all had been safely transferred from the wreck to the deck of the Sagamore.

stances which have seemed iron bound and dreadful, suddenly become plastic, and capable of being moulded to our will. 'At evening time it shall be light,' and it is light. I once heard a famous painter say, 'There is a remarkable similarity between the sunrise and the sunset.' Obvious and lovely parallel! One is just as good as the other.

'So we'll not sigh and look back, dear,
But walk right on, alert and bold,
To where our life sails heavenly clear,
Westward behind the hills of gold.'

'That is all charming,' here interpolate Mr. and Mrs. Doubting and fearing, 'but everyone cannot feel as you do. I was cheerful when I was young, but now—' Well, now you may be cheerful if you choose. Let the outward circumstances go. Not only the circumstances of daily living, but the thought that would print 'Old Age,' 'Old Age,' upon every act of every day. Say to yourself every morning, 'The spirit cannot grow old'; which is literally and absolutely true. And trust in God. You have probably tried to trust him, and have thought you did, but now make it the very marrow and pith of your whole living to do it! We have always known after a fashion that he is omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent, but now let us realize these mighty facts, together with the crown of them all, that we have always thought we knew, namely, 'God is love.' The moment we really make these truths our own, 'the worst turns the best,' and a kind of sunshine comes into the soul that effectually disposes of the dark side of old age. No more fear, no more shrinking from the future, no more regretting the ephemeral pleasures of early life.

'Youth shows but half, trust God; see all, nor be afraid.'

—[Interior.]

THE JOY OF SERVICE.

A woman writing recently of the curse of idleness in fashionable circles, declares that idleness is apt to produce selfishness, and selfishness begets immorality. She quotes a wealthy society friend who, on returning from abroad, said to her, 'You are losing your good looks. Don't worry about other people's trouble; I never think about anything except what will make me happy.'

Another said to her, 'Don't be sorry or worry about any one. I never allow myself to be troubled about strangers.'

After telling of the sins and sorrows that grow out of this idleness and selfishness, she comes to the conclusion, and she has all the observation and wisdom of the ages to back her up in it, when she says: 'Happiness is reflected. The purest joy in the world is that of helping others.' It is the most abiding joy, too; it never loses its relish, and it can be renewed every day. Christ found it his meat and drink to go about doing good, and he declared that he would put his joy in us, and no one would have the power to take it from us. If we cultivate the art of doing good, we will find it a perennial fountain of joy and peace.

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The guests had been out for a walk, and had amused themselves with gathering mushrooms, which were cooked for dinner. As the company were sitting down, it occurred to one of the party that undoubtedly some of the people who had taken part in gathering the mushrooms knew nothing about them, and that there might be poisonous fungi in the collection.

The reflection so affected the company that all the people present, with the exception of Cherbuliez, declined to partake of the dish. He alone attacked it, with gusto.

There upon Buloz showed sudden and intense alarm.

'Cherbuliez! Cherbuliez! What are you about?' he exclaimed. 'Remember that you haven't finished your story in the Revue!'

Greatly to his relief, the mushrooms turned out to be innocuous, and the story was finished.

"MY FRIENDS DESPAIRED."

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

'I was ailing for nearly four years with nervous prostration. I tried many remedies and was treated by physicians without any permanent benefit. A year ago I took a gripple, which greatly aggravated my trouble. My friends despaired of my recovery. I was induced to try South American Nervine, and was rejoiced to get almost instant relief. I have used four bottles and feel myself completely cured. I believe it's the best remedy known for the nerves and blood.' Wm. M. Coop, Newcastle, N. B. Sold by E. C. Brown.

AN ANCIENT INSCRIPTION.

In the ancient cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old slab, with the following inscription;

'Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us: Ye call me Master, and obey me not; Ye call me Light, and see me not; Ye call me Way, and walk me not; Ye call me Life, and desire me not; Ye call me Wise, and follow me not; Ye call me fair, and love me not; Ye call me Rich, and ask me not; Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not; Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not; Ye call me Noble, and serve me not; Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not; Ye call me Just, and fear me not; If I condemn you, blame me not.'

WITHOUT HER KNOWLEDGE.

A true story of the freaks of a somnambulist comes from France. A gentleman missed from his bedroom a packet of bonds worth over £2,000. The thief could not be traced; but shortly afterwards the mistress of the house, who had taken the robbery to heart even more than her husband, was attended by a doctor, for she was suffering from nervous prostration.

The doctor, a firm believer in hypnotism, was told of the robbery, and putting two and two together, hypnotised his patient and extorted a confession from her that she had taken the bonds and buried them in the garden.

There, upon search being made, they were found, but the lady is yet quite ignorant of the fact that she herself was the person who hid them.

A DYSPEPSIA CURE.

Ever Reliable and Welcomed by the Most Delicate Stomach is Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

Let the worst dyspeptic eat a pineapple a day for six months, and so greatly would his health improve, he would look and feel like a new person. The reason is plain. The pineapple holds a generous supply of vegetable pepsin, which, next to the juices of the stomach, is the greatest digestive known. Very few people can obtain the daily pineapple but everyone can get Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets which are mainly composed of this precious fruit juice. They are eaten as candy are as harmless as ripe fruit, and always give satisfaction. They cure all digestive troubles. Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

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Professor—Give an illustration of latent

Freebie—It's the hot time there may be developed from enough cold cash

YOUTHFUL RECKLESSNESS.

The natural embers of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on the kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Urinary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

A young life has been sacrificed. Any help for it? Yes!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong.

Mrs. G. Orisman, 22 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says:

'My daughter, now 17 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has always been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for the great benefit they have conferred upon her.'

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'Talk of medals and rewards?' he said 'As for the decorations by Queen Victoria, I shall welcome it of course. Such a tribute is one of which any man may be proud. But beyond that, and greater than that, in my mind, is the memory of one thrilling moment—the vibration of gratitude thrown from thankful hearts into my own. It was the moment when little Helen nestled in my arms, asking in her childlike simplicity, 'Mamma, is this God?'

Childish Feltiness.

A mother was lamenting the fact that her children were rude to other little girls and boys who came in to play with them.

'They mortify me dreadfully,' she complained. 'They treat their guests as they treat one another, and not as company.'

An elderly relative who chanced to be present asked:

'And why not? You wish them to be natural, do you not?'

'Why, yes' was the hesitating answer, 'I suppose so. But they must be polite, must they not?'

'Certainly,' said the frank relative. 'They should be both natural and polite. To be rude should be the unnatural thing. From the first they should have been taught to be as polite to one another as they would be to outsiders.'

The weary mother sighed helplessly. She had not trained her children in that way. Few mothers do. In too many homes brothers and sisters, from babyhood up to the time they have reached man and woman's estate, feel that to one another they may speak as rudely and brusquely as they like. Naturally, if they treat other children with courtesy, it is with a forced courtesy, and sits ill upon them. In one household the parents insist that the small people shall be courteous to one another. 'Do this! Give me that!' 'Yes! No!' are forbidden forms of speech. A request must always be preceded by a 'please,' and a favor received with a 'Thank you,' while even the tiniest of the brains remembers to lip, 'You're welcome' to the sister or brother who has thanked him. 'Yes, Harry! No, Charley,' have become as much habits of speech with these little ones as the brusque affirmatives and negatives used in many nurseries. And the mother of these boys and girls has seldom cause to blush because of her children's rudeness to outsiders.

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To a reporter of the New York World Mr. Hanan tried to intimate something of his feeling when the innocent eyes gazed into his with that unexpressed question.

'Talk of medals and rewards?' he said 'As for the decorations by Queen Victoria, I shall welcome it of course. Such a tribute is one of which any man may be proud. But beyond that, and greater than that, in my mind, is the memory of one thrilling moment—the vibration of gratitude thrown from thankful hearts into my own. It was the moment when little Helen nestled in my arms, asking in her childlike simplicity, 'Mamma, is this God?'

Childish Feltiness.

A mother was lamenting the fact that her children were rude to other little girls and boys who came in to play with them.

'They mortify me dreadfully,' she complained. 'They treat their guests as they treat one another, and not as company.'

