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PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII., NO. 385.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ARE AFTER BIG MONEY.

THE SUIT OF THE CONNOLLYS IN THE CIRCUIT COURT.

Circumstances That Led to this Dispute Between the Contractors and the City—There is Every Chance for a Fair Trial as Well as a Long one.

Mr. Michael Connolly, of Quebec, arrived in St. John this week, and will remain some days, probably all next week. This is a social and personal item, but the enunciation of a cold, stern and relentless fact. Mr. Connolly is here on a mission which interests not only himself, but is of interest to everybody in St. John. He is after lucre to the extent of something more than \$10,000, and he wants the city to pay it to him.

Yesterday was the day set for the beginning of this notable case in the circuit court. It will probably last all next week, and whichever way it goes there will be a fine bill of costs for somebody to pay. In this connection it may be incidentally remarked that L. A. Currey is attorney for the Connollys, and what he does not know about making up cost is not worth mentioning. Attorney General Blair appears as counsel for the plaintiff, and despite the fact that Hon. D. L. Hanington cannot by any possibility appear on the other side, Mr. Blair will undoubtedly make matters interesting for somebody.

Defending the city's interest is Recorder Skinner, aided by Hon. William Pugsley, with J. B. M. Baxter as junior counsel. The latter was retained this week, and should be a valuable adjunct through his personal knowledge of all the circumstances of the case. During the construction of the Connolly wharves he was, as now, alderman for Brooks ward, and took a very active interest in all that pertained to the work. Recorder Skinner will probably not quote as much scripture in this case as he did in the Sunday observance argument the other day, but there is no reason to believe that Mr. Pugsley will not be as painfully polite as is his custom at all times and under all circumstances. It is a question for casuists to consider whether Mr. Pugsley is not at times guilty of falsehood in preserving such a suave exterior when he is inwardly as mad as a hornet.

Judge Landry sits on the bench, and there is a special jury made up of men who do not pay taxes in St. John. An ordinary coroner's jury is sometimes composed of men who do not pay taxes, because they are short of funds, but the jury in the Connolly case was not selected on that principle. Its members are men who reside in the county, and who have not a financial interest in the result of the case, because they are not assessed here. Moreover, they are what is called a special jury, in the selection of which each side has had a voice. Double the number required were summoned, so as to allow for accidents and absences. They are representative men from Lancaster, Musquash, Simonds and St. Martins, and most of them are men who have had a personal experience with contracts and the construction of heavy work. Both sides are likely to consider the jury a good one.

As everybody in St. John knows, the suit is an addendum to the scheme of harbor improvement inaugurated by the common council in 1892. The firm of M. & N. Connolly took the contract to build the wharves at Sand Point, and finished the job within the time called for, the 31st of October, 1893.

Everybody had supposed that would be the end of the matter, but it was not. When the Connollys had asked for the last of their money, there was the sum of \$8,000 which they could not get, and have not got yet, but which is part of the \$10,000 which they now seek through the court. The city held this amount which had been deposited as security, on the claim that a deposit of \$50 a day had been incurred by the contractors through their failure to complete one of the wharves, that facing the harbor, within the date fixed for its completion.

It would be neither wise nor safe for Progress to attempt any statement of the case which would favor either of the parties. It is within bounds, however, to say that the contractors claimed this wharf could not be completed until the northern wharf, at Sand Point slip, was joined to it, though the contract called for the completion of the one about six months before the completion of the other.

There was literally "heaps" of trouble about the mud which was brought up by the dredges. In building a house, or a railroad, the disposal of excavated material is a simple enough matter, and so it is usually in harbor dredging. All that is required, after the mud is picked up and loaded on scows is to tow the scows to a suitable place and let the mud travel to the goal of McGinty, at the bottom of the sea. The question of a suitable place for taking a little drop of this kind is, as a rule, easily decided. It is only necessary to go where the water is deep enough, or to a shore where the deposit of additional

material will not interfere with the requirements of the public. It would appear that in Connolly's case, the original specification was not definite on the point of where the place of deposit was to be. This specification was prepared by the city engineer, but was subsequently amended by the board of works and the limit of the distance of towing was placed within one mile of the wharves.

Some of the mud taken up was placed behind the wharves as a filling, but when it began to percolate through and run into the water, inspector O'Brien jumped on the contractor's men and had some of them up at the police court, for putting rubbish what was dredged, however, had to be towed to a place of deposit at a distance, and it was here that the real trouble came.

The first place pointed out to the contractors was the beach beyond Sand Point and inside the breakwater. The shore at that place is not a stand to invite the summer bather, for it is rough and abounds with large boulders. The deposit of additional material there could do no damage and might be an improvement so far as scenic effect is concerned. The tide, however, is not always over it, and at low water a scow which wanted to drop anything there would need to go on wheels or stilts. The contractors could only work there at certain times of the day, and did not consider the place a suitable one. The contention of the city on this point is understood to be that the contractors should have had scows enough to do the work while the tide was up. To this the contractors are said to retort that they could have done so had they known in advance that this was to be the place selected, and had provided their plant to meet such an emergency.

When objection was made to this beach as a place of deposit, another place was pointed out on the east side of the harbor, near the exhibition grounds, but it was found that the dumpers of mud there would have a tendency to interfere with harbor fishing rights, and so the idea was abandoned.

Finally, the contractors found a place where there was plenty of room and plenty of water, and where all the mud they could drop would not interfere with anybody or anything. It was down the harbor, outside the breakwater, and this became their dumping ground.

It is on this account that the principal part of the claim is based. The place was more than a mile from the wharves, and the Connollys allege that extra towing and other labor which resulted from having to go so far meant a heavy loss to them. The items claimed under this head amount to about \$25,000, or more than half of the total claim.

There are other contentions which need not be referred to, and in which each side feels that it is in the right. Were the matter not before the court the story of either the plaintiff or defendant, told from a partisan standpoint would make decidedly interesting reading.

There will be a large number of witnesses, and a bringing up of a great deal of matter that was the subject of lively comment at the time, so that the case will be of more than usual interest to the citizens who have had to pay the bills so far, and are now anxious to know whether they will have to pay any more.

With a good judge and jury, and an array of keen legal talent, there is little real fear that the facts as to the right or wrong of the case will be pretty well threshed out.

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THAT FAIRVILLE TIME.

HOW A POLICEMAN SEARCHED THE HALL FOR LIQUOR.

He Did not Find Any—The Dancers who were Intoxicated Did not Buy their Stuff There—Recorder McKiel Does Not say a Lot of Things About the Affair.

There was no dance at the church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, last Saturday night, as some had anticipated there would be. The festivities of the preceding Tuesday night had evidently been considered enough, and more than enough, for all practical purposes.

Recorder McKiel was not heard from until last Wednesday, when he arrived at Progress office and had an interview with the editor. He stated that the story told last week was untrue and wanted a retraction published. He was told that his information had been obtained from what was considered a reliable source and that before any contradiction of it could be published it would be necessary to make an enquiry into the facts. Mr. McKiel was grieved that his statement should not be accepted as a full explanation of the matter, and said the story had come from parties who were interested in trying to injure his church. The reply to this was that Progress had no interest in the church, one way or the other, but that Mr. McKiel was interested in it, the paper claimed the right to make an impartial enquiry. Then Mr. McKiel went out, apparently not very well satisfied.

He was heard from yesterday through the columns of the Sun. The Sun, it will be remembered, is rather a warm account of the troubles at the church of the Good Shepherd some months ago, when matters got to such a pass that rival collectors passed around their separate plates for the offerings of the people; and Progress also told of this, as it has told of other matters which have brought this singularly aggressive body of worshippers into no little notoriety. According to Mr. McKiel, however, Progress is alone to blame for letting the public know from time to time just what interesting events are taking place among the pastor and people.

Just here, it may be well to assure Mr. McKiel and all others, that there has been no more desire to injure his church than to hurt any other church. When a good story, likely to interest the public, is secured it is published, whether the scene is in a church or a railway station. So long as people do not make themselves famous, or infamous, they are not likely to become the subjects of stories, and if Mr. McKiel and his congregation want to avoid unpleasant notices their best course is to do nothing to provoke public comment. The dance at the church hall was a notorious affair, of which all Fairville was talking.

Mr. McKiel, in his letter denies just two things which Progress asserted, and his statement in this respect has been verified. He says there was not a keg of beer in the hall, nor were any cigars sold. He further says the dance was not "in" the church, but nobody who read the account would suppose that it was in the part devoted to the regular services. The word "in" appears in one instance, through an inadvertence in reading the proof, but the whole story shows that the dance and its accompanying festivities took place in the school room, or what is known as the church hall.

Even in this respect, however, the story was not materially in error. The church hall was the original church, in the days when Mr. Dowling of Carleton and City Engineer Peters were holding services there before the advent of Mr. Titcombe, and it is a part of the church edifice to this day. To go from one apartment to the other it is only necessary to open doors and nobody has to go into the open air on the journey. That the hall has never been consecrated may be an important point in the judgment of a churchman but the distinction is such a fine one that the average protestant of other denominations may fail to grasp its significance. In popular opinion the dance was held at the church, if not "in" the church.

Passing over the minor point, the only other contention is that there was not a keg of beer, nor were cigars sold. It is learned that the beer was in bottles, instead of a keg, and that the guests brought their cigars with them. The moral difference between beer in a keg and beer in bottles is not very clear. No assertion was made that the beer was intoxicating, and it is learned of good authority that it was not. The dancers who got drunk had their liquor concealed in a convenient place outside the door.

That they did get drunk is a sad fact which recorder McKiel does not attempt to deny, and his reputation for veracity would suffer if he did so. One of the church wardens, hearing there was a function in the hall, went there early in the proceedings to enjoy himself. He got as far as

the door, looked in and abruptly withdrew remarking in emphatic terms that the affair was disgraceful.

So disorderly was the assembly that the rumor was current that liquor was sold in the hall, and the report came to the ears of police officer Moore. In pursuance of his duty he went to the hall, and saw enough intoxication to warrant him in searching for evidence of a violation of the Liquor License Act. He made a search of the premises, even to the extent of unlocking a cupboard where he thought liquor might be concealed, but his whole enquiry failed to reveal anything around the hall but temperance drinks.

And yet, though the dance hall by Recorder McKiel had reached the pitch that the public and the police thought liquor was being sold on the premises, fault is found with Progress for taking any notice of the affair.

The disgust of the warden who retired was shared by many members of the congregation who were not present. It is but just to say the congregation as a body were not to blame for what took place. The responsibility seems to rest on Recorder McKiel.

Nor were the intoxicated dancers members of the congregation, so far as is known. The young man who told Mr. McKiel that he could have wanted an exhibition of swearing if he wanted it, came from a distance. So, probably, were those who woke up the town by shouting "fire" and "murder" on the way home from the dance.

Anybody who read the story told by Progress and who reads the letter of Mr. McKiel will be impressed by the fact that what he does not deny is; considerably in excess of what he does deny. The trouble is the story was too true to be pleasant.

To recapitulate and amend, it is true there was a dance held at the church of the Good Shepherd.

It is true that some of the dancers were intoxicated and that a policeman went to the hall to see if liquor was being sold. It is true that the affair has been a matter of common talk, and that comment upon it has been general among all classes in Fairville.

It is true that with the exceptions stated, all that Progress said was justified by the facts.

Mr. McKiel would have been wise to let the matter rest, instead of reviving the memory of what was by no means a creditable affair.

TALK OF AN ELECTION.

KINGS AND ST. JOHN COUNTIES FURNISH GOSSIP.

For Politicians to Chat About—A Disposition to Make another Break in the Government Party in St. John—A Ticket that is Mentioned Favorably.

In spite of the exhibition and the rush and bustle incident to it, the preparations of the country to come to the city and see the people who have made themselves at home upon the farm all summer, there are rumors of an election, and some of them are disquieting rumors.

Kings county is very much to the front in this respect and a good deal of it is due to the supposed coalition between Mr. White and Mr. Fowler. Both of the gentlemen were in the field at the last provincial election but they represented different parties and Mr. Fowler remained at home. It is to be presumed that in the interval he has had an opportunity to look into local affairs more closely and has been led to change his mind and to signify his willingness to become one of the governmental trio to appear before the electors of Kings. It is to be noted that the opponents of the government do not look with any great degree of favor upon this proposition, in fact it seems to be causing much comment, favorable and unfavorable. For example, the liberals of Kings, under the leadership of

Colonel Donville, think that they see in this proposed move an attempt to strengthen the hands of the Finance Minister Foster who, it is conceded by many, has about decided that Kings might suit him better than York. Mr. Fowler was Mr. Foster's campaign manager in the last federal contest and if he secured a seat in the local house the liberals think that it is undue prominence to bestow upon an opponent. They count upon the opposition of Mr. G. G. Scoville to the move. Mr. Scoville has not declared himself but he will no doubt be heard from.

Mr. Fawcett takes matters easily and, under certain circumstances, is understood to be willing to stand aside and retire from active politics. These are a few of the rumors in Kings, but in Westmorland the situation has progressed a trifle and there is a call for a convention to nominate candidates for the vacancies existing in that county. They have a reason for such a course there and a convention is in order but until the government has said that the elections will be held this fall conventions in those counties in which no vacancies exist would seem to be premature. It might turn out as the federal scare did last year to amount to nothing.

The people have forgotten almost who were nominated upon this occasion and in the future it may be that it will rank as a feature in the "lives of prominent men" that they were once chosen by the people to run an election but did not run.

Nevertheless St. John has not escaped the contagion and the young liberals and the old liberals government and anti-government are discussing what is the best thing to do. Those who are anxious to see liberals only upon the ticket want a convention called but the leading supporters of the government are not wholly in favor of such a move since there are many men not liberals who support the administration. They point out that the conservative supporters of the government could not take part in a liberal convention and they follow up their arguments by stating that the executive is not liberal and not conservative but composed of men of both parties. A number of names have been mentioned and the intimation has been thrown out that if Messrs. D. Purdy, G. Wetmore, Merritt, Dr. J. H. Morrison and perhaps alderman Baxter of Carleton should be requested to run in the interests of the government, that they would from a very acceptable ticket. Mr. Purdy is so good a liberal and so prominent in the party that it would surely be a disconcerting act on the part of his friends to encourage any opposition to him on the captious ground that he was not brought out by a straight liberal convention. The same can be said of Mr. G. Wetmore Merritt who represents the younger men and is the president of the young liberals. Dr. Morrison as a conservative and an orangeman would bring strength to such a ticket, and Alderman Baxter from the standpoint of his civic career seems to have succeeded pretty well. More than this he is warden of the county and has a strong following on the west side.

Some of the liberals who are really opponents of the government have tried of late to work up the idea that there should be a straight party ticket, independent in every way and when they reach Fredericton they could stand together and not support either party. Two of the names suggested are H. A. McKeown and R. O'Brien. Both of these are very estimable young men but they would find some difficulty reaching Fredericton on that ticket.

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the funeral cemetery, and expressed the hope that the mayor would find opportunity to carry out his idea of taking up a subscription among the aldermen, to have the place put in order. Nothing has been done, however, and it looks as though somebody would have to pass around a hat among the citizens to raise the fifty dollars required. The board of trade is understood to be willing to give the other fifty. It is time somebody made a move.

Private Prosecutions Must Not Be Put on the Shoulders of the Public.

The comments of Progress on the absurdity of making the city responsible for the prosecution of the Sunday observance cases, seems to have waked up the board of public safety during the past week. It was pointed out last week that Recorder Skinner had undertaken the prosecution of these cases with an implied authority from the mayor, and the board wanted to know more about it.

They learned that just what had been published was true. The recorder had spoken to the mayor and the latter had said he supposed the matter must go on. It transpired that neither the mayor nor the recorder were aware that there was any regulation of the council on the subject of the latter undertaking to appear for the city in cases before the courts.

The matter had been pretty well discussed, and the opinion had been generally expressed that the attempt to enforce an absolute law was a piece of nonsense, with which the city should have no concern, when the chief of police arrived. He did not know that his course had been pretty strongly condemned, and in the innocence of his heart he began to speak of the work he had to do and mentioned his efforts to enforce the Sunday law as an instance. When he got this far, he was caught on the fly, and asked who told him to bring these prosecutions. He gave as his authority the words of some members of last year's board and cited Ald. Millidge as having been present at that time. Ald. Millidge replied that he had indeed been present on that occasion, but had expressed the belief that the law could not be enforced, and he thought the chief had understood that to be the general opinion of the board.

The chief had little more to say on the matter.

There was some expression of opinion that the duty of the chief is to carry out the laws which need enforcing, rather than he should take the direction of the alderman as to what law should not be made to apply. As for the Sunday law, it was a back number which had to be dug up before the attempt was made to galvanize it into life.

AN EXHIBITION DAILY.

"Progress" will issue one in Machinery Hall During the Fair.

Progress, proposes to assist toward the success of the Exhibition in no modest way by contributing a daily edition of this paper printed in machinery hall. The press for that purpose is now being erected in the space allotted, and when the show opens on Tuesday Progress will be as ready as the rest of them for the work it has to do. When some years ago a daily paper was issued by Progress in the exhibition almost the entire plant of the establishment was moved to the show ground. That proved to be an undertaking that perhaps would not have been ventured again were all the difficulties known beforehand. But it was done and done successfully. It would be simply impossible today since the outfit of the paper has increased to such an extent that the question of moving into its new quarters in its present building on Canterbury street last fall proved a troublesome one, but sufficient material will be taken to the exhibition to give a good idea of the working of a printing office, the composition and printing of a newspaper. The large four roller Cranston book and news press has been moved from Progress press room as part of the equipment. There is no press in the Maritime provinces better adapted for good work than this and the working of this perfect piece of machinery cannot fail to be interesting.

There will be two editions of the paper every day one in the afternoon and another in the evening. Both of them will contain the latest exhibition news, the announcements of the managements, the programme of the day, and the events of the succeeding day. So far as can be seen [now the daily will be a four page paper printed upon good paper. The advertising patronage secured for it has been large already and merchants and exhibitors will find it to their advantage to advertise in a paper that will be taken home by thousands as the "newspaper printed at the exhibition."

Mr. D. McArthur, bookseller, 80 King Street, is having a grand clearing up and is selling books, stationery, toys, dolls, and fancy goods. He is giving great bargains in all these things. Books, albums, fancy goods and stationery.

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TOBACCO
ANY
BY
HAMILTON

...ption.

OF THE ERRATIC WOMAN.

SOMETHING IN REGARD TO HER GOOD AND BAD POINTS.

She May Be the Best Natured and Most Generous of Mortals—Knows No Law but the Fancy of the Moment—We Like Her and Do Not Hold Her Responsible.

"Save me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies myself!" said a wise man, who had probably given the subject careful thought, and spoke out of the fullness of his heart. Of course he generalized rather too much, but then life is not long enough to admit of too close particularization. Were it not for this, I think the sage I have quoted, would have classified the different kinds of friends he wished to be delivered from and awarded special mention to those erratic ones who are here today and there tomorrow, who never know their own minds for twelve hours at a time, and are figuratively speaking, never there, when you put your finger on them.

I am afraid this erratic person is usually a woman, and to say that she is a trial to all who have the honor of her acquaintance, is to express it very mildly. I am sure the erratic woman is a joy to herself, because somehow she has a way of taking care of number one, and skimming the cream off everything that is worth having, in the most guileless way imaginable, all the while seeming to be unselfishness itself. But she is far from being an unmixed blessing to her friends.

She has a very taking manner usually, and on first acquaintance you think her charming but that is before you have found out her little ways, and know how deceptive is the glamour she manages to throw around some of her most reprehensible actions. She is pretty sure to have a frank, open manner that captivates you at first and she is, to speak "one of the boys" always ready for any enterprise that may be suggested, and that requires energy, fact and enterprise. It is a picnic that is proposed! The erratic woman is full of interest at once, "nothing could be more delightful than a picnic," and from the way she throws herself heart and soul into the discussion of ways and means, you feel certain—before you know her—that she will be the leading spirit of the whole affair, almost carry it out herself, in fact. After you know her little peculiarities, you feel equally certain that the moment she is out of your sight the picnic is out of her mind at the same time, and the only assistance she will render is what she has already contributed with her tongue. More than that, she will not even be on hand the day the entertainment comes off, but will have forgotten all about it as completely as if the subject had never been mentioned. She has a delightful irresponsibility in the matter of invitations, and engagements of all kinds, which may be a very charming trait in her character to those who are not affected by it. But when one has carefully planned a luncheon or matinee party, and arranged the exact number of guests that will make her party a success, it would try the patience of a saint to have a hastily and utterly inadequate excuse sent in, an hour or two before the guests are due, and find oneself with a sulky and aggrieved superior man on her hands, or worse still, to wait for the expected guest until the rest of the party are getting cross and hungry, and the sweetbreads or cutlets spoiling, only to have her utterly fail either to arrive or send any message of excuse; and then rush in while you are at breakfast the next morning, full of incoherent penitence, to explain that she forget all about it.

The erratic woman is usually the best natured, and most generous of mortals! She would give you her last cent, and if you happened to admire her now bonnet she would be quite capable of taking it off and presenting it to you on the spot. She loves to give other people pleasure almost as well as she loves to enjoy herself, and it is this amiable weakness which leads her into so many pitfalls; she simply cannot find it in her heart to say no to anyone and after having accepted Mrs. Brown's invitation to a small, select, and carefully arranged whist party for Thursday evening, she finds it impossible to hold out against young Mrs. Green's entreaties that she will join her jolly theatre party, which includes a delightful supper at a swell restaurant, after the play, but which unfortunately takes place on the same evening. She reasons with herself that Mrs. Brown won't mind much, someone else is sure to disappoint her also, and it might happen to be the very man who had been invited to be the erratic one's partner; in which case it would be very dull indeed for our erratic friend, and besides that she does not care for whist. So she scribbles an excuse to Mrs. Brown, just too late for that distracted hostess to find a substitute, and goes off with a light heart and a clear conscience to the gayer party. She really does not mean to be dishonorable, she would be horrified if you told her she had been guilty of even a very mean action: she has simply been accustomed to pleasing herself in everything, and giving way to every whim that seized her, without stopping to think of its effect on others. The erratic woman really knows no law but the fancy of the moment, and he is even capable of the one unpardon-

able social sin—she has actually, been known to accept an invitation to dinner, and then let the day and hour of the all-important function pass airily by, all unmarked by her. She did not mean to be rude but the date slipped her memory, she thought it was next Thursday instead of yesterday, she has such a bad memory for dates.