An elderly relative who chanced to be present asked:

'And why not? You wish them to be natural, do you not?'

'Why, yes' was the hesitating answer, 'I suppose so. But they must be polite, must they not?'

'Certainly,' said the frank relative. 'They should be both natural and polite. To be rude should be the unnatural thing. From the first they should have been taught to be as polite to one another as they would be to outsiders.'

The weary mother sighed helplessly. She had not trained her children in that way. Few mothers do. In too many homes brothers and sisters, from babyhood up to the time they have reached man and woman's estate, feel that to one another they may speak as rudely and brusquely as they like. Naturally, if they treat other children with courtesy, it is with a forced courtesy, and sits ill upon them. In one household the parents insist that the small people shall be courteous to one another. 'Do this! Give me that!' 'Yes! No!' are forbidden forms of speech. A request must always be preceded by a 'please,' and a favor received with a 'Thank you,' while even the tiniest of the brains remembers to lip, 'You're welcome' to the sister or brother who has thanked him. 'Yes, Harry! No, Charley,' have become as much habits of speech with these little ones as the brusque affirmatives and negatives used in many nurseries. And the mother of these boys and girls has seldom cause to blush because of her children's rudeness to outsiders.

THE JOY OF SERVICE.

A woman writing recently of the curse of idleness in fashionable circles, declares that idleness is apt to produce selfishness, and selfishness begets immorality. She quotes a wealthy society friend who, on returning from abroad, said to her, 'You are losing your good looks. Don't worry about other people's trouble; I never think about anything except what will make me happy.'

Another said to her, 'Don't be sorry or worry about any one. I never allow myself to be troubled about strangers.'

After telling of the sins and sorrows that grow out of this idleness and selfishness, she comes to the conclusion, and she has all the observation and wisdom of the ages to back her up in it, when she says: 'Happiness is reflected. The purest joy in the world is that of helping others.' It is the most abiding joy, too; it never loses its relish, and it can be renewed every day. Christ found it his meat and drink to go about doing good, and he declared that he would put his joy in us, and no one would have the power to take it from us. If we cultivate the art of doing good, we will find it a perennial fountain of joy and peace.

UP TO THE MUSHROOM'S MOUTH.

One of the stories of the late Victor Cherbuliez, the French-Swiss man of letters, illustrates finely the true spirit of the publisher. Buloz, the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, once had at his country house in Savoy a numerous company of literary people, one of whom was Cherbuliez. Cherbuliez contributed regularly, every other year, a novel to the columns of the Revue, and a story of his was at that time running in the periodical.

The guests had been out for a walk, and had amused themselves with gathering mushrooms, which were cooked for dinner. As the company were sitting down, it occurred to one of the party that undoubtedly

RECALLED TO DEATH.

Incidents to the Last Degree—Kidney Troubles Healthily Worked—South American Kidney Cure a Potent Healer.

Men and Women of To-day.

President McKinley and all the present members of his Cabinet are men of wit and humor, although they conceal it as much as possible from outsiders...

Secretary Elihu Root manages to hold his own as a humorist and wit at the Cabinet meetings. To one of the Washington correspondents who expressed the hope that his administration might be a success...

Why Captain Goodrich is Not an Admiral. Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., who did such notable blockading service during the war with Spain...

Solving the Mystery of a Haunted House. It seems a pity to let the light in upon accepted mysteries. When, for instance a handsome mansion has worked long and hard to gain the reputation of being a haunted house...

Thomas J. Lipton, Irish-American. The latest trip to Sir Thomas Lipton across the Atlantic on the Cunarder Campania is in marked contrast to his first visit to America...

Women who wish to learn how to prevent and cure those diseases peculiar to their sex and who wish to learn how to become healthy, strong and happy...

APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superbly Bitter Apple, Fil Coclea, Fenugreek, etc.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work.

haunted house, it is positively cruel to reduce it to a commonplace, respectable establishment. Yet this has just been done by Dr. Marie Elizabeth Zirkow...

My servants were the worst of all. They heard things and saw things, and got so excited that they behaved more ridiculously than a legion of phantoms.

Ever since then these rules have been known among the elect as 'Fanny's recipe for club elections.'

Another time there was an adjournment after a heated argument, and a prayer was to be offered at the opening of the new program.

Mark Twain wrote to Queen Victoria. Mark Twain's recent experience with Royalty in Vienna recalls an incident of his life in England about fifteen years ago...

A Servant not Worth Healing. Florence Nightingale is still alive and active, although she is close on to the four score mark.

When Mr. Clemens got this paper he conceived the idea that it had been sent to him personally by the Queen, which seemed plausible, as it begins with 'Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen, etc.'

Mayer and Mayores of London, he incidentally learned that the Poor Fund was being subscribed slowly.

Without any further delay Lipton wrote a check for the £25,000 and handing it to the Lord Mayor, said:

One of Lipton's keenest enjoyments in his daily morning drive to London behind his pair of Kentucky thoroughbreds.

Mrs. Helmut's Recipe for Conducting Clubs. Mrs. William Tod Helmut, the former President of Sorosis, who has been elected President of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs...

A One-Sided Pleasure. A lyceum bureau man says that the Bishop of London, Mandell Creighton, who succeeded Doctor Temple when he was elevated to the Primacy of England...

Two Kinds of Sickrooms. Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a young physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women.

A Non-Committal Address. Ex-Assemblyman Mabelon Chance, a Republican campaign orator, after delivering a fiery address on one occasion, was accosted by an old man who had sat in front of him all the evening.

Preparing to Ship Swedish Ore to England From a Norway Fjord. The Scandinavians are about to construct a thoroughly up-to-date harbor at the terminus of ofoten fjord, Norway...

ARKTIC IRON ORE DOCKS. The Scandinavians are about to construct a thoroughly up-to-date harbor at the terminus of ofoten fjord, Norway...

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BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. While this edition lasts a copy will be sent postpaid in sealed envelope to any lady who applies for it.

his gratitude to her for her friendly interest in his affairs, which was really more than he had expected.

The letter was the sensation of the town at the time, and its humor was sufficiently broad to appeal even to the editors of the London comic weeklies.

Reid heard of this, and while walking through a hotel one morning he spied the distant cousin. He walked straight up to him and, patting him upon the shoulder, cried out: 'Why, my good fellow, are you here? Did you use your brother's bail money to skip the country?'

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down to the Baltic for shipment. But as this narrow arm of the sea freezes over in the winter, there are only four or five months' navigation in the year...

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down to the Baltic for shipment. But as this narrow arm of the sea freezes over in the winter, there are only four or five months' navigation in the year and the railroad has not been a profitable success.

This is the reason a railroad is now building from Gällivara across Sweden and Norway to Oloten, where the warm influence of the Gulf Stream drift keeps the ford open the year round, and so a constant supply of ore may be forwarded from this new Atlantic port to the British blast furnaces.

The Swedish ore contains a little too much phosphorus to be easily reduced, but otherwise it is regarded as among the best in the world. The expense of mining is very small, as it can be shovelled by the machinery in open cuts upon the cars, as in the case with much of Lake Superior ore. It will not cost much over \$2 a ton delivered at Oloten, and it is expected that the freight rates on the ore vessels will be low.

You Cannot Afford to Experiment When Health is in Danger.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives Sure and Honest Results. It Makes You Well and Enables You to Stay So.

When ill health comes and the symptoms of disease cause alarm, many consult a physician, who, with the best intentions, prescribes a certain medicine to-day and something entirely different the following week.

How vastly different the position of sick people who make use of Paine's Celery Compound, that marvellous prescription of Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D.!

There is no home in Canada that can afford to be without Paine's Celery Compound; it is within the reach of every class of our people.

A well-known major who had risen from the ranks, probably owed his promotion to his readiness of report. One day a young officer who saw him mounting his horse said—

'Major do you know what you remind me of?' 'No,' said the major; 'of what?' 'Why,' replied the other, 'of the statue of George III, in one of the London streets.'

'Ah,' rejoined the major, 'and do you know what you remind me of?' 'No.' 'Well, then—just of the dirty little street by looking at it.'

In the Yellowstone National Park is a ravine called Death Gulch, because it is evident that animals occasionally perish in it on account of the excessive quantity of carbonic acid in the air.

Mrs. Hix—'I'm glad to hear that your husband is working again.' Mrs. Dix—'But he isn't working; he has a practical job.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of deafness and noise the head by Dr. Nicholson's 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, 708, Eighth Avenue, New York.

Falls of Fashion.

The high stock and labor have already entered upon an era of active labor in conjunction with the flannel shirtwaists and fancy bodices, and there has come to pass this winter no decidedly new way of shaping dress collars or of arranging a full or scant neck drapery.

The whole responsibility for the charm of the cloth gown rests upon the machine stitching, which may be done directly on the skirt band waist itself, or else bands of cloth are stitched and then laid on.

An opening of evening gowns, made by a prominent importer the other day, clearly demonstrated that pastel chiffon is to be the chosen material of the debutante, while in the damasked silks and crepes the study is to build the costume on lines of such classical simplicity that the large and beautiful figure in the fabric will be fully and adequately displayed.

There is no home in Canada that can afford to be without Paine's Celery Compound; it is within the reach of every class of our people. It gives an honest promise of health, strength and long years to the rheumatic, neur, leg, dyspeptic, nervous, sleepless, and those afflicted with blood diseases and kidney and liver troubles.

Goodly in the eyes of woman appear the evening velvets, the exact like of which we have not seen before. They are here in white and colors, and literally they are closely set, narrow bayadera stripes of velvet on a satin ground, and answer to the name of velours imperatrice.

The costliest of what might be described as staple dress goods are velvets. Fine silk velvets, in black and in colors, for reception, dinner and evening gowns sell in regular widths up to \$15 a yard, and in velvets of extra widths as high as \$30.

The costliest of fancy fabrics are satin ground broche, a satin fabric in white or in some light color, with embossed velvet figures, in various colors, and in floral and geometrical designs.

There are wider satins and velvet broches, imported in dress patterns that are costlier still. These goods in patterns from seven to eight yards each, with pink, heliotrope, blue and other grounds, but a single pattern in a shade or color, imported, are sold at \$250 a dress pattern.

But the most expensive of dress materials is lace. Point lace flounce fifty two inches wide, for gowns, is sold at prices ranging up to \$125 a yard, four yards being required for a skirt.

It will be borne in mind that these prices represent the cost simply of the material for the gown, without linings or trimmings or making up. What the finished gown would cost might depend on a variety of considerations.

One of the hotly contested questions in clothesland just now is whether a woman's hair shall be pinned high or low; another whether the Josephine influence is to be welcomed or struggled against. In one night in London Mrs. Langtry made her

influence upon the hair of every woman on felt that within a week chignons had fallen from the highest point on the feminine cranium to the base. In prompt acquiescence, the American woman following suit, and a parting as white as moonlight, a backward folded ripple of locks on either side to a clublike terminus lay upon the nape, in at present the most modish way to comb one's hair.

There are no strong and convincing arguments yet hurled at the empire gown because the designers have artfully done away with its objectional features and preserved only its charms, and an enlightening view of one accompanies this text. This adorable garment has been constructed for an actress of acknowledged ability as regards the wherewithal she shall be arrayed, and the black drapery falling from bust to feet is of the softest crystal net showing a beaming little jet bead at intervals in its mesh.

That red is a good growing color is evidently the maternal sentiment that prevails, for little girls are arrayed like Little Red Riding Hood in all her glory. Cloth of red, empress and sibiline is what the parental eyes are partial to, and the children justify their mother's taste, for the warm berry red suits are becoming to a degree. Numbers of little girls are being wholly fitted out in this color against the opening of school—gown, hat, cape and all, of the same rich tone, and, as is the case with their elders, machine stitchings contribute greatly to the enhancement of the otherwise rather severe styles.

In the riding schools, just getting their youthful classes in order, the young girls wear fresh little heather mixture tweed habits made up with Norfolk jackets and accompanied by black velvet caps. Against the glint of bright hair the velvet seems doubly soft and black and becoming. The brave cavaliers, of ten years and thereabouts, should wear, according to the law of fashion as it is interpreted for young gentlemen, the breeches, leggings, coats and caps that are miniature reproductions of those in use among the grown men.

Velvets are the most expensive of Staple Goods, Lace the Costliest of all. The costliest of what might be described as staple dress goods are velvets. Fine silk velvets, in black and in colors, for reception, dinner and evening gowns sell in regular widths up to \$15 a yard, and in velvets of extra widths as high as \$30.

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But the most expensive of dress materials is lace. Point lace flounce fifty two inches wide, for gowns, is sold at prices ranging up to \$125 a yard, four yards being required for a skirt. The same lace could be used for the waist, in which case two yards more would be required; but oftener there is sold for the waist and sleeves an all-over lace to match the flounce. This, in a lace from eighteen to twenty two inches in width to match the flounce at \$125 a yard, would cost \$50 a yard.

It will be borne in mind that these prices represent the cost simply of the material for the gown, without linings or trimmings or making up. What the finished gown would cost might depend on a variety of considerations. A gown of satin and velvet broches costing say \$1250 a yard might, cost completed \$500 or \$600. A gown from any of these materials would obviously be costly.

Dress goods of these very costly kinds are not of course articles of common sale, but they are not of unusual sale. The purchasers include not only customers living here in the city, but others from among people of means in all parts of the country who for goods of this sort, as well as for many other articles of use and luxury come to New York.

The Dangerous Vestry-Woman. As a proof of the value of women on the vestry boards of London parishes, over which the house of lords have made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the sober-minded, is the case of a Miss Bank, who has been a member of the vestry of St. George the Martyr, in Southwork, for many years. It is the duty of the vestries, when it becomes necessary to disinvest the tenements of poor families, to provide 'reception houses' for them. But in a very difficult matter; for some unknown reason they are considered objectionable, and the poor have absolutely refused to occupy them. Miss Bank set herself to remove the objection. She fitted them up cheaply, but attractively; she placed outs for the children, so that mother might be pleased, and when all was ready, gave a tea and invited several hundred poor women in to take a cup, and look over the house. They came, were charmed, and after that there was no trouble with the 'reception houses.'

A Travelling Letter. Letter writing to friends and relatives at home is often a problem to European travelers whose time is so engrossed with sight seeing that they find little leisure for correspondence. Then, too, most novices at globe trotting are ambitious to keep a diary of their journey, and the dual effort to write for this and to send letters home is too much of a tax upon their time and energy.

Over in Brooklyn, there are four or five zealous persons banded together to do the duty that seems very evident to them. They do not belong to any organization, although they are specially licensed to preach the truth. Every pleasant night they assemble on a certain corner and sing their songs and say their messages to the crowd that stand about. They very seldom meet with any rude treatment. But not long ago a big rough fellow called out to them, 'Say, you do beat the d—l. Quick as a breath came the answer, 'That's what we're here for.'

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A Dinner of Bore. Here's a funny thing—a dinner of bores. A London hostess was the originator of the idea. All the persons she knew who were what is called 'impossible' were invited to dine together in an incongruous medley. But since each one was odd in a manner differing from all of the others, the combination was a happy one. They averaged up in a pleasing manner. But what would anyone of the guests have felt at knowing he was invited to a 'bore' dinner? Probably he would have concluded he was the only one beside the bore who was asked.

THE REVEREND BURGLAR. Scared Away by Mysterious Sounds, Whose Sources Years Later Were Revealed. 'As a rule,' said the retired burglar, 'I did not pause to look at pictures in the houses I visited; there wasn't time even if I had had the inclination; but sometimes one's attention would be fixed on a picture by circumstances. For instance, as I was passing my lamp one night along a parlor shelf to see if there was anything there, the light fell, at the same moment, on a silver snuff box and a daguerrotype of a man in uniform that stood right beside it, and as I dropped the snuff box in my pocket I held the light on the picture for a

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

minute and inspected it a little bit more closely. It interested me, somehow, though there wasn't anything very remarkable about it one way or the other; just the picture of a youngish, self-satisfied looking man in a military uniform.