She has indeed a wretched memory for every sort of obligation, and the word punctuality is not in her vocabulary. She never knows the exact time at which any stated event takes place, and if you try to make sure of her, by calling for her, when you have an engagement together, she is never ready. She is always missing trains because she is never certain about the time they start, and she accounts for her misfortune by insisting that the train started full ten minutes ahead of time.

Somehow her brain never seems to be quite clear on the subject of hours and dates, and she has a singular idea that such trifles don't matter much. They don't trouble her to any large extent, and why should others consider them of more importance?

So she goes her way rejoicing; irresponsible as a butterfly, perfectly happy in her own way and blissfully unconscious that she is such a source of unhappiness to others. Strange to say, in spite of all her faults we find it impossible to help liking her a bit, after all. We know she is "an unreliable little cuss" like Artemus Ward's celebrated Kangaroo, and so we make allowances for her that we would never dream of making for any more responsible person, quite oblivious of the fact that we are thereby encouraging her in her nefarious little ways, and making a possible reformation even more unlikely than it would be if we were muffed by her as she deserves.

BLUFF THAT WORKED.

How Even the Principal Participant in It Was Badly Fooled.

Some day one of Europe's leading theatrical entertainment purveyors may take the world into his confidence and relate some of the tricks innumerable by which managers deceive the public. At present the best stories are kept for the cognoscenti, and are seldom or never recorded.

A tale is being told that will, by suppression of names and places, bear repetition.

One of the best falls in a leading capital was doing very bad business, and stood greatly in need of an attraction. The proprietor consulted his favorite agent, and finally a strong man wrestler was secured at a low figure, and it was announced that \$2,500 would be paid to any person who could throw him. People were engaged to be thrown nightly, and the show filled the house.

The hero, who was a man of little more than ordinary strength, began to imagine that he could throw anybody. Accordingly he demanded an increase in his very moderate salary, and succeeded in getting it.

A week later a man who practiced the gentle craft of horse slaughtering, and was renowned throughout the slums of the town for his great strength, sent a challenge to the performer, and on receipt of his letter the proprietor saw the money and the boom in strong men about to disappear at the same time.

The agent was equal to the occasion. He sent a polite note to the knacker, asking him to call early on the following day with his wife. The pair arrived punctually, and found the agent sitting at a table with pens, ink, and paper before him.

He asked the gentle slaughterman his full name and age, and how many children he had. Then, after writing assiduously for ten minutes, he read a long declaration in which the knacker indemnified the music hall company from all responsibility on account of any damage to his life that might be the result of the contest. "You must sign this," continued the agent, "for in America this wrestler killed eight opponents and crippled more than a dozen."

The man did not wish to hesitate, but his wife begged and prayed and cried until he reluctantly gave up the idea of the contest.

"Now," continued the agent, "if you like to come in tonight I will tell our man to deal gently with you, and if he throws you we will be pleased to pay you \$25 for the trouble, and repeat the payment as often as you like to call."

So the burly butcher came and was thrown, and took the cash solatium like a man, and such of the world as knew the acts and noted how all the town went wild for seats and rushed to see the show agreed that the agent was a man that knew his business.

However, the wrestler was quite unaware that the butcher was not doing his best, and accordingly imagined that he threw him by force of superior strength. So he demanded a further rise, and yet another, until the director, seeing the boom was nearly at an end, sent him about his business.

Some fifty miles away is a very prosperous town, whose inhabitants are ever ready to emulate the doings of their fellow countrymen. The management of the best place of entertainment there engaged the wrestler, who agreed to go for the very

best salary he had ever received. He appeared on the night appointed, and met with a huge reception from a big crowd.

The management thought his power was genuine—in fact, the wrestler thought so himself and on this account there were no "dummy" wrestlers. Note the less the very first amateur who stepped on the platform threw the famous wrestler with ease.

There was a state of uproar and confusion; lights were lowered and the whole entertainment came to an abrupt end. On the following day the press, ran into leading articles, treating the matter from discursive, philosophical, or sportive standpoint, to the great enlightenment of the public.

And among the many thousands who were entertained by this nine days' wonder only two people knew the why and wherefore of the strange result.—London Sketch

RIGHT OR WRONG WOMAN.

Man's Life is made Happy or Wretched by His selection of a Wife.

There are few young men who do not expect to achieve some degree of success or greatness during the course of their lives. The young man who entertains this ambition should keep a weather eye open on the question of matrimony. It might be thrown out as a matter of advice that the girl who might be living in a three-room flat "they two" are living in a three-room flat will be pretty safe to be trusted to be a good wife in a brown-stone front, for the chances of happiness in a brown-stone front would not be very promising if the woman in question was not qualified to be a good wife in a three-room flat.

The married life of the great men of the world is full of light and shadows. In fact woman can make happy or miserable the life of a great man just as easily as she can that of a man "to fortune and to fame unknown." It all depends upon the woman—and the man.

Tea, dyspepsia, and a scolding wife made the life of the famous essayist, Hazlitt, miserable. Tea, dyspepsia, and a scolding wife—these three, but the greatest of these is a scolding wife. Fielding married a maid-servant and was miserable. Goethe married his housekeeper, and was contented and happy. Lessing married a widow, and was singularly happy—that is, he was, singularly happy! Moliere, at 40, married an actress of 17, but it was a farce, and the curtain was soon rung down.

Steele was twice married, and both times happily. The married life of Prince and Princess Bismarck is one of the world's sweetest stories, while Milton drew from his personal experience the material for a vigorous pamphlet advocating divorce. Abraham's married life was made very unpleasant by the jealousy of Sarah for Hagar.

If Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great had lived in Delaware they would have been whipped about three times a week, for they were chronic wife-beaters. Racine was about to turn monk through disgust at the failure of one of his plays, but was persuaded to marry, and he never regretted it. The music of Mozart's happy wedded life was sweeter than any he composed. The story of the married life of James Fenimore Cooper and his wife is one of the idyls in the annals of hymen. Richter married to get a good house-keeper, and he got one. And right here it might be suggested, that the true sweet Marie is not she whose chief claim is that she has a face that is fair to see. The girl that can make biscuits that can be opened without using a "jimmie," discounts by a very large per cent the grand dame who never saw the inside of a flour barrel.

Heine wrote to a friend that he was "irritably" happy. Cato married a poor girl that she might be wholly dependent upon him, and found her disagreeably independent. David married the daughter of Saul, but had to get rid of her on account of her temper. Napoleon's misfortunes were intimately connected with the divorce of Josephine.

The list might be gone through with and at the end we should find that before the great problem of human happiness the prime is as helpless as the peasant and the philosopher as the mechanic.—Kansas City Journal.

Railway Deliriums.

The most absurd project that ever emanated from a madman's brain would, during this memorable year (1895) have found credulous English investors. It is difficult, in fact, to believe that some of the promoters were not insane. In Durham, for instance, three railways, all running in parallel lines, not far apart, were projected. At Greenwich speculators were eager to tunnel the park, and, lest the vandalism should arouse indignation, proposed to erect marble arches adorned with marble busts. One inventor, confident that wind was a better motive power than steam, endeavored to propel his engine by means of sails; another was certain that by the aid of rockets he could drive a locomotive at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

Even more delicious was the rush for fortune in 1845-46. The number of projects was enormous. The number of lines, on paper, duplicated everywhere, or carried into the remotest localities. One was advocated because it passed through a country "celebrated for its genial cli-

mate;" another because it ran across ground invaded by the Danes; and the London and Exeter was actually thrust upon the market on the plea that it ran along the road used by the Romans. It is estimated that £100,000 per week was spent on railway advertisements alone.—London Good Words.

What it Cost to See the Race.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday there were, by actual count, it was said, 198 vessels in the neighborhood of the Sandy Hook Lightship all loaded to the guards with sight-seers. This number steadily increased till 12:20, when the start was made, there were easily 250 craft in the fleet. The largest had on board 3,000 persons, and the smallest about fifteen. It is estimated that at least 80,000 persons saw the race from the fleet. It seems reasonable to put down the average expenses at \$4 each. I believe that \$5 would be nearer the mark, but let us be careful not to overstep the limit of prudence. Tickets, luncheon and drinks on a yacht race make a mighty hole in a \$5 note. At \$4 each we have \$300,000 expenses for the crowd. In addition to this there must come in the expenses of the private yachts, of which there were about forty in the fleet. These had very meager parties on board, some of the largest and finest not carrying more than a half a dozen passengers as guests of the owner. It cost Willie K. Vanderbilt \$500 to steam the Valiant over the course, and the refreshments for his guests probably took \$100 more out of his pocket. The expenses of the smallest private yacht in the fleet could not have been less than \$150. Put the outlay of the forty at \$10,000, and we have the total up to \$330,000, what it actually cost us to see the first of the series of races.—New York Press.

Knew the True Norwegian Flavor.

My daughter, who plays a great deal, has devoted most of her time to the German composers. I suggested that she try something by a Norwegian composer by way of variety. She got "Grieg's Wedding March." Our two housemaids are of Norwegian extraction, but were both born and raised in this country. Presumably neither of them had ever heard this air or knew anything about the man who composed it.

Neill had ever made any remarks about my daughter's playing and showed no special interest in it, but the other morning the second girl said to my daughter: "Ida likes that piece you played last night." She was asked to what piece she referred and replied: "That new one." My daughter began to play the Norwegian wedding march and she said: "That's the one. Ida thinks that is the prettiest thing she ever heard you play."

Chopin, Beethoven, Mozart, and all the rest had apparently gone clear over Ida's head, but the moment she heard a composition containing the true Norwegian flavor she recognized it instinctively.—Chicago Paper.

Ice Cream as a Medicine.

Those persons, and their number are legion whose fondness for this summer dessert is such that they are designated ice cream fiends will be glad to know that the value of ice cream as a remedy for certain intestinal troubles is being advanced. Some, indeed, most, physicians permit it through typhoid fever, always insisting it shall be of the purest make. To this story recently going the rounds in print, of the entire cure of a case of ulcer of the stomach by the sole and persistent use of ice cream may be added that of a woman. She suffered from a serious affection of the eyes, directly traceable to digestive disturbances, and her physician finally put her upon ice cream as a sole diet. For eleven months she literally lived upon ice cream, with the result to effect a complete and apparently permanent cure. The theory is that the cream furnishes ample nourishment, while the diseased intestines chilled by the low temperature of the food, are prevented from getting up inflammation during the process of digestion carried on by the healthy parts.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

There's one good school!—Snell's College.

Mother— How many young people go wrong—because they've not learned how to go right. S. A. SNELL, Truro, N. F.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.
The reaction in musical circles which was alluded to last week has not yet set in, but that there is a good time coming may reasonably be anticipated.

The only movement that has reached me is the trip made this week by a quartette of well known and capable vocalists in the direction of Jerusalem. The name suggests Arabi and backsheesh and other like pests to the Oriental traveller, but our friends have been spared these inflictions en route to the Jerusalem they sought. There is a Jerusalem in New Brunswick and the dwellers in that settlement sought the aid of Mrs. Gregory, Miss Fowler, Mr. Titus and Mr. Fred Smith, to enhance the funds of a church there, by giving a concert last Thursday evening. I have not heard the outcome but it is safe to say the good people of that neighborhood have never had a superior entertainment.

The Oratorio Society has postponed the resumption of rehearsals until after the exhibition. As speedily as possible thereafter active work will commence.

Tones and Undertones.
Edith Walker, an American girl, has been singing leading contralto roles in German opera at the Vienna opera house since the 6th of Aug. last. She is the first American girl to make any position at the opera house in that city. Although she is but little past her teens, she has been in Germany for the past four years. She made a successful debut last November at the Royal opera house in Berlin. She sang in "The Prophet" and the role of "Arzuena" in "Il Trovatore." Her repertoire includes all the contralto roles in the Wagner operas. Orpheus in Gluck's opera, Amneris in "Aida" Adrienne in "Riluz," Carmen, Mignon, Fidelio and several others. In appearance Miss Walker is a regal type of blonde, with a quantity of light curling brown hair which she wears knotted in the neck.

Four thousand dollars a week is what Hammerstein is to pay Yvette Guilbert the French music hall singer! Just think of it, a woman, not beautiful, sings improper songs for ten minutes every night, for which she receives \$4,000!

The fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin October 18th and will consist of 24 rehearsals and 24 concerts in Music Hall, in Boston. The seats will be sold at auction on different days.

Sousa, with his band, has started for the South, where he is engaged to play at the Dallas and Atlanta Exhibitions.

August Franke, a young pianist will accompany Ouderduick the Bohemian violinist on his American tour.

Julian Story the husband of Madame Emma Eames Story the prima donna, is in Italy in attendance on his invalid father. Maurice Grau has called Henry E. Abbey that Victor Maurel has signed a contract to visit the United States the coming winter.

Alexander Bull, son of the famous Ole Bull, is coming to Boston about the end of this month. He uses the violins of his late father and he is said to be without peer in his playing of the old Norse melodies.

There seems to be a difference of opinion about "The Chieftain," Sullivan and Burdand's latest comic opera; some critics say it is a great success, others say it is no good, and there you are.

Signor Nicolini, the husband of Madame Patti has taken to violin playing. As a start he secured a Stradivarius and an Amati violin to practice on. The Amati violin is a gift from Mme. Patti to her husband, and is valued at \$1,500. Signor Nicolini's teacher is Herr Wilhelm, who is now resident in London.

It is now said that Madame Melba is about to publish a book describing her experiences in Operatic life. If it proves liberal in matters of detail it will be interesting reading.

Mme. Patti has been invited by Her

Majesty Queen Victoria to spend a few September days at Balmoral.

M. Marsick, the French violinist and his wife are both diligently studying English in preparation for their approaching visit to this continent. Madame Marsick is described as "One of the most charming women and a typical French woman." They will arrive in New York about the end of October.

Tommy-Pop, what a popular song? Tommy's Father—One that everybody gets sick and tired of hearing. Philadelphia—Record.

Sir Arthur Sullivan and Pinero are at work on a comic opera.

Miss Flora Finlayson, the contralto of Lillian Russell's company, is receiving much praise for her work in "The Tragic." A recent paper says "Her rendering of the Gypsy song in the third act receives more applause than anything else in the opera."

Miss Alice Carl, the splendid alto who is remembered in opera in this city, has been singing the role of "Siebel" in "Faust" in San Francisco recently.

"Martha" is the opera at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week.

Madame Tavy and her operatic company, opened the new Montank theatre in Brooklyn last Monday evening. "Il Trovatore" was the opera.

Henri Veroney's two act opera "Talmah" which was successfully produced last winter in Mannheim, was repeated recently at Bidden-baden. The young composer conducted the performance.

Leoncavalla's "Chatterton" which is about to be produced in Milan, is said to have a strong second act, where a little child calls upon the starving poet and asks for a Christmas present. Chatterton has neither money nor bread, but he hands the child an old Bible. The little girl opens the book and reads the chapter dealing with the privations of Hagar in the wilderness, whereupon Chatterton, bursting into tears, runs from the room.

The following biographical sketch of the late Harrison Millard, better known as a song writer and composer, will be of special interest to many readers, who sing his compositions:

Harrison Millard, whose songs have been sung all over the world for a quarter of a century, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Kingman B. Page, No. 70 East 120th street, having been a sufferer from kidney trouble for years, and this ailment caused his death.

He was born in Boston in 1830, and at an early age exhibited a talent for music that made him locally famous. While a mere lad he set the musical world talking by reason of his remarkable voice. When Millard was twenty years old his father sent him to Europe to study. He received instruction in Italy from such masters as Romani, Mercadante and Mobilini. After three years of study he made his debut in concert and oratorio, achieving repeated successes. His remarkable tenor voice soon won him fame, and attracted widespread attention in Florence, where he made his appearance in grand opera.

In 1858 he returned to America, and was for a time the tenor of the Hydn and Handel oratorio societies of Boston. Up to this time Mr. Millard had composed a number of ballads which added to his fame. In 1859 he moved to New York and soon posed his world famous "Viva l'America," which, although purely patriotic, was soon sung wherever the English language is spoken.

In 1861 Mr. Millard joined the Seventy-first Regiment, National Guard, and was summoned to Washington. While there he was a guest at the house of Southern sympathizers, and was taunted about his song. During the evening he was requested to sing his composition, but demurred. He was finally chaffed into singing it, and a great deal of comment was made about it at the time. Secretary of War Stanton heard of this incident and informed Presi-

dent Lincoln, who sent for Millard, had him sing the song, and said, "Any man who can write such music should be a leader of men." He thereupon made him First Lieutenant of the Nineteenth Regiment, United States Regulars.

He was badly wounded at the battle of Chickamauga and resigned from the army. President Lincoln appointed him entry clerk in the custom house, a position he held up to 1885.

From that time he wrote ballads and music that made him famous the world over. His "Waiting," "Under the Daisies," "When the Flowing Tide Comes In," "Say not Farewell" netted him a fortune. Mr. Millard leaves three daughters—Marie, who is prima donna of "The Sphinx" opera company; Mrs. Kingman B. Page and Mrs. George Goodman, of Napa, Cal. He was a member of the Loyal Legion, Society of the Cumberland, New England Society, Phil Kearny Post, G. A. R.; Old Guard, Knights Templar, and was a thirty-second degree Mason. The funeral was from Dr. Collier's church, Thirty-four street and Madison avenue, Friday morning.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Sawtelle company has been playing at the opera house every afternoon and evening during this week to continued large business. Some of the productions of the first week were repeated but "Faust" has been given and the "Phoenix" as new features, the latter being one of Milton Nobles pieces I believe. Besides Mr. and Miss Sawtelle and Baby June (a most interesting and clever child) Messrs West and Benley have intensified their popularity. The company closes their present engagement this evening.

On Monday evening at the opera house will appear the attraction known as "Markos the miracle worker," assisted by Mr. and the Misses Williams who are specialists upon a variety of instruments from which alleged sweet sounds are produced. Markos himself, as the advance notices assure us is a magician of superior quality. Among other feats, such as the East Indian trick with rice, the Chinese link, the hat of Fortunatus he does something startling in the line of cabinet mysteries—a trunk trick etc. The magician will hold the boards at the Opera House during the week and there is little doubt every visitor to the Exhibition will make it convenient to see the work of this clever performer.

Charles J. Thorne, the veteran actor who has been on the stage since 1849, is about to take up his residence in the soldiers home, Providence, R. I.

Miss Dorothy Drew, who is a dancer and a member of George W. Monroe's comedy company this season, is a Maryland girl. She was one of the belles of her native city.

A play entitled "The Dream of Matthew Wayne," has been presented to James O'Neil by Minnie Maddern Fiske. Its author is the late Auguste Vacquequier who was the secretary of Alexandre Dumas Jr. The play will be produced this season.

Nellie Ganthony, who will be remembered here as an entertainer at the Opera House, was married by Alderman Schilling in the City Hall, New York, on the 13th inst. to John Clarke, a young lawyer of Toronto. Miss Ganthony is an English woman and the happy couple will visit the bride's mother in Surrey, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have just settled down comfortably in the brand new luxurious house in Portland place, London, bought with crisp American greenbacks. Mrs. Kendal, however, comfortable though she may be, cannot rest without acting, and "disconcerting." In September the interesting couple will start upon a tour of the provinces with a revival of "Lady Clancaerty" and a new play by Sidney Grundy.

Abele Durant Holt, has brought suit, for divorce, against her husband, the well-known actor Clarence Edwin Holt. Miss Mabel Eaton Robinson, who heads a company of her own this season, and in whose company Holt was playing leading roles, is named as co-respondent. It is said Miss Eaton became infatuated with Holt although

the mother of Miss Eaton told her that Holt was a married man.

Richard Mansfield's illness is much more serious than at first was supposed. He is suffering from typhoid fever and his convalescence will be slow.

Mrs. Jannaschek may be wasting her great powers in "The Great Diamond Robbery" but she has mid; a great hit. She compels admiration in whatever she attempts.

Edwin Arden, who is leading man with "Senator" Crane says that "tragedy is melodrama in blank verse."

"An Every day man" the play which Margaret Merington wrote for Sol Smith Russell is said to be a success.

Henry Doughty, of the Marlowe-Tabor company was painfully burned at a hotel in Milwaukee recently. He was cleaning his clothes with gasoline when a spark from his pipe caused an explosion that set the room on fire.

Mr. Satton Vane, the dramatist is making his first visit to Boston. Mr. Vane is a Berkshire man and made his first appearance as an actor at the Gaiety theatre, London.

Lewis Morrison, is at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston in "Faust" this week. During his engagement he will also play "Yorick's love" a piece successfully produced by the late Laurance Barrett.

Mr. Morrison is booked for an early appearance at the opera house in this city. Florence Reperts Morrison will be Marguerite in his production of "Faust" this season.

The regular season at the Boston Museum opens with "The Fatal Card." It will be followed by "Too Much John" and other attractions.

A recent Boston paper says that "Measure for Measure" which Modjeska will play this season, has only been given in Boston four times within the last twenty years.

Nat C Goodwin has returned to New York and opened his season at the Fifth Avenue theatre last Monday evening.

"Abe" Hummel, the well known New York lawyer, is reported as about to essay the role of "Tally" in a burlesque of "Tribby" shortly to be produced in this city. A Mr. McGeeley will "do the chiropractical part" of the title role. It ought to be a "go."

At the close of Sarah Bernhardt's tour at the Renaissance in Paris, will be produced a play entitled "La Princesse Victorienne," in which the famous actress will play the leading role.

Of "The Prisoner of Zenda," Sothorn's new play, it is predicted by some that it will be as great a popular success as "Tribby."

John Drew has a new play, called "The Haven of Content," in his repertoire. The author of the play is Malcolm Watson.

"King Lear" is to be produced at the Theatre Libre, Paris, the first Shakespearean drama to be played in France in its entirety. The text will be the translation of Victor Hugo.

On Sunday last the Comedie Francaise, in Paris was opened with Paul Hervieu's latest work "Les Tenaillies," and with Mornet-Sully in the leading role. The plot teems mainly on the infelicities of marriage; the death of wedded love; the rattle and rick of the chains still binding nominal husband and wife; and their fruitless effort, before the world, to conceal the corroding discontent, the wretchedness of their lives, beneath the smiling suavity of social conventionalities.