When I turned away from the snuff I walked across the parlor to the hall of the house and out into the hall to go upstairs, but just as I put my foot on the bottom step I heard what sounded like a faint groan. Well now, you understand, I am not much disturbed by strange sounds because a man in my business gets, so to speak, used to the unexpected, but that groan stopped me. I stood there for a minute, with one foot on the floor of the hall and the other on the lowest step and waited. I didn't hear any more and then I thought I might have been mistaken and I started up, but I had scarcely raised that foot that was on the floor before I heard the groan again, this time for sure, and I was glad to put that foot down by the other instead of putting it up a step, and then I waited again awhile and then I started up once more, this time resolute to go ahead. That's what I did. Now, I heard the groaning beyond a doubt, and growing louder and louder as I went upstairs, and sometimes with a sort of grow mixed in like some great savage animal, and I didn't like it a bit, I can tell you that. As far as that's concerned, if I had followed my inclinations I should have turned round and skipped the ranch when the groaning first began, but I thought I ought to go ahead and find out what it was all about, anyway, and I kept on till I had got pretty near to the top of the stairs with the groaning growing louder all the time, with my interest not decreasing by a long shot, but my desire to investigate the cause of it decreasing rapidly.

When I got within a step or two of the top there was a sort of a boom that I couldn't understand at all, and just as I stepped up the last step on to the floor of that upstairs hall there came a sudden booming burst of sound that was many times repeated, rapidly, and that made the whole house shake as though there was thunder rolling through it, and smashing around in it, and then, my son, I went away, I don't shy at things I can understand, but I have very little use for the mysterious.

Well, I never saw that town again for three years. The next time I went there was in the time of a political campaign. They were having a big meeting there that night and a parade and that sort of thing, and I stood in a good place in the crowd and watched the procession; and when the band came along who do you think was playing the bass drum? My man whose picture I'd seen on the mantel shelf that night I nipped the heirloom snuffbox, and heard the mysterious moaning and groaning and thunder attachments.

I dropped a spoon or a fork or something in the dining room in his house before I struck into the parlor, and he'd heard it, and got up and saw me and then he headed me off with the drum. He had his eyes on me from somewhere, and when I set foot on that lower step he ruffled the big drum gently, the low groan; it was easy for him and these groans grew under his hand as I advanced till he hit that smack when I was near the top, and then he beat it with frantic energy when he saw that that single thunderburst didn't stop me.

'Was he scared? Well, now you bet your life he was, and I could imagine him gay and glib as he was now, walking along, beating away on the old bass drum, with the sky rockets a soaring and the Roman candles a sporting around him, standing that night in a dark room in his own house and beating the big drum as he never beat it before or since; but I'll bet a thousand dollars to a cocoanut that I was worse scared than he was; but that wasn't the worst of it.

As long as it was a mystery, why I could stand it very well; but I've never, from that day to this, never met a brass band in the street without feeling sort of sheepish when the man with the bass drum went by.'

A Grateful Woman.

SAYS DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS SAVED HER LIFE.

Woolly Unable to Move—Food had to be Administered to Her as to a Child—Thankful Words of Praise.

Mrs. Wm. Doxtater, whose husband works on the Rathburn farm, Deseronto, is well known in the town and surrounding country, her home having always been in this vicinity. Mrs. Doxtater has passed through a more than usually trying illness, and as it was said she ascribed her cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune was sent to investigate the case.

It appears that Mrs. Doxtater's illness dated from the birth of a child on Feb. 15th, 1899, when, at attending physicians found it necessary to administer chloroform. The shock was greater than she could stand and the result was partial paralysis during which her life was despaired of. Mrs. Doxtater gives the particulars as follows:—'Previous to the birth of my child I had enjoyed very good health, but following this my health grew wry entirely. I was in bed for over a month, and had two doctors attending me. I was so weak that I could not turn myself in bed and had to be moved like a child. The little nourishment I took had to be administered by my friends. During this time I suffered great pain especially in the hip joints, and one side was paralyzed from the shoulder to the foot. The doctors could not tell me what my trouble was and the medicine they gave me did me no good. I became despondent and thought I would surely die. I got into a highly nervous condition and sleep was almost impossible. Just as I would fall asleep I would start up as though in a fright. This was the state of affairs when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I can never tell how thankful I am that I took that advice. After I had used the third box I was able to leave my bed and move around the house a little. By the time I had used six boxes I had gained greatly in strength and was able to do my own housework. I could eat my meals with relief. I sleep and am still constantly gaining in strength. My friends were surprised at my speedy recovery after beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I believe that but for them I would not be alive to day. I will be glad if my testimony is the means of pointing to some other sufferer, the road to health.

People who are run down, weak or nervous will find renewed health and strength through the fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich and build up the blood and stimulate tired and jaded nerves. Substitutes should always be refused as they never cured anyone. The genuine pills may be had from all dealers in medicine, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

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A WOMAN'S QUEER LIFE.

HER BUSINESS IS TO JUMP FROM BALLOONS ON A PARACHUTE.

There are lots of rich about it, but it is very fascinating the days—sensation of falling from great heights—adventures that brought her near death.

'Aeronauts ever retire? Well,' said Mlle. Victoria, 'usually we keep putting it off from time to time. Then something happens and very likely it is too late to retire. We may be killed or maimed for life. That ends our career and we are soon forgotten.' So said Ida Leroy a young aeronaut of 22 years the other day to the N. Y. Sun.

'It's a queer sort of life and yet perhaps it's as good as any other. It's one of those professions in which you once get never to leave again. Why? For several reasons. To begin with, there's a certain fascination about it that none of us can explain. The excitement is pleasing to us all. You go up like a shot and come down faster sometimes. It's all over in a moment, you hear the crowds applaud, evidently you have satisfied them, and your work is over. We do not work many hours and while the pay we get is not what it ought to be considering our risks, yet it is enough to make a fair living. That's why I am an aeronaut. It's as easy a way to make a respectable living as I know of. Dangerous? Why, yes, but I never think of that. I'll have plenty of time to consider that end of the business when fate overtakes me, as I suppose it will some day. It gets the best of every aeronaut I ever knew and I have met quite a number in my times. They all meet their day and when they do they wish that they had retired as they had planned long ago.

'The leading qualification to make a successful aeronaut is nerve and lots of it. If you have the nerve and a cool head, you're all right. If you have not, don't be an aeronaut. You can't be timid and trust to luck. Be nerve and let luck take care of itself and the chances are that you will come out all right. Always keep a cool head, no matter what happens. That applies to all business, but more to ours than any other. A merchant or board of trade man may lose his fortune. We do not lose our fortune but our lives. So you see we have more at stake than the average professional or business man. They have their lives left when they fail; we lose all in a single fall. That's why we are careful not to lose our nerve. Happen what will, we are never frightened. We keep a cool head, do the best thing we can in the emergency and trust to luck that we will come out all right. No, I have never been frightened or had any presentiment of danger. Not even in my first trip did I feel anything but confident that I would come back safe. You see we are a sort of reckless people; we do not fear death and that helps us a great deal. I have watched during the five years that I have been following this business my friends killed one by one, but I can't say that I am not feeling as safe and easy today as I ever was. Of course, it is only natural that when these accidents come to our notice that we are more careful. It is true I examine the seams of my parachute with greater care than at other times, but that extra precaution is soon forgotten and I go along at the same old gait. I am always reasonably careful and that is probably why I have been lucky.

'I got into this business in a somewhat peculiar manner. My home is in Dayton, Ohio, although I make my headquarters at Mount Vernon. About five years ago I attended a fair at Osborne, Ohio, where Mlle. Victoria Le Roy made an ascension. The ease and grace with which she went up attracted my attention. My reckless disposition got the better of me and I told a friend of mine that I felt that I could do that feat as well as Mlle. Victoria. That night as I went home, my friend dared me to try it. Now, if there is any one thing in this world that I will not submit to it is being dared. I wrote a note to Mlle. Victoria and told her I wanted to become an aeronaut. She answered that I might join her. I left my home and two days later was ready to take my first trip.

'Victoria was a dear, but of course she had an eye to business. She advertised that I would take my first trip up, and of course it drew out a tremendous crowd to see a 17-year-old girl undertake so dangerous a voyage. I will never forget how I felt. I was not afraid, but a little nervous. As the time for the ascension came on the managers of the affair began to fear that I might back out, but I told them I was game enough to go up as soon as they could inflate the bag. Victoria told me just what to do. The last words were 'Keep cool and don't lose your nerve and you'll come out all right.'

'I went up between two and three thousand feet—that is the usual distance aeronauts fly—and then Victoria signalled me to make the parachute leap. That was

the critical moment. But I did just as I was to do and away I went. It seemed to me that the parachute would never open. I dropped and I dropped, and then as I was about to give up all hope the parachute spread open and I came down slowly. It was a queer feeling that came over me. I felt thankful, and for the time I concluded that it ever I reached the ground safely I would never leave it again in a balloon. I did not know how to control my breath. That is something Victoria had forgotten to tell me, and I could scarcely breathe when I landed. But I came down safe. The crowds cheered me time and again and it was not until then that I really realized that I had completed my first trip.

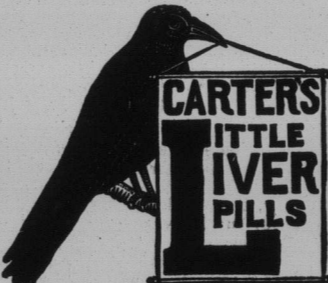
'After that one the rest came easy, and now I think nothing of going up in a balloon as long as I know the balloon I am going to ride. The worst of it is to get started. The inflating of the bag is what makes me nervous, especially on windy days. But once under way I forget all about being nervous or feeling tired. I concentrate all my thoughts on my work. I dismiss all suspicion of danger. I watch every rope, see that the parachute is in readiness and when I am up high enough I drop. When I land I study the ground as far as possible and usually I come out safe.

'Adventures? We all have them and some are exciting enough for any ordinary use. Of the 150 times that I have ridden a balloon my closest call was at Vicksburg, Miss., a year ago last December. You see I can't swim. I had gone up believing that I was going to go away from the river, but instead I struck a current of air that carried the balloon over what is known as Centennial Lake. I dropped right into the water and there I was helpless. My parachute soon began to get so wet that the canvas would not hold me up. The people on shore saw me and were rowing toward me as fast as they could, but the question was whether I would hold out long enough. I had just about given out when the boat arrived and I was picked up. It was a close call and the next day I was unable to ride the balloon.

'That same summer I had another narrow escape. It was over in Paris, Ohio. The weather was perfect and I was slowly coming down with my parachute in a railroad yard. As I looked about I saw two trains coming toward each other, and as nearly as I could reckon they would meet about the place I was going to land. You know you can't guide a parachute and I was therefore utterly helpless. Well, I landed right between two trains. It looked for a moment as if I was going to be cut up, but just then the engineers saw me and they stopped their trains. They came down from their cabs and helped me roll up my parachute, which was dangling across the tracks. When that had been done they started their trains and I returned to the fair grounds.

'I had another adventure at Piqua, Ohio which might have cost me my life had I lost my nerve and head. That was last year. There was an awful jam at the park from which I was going up, and the old country people were continually meddling with my ropes. I thought everything was all right and sat in my trapeze when the balloon went up. I intended to do a side leap with the parachute. In that act the parachute is only tied to the balloon with a cord which breaks with the weight of the aeronaut's body when the drop is made. As I soared up I noticed that the farmers had broken the string and my parachute

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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lay on the ground. There were only two things to do. One was to stay with the balloon until it came down; the other was to jump. The balloon had already gone up nearly a hundred feet. It would be dangerous to leap, so I stayed with it. I went up about 3,000 feet and then opened the valve. We came down pretty fast, but I had had time to collect myself and was equal for my new ride. I kept cool and landed safe. Had I lost my nerve and jumped when the parachute was gone I would not be here to tell about it.

'I had another exciting time in Cincinnati a year ago. I was making an ascension and everything seemed to be going safely when I suddenly noticed a big hole in the balloon. Before I could prepare myself to leap the balloon burst, and for a second or two I was undecided just what to do. I had heard before of the danger of a bursting balloon and remembered how several aeronauts in recent years had been hurt by such accidents. I resolved not to duplicate that trick, and although my parachute was already beginning to fall from the balloon, I jumped. I must have fallen 800 feet before the parachute spread out. When once the chute was in working order I looked up to see what had become of my balloon. I saw that I had jumped none too soon, for it was now only a big soaring sheet which was fast falling to the ground. Had I delayed leaping with the parachute I should have lost my life. It is another example which shows that an aeronaut must keep cool, no matter what the danger.

'I have had many other adventures, in fact every other trip or two involves some sort of excitement. I have hung in tree tops for half an hour at a time, have fallen in fields of cactus in Texas, and have landed on the roofs of houses. I have bumped up against chimneys and barbed wire fences, but the worst injury I ever received was a sprained knee. I usually manage to come down on my feet, and have lately developed the act of breaking the fall by dropping on my knees and toes at about the same time. That breaks the fall considerably, and one is in less danger of being hurt. All told, I have been lucky; but there is no telling when you meet your day.

'Victoria met here. She was the most nervous woman I ever knew. She feared nothing. Why, one day in Detroit I saw her make a descent when she was so lame that she could not walk without crutches. She hobbled to the trapeze and, as the balloon went up, she held on and left her crutches behind. Of course she hurt herself when she came down. But she was under contract to ride the balloon that day, and Victoria never backed out. She was too nervous. A year after she made that ride she was killed in St. Louis. Her sister lost her nerve and retired. I am still in the business and don't intend to quit just yet.

'New novelties are constantly being invented in the balloon business, just like everything else. In order to make money at the business nowadays we must be up to date. You see, there are so many aeronauts nowadays. Take the little town of Sturgis, Mich. Why, over there alone there are fifty pines. Every other person you meet on the street is an aeronaut. School boys go up in a balloon for a quarter in that place. That town has done more to hurt our business than all the others in the country. The competition there is so sharp that they cut prices, and that hurts the business. But they can't introduce the novelties; only experts can do that. It is not every aeronaut who can shoot himself out of a cannon in midair. Nor will every balloonist dare to make a night ride and shoot off fireworks as he goes along. That is terribly dangerous be-

Permanent Cure of Cancer.



MRS. GILHULA.
On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvellous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble.

Here is the letter Mrs. Gilhula wrote at the time of her cure:
'About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die. "By the advice of some of my friends, who knew of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, I was induced to try it, and I am now happy to say that after using part of the first bottle I felt so much better I was able to get up. I am thankful to state that I am completely cured of the disease by the use of B. B. B., although it has baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life."

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago:
'I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers from stomach troubles of any kind.' **ELIZABETH GILHULA.**

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cause you are apt to fire your balloon without knowing it. Then, again, you don't know where you will land with your parachute. I have done all these, but I can't say that I am fond of night rides. A day ride is good enough for me; but, of course, I will do it at night if they pay me well enough for it. In fact, it is the money we are all after. In that respect our business is the same as any other. The business man schemes for the dollar, we court fate and danger for it. It's a great world, I tell you.'

ELI KING'S TOAD.

A Marvellous Maine Creature Which Came to an Untimely End.

Everybody who lives in New Acadia, Maine has heard Eli King tell the story about his remarkable tame toad and the wonderful feats of strength which the toad had performed while it was a guest under Eli's bark covered roof. No one knows the exact facts in the case, because the story was magnified after Eli went away from home. Down at St. Leonard's and Grand Falls the toad was no bigger than a bushel basket or a small washtub, while around Modawaska it was the size of a cart body and could swallow a veal calf at one sitting without winking more than one eye at a time. Of course, Eli's limited linguistic talents tended to mystify his hearers and to magnify the toad, so that many of his auditors carried away exaggerated ideas that were not conveyed in the conversation, but as the only language Eli is capable of using is made up from Cannucuk French, Algonquin patois and slangy English picked up in lumber camps, it does not follow that he intended to tell an untruth, though no professional liar could obtain more satisfactory results than Eli when he started to give the history of 'le gros crapaud.'