The Earth's Shadow.
The length of the shadow which the earth casts into space has attracted some attention since the eclipse of the moon. This shadow is in the form of a cone with the diameter of the earth at its base. It is 864,000 miles long. That is if you travelled into space, away from the earth, more than three times as high as the moon, the shadow would still shield you from the sun, provided you remained on what may be called the night side of the earth. The diameter of the sun is 866,000 miles, that of the earth is 7,926 miles, and the distance from the sun to the earth is 93,000,000 miles.—Exchange

Fall and Winter MILLINERY OPENING.



FRIDAY, SATURDAY and MONDAY, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22nd, when we will show the latest novelties in trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets, direct from Paris, London and New York.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

International Exhibition, Sept. 24 to Oct. 4, 1895, AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Exhibition Association, in addition to their former buildings, have this year erected a large Agricultural Hall for the display of Farm and Dairy Products and Machinery.

The Entire Fair The Same Grounds

The new horse and cattle stalls, sufficient to house 800 head of live stock, being close beside the Industrial Exhibition buildings.

Prizes Offered for Live Stock and Products amount to \$12,000.

Special attractions to be offered include a splendid display of fireworks on three nights.

Trained Horses and Wild West Riding on the grounds every day; Children's and Society parades on special days. In the new amusement hall there will be daily and nightly entertainments, including Trained Dogs, Trapeze Acts, Wire Walking and Acrobatic Performances, Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, etc.

Admission to exhibition: Adults 25c; Children 15c.

Special excursion rates by rail and steamer will be announced later.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary.

RECIPE—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract, One Bottle
Fischmann's Yeast, Half a Cake
Sugar, Two Pounds
Lukewarm Water, Two Gallons.
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 16 and 32 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS
LARGE SIZE, 25c.

Fountain... Syringes.

Hot Water Bottles, Ice Bags, Spring and Elastic Water Pad Trusses, Silk Elastic Stockings, Arletts and Knee Caps.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, No. 35 King Street, St. John.

Have you tried my delicious FRUIT PHOSPHATE and CREAM SODA? Telephone all orders 289. NIGHT DISPENSARY.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Monday, Sept. 23rd, the steamer "Clifton" will change her sailings. She will leave Hampton on every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8:30 a. m., and returning will leave in direct course every day at 4 p. m.

Pineal Syrup.

BOTANICAL REMEDY A Certain Cure for Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c.

For Sale by all Druggists. Manufactured by Mrs. Lauckner, 117 Sydney St.

DUFFERIN

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

E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chick'ens.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder.

Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at

CROCKETT'S,

Coo, Princess and Sydney Streets

Copartnership Notice.

The undersigned, constituting a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick, under the name Merritt Brothers Soda Company, which will expire on the first day of July, A. D. 1896, continue the said partnership until the first day of February, A. D. 1897 (one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six) being the twenty-seventh day of June, A. D. 1895.

J. P. MERRITT, G. W. MERRITT, W. W. FURBULL.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Discontinuation notice.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progres will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

Send notices should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. In every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher, in George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

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

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

The Daily Record has passed from the ownership and control of E. S. CARTER & Co. to that of the Daily Record Printing & Publishing Company and is now under the management of Mr. H. G. FENYTY. The announcement of this change is also accompanied by that of the return of Mr. G. E. FENYTY to active journalism as the chief editorial writer of the Record. Those who recall his vigorous conduct of the Morning News many years ago, and his agreeable letters since in this and other journals will welcome the return of Mr. FENYTY to the newspaper field and admire the energy that prompts him at his age to such activity. The editorial and business managements of the Daily Record and Progress have been closely associated, since Progress was wholly owned by Mr. CARTER and the Record in part, and both managed by him and under his editorial control. Mr. CARTER's retirement from the Record is wholly voluntary, is due to the fact that he could not wholly agree with the political policy urged upon the paper. So long as the world lasts, opinions of men are bound to differ, and it is not unwise sometimes to agree to disagree. But the writer would take this opportunity of stating that the Daily Record has been more successful in its twenty two months of life than he ever hoped or dreamed it would be. Few if any daily papers in this country can say that in so short a time they compared so favorably in points of advertising patronage and in circulation with their contemporaries. The Record has a circulation that is not second to that of any daily paper in St. John—its advertising patronage speaks for itself. It has secured a lease of its present quarters in Progress building but is now under a distinct and different management.

NOW FOR THE EXHIBITION.

There is every indication that the exhibition which opens in St. John next week will be as fully successful as have previous affairs of the kind, if not more so. The work of preparation has been going on quietly, but not the less surely, and the grounds and buildings are in better shape than they have ever been. The accommodation is greater, for one thing, and it may also be assumed that with added experience any little errors of judgment which may have been made in the past will be avoided.

The visitors to the grounds will find that a good deal of work has been done, and well done, by the executive, and that the facilities for the accommodation of visitors and exhibitors alike have been greatly increased. Judging from the nature of the exhibits to be sent, the display will be one which nobly within a reasonable distance of St. John can afford to miss. Some of the features of the show this year have the merit of great novelty, and, both as regards the quality and quantity, there is little doubt the exhibition display will fully satisfy the anticipations of all comers.

There is no fear but that the people of both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will do their share in making the Exhibition a success. They have been liberal patrons of such affairs in the past, even when there were rival exhibitions in Nova Scotia to keep the people of that province at home. This year, with no such competition, and with splendid facilities for reaching St. John easily and cheaply, a large number of visitors may be expected from the sister province.

The weather at this season of the year is usually of the kind most favorable for gatherings of this kind. The heat of the summer is gone and the days and nights are just cool enough to be agreeable where there are crowds congregated. Despite the possibility of equinoctial storms, the

experience of the past has amply shown that no better time of the year can be selected, merely as regards the comfort of the visitors. There are, of course, reasons from the agricultural standpoint why exhibitions cannot be held earlier, but wholly apart from this consideration the time is in all ways a suitable one.

The bustle at the grounds has begun and will not cease now until the doors close on what it is hoped, will long be remembered as one of the best exhibitions St. John has yet known.

NOT A FAIR TEST.

A remarkable offer is made by some presbyterian pastor, whose name and address are not given, in the columns of the Presbyterian Witness. It is of a reward of one hundred dollars to the first person who can prove that a consistent christian or righteous man is in a poor house or otherwise dependent on public charity for the necessities of life.

The offer is made upon conditions which clearly define the pastor's idea of what sort of a man a christian should be. The evidence of his righteous life will be insisted on to the following extent:

The person must have been a member of some christian church, and, while possible, regularly attending all the public services of the sanctuary. He must have taken an active part in christian work, and, if married, have observed family worship, and contributed at least one tenth of his income towards religious and charitable purposes. In business and social life he must have been so far as known, honest, truthful, prudent, industrious, economical, kind and strictly temperate in his habits.

It is pretty safe to say that the reward will not be claimed, and it would have been equally secure from searchers had all but the conditions in the last sentence have been omitted. The search of the ranks of papers throughout the world would not be likely to reveal one of their number who had been possessed of all the qualities of honesty, prudence, industry, economy and temperance, whether he had belonged to a christian church or not. It is the lack of one or more of these qualities that leads to poverty, when a man has situated in the world with a sound mind and body. On the contrary, a man might have been a church member, a giver of one-tenth of his income to religion and charity, and yet come at last to poverty simply because he was not prudent, industrious, economical, or because the weakness of his nature caused him to fall through love of strong drink. There may be many unfortunate inmates of poor houses who have tried to lead as good lives as more ostentatious "professors" of religion, but who have lacked the elements of human success. Poverty is by no means the test of depravity, nor is wealth the index of righteousness, as would be the deduction from the pastor's offer, if followed to its logical conclusion.

A good deal of the great wealth of this world, as shown in individual fortunes, is held by men who have little or no pretensions to religion. Most of them have acquired their wealth by far from honest means. On the contrary there have been and are today saintly natures among the humblest and the poorest in every land. There are thousands outside of the poor houses who would be better fed and clothed if they were in such institutions, and among these it is presumption to say there are not those who have lived, so far as their light permitted, in the fear and love of God.

It is an old saying that the gods help those who help themselves, and want of charity may run side with the devotion of those who love God and keep his commandments. The SAVIOUR came to the world to comfort the poor, and the wretched poor were his followers than as many of them have been from that day to this, and will be to the end of time. "The poor ye have always with you" was not spoken to the unbelievers, but to those who believed. God's church includes the poor, and it does not find its best representation in those congregations where the poor are afraid to enter through awe of their wealthy neighbors.

The test of God's favor is not riches or poverty. If it were, there would be fewer millionaires among the class from which they are drawn in these days.

AN IDEA IN JOURNALISM.

The old world is not, as a rule, a part of the earth from which bright ideas in journalism can be obtained, but what seems to be a brilliant piece of enterprise is reported from Pest, Hungary. It is a daily newspaper which is not printed, and yet has about six thousand subscribers who pay the ordinary rate of two cents each every time the journal is issued. The plan has been in operation for the last two years and the scheme appears to have succeeded in a measure equal to the most sanguine expectations of the projectors.

The system followed is a simple one. The news is sent by telephone and every subscriber listens to just as much or just as little of it as he wants, and by the aid of long flexible wires can have it served up to him in his office, at his meals or even at his bedside. The special wire which conveys the news is nearly two hundred miles long, and is arranged with every regard to freedom from interruption by accident at any of the houses into which the separate wires from it enter. No subscriber can block the circuit when there is anything related about him which he does not want the public to hear.

So far as can be judged by the description,

the system of getting and editing the news is similar to that in the ordinary newspaper office. The paper is "made-up" in manuscript and the different classes of reading are carefully scheduled, so that a subscriber knows what part of the paper he is to hear at one time and what part at another time. A staff of ten men with strong voices take turns in shouting the paper over the wire until they have reached the end of all there is to be said. Later news is also bulletined, and as many as twenty-eight additions are issued in a day. During intervals between the editions, vocal and instrumental music is sent to the subscribers over the wire to keep them in good humor. It is quite needless to state that the telephone works only one way, so that the subscribers have no chance to interrupt and delay the paper by asking all sorts of questions.

In a part of the world where life is not considered too short for people to spend all day in listening to the news, such a system appears to have advantages over the ordinary way of issuing a paper. The subscriber to a printed sheet which has cost money, time and labor to the publisher may pick it up, glance over it and say there is nothing in it worth reading, but if a man were to talk to over a telephone to him he would at least have the idea that he was getting the worth of his two cents. He might, indeed, lose his privilege of sending word to the office that his paper did not come that morning, and he would have no chance to swear because his name was spelled wrong, but those deprivations would be only minor drawbacks to his general enjoyment of having the news as fast as events happened, instead of having to wait until the paper was printed.

There would be some vexations, of course. Supposing that Progress were issued on the telephonic principle, the men would all want the first page read at the beginning, while the ladies would be wild to hear the social and personal items. Then, again, people who were the subjects of not very flattering first-page stories would be wild with rage at having to listen to an account of their actions, knowing that everybody else was listening to the same thing, and that there was no way of stopping the mouth of the man at the telephone. Their only consolation would be that nobody except he was a shorthand writer would be in a position to preserve a copy of the story.

From the editorial point of view, such a style of paper would be a great snap. There would be no proof to read and no worry about getting the forms made up so as to look well to the eye, and no mails to catch at a certain hour. There would be no measuring up of matter to see how much more was needed, but all there would be to do would be to have the copy edited and shouted through the telephone as fast as it was prepared. The publisher, too, would never be bothered by angry people sending word to stop their paper, for the great resource of such people is to borrow the paper from neighbors, and under the telephonic system this dodge could not be worked.

It may be some time, however, before the telephone paper is introduced on this side of the water, even though it may be said to fill a long felt want in Hungary.

When HENRY M. STANLEY arrived in Montreal, the other day, he gave his opinion of newspaper attacks on great men like himself. He is quoted as saying that "nobody worth speaking about notices them except the man they are intended for, who feels them in proportion as he allows himself to think that they will harm him." These are brave words, but if STANLEY knew as much about a newspaper as he does about Africa he would have a different opinion. No man is too high to be brought to bow to newspaper criticism if it is founded on facts which can be made plain to the public. Unwarranted attacks, with no facts to support them are quite another affair, and it may have been in regard to these alone that STANLEY intended to speak. If he had been a forger of Livingston's letters, as some of the papers once asserted, he would have soon learned where a newspaper attack can kill. As it was, the charge fell flat because there was no evidence to substantiate it.

Let prevailing fashion, with all its absurdities, be thanked for one thing. According to so good an authority as Mrs. ROGER A. PRYOR, the black band is no longer worn on the coat sleeve, except as a token of respect to some deceased member of a military or civic organization, and only when prescribed as such. The spectacle of duds in sporting costume with black mourning bands on their arms was enough to kill any fashion.

Before current talk gets to naming many more probable St. John candidates for the local legislature, it would be well to remember that the election is not intended to be a comic opera. Some of the combinations already suggested might cause it to be one if the ideas were to be carried out.

SMS REEVES, the singer, seems to have found the life of a widower too lonely for him, at the age of 73 years. Instead of keeping on the even tenor of his way, he has gone and got married again.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Sweet Language. Sweet language is a laughing eye, Where prattles thousand unfeeling; True love's language is a secret sigh, Would not for words be told. Though scarce a breath it may impart, Reason he would be sought. Ye love well know ye its dearest heart, By its own knowledge taught.

The language of love's golden dream, Hath will its melody; Though far away its glance may seem, Its narrow is divine. Love's melody in sweetest tone, Hath its own music low; And though the moon be in June, The moonlight water flows.

The harmony of heavenly rest, Love's language is to tell; When silent sorrow is felt's rest, By some lone soul well. Our souls cry through the arching sky When loneliness the heart is sore; Across life's great sea surges high, For hearts of vast-ideaed.

Sweet language breathe to me tonight, From some far way; That fill my soul with heavenly light, In many a saintly ray. Shun hands that touch summer's prime, In all its fragrant weather; The dream that fills love's hallowed clime, We had from heaven together.

The sky has hung its silver lights, High in our autumn night, In love's glow for you. Sweet language is it in the blossomed rose. The flower we love so well, Deep loneliness the heart knows, My own no voice can tell. ROSE DELL. CYPRESS GOLDS.

In the Attic. Of all the emotions that enfold the heart, When the year from the summer has flown And the wind is about, With a flutter and about And all the leaves have been blown, There's least of all in the attic room, That leads to the old attic room, Sit alone at the pane And fold unused garments away.

We do not know why a mist shadows the eye When we see the old dresses aside, Neither will we say Why the smile does not stay, Nor why should the tear drop beside, But it always is so—recall when a child, How my mother and I used to creep To the old, shabby lot, And I think, too, how oft She used to sit down and weep.

By the red cedar chest where the baby clothes were And the low little splint-bottom chair, Like a trusty old friend, That I used to sit on, Through the summer and winter, 'twas there, By the old fashioned crib where the first baby died— That was prattling of her love, That passed like a flower In the hand, one dark hour, To brighten the country above.

Oh! that old attic room where the garden seeds hung, The thyme and the sweet-smelling sage, That love handled round, Swung there, and the sword, And the little pet bird's empty cage, How they all sit in a space in the gloom of today, And so close to the rain, And the (time radiance flows. CYPRESS GOLDS.

After the Wedding. All alone in my room at last, I wonder how far they have travelled now? The "I" was very far when the night is past, And so would I if I knew but how. How can she get with her hair like face, Her eyes are violet, mine are blue. (How careless I am with my mother's lace) Her hands are softer and whiter, too.

It is only one summer that she's been here; I had been my home for seventeen years, And seventeen summers of happy bloom Fall dead tonight in a rain of tears. It lacks, at least in the glowing shades, Father in heaven, may I have rest? One hour of rest for this aching head, For this throbbing heart in my weary breast.

I loved him more than she understands, For him I prayed for my soul in truth; For him I knelt with lifted hands To lay at his feet my shattered youth. I love him, I love, I love him still, More than father, mother, or life, My hope of heaven is to bear his name, My heaven of heavens to be his wife.

His wife. The name that angels breathe, The word that no crime to my cheek with shame I would have even my glory that name to breathe In the princely heart from which it came. And the kiss I gave to the bride that night, (His bride till life and light grow dim,) God only knows how I pressed her lips, That his kiss to her be given to him.

Some Day. "They'll come back again," she cried, That by-gone summer day, The while we watched the giddy ships Upon the placid bay. "They'll sail so far, they'll sail so far, upon their shining way, But they will come again, I know, some day—some other day."

Some Day! So many a wistful sigh, When wind-swept waters moan, With tears pressed back, still strives to dream Of the old contented home. Good ships sail on o'er angry waves, "neath skies all tempest gray, For quivering lips so bravely tell, "They'll come again—some day!"

Some day! We say it o'er and o'er, To cheat our hearts, the while, We send our cherished vestures forth, Perchance with sob or smile; And then run out, as tides run on, our life ebbs fast away, And yet with straining eyes we watch for that sweet "I'll come—some day!"

Full many a true and heart-sped bark May harbor find no more, But hope her beacon light will trim For watchers on the shore; And those who hide at home and those upon the watery way, In toll or waiting, still repeat, "Some day—some blessed day!" —LEOT RANDOLPH FLEMING.

A Summer Romance. We stood in the moonlight's tender glow, And I thought her the dearest girl That ever lived; and I loved her so, She had set my brain afloat! For she charmed my gaze that night, As we stood on the shore in the soft moonlight And never a soul was nigh.

So I whispered low, "I love you, dear, And you shall be through and through: As I look in your eyes in the moonlight here, It is all that can do To keep from straining you close to me now, And kissing your eyes and your lips, I vow It's hard to be sooth," said I.

Then she looked up at me with a roguish glance, And a light was in her eyes, That made my blood leap, and the whole world dance In a rap-ur of sweet surprise. "I suppose it is hard," she roguishly said; "Then softly, and turning away her head, She added, "That makes you."

The Lord Our Helper. Gales from heaven, if so be will, Freeter melodies can wake On the lonely mountain hill Than the meeting waters make, Who hath the Father and the Son, May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthy, slave or free, Wealthy or despised and poor— What is that to him or thee? So his love to Christ endure? When the shore is won at last, Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our soul will shrink At the touch of natural grief, When our earthly loved ones sink, And we, Lord, by sure relief, Patient hearts, their pain to see, And they smile to follow— JOHN KEENE.

HIS NEIGHBOR'S COW.

One Way A Halifax man had of Adding to the Funds of His Exchange.

HALIFAX, Sept. 19.—The point of the following is that both men referred to are members of the same church in this city—a leading baptist congregation. They live at Willow park, a beautiful suburb of the city and a North Western terminus of the projected electric tramway. Citizen number one has a fine field adjoining a field devoted to pasture, owned by citizen number two.

It appears that citizen number two has a cow that had been in the habit of climbing fences from her infancy, and feeling more than usually sorry, knocked down a part of the fence between the two citizens fields, making for herself a free passage in the verdant pasture next door. She had not been there long before our citizen number one came along and recognizing the cow as belonging to his neighbor, at once ordered his man to drive the animal to pound.

This pound is kept by Mr. John Punc' a most plausible and obliging young man. He immediately took charge of the cow and put her in a dance vile. Citizen number two not finding his cow at milking time, and seeing the cow had been in the field of number one and that she had been turned out or spirited away in some manner. He instituted a search. While going down Windsor street he met the servant of citizen number one who said:

"I have just put your cow in pound. "Who authorized you to do so?" "My master who found her in his field."

The cowless man proceeded to the pound and after paying the charge, 90 cents, took his cow home. It seems that citizen number one went to the pound keeper the next morning and not only demanded but received the proportion of his neighbor's 90 cents paid for poundage, amounting to thirty five cents.

The question is will one church in future be large enough to contain these two neighbors, as it has been in the past.

SIZE OF A CIRCUS RING.

It is Always the Same Diameter Wherever the Show is Found.

In various ways the circus of the present day differs from that of the past, but the ring remains unchanged; it is always 42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go where you will, search the world from China to Peru, with diverging trips to the frosty Caucasus and the desert of Sahara, and never a circus will you find without a ring of 42 feet 9 inches in diameter.

There is a reason for this remarkable uniformity. Circus riders and circus horses are nomadic; wherever their wanderings bring them they must find the ring always the same, else they will be disturbed in their performance, it not really rendered incapable. Trained to the 42 feet 9 inch ring, the horse and his rider have grown used, worn, one might say, to the exact angle of decivity toward the centre of the ring which the radius of 21 feet and a given speed produce.

The mound on the circumference of the ring always has on the inside a level, so to speak, of earth, at the same angle as that into which radius and speed throw the driver. As for speed, that after the horse has gone around two or three times and is warmed to his work, is the same; generally the act. In fact, a trap generally holds his head so that he cannot get beyond a certain pace.

The ringmaster snaps his whip, the clown shouts, the band plays louder and louder; but the horse knows just how much this empty show means, and jogs on at the same old pace, until, with the last jump through the tissue balloon, the act is ended. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

INTERVIEWED THE POET.

He Gave Them to Understand That He Wanted to Take His Bath.

It has long been charged against the people of California that they do not give due recognition to their men and women of genius. Up in his eyrie on East Oakland Heights, however, Joaquin Miller is sighing for less recognition of a certain sort. He is overruled with lion hunters, who purloin his manuscripts, steal his books, peer through his windows, and even carry off his coats, gloves, and handkerchiefs. To such extent has this vandalism been carried that he has resorted to the expedient of nailing fast to the walls of his apartments anything that he really desires to keep.

On Wednesday of this week four well-dressed women presented themselves at the Heights and demanded to see the poet. Mr. Miller had just come in from the fields. It is no figure of speech when the poet of the Sierras speaks of himself as a laboring man. During the busy season on his ranch he is afield in the early morning, and has usually done a hard day's work about the time business men in the city are getting down to their daily tasks.

The work about the farm done, it is the poet's custom to go to his cabin, take a bath, and retire to his room, where he devotes the rest of the day to literary work. He was just preparing his bath when the four pilgrims to the shrine of poetry appeared at his door.

"We have come to see Joaquin Miller," they announced. Miller surveyed them. He was dusty,

hungry, and tired from his morning's labors. There was manuscript that must be got off

"You must excuse me, ladies," he said. "I am about to take a bath and cannot see any one this morning."

The women pail no heed. Instead, they gazed about the room, commented upon the decorations, asked questions, and watched the poet getting the water ready for his bath. After waiting a reasonable time for the motion to adjourn the bard of the Heights removed his hat. Thus he paused.

"This is where I take my bath," he said. The remark passed apparently unheeded, and the poet removed his coat. Still his guests gazed and chatted. The water for his bath was rapidly cooling. He removed his vest.

"Where does that door lead to, Mr. Miller?"

"It leads out of doors," was his reply. Still the ladies lingered, and the single of the Sierras undid his necktie and dropped his suspenders from his shoulders.

Then he unlaced his shoes. The situation was growing interesting, not to say dramatic. The visitors gazed at the poet. The poet returned their gaze. Then he dipped his fingers in the water to test its temperature. Then his cholera began to rise in earnest. He turned to the leader of the invasion:

"I am about to take a bath," he explained, "and I think you will prefer to retire." Shooing them gently before him, like so many hens, he was finally able to close the door upon them.

"Well," said one, as the bolt shoved home. "I call that cool."

That bath water was also cold.—San Francisco Call.

IS THE EARTH SOLID?

The old Theory That It is Soft Inside not Accepted by All Scientists.

There is nothing more deeply interesting than scientific speculations and theories on the probable condition of the interior of the globe upon which we live. As we have shown in previous installments of "Notes for the Curious," the temperature of the earth's crust increases at the average rate of 1 degree Fahrenheit for each fifty-five feet of descent. At such a uniform rate of increase we find that we must only descend to a depth of something like thirty miles into the bowels of the earth to find heat sufficient to melt any known substance, and that a few miles deeper all rocks and metals must be in a state of white-hot fusion. The majority of the scientific men of this world have come to conclusions similar to those which the above statement implies—that the earth is like an immense cocoon-shell, filled with matter kept in a fluid state by intense heat. It is only very lately that this theory has been combated by a man capable of dealing with such a weighty subject. That man is Sir William Thomson, the British geologist, geographer and astronomer. Thomson has made calculations which were based upon the known tidal effect of the sun and moon upon our planet, and finds that the earth must not only be solid through and through in order to stand such a strain without being rendered asunder, but that thousands of miles of the interior must be composed of substances much more rigid than any of which we have knowledge.

A recent issue of a British scientific journal contained an editorial on this subject which declared that the existence of volcanoes proved the contrary to "the new Thomsonian theory." Sir William's answer, in part, is as follows:

"To the objection that the phenomena of a solid earth interior, it is replied that unquestionably the heat is very great far down beneath the surface, and that reservoirs of molten rocks certainly exist under volcanic districts. But, while the above is true, taking the earth's interior as a whole the pressure is so great that the tendency to liquefaction caused by the heat is overbalanced thereby."—St. Louis Republic.

In Their Minds.

With a gesture the savage monarch commanded silence.

"My people," he said, "I take great pleasure in introducing this noted traveler, I am sure I speak for all when I tell him we shall be glad to have him in our midst. I take this occasion to caution the children not too eat too much, since he is reputed to be very rich."

Whereupon it plainly appeared that his majesty was not only witty, but schooled in the finer shades of meaning of the English tongue.—Detroit Tribune.

Beginning to Retaliate.

What was to be feared is likely to come to pass as a result of the failure of the Valkyrie to win the cup. England will retaliate and the first return blow has already been struck. That is to say, the St. John Telegraph has devoted a leading editorial to proving that the Americans were defeated at the battle of Bunker Hill.

On Hand as Usual.

The October number of the Delinester has the usual fall information as to prevailing styles and much general reading of interest, including the paper of Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, of New York, on the etiquette of mourning. The Delinester Publishing Co., Toronto. Price 15 cents.

Social and Personal.

After the gaiety of the past few weeks things are almost at a standstill; in fact the city is unusually quiet just at present; this particular season is always just a trifle heavy, as those who have spent the summer at home have exhausted almost everything in the way of amusement, and the fortunate ones who revealed in sea breezes or soft country air, and are flocking home, are too busy with other duties to think of entertaining for a few weeks after their arrival. Most of those who spent the summer out of town are at home again, and in a week or two at least Providence readers will once more see the old familiar names in the social column. Many are looking decidedly better for the summer's outing, but all confess themselves almost tired out; this is especially true of those who spent the season at Rothesay, which I am told was never quite so gay before; indeed one lady who has been there ever since the season began tells me that she intends going away for a rest shortly—to take a sort of vacation, for Rothesay has not been vacation-like this year; to be sure there are trees and grass and flowers and water, but then in last year's little boating race there has been comparatively little boating and very little of anything else in the way of social amusements.

Dr. and Mrs. Richardson of New York are in the city guests of Mrs. David Princess street. Mr. George K. McLeod was here for a short time this week. Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin's family returned from Rothesay this week. Mr. E. T. Barnham's family are preparing to move to Manchester, N. H. next week. B. B. Bissard and Mrs. Bissard have engaged rooms at the New Victoria and will make their home there during the winter. Mr. J. E. Stockton spent a short time in Lawrenceston last week. Mrs. T. B. Morton of Boston is visiting friends in this city; she is at present the guest of Miss S. die Morris. Miss Theresa Leonard has returned from a month's visit to Portland, Me. Miss Annie McBrady left this week for an extended visit to Boston. Mrs. Gerard is in Bridgetown the guest of Mrs. Thomas Dearness. Miss Laura Brady who has been visiting Mrs. B. C. Tapley of Marysville returned home last week. Miss Mary Rogers is in Bridgetown a guest of her friend Miss Grace Hoyt. Mrs. Andrew Brady welcomed her friends at 161 Lancaster street on Wednesday Thursday and Friday, October 2d, 3d and 4th. Miss Jennie Kneel visited Bridgetown relatives last week. Mrs. James McEiverson of St. John and Mrs. Maggie Wade of Westhampton, Mass., who have been spending a short time in Nova Scotia, returned to the city on Saturday. Mr. James McEiverson visited Bridgetown during their stay in that town. Dr. Theodore Rad and Mrs. Rad were among the city's visitors this week. Mr. Watson Allen and family have returned from their summer outing at Riverbank. Mrs. Purdy and child were in Bridgetown for two weeks lately, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Alford Hoyt. Miss Minnie Bradley has gone to Boston, where she will spend the next few months. Miss Payne of St. John, who has been visiting Miss Lily Allison in Annapolis returned home this week. Mr. and Mrs. E. Bidan of Amherst are visiting friends in the city. Miss Ada Fardy is spending a short time in Amherst. Miss Goolery, who has been for some time a member of the choir in Waterloo street baptist church, has gone to Boston to remain permanently. On Monday evening, the members of the choir met at her late residence and presented her with a gold chain and pin; a very pleasant evening was spent. A large number of her friends were present. The marriage of Mr. John Cozghan and Miss Beck took place at the cathedral on Wednesday morning, Rev. T. Casey officiating. A large number of friends of both parties were present. Miss Kate Graham was bridesmaid and Mr. Thomas Driscoll assisted the groom. Mrs. Guilford Reed and her daughter, Mrs. Everett Morse of Boston are visiting Mrs. G. Prescott. Mr. Frank Hoban of Moncton is visiting his cousin, the Misses Kane. Mrs. Goodwin, who has also been visiting the Misses Kane, returned to Boston yesterday. Miss Bessie Hutchins of Bernis who has been spending the summer in Topperville, N. S., was here for a few days this week staying with Mrs. Stammers on her way to Princeton, N. J., where she will spend so long as a guest in the family of Professor Eaton, president of Princeton university. Mrs. Fred Rice and Miss Scarlett of Digby spent a short time lately with friends here, on their way to Boston. Mr. Allison Cushing was in Salsbury last week a guest of Mr. A. L. Wright. Mr. Fred Linton has been spending a short time in Liverpool, U. S. A. Miss Kate Hall has returned to St. John after a delightful European trip. Mr. John S. McRae has gone back to Ottawa, after spending his vacation with St. John friends. Mr. Thomas Bennett and family of New York, were here for a short time the first of the week on their way home from Nova Scotia, where they spent the summer. Miss Grace Leavitt who has been spending the summer with friends in Boston has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Parks, Mr. Arthur Parks and Miss Margaret Parks went to Montreal last week. Miss Parks will be a student at McGill this year. Mr. Herman Peck, formerly of St. John but now of Brooklyn is spending a short time in the city with friends. Mrs. C. W. Field and family are paying a visit to Boston friends. Miss Frank Coll has gone back to Montreal to resume his studies at St. Mary's college. Mr. Allan Courtney is spending a short time in New York. Miss Rosa Campbell's home from Montreal where she went some months ago to undergo a course of training for nursing. Her health would not permit her to go on with her work so she has been obliged to give it up. Mr. D. F. George, Miss George and Mr. A. George have returned to Fredericton, after spending the summer at the Bay Shore. Miss Sharp of Toronto, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. O. H. Sharpe in Fredericton is spending a short time in the city. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown of Boston, were here for a few days this week; they are spending their honeymoon in the provinces. Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Hoffman of Boston were also among the visitors to the city this week. Mrs. John Darragh of Chipman is visiting friends in the city. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Carey spent a day lately with Hon. George E. and Mrs. Foster. Miss Jennie McKean has returned from Boston, where she was visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred C. Folkins. Miss A. M. Belyea, who is in Boston visiting her cousin, Mrs. B. Jamieson, intends going to Crossville, Tennessee, to visit her sister, Mrs. John H. Colther. Mrs. E. W. Thorne and Mrs. Stephen Thorne left the middle of the week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thorne in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Boyne are paying a visit to the upper provinces. Professor and Mr. Davidson, who have just returned from Europe, guests of Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Princess street, this week. Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley are spending a few days in Sussex. Mr. W. S. Roop has gone to Halifax, where he expects to reside permanently. Mr. John S. McLaren is visiting Prince Edward Island this week. Miss M. Newcomb of Torryburn went to Roxbury, Mass., Monday, to visit her sister, Mrs. Vincent. Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Morrissey of Montreal, who have been visiting here, returned home the first of the week. Mrs. A. McAllep and Miss Ada Pike, who have been visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. Newcomb, of Torryburn, have returned to their home in Lubec, Maine. Mr. George Patterson of the Interior Department of the friends of Mr. F. M. Manks heard with sincere regret of her startlingly sudden death, which occurred last Friday afternoon; at noon Mrs. (Continued on Eighth Page).

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. TRADE MARK SOAP FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

WHEN BUYING BUY THE BEST, That is the Bissell's Carpet Sweeper. Sheraton & Whittaker.

A Pure White Soap. Sea Foam It Floats. 5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

N.B. TRADE MARK THE VARNISHED BOARD. "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds" Women are not all beautiful but all women are attractive who are beautifully dressed.



MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILERS Require No Brickwork, Give Highest Economy.

Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Amherst, N.S. J. S. CURRIE, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

A Food that is eminently The Great Strength-Giver. Should be sought after by those seeking to attain Physical Development and good powers of ENDURANCE.

NO Musty Flavor. Absolutely Pure. A Delicious Beverage. THE QUEEN. For sale by all reliable dealers.

A NOBBY TURN OUT

One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory.



A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart. Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride. Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E.C. SCOVIL

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FO ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Business is for sale in Halifax at the following prices: ... W. W. Allen ...

A small but very enjoyable "At Home" was given by Mrs. Langley one afternoon last week, chiefly in honor of the numerous friends of the hostess from Bermuda, the United States and other places, who are now visiting the city.

I am sure that it is seldom there have been general, unqualified good wishes for all happiness, from so many sources tendered for the acceptance of the newly married, as in the case of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Chipman.

Now that cricket and tennis are very nearly over, I suppose the different teams of the Wanderers, Garrison, Dalhousie, etc., will soon be on football thoughts.

Mrs. Daly has cards out for a "ball tender" on the twenty-fourth, and as the invitations are out two weeks beforehand, there will be plenty of time for fresh gowns to be evolved for the occasion.

Colonel Isaacson and officers of the R. A. have cards out for an "at home" to be held on their new cricket ground on the Citadel on Wednesday next from three until six, in order to witness their annual sports, which have hitherto always taken place at the riding ground.

Several Halifax families, or members of families, purpose spending the coming winter in Europe; among them Hon. M. H. Richey's.

One of the prettiest weddings of the week was that of Miss M. Ritchie to Mr. H. Chipman. The rich white dress of the bride, together with the dainty ones of the bridesmaids, which were also white, made a very pretty effect entering the church.

The ships are not to arrive here, after all, until the twenty-first of the month, which will be the first Saturday. They have remained over for the exhibition in Montreal, which began on the twelfth.

Very pretty and interesting was the ceremony which united on August 23, at St. Mary's church, Drogheda, Miss May St. George Smith, daughter of Frederick St. George Smith, of the Grove, Drogheda, to Mr. William L. Poynter, son of Mr. J. W. Poynter, of C. C. Halifax, N. S.

Mr. Leonard J. Webster's friends are glad to see him home on his vacation. Miss Nellie Palmer of Dorchester is visiting Miss Webster at "Riverside."

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G. Robinson, Bart., stiver-mounted clock. Lieut. Colonel Coddington, silver stamp box. Misses Gradwell, Dresden china lamp.

NORTH SYDNEY.

[Progress is for sale in North Sydney at the store of Messrs. Copeland & Co.] Sept. 16.—Mrs. Bridge and Miss Voeckel entertained a company of ladies and gentlemen last Tuesday evening at their father's residence on Commercial street, in honor of Mrs. Davidson and the Misses Montague who have been spending several weeks in town and who left for their respective homes last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Street of Ottawa are visiting Mrs. Street's mother Mrs. John Christie, at Little Bras d'Or.

Mr. Arthur Partridge and bride arrived home last Saturday evening after spending their honeymoon in New Glasgow.

Mrs. Davidson of Annapolis, N. B., who has been the guest of Mrs. C. Robertson for the past four weeks left for her home on Thursday.

Mrs. C. Robertson and Mrs. Davidson spent Monday in Sydney.

Mrs. Lowry Christie and bride have returned home and Mrs. Christie, nee McCall of New Glasgow, is receiving her friends this week at her home in Little Bras d'Or.

Mrs. Misses Jamison gave a small card party last week.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. Walsh have gone on a few weeks visit to friends in N. B.

Mrs. Watson gave a whist party Thursday evening.

Rev. Joseph Brown, Mrs. Brown and two children are here for some days. Mr. Brown now has a pastorate in New Hampshire.

The news of Mrs. Sh-'s death, which took place in Boston, where he has been for several weeks in ill health for some time she was able to attend to duties as usual until the moment of her death.

Mrs. L. H. Morris has returned from her bicycling trip. A accident having happened to his bicycle he was obliged to return by train from Yarmouth.

Miss Hildie is visiting her aunt in Montreal.

Lowell, Miss Hildie is visiting Mrs. Wm. O'Brien.

Mr. Harry Smith joined the Ramblers in their trip to the coast. Mrs. W. B. Shaw is visiting her sister, Mrs. Grant in Halifax.

Without Palmer, Moncton, Judge Wells, Moncton, Colborne, Dandy, Sydney, last week on Wednesday.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by G. O. Fulton and D. H. Smith & Co.] Sept. 10.—The natal day sports on Friday last, were throughout a pronounced success and decided by every vote without precedent in the history of the T. A. A. C. The electric sports and di-play of pyrotechnics in the evening despite the down pour of rain, which for a time threatened to spoil everything, were carried to a successful issue.

Mrs. and Mrs. F. F. Stevens, wife and family, who have been residents of this village for the past three years have been to take up their abode in Sussex. Mr. Stevens having purchased the cottage lately owned by Mr. Wallace. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens will be greatly missed by their numerous friends.

Mrs. A. H. Davidson, who has been visiting her friend, Mrs. Clifford Robertson in North Sydney, for the last four weeks returned home on Friday.

Mr. D. Hanson of Sussex spent Saturday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson at the depot.

Mr. Edmund Stockton of the Auditor General's office, Ottawa, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson.

Mrs. and Mrs. Will Lewis and two children who spent a couple of weeks with relations on "Apple Hill" will be returned home.

Mr. Roy E. Smith left last week to attend college at Backville.

Mr. Flemming of Brandon, Ont., is visiting his uncle, Mr. E. Stockton.

Mrs. McNaughton is visiting friends in St. John and Apohaqui.

Mr. G. H. Davidson entertained a few of her friends to a carpet dance on Tuesday evening in honor of her guest, Mr. Stockton of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor of Apple River and Mrs. Fairweather of Petticoat are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Smith.

Messrs. Charles Price and Arnold Soden of Petticoat spent last Monday with Messrs. Davidson.

Mrs. and Miss Ballantine of Robesay spent last week in town the guests of Mrs. Duncan McNaughton.

Mr. W. O. Snyder of Sussex who has been visiting friends in Portage returned home on Saturday.

Miss Beattie Davidson of Robesay, Mass., is the guest of her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, for many friends are glad to welcome her home after an absence of two years.

Quincy and Miss Beattie Hickman during the summer returned to their home in Halifax on Wednesday noon.

ANAPOLIS.

Sept. 17.—Mr. R. P. Stevens, wife and family, who have been residents of this village for the past three years have been to take up their abode in Sussex. Mr. Stevens having purchased the cottage lately owned by Mr. Wallace. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens will be greatly missed by their numerous friends.

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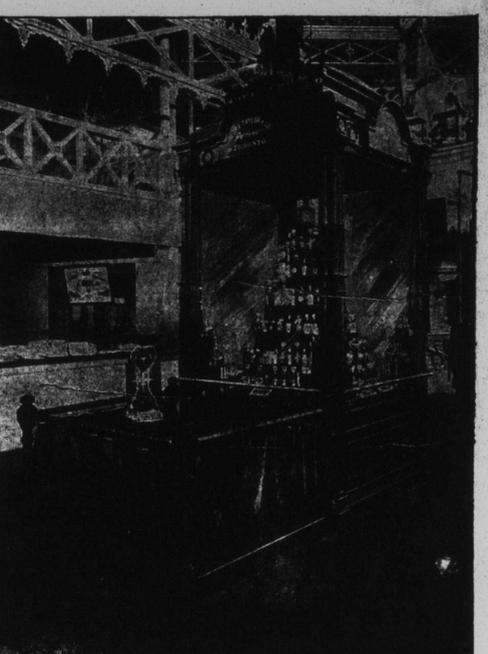
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JOHN TAYLOR & CO'S PERFUMERY EXHIBIT, TORONTO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1895.

BARBOUR'S LINEN THREAD 1/8 & 3/8 ST. Advertisement for Barbour's Linen Thread, featuring a logo of a man in a top hat and the text 'EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE FOR Summer Needlework'.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BE TWEEN ST. JOHN HALIFAX AND LONDON. Advertisement for Dominion Atlantic Railway, listing train schedules and fares.

BARBOUR'S THREADS ARE THE BEST AND FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. PLEASE ASK FOR BARBOUR'S AND YOU WILL BE SATISFIED. Advertisement for Barbour's Threads, listing various thread types and prices.

GUNS. Double barrel, loader, \$5. Greenes Bolt, by loader, \$25. Winchester Repeating Rifle, \$15. Advertisement for guns and rifles, listing various models and prices.

We Ship Wedding CAKES ALL OVER THE DOMINION. THE LARGEST CATERING ESTABLISHMENT in the Dominion. Advertisement for wedding cakes, listing various styles and prices.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Advertisement for Canadian Express Co., listing services and rates.

DOMINION Express Co. Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe. Advertisement for Dominion Express Co., listing money order services and rates.

Don't Talk Yacht Race. ANY MORE, BUT TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THE WONDERFUL VIRTUE OF... Advertisement for a yacht race, listing details and prizes.

Minard's Liniment. IN CURING... Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc. Advertisement for Minard's Liniment, listing ailments it treats.

Price & Shaw, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B. Advertisement for Price & Shaw, listing various goods and services.

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES. To Welsford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under, 15 cents. Advertisement for express rates, listing various destinations and weights.

Minard's Liniment. IN CURING... Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc. Advertisement for Minard's Liniment, listing ailments it treats.

Price & Shaw, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B. Advertisement for Price & Shaw, listing various goods and services.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

SOLDIERS IN A FIGHT.

IT WAS NOT WITH THE ENEMY BUT AMONG THEMSELVES.

Halifax Militiamen Go On a March and Have a High Old Time—An Officer who Fell on the Field and Many of the Men who Fell by the Wayside.

HALIFAX, Sept. 19.—At least one in forty of the population of Halifax and Dartmouth is a militiaman. Accordingly anything that interests the militia force of this city interests to a great extent the whole people.

What people on the inside circle of militia information are talking about now is the conduct of the 66th at their recent battalion shooting at Bedford range and what will likely come out of it.

The story can be authenticated from a score of sources, and Range caretaker McKenzie is said to have formulated it for the consideration of Colonel McDonald, the officer in control of the Bedford range.

It is that for that day there was not the semblance of discipline in the 66th P. L. F., and that very many officers and men alike forgot themselves and the uniform they wore in the intoxication of drink.

The battalion started for the Bedford range for the annual shooting 250 strong, with hand playing gay marches, with glorious weather, and accompanied by one hundred women or more, besides other friends.

The range was no sooner reached than all this creditable display was changed. The probable secret of the sudden metamorphosis was the presence of two cats on the range, laden with grog, which was freely sold to all-comers unlicensed or not.

Where were the officers? They were having a "good time" to themselves—or the majority of them were. Colonel Humphrey and his officers remained behind and the next train brought them in to Halifax in care of conductor Margeson.

Such, in effect, is said to be the report to the authorities which has been handed in by caretaker McKenzie of the Bedford.

It is said that leading people at Bedford who were sorrowful spectators of the scenes of the day, will take action if Colonel McDonald or the D. A. G., do not.

Of all the toys at Windsor Castle—and they are many—it is said that the Queen is most fond of a beautiful working model of the heavens. This ingenious piece of mechanism shows the whole of our system, with the celestial poles and the sun.

There is a tiny model of the moon, which revolves about the earth, and all the planets with their satellites are properly represented. For a study of astronomy, and for a right understanding of the celestial globe, there could be nothing finer than this model.

It shows our earth turning upon its own axis, and moving round the sun. It gives a perfect idea of the relative positions of the ordinary planets, and it is worked by a clock-work arrangement which is the perfection of ingenuity.

She Had Not A Past. "Are you a woman with a past?" he asked tremulously. "She raised her gaze, languorous eyes until their gaze marked about 15 degrees and 39 minutes of right ascension, and sighed.

"No," she answered, simply; "I have no past as yet. It was my purpose to begin one this summer, but I have kept putting it off."

The angry waves beat against the shore, but gave no intimation as to what they were mad about.—Detroit Tribune.