Eli came home from the drive twelve years ago last spring, bringing a glass jar filled with water in which were a hundred or more dark, shiny, globules hitched together with a glutinous string. He said he had found them at the edge of a bog near Portage lake, and was taking them to his little girl, Toinet, who would wear them around her neck for beads. Before he could put his good intentions into practice the beads had turned into polywogs inside the jar. The orphan toads soon put out legs and were able to scamper away to the garden. There was one fat and lazy tadpole that refused to imitate its more active kindred, retaining its tail and gills and feeding on what the King family gave out until it was a year old, by which time it weighed two pounds and could swallow pieces of meat the size of a hen's egg. The second summer it put out a pair of sturdy hind legs, but held on to its tail and gills until the third season, when it weighed six pounds and was the biggest kind of a toad ever seen in Maine.

The toad lived in the kitchen garden the first year after it became an adult, digging a hole in the compost hedge and catching and eating all the insects and birds that came within range of its tongue. After a time insects grew scarce and the toad took up the habit of catching the chickens as they ran about the grounds, varying its diet once by devouring a litter of small kittens that had been left unguarded. When the mother cat came along and objected to the sacrifice of her offspring the toad put out its tongue and gathered the parent to a family reunion of cats which was assembling inside its skin.

One day when Eli's toad was strolling about the lawn trying to stalk a flock of geese it discovered a twenty foot section of garden hose, believing no doubt that it had discovered a large edible snake. The rubber and linen coatings of the hose proved to be very hearty food for a stomach accustomed to cats and poultry. The toad was taken ill and fell away from 86 pounds in August to less than 50 pounds when it went into winter quarters in October.

The following spring Eli's toad came out fat and sleek. Its back was completely covered with great green warts, causing strangers to mistake the batrachian for a giant hubbard squash. Three or four farmers who passed by when the toad was sitting out on the piazza in the sun hauled up their horses and wanted Eli to send them some seed from his gigantic squash. As the year advanced and the onions came up in the garden Eli's children made a small harrow from millwood and forty-penny spikes and equipping Eli's toad with collar and harness employed it to drag a cultivator between the garden rows. Eli says the story that he used the toad to rake his hay is an unqualified falsehood. He tried it one day, but the toad made such long leaps that it broke all the teeth out of his horse's mouth, so he had to give up the idea. One week when head winds prevailed on Hine's pond he had a lot of logs to get down to the small mill he employed his toad as a towboat with good results. By standing up on his ratt and driving the sharp hook of his pick pole into the toad's back, he was able to get 2,000 feet of logs to the mill every day.

The number of cunning and amusing tricks which Eli's pet was capable of performing made it the pride and admiration of two countries. On the annual field day when all the people of Van Buren turned out to do honor to St. Francis Xavier Eli entered his toad for several events, winning the running broad jump and the standing high jump easily and breaking the Maine and New Brunswick records at both, and distancing a field of sixteen skilled competitors in the great handicap hurdle race. In the evening while a dance was in progress in 'Phonix Violette's' barn the detested athletes took Eli and his toad to the hotel and gave them a grand banquet. The toad drank unlimited rum punch and cocktails, and emptied a whole case of lager beer, swallowing the bottles without stopping to remove the patient airtight necks. This precaution saved the toad from getting intoxicated and enabled it to conduct Eli to his home in honor but it brought on a severe fit of indigestion and ultimately led to the premature death of 'le gros crapaud.'

After it had grown so large that it had to squeeze itself between the door jambs in order to enter the house the toad could no longer gather insects enough to sustain life. The Kings saved up potato parings, mouldy bread and other household waste until it filled a coal hod and then dumped the mixture down the toad's throat. One hodfull a day was enough, provided it contained a due amount of solids. If the food was mostly diastwater and slops the toad would come around later and call for more. In case his wants were not supplied he would clean off the supper table, leaving nothing but the dishes about the cloth.

About the time the weather was getting cold enough to start a coal fire in the parlor stove the toad showed signs of failing having symptoms of angina pectoris, which were no doubt brought by the two dozen bottles of beer that still remained in storage in his stomach. The Kings had started a coal fire on Sunday afternoon for the purpose of cheering up a young man who was coming to call on the young woman of the family in the evening. After he had gone Mrs. King told her husband to shake down the stove and put on a hod of coal to keep the fire until morning.

Sometime during the evening the young woman had invited the toad into the parlor in order to display its peculiar talents to her visitor. After she had seen the young man to the door and talked with him about the weather for half an hour she felt chilly and ran up to bed without thinking of the toad. Eli entering the parlor in the dark and mistaking the red morocco lining of the toad's open mouth for the glowing coals inside the stove, poured a half bushel of coal down the toad's throat. Before they could hitch a tackle to the toad's legs and hoist it up so the coal would out the family pet had succumbed to a sudden fit of indigestion.

All the honors that a poor but sorrowing family could bestow upon one who had been deeply loved was given to the pet toad. It was buried in a warm loamy grave upon a sunny hillside. Families came from twenty miles around to witness the burial. The grave was banded deeply with golden-rod and wild aster blossoms. After the funeral Eli went home and gave himself up to despair. He brought two pigs and put them into a pen, feeding them from the coal hod in a vain hope of forgetting the lost toad. For two years his girl grew upon him. His wife had captured two thrifty toads and was still feeding them with the intention of weaning Eli from his great sorrow. He worked little, spending most of his time near the toad's grave. One day in midsummer, three years after the funeral he went out and did not return to dinner or supper. Mrs. King and Poinette lighted a lantern and went to look him up. As they approached the grave they heard Eli singing an old ballad about love and liquor and pretty girls. They knew from the tone of his voice that he was far gone in liquor. A nearer view revealed Eli lying by the open grave drinking a bottle of beer.

'Majee!' cried he in ecstacy, 'Ah'm feel bad no more. 'Zs fool been been dig out le gros crapaud, but boom hraw all so beer. Ah'm drink eat, me. Sacrel Ah'm was glad le gros crapaud was dead.'

While he was trying to stand on his head to give vent to his great joy the two women caught him and dashed him home.

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark-for home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

Cunning Assessor (to Keeras' wife)—'Wonder if I could get any idea from you as to how much your husband is worth?' Truthful Wif—'I don't know from the way he stunts me I should say that instead of being assessed for anything at all the city ought to pay him something.'

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using **CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER**

and teach the children to do so by using **CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE**

They have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

The H

As a 30 mansion, with ion and ruin. I stole into timid steps a feeling of terr-r. crept which I had p swung to on h me alone in th ed gloom of th There was a neeted with th 47. stood the all the superi- uity of an un- combat my na heighten the which all na active for a w as if the statu upon me a ter of horrors. I clasped m my eyes leat leering at me ghastly figur broad stairs w laughter. Years before man had brow brighten up th ancestral hom and stangely Her husban grandfather, r relentless man his childish b passion of wh But his you she was beaut She had c and rank, and youth and be little for th great heart eq ally. The seals of been broken ical Love, waters might cleaned her worldliness a her life a wrot But there c affections of taking root in venge thence she had done and guilt. With the strong upon and left the s black phantom dishonored h It is thou the knew not disgraced and ing world to Sir Richard able and cru- our friend. If he could as well. She had be by a silken t strike the kin out rousing passionate be Every evil roused and st tude, and th his naughty y. One night, soundly. But, when were staine On the pill trunkless bea over the velv the rich mass Sir Richard of afterward might have g terrible retrit From the r ing, the Lad ac, and mont and dusty w her old home There, in h her nuptial disgraced an A young, adopted the mother's nam

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The Haunted Chamber.

As a sombre, haughty looking old man, wearing its strange air of desolation and ruin.

I stole into the wide dusty hall, with timid steps and loud-beating heart.

A feeling of awe, not altogether unlike terror, crept over me as the heavy door which I had pushed open when I entered, swung to on its creaking hinges, leaving me alone in the breathless silence and hushed gloom of the haunted house.