Vast Forests. Canada has a forest in the Hudson Bay and Labrador region 1,000 by 1,700 miles in extent; while that of the Amazon basin is calculated to be about 2,100 by 1,800 miles. Central Africa has a forest region of 3,000 miles from north to south, of an unknown depth; and the vast pine, larch, and cedar forests of Siberia are 3,000 miles from east to west, and 1,000 miles from north to south. The natives call them "places where the mind is lost."

Faulty Piece of News. "Aw, they say, don't ye know, that Cholli Capeway has bwaïn trouble?" "Too bad, Bah Gawge. Why don't they do something?" "They caw'n't locate it ye know."

"The bwaïn or the trouble?" "Bah Jove, don't ye know, I weally forgot to ask which."

IDEAS IN TRADE MARKS.

MANY THOUSANDS OF THEM ARE RECORDED TO DATE.

How These Curious Adjuncts of Business Are Obtained—Where Designs Take the Place of Words—Some of the Styles of Devices Which are Most in Favor.

Inventors are not the only ones who enrich the government by paying fees into the Patent Office at Washington, says a writer in the N. Y. Voice. Shrewd business men have, during the existence of the office, paid in fees nearly a quarter of a million dollars for registering trade-marks.

This lucrative branch of the business at the patent office produces curiosities that are as amusing to the outsider as many of the unpractical patents. The fee for registering a trade mark is \$25, and over 25,000 are on record to date at the patent office.

A directory of strange names, designs, and figures could be compiled from this long list that would form very unique, if not very profitable, reading.

Manufacturers have ransacked every department of knowledge and learning to find appropriate trade-marks for their goods, and in many cases they were finally forced to admit the limitations of modern scholarship and coin words of their own.

The termination "ine" has been used to give a scientific sound to many patent medicines, such as Lederine, Vulnerine, and Epidermaline—words that have no meaning to the lexicographer. If all the words coined by the owners of trade-marks were accepted by lexicographers, several hundred pages of close print would have to be added to the most complete dictionary of the English language in existence.

But words are frequently inadequate to express the virtues of some new products, and art has to yield up some treasure for a trade-mark. The designs, however, are not by any means artistic in many cases, but rather catchy, sensational, or, at least, popular.

A few conventional designs used for trade-marks have real artistic merit, and have been executed by artists of high standing. One firm paid \$1,000 to a famous artist for designing an appropriate picture for their goods, and today the trade-mark is found in every household.

It is common for firms to place the whole matter of selecting and designing a trade-mark into the hands of an accomplished artist, who submits various drawings for approval. The fortunate design is paid for at the rate of \$50 to \$500 according to the liberality of the firm, or the standing of the artist.

Of late years pictures of great men have been used extensively as trade marks. A ruling of the patent office excludes the pictures of living public men, without their written consent, but after their death they are public property, and the first one applying for a trade mark of the picture gets the exclusive right in his line of goods.

The most popular pictures in this respect are the photographs of Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, Garfield, Gladstone, Bismarck, and Grant. Large sums have been paid noted public men for the use of their pictures as trade marks before their death. While this does not necessarily include an endorsement of the article in question, a great many purchasers are deceived in the belief that it does.

The sales of patent medicines have been doubled and trebled because the picture of some prominent and favorite public man appeared on the label as the trade mark. The strange curiosity of the public to know what an inventor, artist, or public man looks like has led many manufacturers to print their own portraits as trade marks. Probably thousands who think themselves benefited by some patent medicine look upon the benevolent features of the "discoverer" with feelings of satisfaction and even gratitude. The portraits on trade marks are becoming so popular that many papers are profusely illustrated in their advertising columns if not in their reading departments.

Geography and history have been searched to suggest appropriate trade-marks, but geographical names have to be written in some peculiar way to permit of their registration. For instance New York printed in ordinary type would be rejected, but if printed in script or old English it would be accepted as a trade-mark sufficiently distinctive from all others. Historical names are not thus restricted. Some interesting rulings have been made by the commissioner of patents in cases where historical and geographical names conflicted. For instance, Concord and Atlanta are both used as trade-marks. The manufacturers applying for the trade-marks claimed that the words were historical ones long before they were used as the names of cities. But this may be said of many other geographical names, and the decision of the commissioner leaves room for manufacturers to register many similar geographical names without printing them in any special type.

Letters and figures have been frequently used for trade-marks. Rebus and monograms of a popular nature are employed nearly all of the classes, the most com-

Put Sponge Crépon

in your skirts, sleeves, jacket fronts, collars and cuffs, and everything that needs stiffening

Lightest, cheapest, most stylish in effect, 64 inches wide, cannot be crushed out of shape. White, cream, slate and fast black.

M. R. & A.



Manchester, Robertson & Allison, St. John. WHOLESALE SELLING AGENTS FOR Maritime Provinces.

mon being I-X-L. On many goods the simple trade-mark of "X X X" appears. The manufacturer's signature can be used for a trade-mark, or the signature of some public man. Objections have been made to the use of religious terms, names, and figures, and many applications have been denied upon this ground. Designs that would suggest indecency have also been repeatedly refused. Even the application for the trade-mark of a Chinese God was refused.

A trade-mark undoubtedly helps the sale of goods, for it looks more like business. But the real object is to protect the sales of the articles after a name for reliability has been obtained. A trade-mark in time becomes so valuable that large concerns spend thousands of dollars in protecting it from infringement. By registering a trade-mark the owner secures the privilege of suing in the United States courts to protect it. This is of great value in cases technically involved, where it requires considerable legal talent to decide the question finally.

A trade-mark easily secured and many of them are of greater merit than the articles which they represent, but the difficulty of introducing it to the public is often stupendous. Enormous sums of money are annually spent in making a trade-mark a household word. It is the trade-mark more than the goods that is advertised. The commissioner of patents is not called upon to decide as to the relative merits of the goods for which the trade-mark is asked, and consequently many unscrupulous persons secure a good trade-mark, advertise it extensively, sell almost a worthless article with it, and eventually get rich.

But reputable firms secure a really superior article, and then endeavor to identify it with a good trade-mark by advertising. In this case the trade-mark performs the function for which it is intended. In the former instances it is deceptive and totally misleading.—George Ethelbert Walsh.

GOLD CURE FOR SHARKS. The Extraordinary Adventure of a Yankee Diver in Cuban Waters.

"I suppose," quoth James T. Gaulin of Winchester, Mass., "that I had the honor of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single-handed, too. I aver that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we should really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was thirty years ago, and I was young and foolish enough to be a deep-sea diver. Our diving schooner and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us, and as the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days, the boy knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our skipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the wreck. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in thirty feet of water the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stowed in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been bagged and placed in the hold, being billed as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any of the spirit of cupidity arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great.

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money bags, attach lines to them, and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water had not harmed. I was soon in the hold and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be twelve bags, but I could lay my hands on but eleven of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the heavy triple sacking had been torn open some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the eleven bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterward going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good.

"In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. He few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed o-

side the boat, judging from the position of the wreck, and the fact that the hole was far down toward the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole, when I remembered that it might hazard the air pipe, so I pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disappointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone but a foot down when I struck the gold pieces all in a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me.

"Just then I saw something that made the rubber helmet rise from my head. It was a man-eating shark. I hadn't thought of one in so long that I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunch. I was kneeling beside the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally hung the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humor had come over me. The cruel goldbugs had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at the last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the yawning gape.

"The shark must have thought it was a part of me, for he snapped his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I flung into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurl gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as it were, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging him in a flurry. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighted down by the gold. I tied a line about him and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an expert that there was \$45,000 in him. Gold had killed him."—Buffalo Express.

DESCENT OF THE DOG.

Much Conflicting Speculation as to the Real Origin of the Spedec.

Although the recent discussion of the origin of the dog cannot be said to have settled the long controverted question, there seems to be a decided drift of opinion among naturalists that our numerous varieties of domesticated dogs are descended not from a single species, but from several kinds of wild animals, as, for instance, the wolf and the jackal.

There are recorded examples of tamed wolves, which in gentleness, love for their masters and intelligence showed a truly dog-like capacity. With regard to tamed jackals, Darwin has pointed out that, when caressed, they jump about for joy, wag their tails, lower their ears, lick their master's hands, crouch down and even throw themselves forward on the ground, when frightened they carry their tails between their legs.

On the other hand it is understood that, whatever animal we may consider his progenitor, the domestication of the dog began at an epoch exceeding remote. The fossil remains of a large dog have been found in tertiary deposits, in a domesticated state during prehistoric times. His bones are discovered in the shell heaps of Denmark and in the lake dwellings of Switzerland.

The dog meets us in the dawn of history, for such varieties as the hound, grayhound and watchdog are depicted on Egyptian monuments 5000 years old. It is well known that in Egypt the dog was worshipped under the title of Anubis, and dog mummies have been found. There is a mastiff figured on an Assyrian sculpture belonging to 640 B. C.

The fact is often overlooked that dogs were used by the Greeks and Romans not only in the chase and for running down escaped prisoners, but for war, being armed for that purpose not only with spiked collars, but with a coat of mail. It is said that Corinth was on one occasion saved by 60 war dogs, which foiled a night attack of the enemy, fighting until all were killed but one, which succeeded in arousing the garrison.

It is worth noting that, according to some naturalists, the Newfoundland and St. Bernard dogs form a group by them-

selves, derived neither from wolves nor jackals, but from a distinct species of progenitors. It is a disputed question whether the Newfoundland dog is indigenous to North America or was introduced either by the Norwegians in the year 1000 or by Cabot in 1497. Bearing on this question is the interesting fact that the Norwegians have dogs closely resembling the Newfoundland breed. The Dingo dog of Australia does certainly seem to constitute a distinct indigenous species, since it is now found in both a wild and domesticated state in that country, and its fossil remains are associated with those of extinct mammals.—Philadelphia Times.

EGG HATCHING IN EGYPT.

A Method of Incubation Which is Old as the Christian Era.

Among the fashions of modern Egypt a process of incubation is in use which has been handed down from antiquity, perhaps from the time of Diodorus, who, forty years before the Christian era, said that the Egyptians brought eggs to maturity with their own hands and that the chickens hatched thus were not inferior to those hatched in the usual way. The process is described in Nature.

Ovens are built, consisting of a chamber about 11 feet square and 4 feet high, with a flat roof. Above this another chamber, 9 feet high, is built, with a vaulted roof, having a small opening in the middle to admit light. Below a larger opening communicates with the room underneath. In cold weather both rooms are kept closed and a lamp is left burning in each, entrance then being had through the lower chamber.

When the oven is ready the proprietor goes to the neighboring villages and collects eggs. They are placed on mats, strewn with bran, in the lower chamber. Fires are then lighted in troughs along the sides of the upper room, the eggs being in two lines immediately below. The fires are lighted twice a day, the first dying out about noon, and the other burning from three to eight in the evening. The first batch of eggs is left for half a day in the warmest place and then it makes way for the next, until all have been warmed. This process is kept up for six days, when the eggs are examined carefully in a strong light. Those that are clear are cast aside. Those that are cloudy are put back in the oven for another four days. They are then removed for five days to another chamber, where there are no fires, but the air is excluded. After this they are placed in an inch or two apart and continually turned, the last stage taking six or seven days.

The eggs are examined constantly by being held against the upper eyelid to reveal if they are warmer than the human skin. The whole process lasts twenty-one days, but thin-shelled eggs often hatch in eighteen. The heat required is 86° Fahrenheit. Excessive heat is undesirable.

More Emphatic Than Clear.

The following original notice, says the Atlanta Constitution, was discovered tacked to the door of a rural church: "Notice—There will be preaching in this house, Providence permitting, Sunday; and there will be preaching here whether or no, on the Monday following, upon the subject: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned at precisely half-past 3 o'clock in the afternoon.'

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is alighted there, but everything necessary, the care and attention receives to satisfying the public.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS

25-34, Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

66-70 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

Vertical advertisements on the left margin including 'DELL'S DRUFF', 'ADIANIFIC RY', 'ADA'S', 'BITON!', 'S. Co.', 'College', 'MALE', 'dies!', and 'BANKER & SONS'.

SEEN AT THE WINDOW.

A small, low-ceilinged room, with black oak panels; an old-fashioned fireplace, big as the room was small, in which a fire of logs was crackling merrily; around the fire half a dozen people are seated, discussing the evening.

I believe that I was the first to start the conversation on its di-vi-nous journey toward the supernatural, by a passing reference to Omar Khayyam. I introduced Fitzgerald's translation of the poet's "Rubaiyat" as the only piece of literature I knew in which no single line ought to have been written otherwise. They clung to the subject, aroused my enthusiasm, and finally made me read the whole hundred and one verses aloud.

From Paris, we were led, easy and naturally, to the East in general, and thence to India in particular. I eulogized India in a way that provoked Capt. Gibson, lately arrived from that country on furlough. He urged that the Hindu had neither pluck or endurance, and demanded if any Western nowadays had either the same power of endurance or an equal capacity for turning bodily sufferings to mental and spiritual advantage.

"You refer to their Masklyne and Cooke performances?" he responded. "Making a rope stand rigid in the air, climbing up it and performing murder at its summit? Pure humbug. You know they that game was shown up not long ago."

"I know that some one took a camera with him to one of these performances, 'shot' the rope standing upright in the air, with the man and boy on it, and found none of these things in his negative. Well? It one believes the story, what does it prove? You still have the fact that every eye present, except the camera's, saw the man ascend, kill the boy and throw him down."

But Miss Serle, who was seated on the opposite side of the fireplace, and who had seemed curiously interested in the last part of our discussion, carried us both away on a fresh scent.

"I had not heard of the camera experiment before," she said to me; it is interesting."

"I prompted gently. "Only that photography would seem to be the unaccustomed thing in the world. You tell us of a camera that refused to see what was there; I could tell you of one that saw what was not there. But it is not a pleasant story. My friend Lady A. asked me to accompany her to the photographer's one day. We went; the photograph was taken, and the printed copies were to be forwarded to her at the end of the week. They did not arrive either on Friday or Saturday, so Lady A., who was particularly anxious to have them as soon as possible, suggested that we should drive over and fetch them on the Monday. The photographer looked scared when we appeared, and more scared when my friend mentioned the photos. He said that he had printed one single copy, and that nothing in heaven or earth would induce him either to print a second or show Lady A. the first. A woman is affirmed by some people to be neither of heaven or earth, so, perhaps, this accounted for the fact that the photographer was finally delated, and forced to exhibit the solitary offspring of his negative. It was brought and laid on the table of the room. Lady A. looked, screamed and fainted. I looked, and not being in the habit of fainting, I continued to look, with a horror out of all proportion to its cause. What I saw was simply this: Lady A. in conformity with a detestable fashion, had been taken in evening dress, and in the photograph before me there was a slender green snake twined about her neck, fold on fold; the head, a livid purple, was drawn back, as if to strike just where the dress came to a point at the bosom.

I took the photograph, placed it on the fire, face downwards, saw it burn to ashes, then turned to the man, who was doing his best to revive Lady A.

"Have you any explanation to offer?" I asked.

"None whatever," he replied; "though it is not the first time this kind of thing has happened within my own experience, and other photographers have told me the same. Generally it is a dagger, dripping blood, that comes out of the center of the forehead; but never have I seen anything of Lady A.'s history?" he asked, abruptly.

"I did not know much and what little I did know I had no intention of communicating to the pictographer—even in camera, so to speak. He went on to say that there was certain to have been some tragedy in her past, or in that of her parent."

"And is there a finish to the story?" chimed in some one, seeing Miss Serle stop. "Yes, a very curious finish. Lady A. was sufficiently recovered, in the course of half an hour or so, to reach the carriage with my help; on the way home she insisted on telling me something, although she trembled so at the recital that I wished to prevent it. Her father, it seemed, in addition to being a peer of the realm, was a man of letters, and three parts a snob; he had an active liking for snakes, and an equally active distrust of his wife, Lady A.'s mother, who happened to be guilty of the double crime of beauty and a fondness for congenial society. Then some man appeared on the scene; whether he and the wife were to blame I don't know, but the husband thought so. Late one evening Lady A., who was nine years old at the time, awoke from a nightmare, and was so frightened that she rushed down into the drawing room; she stopped abruptly soon after crossing the threshold, for on a sofa lay her mother, motionless, her eyes staring upward in awful agony; about her neck was a lithe green snake, coiling and uncoiling itself, bent upon deriving, before it struck, the utmost amount of amusement from playing with its victim. The husband was standing in the middle of the floor, surveying the scene with an air of fiendish satisfaction. And I think that is about all; except that the snake, soon after Lady A. entered, drew back its head for the last time and struck home. The father killed himself the same night."

We sat there looking into the fire. No one spoke. The story we had just heard seemed somehow final; there was nothing further to be said.

Captain Gibson was the first to break the pause, with a satirical little laugh. Gibson as we know him, would rather have died than continue to a belief in anything; his laughter, therefore, was to be expected.

Miss Serle, despite her slight flippancy in narrating the story, flushed. Then she looked him straight between the eyes.

"You do not believe me?" she demanded. "Pardon me, I believe that you and Lady A. imagined you saw it."

"I wonder if any of you know that there is a ghost under this very roof," our host observed. "I have been assured most positively that I am the happy possessor of a haunted house of the first order."

"What does 'of the first order' mean?" I asked.

"Haunted by a phantom that is invisibly horrible. The visibly horrible has been overdone and is commonplace, but this is terror which creeps all about you, and touches you otherwise than through your senses, and whispers insidious tragedies in your ears."

Our host's manner was light, as though the whole matter were an excellent joke to him; but that was his way. I had known him speak just so of heavy personal feelings.

"And where is it located?" was the question. "And do you believe in it?"

"In the room immediately above us. As to believing in it, I know that I once spent an experimental night there, and that I am not eager for a repetition of the experience. Before morning dawned I would have given all I was worth to see something, however ghastly, by way of relief."

"Legend attached?" put in Gibson, airily.

"Yes. I will not repeat it, because you can find it all in the last novel that has acquired a vogue. You remember the story of a certain Bishop's daughter and a baronet? Also some not very pleasant details of her subsequent death? It was just that story over again. The girl died in the room above us, from the most awful disease known to humanity."

The men present, with the exception of Gibson, were sobered; some of us had cursed aloud on reading of that worthy baronet and the path of chivalry he had pursued.

"The account is overstrained, and muddy reading of the best," Gibson remarked. It touched him on a tender point.

"Possibly; this happened a hundred years ago, you see, when we were less highly civilized," responded our host.

There was a perceptible sharpening in his voice, a ring of bitter sarcasm. In a moment, however, he was himself again, and he hastened to lead the conversation into more palatable waters. The entre had been given to ghost stories, great and small, and they followed each other in rapid succession, until an unreasonably late hour.

Three days later, Framley, a new guest, arrived, with a mania for photography. He photographed everything that he could induce to keep still, and finally suggested that we should form a group in front of the house. After the attempts he had made to develop his negative among the imps of darkness. The next day he brought us the printed result; he seemed agitated, and, fearing that he had, by some unlucky accident, spoiled the effect of "the finest light of his life," we crowded round it, prepared with sympathy, Framley, however, ceased to occupy our attention in a very brief space of time.

The window of the haunted room was just above us as we sat on the sofa, and in the photograph it was tenanted. A figure stood there—a figure possessed of that shadow of beauty gone which touches the very heart of pathos. Yes, Framley had contrived to photograph in colors—emphatically. The blotches on the face were peculiarly in evidence.

"Nonsense!" cried Gibson. No one had spoken, but his remark seemed appropriate. "The color business I don't pretend to explain; a recent invention, probably."

"I know nothing of it," put in Framley. "I tell you, the color is excellent, exceedingly, the thing is preposterous; some chance grouping of lights and shadows, some reflection of the glass."

Our host interrupted him. "It is worth our while to look into this," he said. "Framley shall photograph the house front only; we will give glass no human face to reflect."

Framley did so as soon as there was a favorable light. He looked positively sick as he brought the photograph to us. We looked, and I believe something faintly, but not quite clear myself for a few moments as to what was going on.

I pulled myself together and gave my eyes plainly to understand that they would have to do their duty.

The girl was still there, and had found a companion. Behind her, wearing down upon her, was a thing. Run your mind over all the offspring of original sin you have ever come across, and try to picture therefrom the figure and countenance of the parent that may give you some idea of the figure which clawed at the girl in the photograph.

When I next looked up I saw Gibson leaning against the table; he seemed unwell. Then he got on his feet, stood to his full height and spoke.

"My God, how true it is! The woman and—the representative of some of us, he was not in the first picture—why? Why, you fools?" he repeated with a vacuous laugh. "Because there were other people there. Don't you see, he so respectable! But when the girl is alone—a short life and a merry one," he broke off inconsequent to the party, the oldest possibly twenty-eight and the youngest about twenty. There was no hint of diffidence in the manner of the leader, and as the manager of the establishment came forward to meet the request for a table for the party. The manager led the way to the other end of the room, where an oblong table was given them. With the selection of the first

course an order was given for a small bottle of light wine for each member of the party, the choice being equally divided between Sauternes and St. Julien. As the meal proceeded the conversation of the young women became more animated, and were occasionally overheard that the young woman who acted the part of hostess contemplated an early marriage. Each one of the other young women, proposed a toast appropriate to the occasion, and the glasses were drained every time. When the meal was finished and the ice cream had been disposed of, sweet cordials were ordered, and the conversation became livelier than ever, but it all centered upon the hostess. It was the bachelor girl's farewell dinner to her intimate friends, and although it might be thought by many that a public restaurant was hardly the proper place for an affair of this kind, the young women seemed indifferent to their surroundings, and were apparently insensible to the presence of strangers.—N. Y. Sun.

Chinese can do some things that puzzle the Rest of the World.

A Chicago attorney, Mr. L. L. Mills, once had occasion to throw out an indictment which had been returned against a Chinese laundry-man upon the charge of having assaulted a policeman with intent to kill. The evidence proved to be absurd and so the Chinaman got off, very grateful, of course, to Mr. Mills for his act of justice. In pigeon-English he assured the attorney that his kindness would not be forgotten.

Five or six years after this Mr. Mills was visited by a delegation of wealthy Chinese richly dressed in native costume. After presenting the different members of the family with various presents—teas, fans, silk, etc., in recognition of Mr. Mills' kindness to their countryman, the spokesman of the party asked the attorney to let him have a cabinet photograph of the children of the household, which he was on the mantelpiece. It was a group and a very good. Mr. Mills thought the request a strange one, but under the circumstances, he could hardly deny it.

"By and by you will know why I want it," said the Chinese gentleman.

This incident remained a mystery until quite recently, when there arrived a parcel from Hong Kong containing an enlarged water-color reproduction of the photograph, giving the details of expression and color with startling fidelity.

"This is our present to you," said the Chinaman.

"But how was it possible for that artist on the other side of the globe to know what shade of color to give to the hair and eyes of these children whom he never saw?" The Chinaman replied that art of photography was so thoroughly understood in China that it was easy to determine from the revelations of the magnifying glass just exactly what color and what shade and what tint were represented by such and such impressions as the photograph retained and exhibited.

Torture by Water Drops.

This torture this inflicts is proven by an experience of Sandow, the strong man. When he was in Vienna, a school teacher told him that he would not be able to let a half-litre of water drop down upon his hand until the measure was exhausted. A half-litre of water is only a little more than a pint. Sandow laughed at the very idea of his not being able to do this. So a half-litre measure was procured, and a hole drilled in the bottom just sufficient to let the water escape drop by drop. Then the experiment began. Sandow laughed and chatted gaily. The schoolmaster kept tap upon the number of drops. At about the two hundredth Sandow grew a little more serious. Soon an expression of pain crossed his face. With the entrance into the third hundred his hand began to swell and grow red. Then the skin burst. The pain grew more and more excruciating. Finally, at the four hundred and twentieth drop, Sandow had to give up and acknowledge himself vanquished. His hand was sore for several days after.

The Polite Burglars.

It is said that even the most gentlemanly of our burglars have much to learn from Japan in the way of politeness, if one may judge by a description of the manners of robbers in that country. Three men broke into a dyer's house while he was away, and one of them gently asked the wife how much money there was in the place. She answered that there was just a little in the house. The robber laughed and said:—"You are a good old woman, and we believe you. If you were poor, we would not rob you at all. Now, we only want some money and this," placing his hand on a fine silk dress.

The old woman replied: "All my husband's money I can give to you, but I beg you will not take that for it does not belong to my husband, and was confined to us only for drying. What is ours I can give, but I cannot give what belongs to another."

"That is quite right," approved the robber, and he immediately withdrew with his confederates.

"Say 'Your Grace' Boy."

This story of the Duke of Hamilton is given in The Gentleman's Magazine: "At the 'meet' concluding a hunt recently, when the Duke himself was present, the services of a bright Suffolk youth was requisitioned to hold his Grace's horse. The boy, who promptly replied, 'Yes, sir' 'Why don't you say 'Your Grace'?" interposed one of the attendant horsemen.

"Say 'Your Grace' boy!" Whereupon the youngster reverently put his hands together, and audibly recited the words "For what we are about to receive." etc. Not so had for silly Suffolk! It need scarcely be said that he presently had due cause for thankfulness.

Blessings of Head Winds.

When Christ directed his disciples to cross the Lake of Galilee on a certain night he did not give them the control of the weather. He knew that a storm was coming, but he did not tell them. They found it out for themselves before they had gone very far, and Peter who was an "old hand"

on that lake, had never known a rougher night or a surger sea. The wind is right in their teeth and the waves hammer the bow of their fishing smack like iron sledges. With all their sturdy pulls at the oars they made but little headway. They were learning some lessons that night, and so are some of our readers, who are just now passing through storms of trouble and enveloped by the darkness of a mysterious Providence. They are learning the blessings of head winds.—T. L. Cuyler.

A FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.

HOW IT CURED: MRS. SOMERVILLE, OF BRANFORD.

Her Case Had Endured Ten Years of Treatment—The Trouble Brought on by an Attack of Typhoid Fever—She is Again Enjoying Good Health.

(From the Bradford Nationalist.)

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a favorite medicine in Bradford and vicinity will be readily borne out by the local druggists, and that much suffering has been alleviated by the use of this wonderful healer, is amply shown by the number of strong statements in favor of Pink Pills from this section. And yet the number of cases published is small in comparison with the total number that have found benefit from the use of this great blood builder and nerve restorer. It is true that Pink Pills are used in many cases to tone up the system, enrich the blood and stimulate the nerves where no serious illness exists; but it is equally true that in many cases in which they have been used, other medicines have failed, and the result achieved by Pink Pills may very truly be characterized as marvellous. The editor of the Canadian Nationalist came across just such a case recently. It is that of Mrs. S. Somerville, a well-known and highly respected resident of this city. Mrs. Somerville does not seek notoriety, but is willing that a statement of what Pink Pills have done for her shall be made public in the hope that some other sufferer may be benefited thereby.

"My illness at first," said Mrs. Somerville, "was a serious attack of typhoid fever. Although I recovered from the fever it left its effects that have caused me many years of misery. The doctor said that my blood had become impregnated with poison and that it would take a long time to 'raise it.' The trouble seemed to be in my chief seat in my limbs, which caused me a good deal of pain. For about ten years I continued doctoring, not continually, but at times, and I tried many remedies without permanent results. This went on until the end of '93, when I became so much crippled up that I despaired of getting relief. I had read much of the remarkable cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and became interested in them. One day I asked my physician if I might try them. He gave his permission, and I began using them. By the time the third box was finished I found myself very much improved—in fact, the pain had entirely left me and I was growing healthier and more fleshy. I continued using the pills until I had taken six boxes more, when I felt that I was entirely cured, and was enjoying better health than I had done for years. I am satisfied that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my recovery, and have implicit confidence in their curative power, and shall continue to recommend them to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine, but are a long tried prescription acting upon the blood and nerves. They are of great value as a tonic during recovery from acute diseases, such as fevers, etc., building up the blood and system, preventing the often disastrous after-effects of such troubles. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Clearing the Air.

About every ten years there is a revolution, financial or political, or topical. Whatever it is, I have come to look upon it as healthful. It looks difficult to say that a financial cataclysm, throwing tens of thousands out of employment and dissipating fortunes, is a good thing. But these catastrophes are the result of defects in the legislative or business machinery. They clear the air. Great storms at sea send to the bottom many good ships, many admirable sailors, but they clear the atmosphere, they purify it so that the rest of the world breathes better and is more healthful. In future we will have revolutions as acute as any that have been. They may overturn the existing order of things. Well, if they do overturn it will be because the existing order of things was to be dispensed and overturned to make way for something better.—Chauncey Dupew.

Sold Book and Manager.

A good story is told of one of the canvassers of a leading publishing firm in London. He found his way into the parlour of a branch bank, and saw the manager, who as soon as he learnt his business, ordered him out. Very quietly he said:

"I meet with so many gentlemen in the course of the week that I can afford to meet a snob occasionally," and took his departure.

Next day he called at the bank again, and wished to open an account. He was again shown in to the manager, and gave very satisfactory reasons for opening the account, and deposited £270. The manager could not do less than apologize for his rudeness on the day preceding, and ordered a copy of the work, an expensive one, allowed access to the clerks, several of whom did the same. Two days afterwards every farthing was drawn out.

How They Do in England.

According to a correspondent of Tit-Bits, a certain employe under the post-office wished to insert a nail in the wall of his department in order to hang his coat and hat. The rule in connection with the post-office is somewhat singular, and in order to obtain this boon permission must be asked in writing from the head-quarters in London. This the official in question proceeded to do. Time passed, and nothing was heard. Ultimately, at the expiration of one year and eight months, word was received sanctioning the insertion of the nail. Meanwhile, the employe had taken consumption, and died several months before.

SURPRISE SOAP Best for Wash Day

HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range... Coal or Wood. The McClary Mfg. Co.

ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

Illustration of a man and a woman in a room, with text: 'The New Girl in New York'.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I don't know whether the majority of my readers are aware that we are on the eve of a revolution beside which the little trouble they had in Paris somewhere about 1870, will sink into insignificance? I was not aware of it myself until last week, and I take the earliest opportunity of sharing my information with the public. There is not going to be any bloodshed, at least I hope not, because the revolution will be strictly confined to dress, and the manner in which the movement just arose, according to a correspondent in the Galingian Messenger, was thus—It pleased a Parisian grande dame to invite a certain number of her friends to a very unique house party at her chateau in the country. Each guest upon arrival was to assume a costume in imitation of an old portrait the subject of which was to be left to their own choice. Thus one could masquerade as Madame Rolande, another as the Princess Lamballe, Marie Antoinette, or the beautiful Duchess of Gainsborough; and the costume selected must be worn during the entire week which their visit was to last. Ten ladies accepted the invitation and the terms, and at the end of their visit they were so pleased with the effect of the novel setting for their charms, that they were reluctant to return to nineteenth century modes, and ordered their next costumes without any regard to the prevailing fashion.

And from this incident the writer goes on to predict a radical change,—revolution, she calls it—and the total downfall not only of the wide skirt and big sleeves, but also of the large hat which accompanies them. I scarcely see the force of her logic, since the lady who personated her grace of Gainsborough could not have been properly dressed unless she wore a very large hat indeed, and if any of the group had selected a portrait of Queen Bees, as her model, I scarcely think the dress of the maiden queen could be regarded as much of an improvement on the present styles. But I am quite willing to accept the incident of the origin of the Marie Antoinette fashions which promise to be so popular this winter. And I fully agree with the Messenger's correspondent that it is time someone interfered and put a stop to the increase in the width of skirts. A reasonably wide skirt is comfortable to walk in, it does not flap against one's ankles in wet weather, as a narrow one does, and it will wear three times as long without re-binding, or getting shabby round the foot; but when skirts have reached such dimensions that it is impossible to hold them up without using both hands, and rendering the use of either umbrella or parasol utterly impossible, it is time to call a halt, however, and try and improve matters. We see numerous advertisements of new autumn jackets, and "Fall coats just imported" and we look longingly at them and wonder—at least I do—who buys them, and if they are really sold, how the purchasers ever manage to get into them. A jacket with the most ample sleeve accommodation is absolutely useless with a fashionably made dress, because unless the armhole measured something like three feet in circumference it would be impossible to force the modern fibre chamois, and haircloth stiffened puff, or the equally unwieldy leg of mutton sleeve through without ruining the sleeve forever. A cape is the only practicable wrap, and capes are not warm, on these chilly autumn days, they stand out too far from the figure supported by the monster sleeves, and the wind catches them too, and blows them about our ears, so there is little comfort in them, compared with a good thick jacket.

Unfortunately the well meaning folk who set themselves to improve the fashions are not always gifted with the best taste or the best judgment in the world, and therefore their suggestions do not meet with the favor they might otherwise. They are apt to forget moderation, and run from one extreme to another. I saw a dress lately, which was supposed to be a desirable improvement on the prevailing mode, but to my mind it utterly failed to accomplish the object for which it was intended. The skirt was well enough, except in the effort to revive the fashion of trimming the skirts, the ornamentation was rather overdone. A panel of velvet extended from waist to foot, at the left side quite near the front, at each side of the foot of this panel fan plaitings of lace extended to a depth of depth of twelve inches, finished with double bows, passementerie bordered it the rest of the way up. The blouse waist had quite tight fitting steves which were entirely concealed by slashed capes of velvet which fell from shoulder to wrist. The dress was intended for house wear of course, but I failed to see much improvement in the sleeves, which are quite as cumbersome and not nearly so becoming or chic as the great puffs, and if we must have inconvenient fashions, do let us have them as pretty and as stylish looking as possible. If reform means dowdiness and inconvenience too, I for one will declare letting the fashions remain as they are, as long as I have strength to carry a nine yards-around-the-bottom skirt, or a sleeve with three widths of material one lining of

pelonia, another of fibre chamois and a ten inch facing of hair cloth. I have just four or five more peach grapes which are too good not to use; and as the peach season, like the ice cream ditto comes but once a year and lasts a much shorter time, I think I will add them to the collection of last week.

A delightful relish for cold meats is spiced peaches. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a generous half pint of vinegar, half an ounce of whole cloves, and one ounce of stick cinnamon. Peel the fruit and cook about five minutes in this syrup, place in jars and fill with the hot syrup, cover and seal.

In the meantime there are numbers of pretty costumes to choose from, none of which make the least pretension towards reform, or the cultivation of the popular taste, or anything else in fact except being becoming to the wearer.

One very fetching example of an early autumn dress is of golden brown English mohair, with a gored and plaited skirt measuring the very modest width of four yards around the feet, full leg of mutton sleeves draped slightly on the outside of the arm, and a round waist slightly pointed in the back. Three simulated box plaits of velvet sloping gradually to a narrow width as they approach the waist, are lined with cerise, and edged with a very narrow beaded gimp in bronze and gold. Loops of velvet trim the shoulders, and the stock collar, and folded belt are of the same velvet. Large bronze and gold buttons are placed on the upper half of the box plaits, and clasps which matches them fastens the belt. The bodice is fastened invisibly in the back hooking under the centre plait. A small shoulder cape of brown velvet very full at the edge, is lined with gold, and brown shot taffata, and edged with vandyke points of gold and bronze beaded passementerie. The skirt is untrimmed.

Capes are considered more of a necessity of the fashionable woman's wardrobe than ever. They are seen in every imaginable style, shape and material. For the theatre or visiting, the cape of lace, chiffon or silk is indispensable, and it is in reality nothing more than a deep, and very elaborate collar. For walking, and real practical wear the cape to match the dress is first in favor. The newest of these are of smooth cloth made with strapped seams, which are connected by tabs of cloth buttoned to the seams. They are lined with plaid silk, which also falls in a full jabot down the front. A very stylish cape is of tan cloth lined with plaid silk in which shades of mauve and violet are blended.

Another to be worn with a dark blue cloth dress, is of cloth in the same color, made in circular shape and showing conspicuously the attached strapped seams. So far as anyone may dare to predict that any one color will have the supremacy golden brown will be the favorite this autumn; but French blue, tan and black and white, will also come in for a share of favor. In material alpaca is the present rage, and for dressy costumes it comes in fancy designs and superior texture; it is sometimes shot, or checked, and is also seen in that peculiar design known as cross graine. A mauve alpaca shot with green waistcoat buttoned with pearl; while another of grey has a large collar of spotted silk, and a soft old-rose alpaca is made up with a collar and belt of velvet in a deeper shade. These finer grades of alpaca, or mohair, as it is more generally called, are usually lined with silk. A pretty vest for a soft grey mohair is of white pique belted with white ribbon.

A pretty silk blouse is of what is called chamoisone taffata, which simply means taffata shot in several colors, showing blue, brown or red, just as the light happens to strike it. Its principal feature is a broad red ribbon starting from under each arm, and tied across the bosom in a large square Louis XVI. bow. The belt is of the same ribbon, and has a similar bow at the back. Rhinestone buckles fasten both and the round neck is finished with a silk frill in knife plaits, drawn through a buckle under the chin.

A picturesque fashion of the moment is to wear a wide, and very long oriental of most brilliant coloring swathed about the waist and coming well up over the bust in place of a vest, and showing under the little ston jacket. It is knotted under the bust a little to one side and the ends hang one to the knee and the other slightly longer. At the back the sash is held in place over the skirt band, by an ornamental pin. It is needless to add that one requires a slender waist in order to indulge in this freak of fashion.

Peach jelly is a delicious as well as attractive dessert, and will repay the work of preparing. To make it, soak a half box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water for an hour. Select half a dozen perfectly ripe peaches, peel and cut them in quarters,

and then cook in a weak syrup of sugar and water for five minutes. Take from the fire drain, and set away to cool. To the soaked gelatine add one and one-half pints of boiling water, one and one-half cups of sugar, half a cup of good sherry, and the juice of two lemons. Place a mound that will hold two quarts in a pan of ice water and pour into the bottom of the mound the liquid jelly to the depth of about one inch. Shell, blanch, and split one-quarter of a pound of almonds. When the jelly has set place a row of the almonds around the edge and a layer of peaches over the hardened jelly, and pour over enough liquid jelly to cover them. When this layer is hardened repeat the process until the mound is filled. Serve with whipped cream or boiled custard.

An excellent and simple dessert is peach tapioca pudding. To make it, wash a large cupful of pearl tapioca, and soak in three pints of water three or four hours. Then put the tapioca in a double boiler and cook thirty minutes. Add to it one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Butter a pudding dish and put in it a layer of whole-peeled peaches. Turn over them the cooked tapioca and bake an hour in a moderate oven. It may be eaten just warm or very cold with sweetened cream.

To make peach ice cream, place in a double boiler one pint of milk and a generous pint of sugar. Put over the fire and let it boil twenty minutes. Peel and slice enough sound, ripe peaches to make a quart; rub them through a sieve and add to the boiling milk with the yolks of three eggs well beaten. Cook for five minutes, stirring all the time. Take from the fire and stir a few moments. When cold add a half teaspoonful of almond extract and one quart of cream and freeze.

For frozen peaches make a syrup of one pint of water, one of sugar, and a tablespoonful of dissolved gelatine. Boil fifteen minutes. Pare and slice two quarts of ripe peaches and rub through a sieve. Then turn the hot syrup over them, mix thoroughly, and when cold freeze like ice cream.

Catsups and pickles, both sweet and sour, are near relatives to preserves and jellies, and have to receive the attention of housekeepers during the summer months. To make a good Chili sauce use twenty-four large ripe tomatoes, three green peppers, and three onions. Chop them together and add to them one quart of vinegar, one-half a cup of brown sugar, two tablespoons of salt, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, all-ripe cloves, and ginger. Place in a porcelain-lined kettle and boil an hour and a half. Bottle warm.

An excellent pickle that does not require cooking is thus made: Peel and chop fine six quarts of ripe tomatoes, measured after they are chopped, add one half pint of grated horse radish, one quart of celery finely chopped, one cup of chopped onion, four tablespoons of chopped red peppers, one cup of white mustard seed, a cup and a half of brown sugar, a generous cup of salt, two tablespoons of ground cinnamon, one tablespoon each of cloves and mace, two quarts of vinegar; mix together and put in a jar. Keep in a cool place.

An excellent substitute for capers are nasturtium seeds. Soak the seeds in a strong brine thirty-six hours, drain and throw into fresh water and let them remain overnight. Drain again and place in bottles. Take a few pieces of mace, some whole peppercorns, and a little sugar, and put in the vinegar and let it come to a boil. Pour on the seeds and cork immediately.

A mustard chowchow, which is all the better not to be used before Thanksgiving, is made of three quarts of cucumbers, two quarts of green tomatoes, two quarts of cauliflower, two of small onions, one dozen of small green peppers, and half a dozen red peppers. Cut them up and let all stand in a weak brine overnight, and in the morning drain in a colander. Then scald them in vinegar and drain again, and put in a stone jar. Make a paste with one cup of flour, a pound of mustard, a pound of sugar, and a generous gallon of vinegar. Put in a kettle and boil, stirring often. Remove from the fire, and add one ounce of turmeric, one ounce of white mustard seed, and one ounce of black mustard seed. Pour over the vegetables at once and cover.

A delicious green tomato pickle is made of one peck of green tomatoes and half a dozen onions. Slice both and pack in a jar, sprinkling a cup of salt between them. Let them remain twenty four hours, then turn in a colander and drain; put in clear water and boil fifteen minutes. When cold pack again in the jar, with alternate layers of dressing made of one half ounce each of cloves and mace, one teaspoonful each of ginger and black pepper, half a cup of white mustard seed, two papers of celery seed, two pounds of brown sugar, and a quarter pound box of mustard, all mixed together. Scald enough vinegar to fill the jar, and pour over when boiling.

A fine catsup can be made of cucumbers.

School Shoes.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

R.I.P.A.N.S ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Chop fine four good sized onions, peel and take out the seeds of three dozen ripe cucumbers and put in the bowl with the onions and chop; drain off the water and put in preserve jars. Heat a quart of vinegar, adding a scant teaspoon of cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of salt, and one of ground cloves; when just warm turn over the chopped cucumber so the jars are full, seal, and put in a cool place. Try it on fish.

Tomato catsup is a favorite relish. Put one peck of ripe tomatoes and one quart of onions in a porcelain kettle and boil until a soft mass. Then press through a coarse sieve, add to it one quart of vinegar, one ounce of salt, one ounce of mace, one tablespoonful each of black pepper, cayenne pepper, and ground cloves, and five pints of sugar. Return to the fire and boil several hours, stirring frequently. Bottle and seal.

A catsup generally used in the South is made with a peck of green tomatoes and a half a peck of onions. Chop and put in a porcelain kettle with three ounces of mustard seed, one ounce of salt, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of allspice, half a pint of mixed mustard, one ounce of black pepper, one ounce of celery seed, and one pound of brown sugar. Cover with vinegar and place on the fire and boil slowly two hours; strain through a sieve, bottle and seal.

"Every family can have sterilized milk of its own manufacture by a very simple process," said Dr. H. J. Knapp, of West Thirty-fifth street, in discussing the adulteration of milk. "Sterilization consists merely in raising the temperature of milk to the boiling point, thus destroying possible organic germs, which might cause fermentation, and expelling atmospheric air, and then closing the receptacle tightly enough to be secure against the access to air."—New York Herald. (A) ASTRA.

Useful Appendages.

A traveller who reported seeing in Peru a shawl pin with head fashioned into a spoon so that its wearer could use it for eating soup as well as for holding on her garments, was considered to have been blessed with a vivid imagination. So probably was a recent newspaper writer who described the costume of a young lady seen in New York, the inevitable shirt waist of which was fastened in the middle of the back at the belt with a souvenir spoon which had been pin-mounted for the purpose.

Character from the Teeth.

Character reading from handwriting, hoos, gloves and what not, has now been augmented by the possibility, vouched for by a dentist, of learning the temperament of a person by the shape, size, and general appearance of his teeth. Long, narrow teeth, according to his authority, denote vanity; those that are long and projecting indicate a grasping disposition; treachery is shown by the possession of small, white, separated teeth, and inconsistency is revealed by overlapping teeth.

During the Holidays the Boys and Girls have worn out all their old Shoes and are now ready for a fresh supply for school. We have just the lines required. Good Fitting, Serviceable Shoes, a pair for every boy in the city.

WATERBURY & RISING.

61 King, 212 Union.



"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

COMPOUND

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Proflaps Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the

A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. BOSTON, 100 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leuchitzky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

PATENTS, FOR INVENTIONS.