There was a dark and fearful story connected with that old deserted mansion, and it stood there among the shadows, with all the superstitious and unreasoning credulity of an untaught childhood rising up to combat my naturally courageous spirit and heighten the effect of an imagination which at all times was too daring and too active for a well balanced mind, it seemed as if the stately walls were lowering down upon me a terrible repetition of that tale of horrors.

My clasped hands instinctively across my eyes lest I should see spectral faces leaning at me over the oaken banisters, or ghostly figures gliding up and down the broad stairs with restless step and unholy laughter.

Years before, a proud old English gentleman had brought a young wife there to brighten up the gloomy grandeur of his ancestral home. She was of Spanish birth and stately beauty.

Her husband was old enough to be her grandfather, they said—a stern, upright, relentless man, and very proud, but loving his childish bride with all the strength and passion of which such natures are capable.

But his young wife was false of heart as she was beautiful in person.

She had coveted the old man's wealth and rank, and exchanged for them her youth and her maidenly charms, caring little for the passionate love which his great heart squandered upon her so prodigally.

The seals of her own heart had never been broken by the subtle touch of magical Love, or else, perhaps, its sweet waters might have swept through and cleansed her nature, washing away the worldliness and selfish pride which made her life a woe.

But there came a time when the dormant affections of her heart germinated, and, taking root in an unnatural soil, as if to revenge themselves upon her for the wrong she had done them, blossomed into shame and guilt.

With the spell of that unholy passion strong upon her she fled from England, and left the shadow of her sin lying like a black phantom across the threshold of her dishonored husband's home and heart.

If she thought to escape his vengeance, she knew not the man whose name she had disgraced and made a byword for a gossiping world to scoff at.

Sir Richard Mordaunt was an implacable and cruel an enemy as he was a generous friend.

If he could love fervently, he could hate as well.

She had held a lion couchant at her feet by a silken thread; but, it she thought to strike the kingly creature in the face without rousing all the hot, bad blood of his passionate heart, she overrated her power.

Every evil attribute of his nature was roused and stung to action by her ingratitude, and the foul stain it had left upon his haughty name.

One night, the Lady Inez slept long and soundly.

The old mansion was deserted, and the simple people round about told strange stories by their firesides of the ghostly tenants that flitted through its rooms with jerying laughter and unhalloved mirth.

They said there was one door that no human force could open—that of the chamber where Lady Inez died, and where the unquiet spirits of the sinful woman and her murdered lover kept uneasily trying to get together.

This was the story that had come to my childish ears, and one night, climbing to my father's knee, as he sat smoking his evening pipe in the rude, old-fashioned kitchen of our peasant home, I had asked him to tell me if it was true.

With a quick gesture, which betokened neither anger nor impatience, but an emotion stronger than either, he put me down and said, in a hoarse hurried voice—'Hush, girl! These things are not for you or such as you to meddle with. Get me my tobacco from the shelf yonder, and let me hear no more of this.'

But I was not satisfied. My quick, childish eyes had noticed the sad pallor that overspread his countenance, and the tremor that shook his strong hands as he pushed me from him.

I was a fearless, venturesome child, with a dash of recklessness in my composition, and the fearful story of the haunted Hall, took strong hold of my imagination.

My father's agitation strengthened the power which it had gained over my mind, and day by day, the gloomy grandeur of his ancestral home, with all the superstitious and unreasoning credulity of an untaught childhood rising up to combat my naturally courageous spirit and heighten the effect of an imagination which at all times was too daring and too active for a well balanced mind, it seemed as if the stately walls were lowering down upon me a terrible repetition of that tale of horrors.

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But I was not satisfied. My quick, childish eyes had noticed the sad pallor that overspread his countenance, and the tremor that shook his strong hands as he pushed me from him.

I was a fearless, venturesome child, with a dash of recklessness in my composition, and the fearful story of the haunted Hall, took strong hold of my imagination.

My father's agitation strengthened the power which it had gained over my mind, and day by day, the gloomy grandeur of his ancestral home, with all the superstitious and unreasoning credulity of an untaught childhood rising up to combat my naturally courageous spirit and heighten the effect of an imagination which at all times was too daring and too active for a well balanced mind, it seemed as if the stately walls were lowering down upon me a terrible repetition of that tale of horrors.

My clasped hands instinctively across my eyes lest I should see spectral faces leaning at me over the oaken banisters, or ghostly figures gliding up and down the broad stairs with restless step and unholy laughter.

Years before, a proud old English gentleman had brought a young wife there to brighten up the gloomy grandeur of his ancestral home. She was of Spanish birth and stately beauty.

Her husband was old enough to be her grandfather, they said—a stern, upright, relentless man, and very proud, but loving his childish bride with all the strength and passion of which such natures are capable.

But his young wife was false of heart as she was beautiful in person.

She had coveted the old man's wealth and rank, and exchanged for them her youth and her maidenly charms, caring little for the passionate love which his great heart squandered upon her so prodigally.

The seals of her own heart had never been broken by the subtle touch of magical Love, or else, perhaps, its sweet waters might have swept through and cleansed her nature, washing away the worldliness and selfish pride which made her life a woe.

But there came a time when the dormant affections of her heart germinated, and, taking root in an unnatural soil, as if to revenge themselves upon her for the wrong she had done them, blossomed into shame and guilt.

With the spell of that unholy passion strong upon her she fled from England, and left the shadow of her sin lying like a black phantom across the threshold of her dishonored husband's home and heart.

If she thought to escape his vengeance, she knew not the man whose name she had disgraced and made a byword for a gossiping world to scoff at.

Sir Richard Mordaunt was an implacable and cruel an enemy as he was a generous friend.

If he could love fervently, he could hate as well.

She had held a lion couchant at her feet by a silken thread; but, it she thought to strike the kingly creature in the face without rousing all the hot, bad blood of his passionate heart, she overrated her power.

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Behind me—close behind—I could hear—what? Something that told me the evil thing had left its station on the wall to pursue my flying steps.

Mad with fear, I cast myself down on the shadowy floor, and screamed till the whole hateful mansion rang with my shrieks.

And then there came a hideous thought, an involuntary and electric knowledge that, as I came, so must I go—that only one hand could open for me that door, and, acting upon it, I called aloud, with desperate eagerness—'Lady Inez! Lady Inez! Let me out!'

There was a burst of derisive laughter, an embrace like the clasping of skeleton arms about my waist, a caress as if clammy lips had touched my forehead, a shock, a burst of light, and then I stood, not in the fearful chamber, with the moonlight glimmering around me, but down in the wide dusty hall, with my hands across my eyes, listening to the audible throb, throb, throb, of my scared heart, the ponderous outer door just swinging open on its hinges, and a gleam of afternoon sunshine streaming in and lying like a bar of gold across the oaken banisters.

I opened the door and fled wildly from the spot, but I knew it was the unquiet spirit of my dead and sinful mother that called after me, as I dashed down the wooded avenue with the recklessness of desperate terror—'Agatha! Agatha! my child!'

Carpet Rags.

How to Dye Them so That They Will Never Fade.

To color cotton or wool carpet rags so they will not fade, one should be sure to get the Fast Diamond Dyes. There are some twelve fast and special colors for cotton, while for wool there are about thirty.

It is impossible to get satisfactory colors on both wool and cotton with the same dye, although the makers of some cheap dyes, that are able to make but a few colors, claim their dyes will color both cotton and wool. A trial soon shows by ruined goods the falsity of such claims. Use nothing but the Diamond Dyes that have been used in millions of homes for the last twenty years.

CORK LEGS ARE MYTHS.

Information From an Expert who has Been in the Artificial Business.

'The term 'cork leg' is a misnomer,' said a man who used to be in the artificial limb business. 'There never was such a thing, and a leg actually made of cork would be as unwieldy as a sawlog. The up-to-date artificial limb is a very thin shell of weeping willow, covered with rawhide, and some of them that come clear up to the hip have been built as light as three pounds.'