Applications for Patents, Trade Marks and Designs, searches made, Descriptive Patents returned. Opinions on infringement, validity, scope, etc. Reports on state of art and improvements on any subject. Assignments, Licenses, contracts, etc. drawn and recorded. Expert testimony prepared, submitted and conducted. (S. A., B. C. L., A. C. C. O. B. E.) O'Brien, New York life HANBURY A. BUDDER, Building, Montreal. (S. A., B. C. L., A. C. C. O. B. E.) Advocate, Patent Attorney.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax.....	7 00
Express for Halifax.....	10 30
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	11 30
Express for Sussex.....	15 40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Montreal at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....	8 50
Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....	10 30
Express from Montreal daily.....	10 30
Express from Halifax.....	11 30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....	15 40
Accommodation from Montreal.....	14 00

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

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 6th September, 1895.

THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co. (LIMITED.)

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7 a.m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p.m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves Walker's Wharf, St. John every Tuesday, and Friday at 7 p.m. for Yarmouth.

S. M. ROBBINS, Agent. L. W. BAKER, Free and Managing Director

HAVE YOUR FISH Re-Iced

AT ST. JOHN BY JONES BROS

THE RIBBON COME FOREVER D-SCARFED, THRO' IN AWAY!

Complete.

UNEQUALLED IN Construction, Beauty of Work, Alignment, Speed, Clearness of Letter Press Copies

Perfect

CO.

following Agents

Mr. J. Fred Benson, Chatham, N. S.; Mr. Clements, N. S.; Mr. J. C. B. Sydney, C. B.; Mr. Woodcock, N. B.

after nail and never hit She is the lioness of the

we exploded in the residence, at night. While the members of the household were asleep and shouting fire, Miss fifteen-year-old daughter, circle, pedaled to the engine of a mile away, and sent her rescue, thereby saving of buildings.

She has a prodigy in Claritta, a ten-year-old negro girl, remarkable preserver. Both she and her household were converted by a wonderful memory for repeat an hour's discourse. She can barely write, but she has committed the whole of the text to heart.

At G and street, Brooklyn the new woman problem has had his wife arrested and to her domestic duties to properly look after their Court, somewhat novelty of the case, has few days, paroling Mrs. while.

So there was buried at Leo woman who bore the name. This was the twelfth name or she was actually married, and was but forty-eight at that. She was divorced of her husband, and the other four died before the honeymoon had fairly

The Baltimore Sun tells of an inquisitive American and in Constantinople are as by shrewd guides, who of scouring for them and to harems of Pasha or the a sumptuous palace fitted style is peopled with a lot women, and it is to this the women with a taste for ken under an appearance and mystery. The land-stand to be the "governess" before the fraud is discovered that "the Pasha is commended ones think that they in their lives.

and Daughter who was once stopped by ring, replied: "Don't you that Fortune knocks once too soon?" The old man, "he knocked, but I was out, and ever sent his daughter." "I" replied the gentleman mean "Fortune."

They say that the heat of the sun causes: (1) That from the earth; (2) that from the moon; (3) that from the winds are from the meteors; (4) that

t Bone

bone made from quills. It is coming readily to folds, yet or Dress.

may be used without injury.

Featherbone Corsets are

HOW TO TREAT HEADACHE.

Simple Suggestions on the Cause and Cure of This Common Trouble.

One of the most sensible and useful articles extant upon headaches is given to the public by the eminent physician, Dr. J. G. Stair, and published in Health Culture. He takes up the common form of headache and considers first the causes.

The common headache of every day life is the one we desire to call attention to. We think we are safe in saying that all simple acute headaches are caused by indigestion which is produced by the use of inferior food or an inability to use good food.

Also almost all chronic headaches are caused by dyspepsia, constipation and disorders of the liver and these troubles are very closely related. Constipation is always associated with dyspepsia.

The writer discards drugs and advertised cures and prescribes the following home regime: "The rational plan of treatment for simple headache consist of first in the use of the warm enema or bowel bath. This should be thorough and be in fact a continued irrigation of the bowels, completely unloading the entire large bowel to the ileo-caecal valve.

Headache sufferers are often excessive coffee and tea drinkers, which causes constipation and indigestion. By the mild and gentle stimulation the nervous forces of the system become exhausted also.

"In most instances the diet is at fault. Headache sufferers are often excessive coffee and tea drinkers, which causes constipation and indigestion. By the mild and gentle stimulation the nervous forces of the system become exhausted also.

"An excessive use of flesh foods no doubt is a cause of this disorder. The excretory organs are overtaxed by the use of flesh foods because the system must not only carry out its own impurities, but, in addition, must excrete the impurities of another animal which is always present in flesh meat. Those suffering with headaches should use flesh foods very sparingly, if at all, and should select the very best kinds.

Declines to be interviewed. Rudyard Kipling has gone to his home in Brattleboro, Vt., refusing to be interviewed on any subject. Mr. Kipling has been consistent in declining the advertising that he might receive if he would, and in this particular he has differed from other well-known English writers who have come to this country for one reason or another.

The season when catarrh is most troublesome is now upon us. The irritating and troublesome disease yields at once to the marvellous power of Hawker's catarrh cure, which will effect a complete cure in even the most obstinate cases.

Have you got "the sniffles"? Hawker's catarrh cure clears the head like magic.

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.



They are beautiful. They are brilliant. SOAP WASH THEM.

Have YOU any? If not, try and get some. One Package equal to two of any other.

For sale in St. John by S. McDIARMID and E. J. MARONEY, Indianopolis.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS.

Mother and Wife, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, ONT.

DEAFNESS

An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, ringing in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will be sent post free. Artificial Ear-drums and similar appliances entirely super seded. Address:

THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Building, Holborn, London.

Worth A Trial

Hundreds of business men in his city read PROGRESS who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and don't the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods then there should be no doubt about the result.

Puttner's Emulsion

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION. Cures Consumption in its early stages.

Puttner's Emulsion. Prolongs life in the advanced stages of Consumption.

Puttner's Emulsion. is the Remedy, par excellence, for Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Puttner's Emulsion. is the best cure for all Wasting Diseases.

Puttner's Emulsion. is for sale by all good Druggists at 5 cts. for a large bottle.

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free by Express and Post Office address. 75, St. John St., N. B.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK

NOT FOR NERVOUS FOLK.

Three Thrilling Ghost Stories Which Are Said to be Strictly True.

According to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette the following incidents are strictly true. The first is told by a lady of Walnut Hills, in that city:

"On the 30th of November, three years ago, I was expecting company to dinner. Mr. B. was at his office down town, and as it was nearly time for dinner, and most of the guests having arrived, I wondered at his absence.

"Leaving my guests in the drawing room for a few seconds, I ran up to my room to put a few finishing touches to my toilet, when who should I see as I entered the room but my husband. He was standing with his back to the fire and facing the door through which I entered. I was rather surprised at seeing him there, as I hadn't heard of his arrival, and did not know he was in the house. As he did not move or pay any attention to me as I crossed the room, I sat down near the fire, about two feet away, and waited his pleasure to break silence."

"I sat thus for about five minutes, and then, wondering what could be absorbing his attention so long, I looked up and asked him why he was so late, and told him he had better hurry and change his clothes and get ready for dinner. He gazed steadily at me but did not speak.

"What's the matter with you?" I finally exclaimed, a trifle pettishly; "why don't you speak?"

"Without a word he immediately moved toward the window at the further end of the room. I took no notice of this, but was suddenly struck with the circumstances of hearing no step or sound—and I turned to look after him, when to my astonishment the room was save the presence of myself, completely vacant.

"A quarter of an hour later, after I had made diligent search for him, and had questioned the servants, none of whom had seen him, a message came that he had fallen dead at his office with heart disease, from which he was a sufferer, that afternoon at exactly the time I supposed he was standing by the fire in my boudoir."

Here is a well authenticated story of a lady who, until her death resided in St. Louis:

Having married a second time she was visited in the night by the spirit of her deceased husband, from whom she received an upbraiding for having married again, and also a notification of the appointed period of her own death. She was greatly terrified at first, but regained her courage and boldly asked:

"How shall I know tomorrow morning that this is not all a dream, that I am indeed visited by a spirit."

"Let this be a token for thee for life," returned the specter, and he grasped her by the arm just below the elbow. She screamed and awakened her husband, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. He hastened to ascertain the trouble, and as he did so the phantom, clearly seen by him as well as his wife, receded to an open window, and, with a demoniac laugh, disappeared.

In the morning a dark mark, as of a fresh burn, was seen on the lady's wrist, which she kept covered until her death. She died at the time foretold by the specter.

Two young nobleman, the Marquis De Rambouvi and De Percy, belonging to two of the first families of France, made an agreement in the warmth of their friendship that the one who died first should return to the other with tidings of the future world.

Soon afterward De Rambouvi went to the war in France, while De Percy remained in Paris. De Percy retired to bed one night about midnight, and as he lay, with eyes wide open, thinking over some event of the day, he suddenly saw his chamber become illumined with a peculiar bluish light. He raised himself on his elbow and looked around him. There, standing just beyond the foot of his bed, was his friend, Rambouvi, dressed in full military attire.

De Percy sprang from his bed to welcome his friend without stopping to think how or when he had gained admittance, and he advanced toward his friend, who receded and said that he had come to fulfil his promise, having but just died that very hour from a sabre cut received that afternoon in battle. He further said that it behooved De Percy to thing more of the after world, as all that was said of it was true, and as the famous Henrietta was likely to be surpassed by the new 'Endora' a fabric which has suddenly become all the rage. There is extra weight which is equally adapted to the long folds of the plain skirts or the drapery which we may soon expect. And then there is an exquisite glow, and a matchless waving quality. Waxed on 'The Varinised Board' and the name 'Priestley's stamped on every five yards.

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WHEN PEOPLE ARE WEDDED.

Curious Marriage Customs in Vogue in Some Parts of England. At Bedford, in Northumberland, it has long been usual, to make the bride leap over a stone, known as the "loping" or "petting stone," placed outside the church porch, on which spot, it is said, the bride must leave all her pets and humours behind her when she crosses it.

Another ordeal of a similar nature is associated with Jarrow Church, where is preserved the chair of the Venerable Bede, on which all brides are enthroned as soon as the marriage service is over. The idea is that this act will make them the joyful mother of children.

There are a good many chairs of this kind. Whoever, for instance, sits in St. Michael's Church, Cornwall, first after marriage, will obtain mastery in domestic matters; but in years past brides were specially warned against sitting down on the left seat at the entrance to Yarmouth Church, popularly known as the "Devil's S-at," as it was supposed to render anyone who sat upon it ever afterwards liable to misfortune.

Breaking bread over the bride's head is regarded an important custom in the northern counties, an old practice alluded to by Herrick: "While some repeat your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat." In past years an important custom was the ritual kiss, in which the officiating priest often joined.

At Cranbrook, in Kent, as well as in other places, it was the custom to strew the bride's pathway, not with flowers, but with emblems of the bride-groom's trade; thus a carpenter walked on shavings, a shoemaker on leather parings, and a blacksmith on pieces of old iron.

Houses turned into Gold. Among the greatest mines of Arizona was the Vulture. It is fifteen miles southwest of Wickenburg, whence the ore was taken by wagons to be milled on the bank of the historic Hassayampa. The mine produced over \$10,000,000 in gold, and the richest of the ore was found on the surface. Of course, in the early days nothing save the best was milled, and in the great waste dumps around the mine was found the building material for the town of Vulture.

The mines worked on for a score of years with varying fortune, the town maintaining a large population, when the pipe line from the Hassayampa was washed away by the flood that followed the breaking of the Walnut Grove dam, the 100-stamp mill was closed down, and the camp was deserted.

Three years ago T. E. Farish the well-known miner, secured a two years' lease of the property, fitted up ten of the stamps, put in a gasoline engine, got his water out of the mine, and started "cayoting" on the lower levels. Near the end of his lease he ran out of really good ore. In this extremity he bethought himself of the scores of tenement houses. Every one was constructed of free milling iron oxide gold ore and specimens chipped from the corners averaged an average of \$20 to the ton. The last three months his stamp mill ran solely upon building material, much to the profit of its owner.

Why the Train was Late. An impatient traveller in the South was questioning the agent at a small station. "What time do you think the train will be along?" he asked, with ill-natured emphasis.

"Well," answered the official, "it's party hard to tell. Seneca Bill's tree was cut down he finds a heap o' trouble making just the right time."

"Bill's tree?" "Yes, Bill. He's the conductor, you know. The tree I was speakin' of stood alongside the track about thirty mile up the road here, and when the train come along and the shadder of the tree lit on Johnson's fence, Bill knowed he was o'time, and could gage her to get here 'bout on the schedule. Now they've cut it down, and all Bill has to go by is his guess. The company was talkin' some of puttin' up a pole where the tree used to be, but they hain't done it yet."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Boy's Own Explains. A little time ago on one of the Cunard boats, one of the crew (while the passengers were at dinner) picked up a menu, and seeing on the top, "Table d'hote," inquired of one of his mates the meaning of it.

"What does this 'ere mean, Joe?" "Joe, taking the menu, gazed on it with a puzzled air, scratched his head and said:—"I can't make nothing of it. Lure's go to old Coffin; he's a scholar, and sure to know."

On giving the menu to the boatwain, he thoughtfully stroked his chin and said:—"Well, look 'ere, mates; it's like this 'ere. Them swell down in the saloon have some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this and a bit of that, and a bit of summat else, and calls it 'table d'otie.' We have 'table d'otie,' only we mixes it all together and calls it Irish stew."

Got Mixed on the Trip. One day recently in a Dundee school the teacher was examining the class in history and asked one of the boys, "How did Charles I. die?"

"The boy paused for a moment, and one of the other lads, by way of prompting him, put his arm up to his collar to signify decapitation.

"Bo!" No. at once grasped as he thought, his friends meaning and exclaimed, to the great amusement of the class, "Please, sit, he died of cholera."—London Journal.

What Started the Style. Scarlet neckties are worn by all porters and brakemen employed on the Great Northern Railway, because some years ago a collision was happily averted by a G. N. R. porter, who, with commendable presence of mind, improvised a danger signal by covering a white light with the scarlet necktie which he was wearing at the time. Ever since that event the directors of the company have provided their servants with scarlet neckcloths, and this has been followed by other companies.—Tit Bits.



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POPE LEO'S DAILY LIFE.

SIMPLE ROUTINE IN THE HOME OF THE VENERABLE PONTIFF.

How He Begins and Ends the Day—His Care as to Details of Work—The Reception of Visitors—When Special Audiences Are Given—Indoor Recreations.

Every morning at six o'clock the chief valet enters the Pope's bedroom to receive orders says Tit-Bi. It is a narrow room, the walls are hung with yellow, and it is divided into two apartments; by a curtain, behind which is the bed and a praying-desk. His Holiness gets up and dresses while the altar in the little private chapel is being prepared for the service; when ready, the Pope says his mass in the presence of his attendants only. Now and then Leo XIII. forsakes the private chapel for the oratory, another modest little chapel. Six large wax candles illuminate the splendid picture of the Nativity, painted by Romanelli.

On these occasions a few of the faithful members of the aristocracy or foreigners of importance receive permission to attend the service, which is very short, lasting only about half an hour. There are no presentations to the Pope, no talking; but it is almost the only opportunity of really approaching the Holy Father, and the favor is much sought after.

The Pope pronounces the Latin words of the mass very distinctly, but in a manner indicative of laboured breathing. He ascends and descends the steps of the altar with some difficulty, and has to be assisted by two attendants, but as the service proceeds, his body becomes erect and his face animated.

Immediately after the early morning service, the Pope takes his first meal, consisting of cake and bread. As he breakfasts he opens letters and telegrams, receives his private secretaries; and then he sets to work.

In drawing up his circular-letters to his flock, or political documents of great importance, he proceeds with great care and reflection. After having read anything he may have previously written upon the subject under consideration, he begins to scribble notes on large sheets of paper; these notes are very short indeed (for he writes with difficulty, his hands being supported by an ingenious contrivance), and serve as a rough draft, to be amplified later on.

When his notes are finished he takes several small pieces of paper, and sets to work to build his letter upon this foundation, writing phrase after phrase, idea after idea; on the small slips, which he carefully numbers and places in a drawer, the key of which he carries about with him.

When he considers the time opportune for drawing up the document, he usually calls in one of the secretaries in whom he has the greatest confidence, and dictates to him what is written on the little slips.

The secretary writes this out in a finished style, and presents it to Leo XIII. for revision; it is rewritten by the secretary and again submitted; and so on, until the version is then commenced, and as the Pope prides himself on being able to write that language well, what is done is more than a mere translation.

At a quarter-past ten the audiences begin, the Pope going into a special room, which is hung with red damask, bearing the Pontifical arms. This material is to be found in all the rooms of the Vatican, and must be of the time of Gregory XVI. There are no pictures, scarcely any furniture, except a chair for the Pontiff, and a table covered with papers.

The ante-chambers present an animated appearance, the different uniforms of the various attendants, soldiers and noblemen on guard, forming a remarkable picturesque group. The ceremonial of introduction is much the same for a cardinal as for an ambassador.

The cardinal, hat in hand, and followed by a footman carrying his papers wrapped in red cloth, enters the Constantine Hall, where the armed attendants stand guard; at the door another attendant makes a bow, takes the papers from the footman, and walks in front of the cardinal to a third ante-chamber, where he gives way to a lackey, who accompanies his eminence to the Throne Room.

Here he is taken in hand by another servant and conducted to a room next to that where the Pope receives, to await his turn to be ushered into the presence of the head of the Roman Catholic church.

Leo XIII. has a strong dislike to tittle-tattle and gossip, and his accredited representatives take care not to tell tales of what they see or hear on these occasions at the Vatican.

These are special audiences. In the case of a general audience, at which all visitors to Roman Catholic and non-Catholic endeavor to be present. His Holiness enters the room in which his visitors are assembled, kneeling in a sort of semicircle, and walks slowly around, giving each his hand to kiss and each a greeting in Italian.

When the last visitor has gone, preparations are made for a walk in the beautiful garden of the Vatican. The guards form in line, and the sedan chair, surrounded by footmen in red, appears at the outer door. The Pope's hat, red cloak, and cane are placed ready on a seat.

A bell tinkles. Monsignor della Voipe bustles about; there is silence for a moment, then the door opens and the Pope appears. He looks pleasantly around and remarks upon the weather or some ordinary subject, as he passes out, giving his

blessing to the guard and attendants as he goes through the other rooms to the sedan chair. He takes his seat, the chair is surrounded by about a dozen soldiers and footmen, and the little cortege moves onward. He gets out of the chair for a walk for a few minutes, and chats familiarly with the head gardener as he inspects some rare flowers. A few minutes are served in solitude, and is as frugal as the morning meal. It generally consists of a plate of soup, a cut of meat, bread, some fruit, and a glass of light wine.

The Pope's only indoor recreation is a game of chess. He is a remarkably good chess-player; in fact, it is only on rare occasions that he is defeated at the game. There is one priest in Rome who is usually the Pope's adversary. This priest—Father Giella—has played chess with His Holiness for thirty-two years past.

After the game of chess, work recommences and continues until sunset. A few important private visitors come now, and the evening is devoted to them until 9.30, the hour of evening prayer.

Then, and not till then, the newspapers of the day are discussed. They are read to His Holiness by his favorite secretary; but what his opinions are on the questions of the day no one can tell, for the private secretary is on that subject as silent as the tomb.

Supper follows, and all retire to rest except the Holy Father, who works on; and the inhabitants of Rome can often see late at night a light in a certain window in the Vatican, telling them that Leo XIII. is still at work for the good of the Church committed to his care.

DREAMS ARE FLEETING. Their Duration is Very Much Less Than is Generally Supposed.

Perhaps the most extraordinary phenomenon associated with the dreaming state is the tremendous amount of realism which is frequently presented to the mind of the sleeper in an incredibly short time. Tell a man who has just awakened from a vivid and horrible dream that the sights, situations, feelings and presentations, which have resulted in a hurriedly beating heart and a profuse perspiration, all occurred in the space of a few moments, and he will probably doubt your word. Nevertheless, it is possible to have a dream in which the scenes and experiences carried the mind over a period of years, and yet the dream, from start to finish, may only occupy a few moments.

Count Lavelette gives a remarkable illustration of this. "One night," he says, "while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep almost immediately." Then he dreamed that he was standing in the street, and shortly became conscious of a low, rumbling sound. Presently a troop of cavalry was seen approaching him, but both horses and riders were as if they had been flayed. Their bodies were dripping with blood. Women with mournful faces appeared at the windows of the neighbouring houses to watch his dismal procession, and the air was filled with groans, and pregnant with the odour of blood.

"I remained in the street," says the Count, "stirred with horror, and deprived of sufficient strength to seek safety in flight. This horrible troop continued passing in rapid succession, and causing frightful looks at me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours. At length the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force awoke me. I instantly made my repenter strike. It was only just past midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than ten minutes—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate."

A still more remarkable instance is given in "The Philosophy of Mystery." A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, then gone through various hardships, deserted, was pursued, captured, and brought back. Then followed a vivid experience of his trial by court-martial. He was condemned to be shot, and eventually led out for execution. At that moment a noise in an adjoining room awoke him. What was his surprise to find that that self-same noise had been both the cause of his dream and of his awakening. He had encountered the experiences of months in a single moment.

The case is reported of a gentleman who contracted a severe illness through sleeping in a damp bed. Afterwards, when in a recumbent position, he was invariably seized with a sense of suffocation, and would be the victim of a dream, wherein a skeleton gripped him by the throat, and attempted to strangle him. So repeatedly did this dream assail him, that the thought of sleep rendered him miserable; and, so fearful was the impression it made upon him, that sleep distressed rather than refreshed him.

Finally he engaged a watcher, whose duty it was to sit by the gentleman's side, and rouse him as soon as ever he fell asleep. One night the dream visited him before being awakened, and a long and terrible struggle ensued between the dreamer and the skeleton. When awakened the gentleman reproached his watcher for allowing him to sleep so long. Judge of his amazement, however, when he was assured that he had been roused at the very instant when he began to slumber. The dream, the struggle he had thought so prolonged, had but been a single moment's duration.

Words Without Rhymes.

The number of English words which have no rhyme in the language is very large. Five or six thousand at least are without rhyme, and consequently can be employed at the end of the verse only by transposing the accent, coupling them with an imperfect consonance, or constructing an artificial rhyme out of two words. Among other words to which there are no rhymes may be mentioned, month, silver, liquid, spirit, chimney, warmth, gull, sylvan, music, breadth, width, depth, honor, iron, echo, Ex.

ARROWS ARE ANCIENT.

THEY WERE A LANGUAGE WHICH CAN BE CLEARLY TRACED.

Their Record Goes Back Further Than That of the Bow with Which They Are Used—A Study of the Development of Arrow Making by the Human Race.