It is a singular fact that a first-class leg, which is supposed to have a life of about five years, will be more than paid for in the saving of shoes. Of course, the false foot wears a shoe, just the same as the real one, but for some reason that has never been fully explained, it isn't as hard on leather. A flesh-and-blood leg will wear out one, two or perhaps to the foot-gear never being removed at night and the lack of elasticity in the tread. The best customer of the makers is the Government, which pays for pensioners maimed in war. The price fixed by law is \$75, but scores of old soldiers simply draw the money and make the same leg do for as long as fifteen years at a stretch. Artificial arms are made very successful nowadays, and a certain amount of action is secured in the hand, even when the stump reaches only a few inches from the shoulder. With one of the styles, for example, a man can lift his hat and replace it on his head with a surprisingly natural movement. The mechanism by which the false hand is made to open and close is controlled by a strap, which reaches to the opposite shoulder. A slight shrug does the work, and a little practice renders it imperceptible.

There has been a wonderful improvement in limb making during the last ten years, and a properly constructed artificial leg cannot be detected by the casual observer. The chief difficulty with the old style was its tendency to swing outward in an arc of a circle at every step. That has

been entirely overcome. Some years ago, when I was in the business in Chicago, I fitted out a man who had lost both arms in a Dakota blizzard. When I first saw him he was simply a helpless trunk lying on a cot in the hospital, and his deplorable condition had reduced him to a state of despair bordering on insanity. I took a great deal of interest in the case, and I flatter myself that I did a fairly good job. When I got through with him he was able to get up without assistance, walk about, feed himself, and do a hundred and one little things that change life from a mere blank to something really endurable. When he found himself emancipated from total helplessness he improved mentally and now I dare say he wants to live as long as anybody.

One of the great obstacles to successful limb-fitting is the carelessness of surgeons in performing amputations. An operating may be entirely successful from a surgical standpoint, yet leave a stump upon which a false leg can never be worn with comfort. I know of a number of cases in which a reamputation has been submitted to for the express purpose of correcting such difficulties. Every medical college course ought to include at least one lecture with practical demonstrations by a thoroughly scientific maker of artificial limbs. It would be of inestimable value to the students in after practice.'

THE ALASKAN EARTHQUAKES.

A Larger Extent of Coastline Affected Than Ever Before Reported There.

The severe earthquakes that shook the coasts of Alaska on Sept. 3 and 10 were unequalled within the historic period of that region for the extent of coastline affected. Reports of the shock have been received from various points between Juneau and the Aleutian chain, a distance of over 600 miles. It is well known that the effects of earthquakes originating on the coasts are often felt in the far interior of continents and it is not all unlikely that these shocks extended hundreds of miles inland. In a region like Alaska where large areas are uninhabited severe earthquakes may sometimes occur without the facts ever becoming known.

It is said that a number of islands along the coast near Yakutat Bay, in the neighborhood of Mount St. Elias, have become submerged or have settled in the water, and that the a'joining coast line has perceptibly sunk, while a little distance out at sea the ocean bed appears to have risen.

While these reports need confirmation, it may be said that it is not uncommon for considerable areas of the crust of the earth to sink as the result of an earthquake. One example that may be cited from our history is the New Madrid earthquake of 1811, when the subterranean disturbances resulted in the subsidence of about 5,000 square miles of alluvial lands along the Mississippi River in what is now southeastern Missouri and northeastern Arkansas.

The subsidence was about ten feet and the river poured into some of the depressions forming a series of lakes.

A few hundred miles north of the region where this subsidence and elevation is said to have occurred in Alaska the earth's crust has been rising for a considerable period. Bering Sea is slowly becoming shallower. If this tendency is continued, the time will come when Bering Sea or large parts of it will be dry land, and thus Asia and North America may yet be united above the level.

The known earthquakes in Alaska, as in the present instance, have occurred along the line volcano cones, and particularly in the Aleutian chain. Over thirty of these shocks have been recorded by the Russians and our own people. When we bought Alaska, we acquired an addition to our earthquake territory. Canada throughout its great domain has comparative immunity from this sort of visitation, while we record from thirty to forty earthquakes in a year, most of which, however do very little damage, if any.

She—'Suppose I didn't dress as well as I do now, would you love me as much?' He—'Certainly, dear. Why, that is as much as to say that I won't care for you after we are married.'

Stubb.—'This would be a fine place to go nutting.' Foss.—'Nutting in a theater?' Stubb.—'Yes; there are peanuts in the gallery, polished cocoanuts in the front row and chestnuts on the stage.'



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The number of cunning and amusing tricks which Eli's pet was capable of performing made it the pride and admiration of two countries. On the annual field day when all the people of Van Buren turned out to do honor to St. Francis Xavier Eli entered his toad for several events, winning the running broad jump and the standing high jump easily and breaking the Maine and New Brunswick records at both, and distancing a field of sixteen skilled competitors in the great handicap hurdle race. In the evening while a dance was in progress in 'Phonie Violette's' barn the defeated athlete took Eli and his toad to the hotel and gave them a grand banquet. The toad drank unlimited rum punch and cocktails, and emptied a whole case of lager beer, swallowing the bottles without stopping to remove the patient air-tight nozzle. This precaution saved the toad from getting intoxicated and enabled it to conduct Eli to his home in honor but it brought on a severe fit of indigestion and ultimately led to the premature death of 'legros crapaud.'

After it had grown so large that it had to squeeze itself between the door jambs in order to enter the house the toad could no longer gather insects enough to sustain life. The Kings saved up potato parings, mouldy bread and other household waste until it filled a coal hod and then dumped the mixture down the toad's throat. One hodfull a day was enough, provided it contained a due amount of solids. If the food was mostly dishwater and slops the toad would come around later and call for more. In case his wants were not supplied he would clean off the supper table, leaving nothing but the dishes about the cloth.

About the time the weather was getting cold enough to start a coal fire in the parlor stove the toad showed signs of falling having symptoms of angina pectoris, which were no doubt brought by the two dozen bottles of beer that still remained in storage in his stomach. The Kings had started a coal fire on Sunday afternoon for the purpose of cheering up a young man who was coming to call on the young woman of the family in the evening. After he had gone Mrs. King told her husband to shake down the stove and put on a hod of coal to keep the fire until morning.

Sometime during the evening the young woman had invited the toad into the parlor in order to display its peculiar talents to her visitor. After she had seen the young man to the door and talked with him about the weather for half an hour the little chubby toad ran up to bed without thinking of the red morocco lining of the toad's open mouth for the glowing coals inside the stove, poured a half bucket of coal down the toad's throat. Before they could hitch a tackle to the toad's legs and hoist it up so the coal would out the family pet had succumbed to a sudden fit of indigestion.

All the honors that a poor but sorrowing family could bestow upon one who had been deeply loved was given to the pet toad. It was buried in a warm leamy grave upon a sunny hillside. Families came from twenty miles around to witness the burial. The grave was banked deeply with golden-rod and wild aster blossoms. After the funeral Eli went home and gave himself up to despair. He brought two pigs and put them into a pen, feeding them from the coal hod in a vain hope of forgetting the lost toad. For two years his grief grew upon him. His wife had captured two thrifty toads and was still feeding them with the intention of weaning Eli from his great sorrow. He worked little, spending most of his time near the toad's grave. One day in midsummer, three years after the funeral he went out and did not return to dinner or supper. Mrs. King and Poineette lighted a lantern and went to look him up. As they approached the grave they heard Eli singing an old ballad about love and honor and pretty girls. They knew from the tone of his voice that he was far gone in liquor. A nearer view revealed Eli lying by the open grave drinking a bottle of beer.

'Majee!' cried he in ecstasy, 'Ah'm feel bad no more. Zs foot been hem dig out le gros crapaud, but heem brew all se beer. Ah'm drink eet, me. Sacral Ah'm was glad le gros crapaud was dead.'

While he was trying to stand on his head to give vent to his great joy the two women caught him and dragged him home.

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark-for home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

Cunning Assessor (to Koeraus' wife)—'Wonder if I could get any ideas from you as to how much your husband is worth?' Truthful Wife—'I don't know from the way he stunts me I should say that instead of being assessed for anything at all the city ought to pay him something.'

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