One of the most ancient of the things man has made is the arrow. There is no weapon the lineage of which can be traced to a simpler beginning. We have been apt to lose sight of this by associating as inseparable, alike in origin and use, the bow with the arrow. But I can show that the arrow had been perfected in well nigh all its parts long before the simplest bow had been thought of or fashioned. If this be true, then the arrow in its embryonic form was older than either the stone axe or the shaped knife of flint. It was the chief reliance and resource of primitive man in the two main activities of life—war and the chase, it speedily became his first—and ever remained, by representations, at least, his highest instrumentality for divining the fate or fortune its use so often decided, and in this way came to effect as no other single object ever did the development and history of mankind the wide world over.

I shall also think of it as it related to primitive men in primitive state of mind and life. I would divine how the men of old felt about their arrows, and what, therefore, they did to them. They were simple like little children, with a vast deal of personal feeling, emphasized in the case at hand to huge proportions by the tremendous part those arrows bore in their lives. And so the arrow was for ages looked upon as a wand of enchantment to those who made and used and lived by and loved it; was to them a symbol. Therefore it played a large part in his theoretical and mythical as in his practical life, and must be theoretically and imaginatively no less than practically and experimentally studied.

When I was a barefoot boy, less than 10 years of age, my father's hired man, while ploughing one day, picked up and threw to me across the furrows a little blue flint arrow point, saying: "The Indians made that; it was one of their arrow heads." As he turned again to his plough I took it up fearfully, wondering, in my hands, nothing had ever aroused my interest so much. That little arrow point decided the purpose and calling of my whole life. When I had gathered in course of time a collection of some hundreds of relics from all over central and western New York I began a series of experiments to learn how these arrows had been made. There was a farmer in our neighborhood who when young had gone to California, and had been pinned in the shoulder by an Indian arrow. He may not have killed the Indian, but at any rate, he had his whole chest of arrows—quite as perfect a set as I ever saw. They were all pointed with obsidian tips, like mine in shape and finish, but smaller. In recognition of my passion he gave me two of them. I thought the points were glass, and forthwith added all the thick pieces of bottle glass and window plate I could gather to my store of new materials for practice. With this I worked now and then throughout a whole season, but the products of my hammerings were but crude compared with those of the field.

When nearly 14 years of age I discovered in the woods south of Medina, N. Y., an ancient Indian fort. I built a hut there, and used to go there and live days at a time, digging for relics while the sun shone, and on rainy days, or at night, by the light of the camp fire, studying by experiment how the more curious of them had been made and used. One evening I unearthed a beautiful harpoon of bone. I had a tooth brush. I chopped the handle off and ground it down on a piece of sandstone to the sharp of the harpoon blade, but it could not grind the clean-cut barbs in its edge. I took my store of flint scales and chips and set to work on it, using the flint flakes in my fingers, or clamping them between split sticks, saw fashion. The flint cut the bone away as well as a knife of steel would have cut it, but left the work rough. Now, in trying to smooth, I made a discovery. No sooner had I begun to rub the bone transversely to the edge of the flint than the bone began to cut the flint away—not jaggedly, as my hammer-stone would have clipped it, but in long continuously narrow surface flakes where ever the edge was cut in the bone at a certain angle. I never finished that harpoon. I turned it about and used it as an arrow flake, by tying it to a little rod of wood with my shoe string, and pressing it at the proper angle to points on the flint which I had worked to remove. I made arrow after arrow thus in the joy of my new discovery, until my hands were blistered and lacerated. I did not know at the time that archeologists the world over were ignorant, as I had been, of just how flint implements had been made, and I did not learn until my noble, lamented friend, Prof. Baird, called me to the Smithsonian Institution, in 1876, that I was the first man, to have practically discovered how to make implements of glass, and flint flaked from side to side, indistinguishable from those made by primitive people.

I have told this history as it occurred for a three-fold reason; first, to instance the manner in which I discovered flint flaking

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by changing ignorantly to follow precisely the course primitive man must necessarily have followed, and, secondly, to convey to you the lesson this boyish experience taught me; that I could learn more by strenuously experiencing with savage things and arts, than others, or I could have learned by actually and merely seeing and questioning savages themselves about such things and arts; and, thirdly, there is another reason of later development this experience has taught me, that Palcothie man of the French caves, at least—that man who is said to have known no other art of working stones than by rudely breaking it into shape by blows of other stones—could not have existed in such primary status of art for more than a few seasons at most.

In finally, forming arrow points from these trimmed "blanks" (stones already partly shaped), the smallest of them were chosen. The first care in fashioning one was to remove protruberant points from its edge and sides, and to thin it down by means of a pitching tool of buckhorn. It was now further shaped, sharpened, notched, or barbed, or serrated—according to intended use. When a number of the points had been finished they were warmed by the fire and rather ceremoniously wrapped in buckskin or fibre, not more to keep them safe than to cure them of this rough handling and win them to favor and strength. Then twigs were cut, or sticks of wood, or pieces of bone, were brought up or upper ends foremost, passed over the store of points to make them "acquainted," and laid down with their tips ends to the east or south, if for the peaceful hunt, to the west or north if for war. They were peeled upwardly, or from both tips, that their way of working be not balked; and shaved to uniformity, also from the butt upward, and placed alongside a hot fire or buried in moist, hot sand, to soften or "ripen" them, and afterward clamped between one nether-grooved piece of sandstone or sanded wood and one small flat piece of flint or iron in the hand. The case is shoved and pulled twistingly back and forth, until smooth and rounded and further straightened. Finally each was both seasoned and polished, then straightened to a nicety by passing it under heavy pressure over a smooth-grooved piece of very hard wood, or stone, or bone, or metal, held firmly in the hand, and from there to the hit or the head, to have formed a perfect harpoon. But although they made their harpoons hook-beaked with barbs, or had made them so already, and claw-headed with recurved bone prongs, yet their flights of them were none the better for all that. Then why not tie the hawk wing or eagle plume to the body of the missile? Forthwith you may be sure they tied wing feathers to their shafts, two at first, midway, but lower down after a while, and with a third feather—the tail for the smaller shafts, to keep them straight and headwise.

Presently they began to fit the shafts with straps or their fingers with slinging nooses to further the flight. From the nooses that came of much or constant use of such appliances the loops became rings for the fingers, more rigid and joined together, and these in turn palms of rawhide for the throwing hands, or of wood hollowed straightly and fitted with holes at the sides for the thumb and great finger, and with a groove underneath extending to the rear end, at which was a notch or a hole for the forefinger when stretched along the groove and thrust up through the hole. But these spear palms and clutches, while giving secure grasp and great power in the holding or hurling of heavy weapons, did not greatly increase the distance of their flight. There still remains the superiority of the long armed thrower.

The element next higher in the development of the dart finger is to be found in

According as the arrows fell they were carefully sorted into groups, with the more highly developed tribes, like the Zuni, the cock or tail feathers of each group were notched, trimmed, and tatted differently from those of others, to denote their classes, as being, one set of the north, another of the west, and the others respectively of the south and east. The top and mid-most shaft was reserved as a personal arrow for special treatment, and the doubtful shafts were left unfinished. At last in correspondence to the kind of shafts as indicated by the cock feathers, the points were selected, the keenest and deadliest for the north and west, the broadest and shortest for the south and east. The tips of the shafts were hooked and rasped, each with the base of the point designed for it, and these were then seized on free-handedly, with sinew. All the increasingly solemn operations were concluded by the orderly ribanding of the shafts with the colors of death and blood—black and red—or with the yellow of magic, or the green or blue of life and victory. The arrows were finally laid out to the west and east, and breath-endowed with live feathers, then placed with their parent, the fire arrow, all save its feathers, the personal one, heads downward, and the shafts upward, that the lightning run not out or the feathers speak before their time but sleep till awakened for war council.

From breaking of shells, stones, and bones, as I have characterized, and the much cutting of his fingers thereby, primitive man must have learned speedily enough to use in his recent experiments. For long, however, he probably used these harpoons unmounted, gasping them, perchance, with wads of seaweed or grass; as I have grasped a stone, with a fold or two of buckskin, in making with it all the shafts, and other like tools I have needed use in my recent experiments. But by lodging such blades in wood, or often wedging sharp things into the end of his spear-form digging stick, he must have learned in time that the stick, so long as thus armed, dug better and cut his contestants better.

Some time early, man found that the shanked knife, getting loose in the shaft of his spear, pulled out with the fish he had struck, but if tied with a long enough string, held its prey quite as well as the whole spear when held by a string in his hand. Then he had but to transfer his recurring line, which always had hindered the line from hand hold to mid of the shaft, and from there to the hit or the head, to have formed a perfect harpoon. But although they made their harpoons hook-beaked with barbs, or had made them so already, and claw-headed with recurved bone prongs, yet their flights of them were none the better for all that. Then why not tie the hawk wing or eagle plume to the body of the missile? Forthwith you may be sure they tied wing feathers to their shafts, two at first, midway, but lower down after a while, and with a third feather—the tail for the smaller shafts, to keep them straight and headwise.

decidedly exemplified in the throwing slat or atlatl. The little apparatus is made from a very slender and flexible sapling of light and springy, but hard wood, such as the Cliff Dwellers' bows were made of. Among a people armed with effective fingers I do not wonder that their use survived that of the bow, even away from the appropriate habitat of the spear thrower—the water-ship.

Now the crozier-shaped or bent form of the spear flinger was, as my experiments have indicated, a veritable combination of the bow and the spear thrower. In it the spring of the bow already appears; it is simply a stringless bow, used backward, while in the still more elaborated form of the Mayas the string also appears. I this little "carrier of the cane" or "wa staff" be but enlarged and restored, as I have experimentally restored it, and used with a notch and strap-bitted spear dart, like those of the Dresden Codex, and it then the missile be pressed back against the string and held by its strap until released with a fling, the rebound of the string, as well as the spring of the flinging staff, added treble velocity to it and it seems to me that the steps are few and short from this already strung, but reversed, to the bow of archery.

When talking on this subject with my lamented friend, the artist, Thomas Hovenden, who went to his noble and heroic death a few years ago, he did not at first believe me, and handing me a charcoal stick, bade me draw the form of thrower I then in theory thought was the connecting link between bow and finger. I drew one—a long, slender twig with a fork at the end and a string attached to the crook, both for catching the spear and for bending the stick back to give it spring when loosed. He looked astounded for a moment, then delighted. "Do you know," said he, "that as a boy I played with such a slinging stick as that, catching birds on the Irish bogs?" And in the morning he made me one. It was my hypothetical connecting link.—F. H. Cushing.

Recognized the Specter.

When the man with the ginger-bred whiskers and real celluloid collar emerged from the dining-room of the hotel and wended his way to the office, peacefully picking his teeth with a Barlow knife, the word had already preceded him that he had been eating bananas, skin and all. "Ah! how did you like your dinner, sir?" inquired the clerk, urbanely. "Pretty fair," responded the guest cheerily. "Them there long, slim yellow vegetables sorter hit the spot. The outside wasn't much good, but the pit was first-rate."

Without comment, the clerk handed him a neatly printed card, bearing this legend: "Guests who blow out the gas are requested to leave their wills with the clerk."

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Best Designs. BELL, Merchant Tailor, Gorman Street, or south of King.)

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ON THE TRAPEZE.

We have been partners, Jim and I, for just upon ten years in the flying trapeze line of business. We were called the Brothers Darcah, and without boasting ("grazing" is all it in the profession) we deserved the name, for there was no feat, however difficult or risky, but what we would undertake, and excel in.

We were devoted to our work and to each other. Jim was twenty-seven and I was twenty-nine; we had started before either of us was twenty. We were both single, and had nothing to worry about, so were as happy as it is possible for two young fellows to be.

Our attachment was so noticeable, that our association was called the "Darcah Brothers," and other classic names which I don't recollect. And, I repeat, we were as happy as possible, until a woman came between us. A woman! No, she was a witch, a fiend!

To all appearance she was a veritable Arcadian, so guileless did she seem. She was sweetly pretty, had a charming little figure, and a sweet voice; but was as deceitful as a serpent.

I fell a victim to her wiles first, and if ever a man was an abject slave to a woman, I was. I had never before, perhaps I might express myself more poetically, but in plain prose I was "fool and tall!"

I've heard of serpents fascinating their victims with a glance. I never saw a human serpent, that reptile was Flora Denbigh. It ever there was a poor creature absolutely enchanted, that victim claims to be the writer of this narrative. I had never been in love before, so was as clay in the hands of the potter. It came about in this way:

One evening, after the performance, a telegram was handed to Jim—I noticed he looked agitated, and asked the reason. "My mother!" he faltered. "She is dangerously ill, Jack—she is asking for me—I must go to her."

"Why of course you must," said I. "But how about the engagement? Old Morrizz won't let us break it without paying forfeit, and that'll be hard on you, Jack."

"Not so hard as you being prevented from seeing your mother," I rejoined. "It won't run us, Jim; besides, perhaps he'll let me do a single turn till you get back."

"No, no, Jack," he exclaimed, "you've not been used to it of late; you've got too heavy for leaps—why, you've only been bearer the last two years, and I'm sure no man on earth would have resisted the temptation, and Jim didn't. He carried her again. I could stand it no more, and rushed frantically away, reaching the circus in a state of agitation that was noticed by everyone."

"For 'cavin's sake, Jack, what's the matter?" asked old Morrizz. "Ave you bin a-drinkin'?"

"No," I almost shouted. "I'm as sober as a judge. Leave me alone."

He shrunk away with a positive look of fear on his greasy, Jewish features. Having dressed myself, I saw to the fixing of our apparatus, taking more than usual care in good order; way, I knew not, but I shall be thankful for that extra bit of precaution to my dying day. At the very last moment Jim arrived, and had just time to get his war-paint on—that is, his theatrical face—when the bell rang for our appearance. As we prepared to go on he looked at me earnestly and whispered, "What's wrong, Jack?"

"I know all," I hissed. "Let us get through this night's business, and then part before worse comes of it."

He flushed crimson through his "make up," but said nothing, and we went on together as usual, meeting with a splendid reception. That evening Jim fairly surpassed himself in skill, grace, and daring; I could perceive among the sea of faces below that of Flora Denbigh, with her eyes fixed admiringly upon him. I don't know, but I felt sick and giddy, half mad with jealousy, and a desire for revenge.

We had now reached one of our final acts. I was hanging from the bar by my feet, Jim was at the other trapeze preparing for a living leap to my somersaults into the net beneath us. He gave the signal, and the next instant was shooting towards me like an arrow. We gripped, and took the usual swing to and fro; as I prepared to let go I felt his grasp on my wrist tight spasmodically.

I knew something was wrong. I looked down: his eyes met mine without a sign of intelligence; they were rolling horribly, and bloodshot—his features were purple, and looked swollen, while his form was stiffened like that of a corpse. Then the awful truth came to me with a shock; he was in a fit of some kind. It was so startling that I nearly let go my hold; he started to and from more slowly, and stopped dead; the perspiration rolled like rain from my own to his upturned face: the tension on my muscles was becoming unbearable. I tried to call for help, but no sound escaped my parched throat. I looked at the onlookers, professionals and all, thought we were about to perform some new and startling feat.

If I was mad before with jealousy, I was crazy now with horror. What could it do? If I dropped him he would fall an inert mass into the net, and either break his neck or burst through it bleeding; if not killed outright, at least crippled for life. His head now fell back and his hold relaxed. What could I do? To support him much longer was impossible. At that supreme moment there came to me a temptation so revolting that I shudder now to think of it.

His rival was in my power; all I had to do was let him fall, and all would be over. No one could blame me, and no person but Flora could possibly suspect anything. I instinctively looked at her; it was evident that she could see we were in a trouble; her eyes were full of a horror too terrible for me to attempt to describe. The temptation grew stronger. Some demon seemed to whisper: "Let go, fool. Now is your chance. Let go. You can soon get another partner."

That word restored all my manhood like an electric shock; the reaction was almost unbearable, but I withstood it. With a silent prayer I braced myself up for the last effort to save or die with him. It was now that the result of having recently worked the aerial act singly came to my aid. It had me as supple and strong as a tiger.

Exerting all my powers in a final and human effort, I drew Jim up until I clasped him round the waist, and my left arm, then raised myself to the bar, and grasped it with my disengaged hand, got astride, and dragged Jim up beside me. When it is borne in mind that I had been all this time suspended by my feet, the extraordinary exertion required to perform this act may be imagined. It is certain some but a trained athlete could have done it. And exactly how I did it myself I never could tell, but by Heaven's help I did do it, and we were comparatively safe.

By this time the audience had scattered, and were awe-struck at our fellow-performers were the same, and a stupendous silence reigned in the vast tent. After a brief rest I regained my power of speech, and called out, hoarsely: "The rope! The rope!" This aroused the professionals from their stupor, and the climbing rope by which we ascended and descended to and fro from the razzes was brought within my clutch. More dead than alive, I slid down with Jim still in my arm.

I was told afterwards that I cried like a child when I recovered from the swoon into which I had fallen, and learned that my partner had, by the aid of a doctor who happened to be present, also regained his senses. I put my arms round sufficently and nod and old Morrizz, and bow my acknowledgments to the deafening applause with which I was greeted.

It was a terrible experience, and I have never been on a trapeze since—neither has Jim. We set up in business and doing fairly well, and remain better friends than ever.

What became of Flora Denbigh? Oh, she flitted us both and married a rich, retired, old tradesman. She buried him recently, and is quite ready to lead another victim to the altar—but it won't be me or Jim.

"Others," I interposed. "Oh, yes, I know you have dozens of admirers as well as me, and one of the principal of them is—"

"Jim?" she suggested, promptly. "You may as well say it as think it. Of course, he likes me, and I like him. But," she added coaxingly, "I like you, too, Jack. Still you must wait—"

"And suppose you had never seen Jim?" I suggested.

"Oh, goodness knows!" she tittered. "Perhaps I should have accepted you by this time. But there goes eight o'clock; you'll be late for your turn as you call it, if you don't hurry."

I turned and walked slowly away, having plenty of time before me, and no inclination for work. The way to the circus, which was a canvas one, in an open space on the outskirts of the town, was through a shady lane. As I rambled moodily along I noticed, as I neared a bend, a man who drew behind a clump of bushes as Jim!

One glance was sufficient to tell me that he was there in a mischief. Restraining my passion with grim determination, I passed on, then crept through a gap in the hedge, stealthily returned to the spot to listen, like the coward I was, to the forthcoming interview. In a few minutes she came, and in her arms while she showered kisses upon her upturned face. The sight maddened me, and only by tremendous efforts did I restrain myself from rushing upon her. At last she said, as she released herself:—

"Then, that'll do, Jim. I want to tell you something." Then, in her pretty, artless fashion, she related our last conversation. Jim listened patiently to the end, and then said, very gravely:—

"Poor old Jack; I'm truly sorry to hear this. I wish I'd known it before."

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If I was mad before with jealousy, I was crazy now with horror. What could it do? If I dropped him he would fall an inert mass into the net, and either break his neck or burst through it bleeding; if not killed outright, at least crippled for life. His head now fell back and his hold relaxed. What could I do? To support him much longer was impossible. At that supreme moment there came to me a temptation so revolting that I shudder now to think of it.

His rival was in my power; all I had to do was let him fall, and all would be over. No one could blame me, and no person but Flora could possibly suspect anything. I instinctively looked at her; it was evident that she could see we were in a trouble; her eyes were full of a horror too terrible for me to attempt to describe. The temptation grew stronger. Some demon seemed to whisper: "Let go, fool. Now is your chance. Let go. You can soon get another partner."

That word restored all my manhood like an electric shock; the reaction was almost unbearable, but I withstood it. With a silent prayer I braced myself up for the last effort to save or die with him. It was now that the result of having recently worked the aerial act singly came to my aid. It had me as supple and strong as a tiger.

Exerting all my powers in a final and human effort, I drew Jim up until I clasped him round the waist, and my left arm, then raised myself to the bar, and grasped it with my disengaged hand, got astride, and dragged Jim up beside me. When it is borne in mind that I had been all this time suspended by my feet, the extraordinary exertion required to perform this act may be imagined. It is certain some but a trained athlete could have done it. And exactly how I did it myself I never could tell, but by Heaven's help I did do it, and we were comparatively safe.

By this time the audience had scattered, and were awe-struck at our fellow-performers were the same, and a stupendous silence reigned in the vast tent. After a brief rest I regained my power of speech, and called out, hoarsely: "The rope! The rope!" This aroused the professionals from their stupor, and the climbing rope by which we ascended and descended to and fro from the razzes was brought within my clutch. More dead than alive, I slid down with Jim still in my arm.

I was told afterwards that I cried like a child when I recovered from the swoon into which I had fallen, and learned that my partner had, by the aid of a doctor who happened to be present, also regained his senses. I put my arms round sufficently and nod and old Morrizz, and bow my acknowledgments to the deafening applause with which I was greeted.

It was a terrible experience, and I have never been on a trapeze since—neither has Jim. We set up in business and doing fairly well, and remain better friends than ever.

What became of Flora Denbigh? Oh, she flitted us both and married a rich, retired, old tradesman. She buried him recently, and is quite ready to lead another victim to the altar—but it won't be me or Jim.

"Others," I interposed. "Oh, yes, I know you have dozens of admirers as well as me, and one of the principal of them is—"

"Jim?" she suggested, promptly. "You may as well say it as think it. Of course, he likes me, and I like him. But," she added coaxingly, "I like you, too, Jack. Still you must wait—"

"And suppose you had never seen Jim?" I suggested.

"Oh, goodness knows!" she tittered. "Perhaps I should have accepted you by this time. But there goes eight o'clock; you'll be late for your turn as you call it, if you don't hurry."

I turned and walked slowly away, having plenty of time before me, and no inclination for work. The way to the circus, which was a canvas one, in an open space on the outskirts of the town, was through a shady lane. As I rambled moodily along I noticed, as I neared a bend, a man who drew behind a clump of bushes as Jim!

One glance was sufficient to tell me that he was there in a mischief. Restraining my passion with grim determination, I passed on, then crept through a gap in the hedge, stealthily returned to the spot to listen, like the coward I was, to the forthcoming interview. In a few minutes she came, and in her arms while she showered kisses upon her upturned face. The sight maddened me, and only by tremendous efforts did I restrain myself from rushing upon her. At last she said, as she released herself:—

"Then, that'll do, Jim. I want to tell you something." Then, in her pretty, artless fashion, she related our last conversation. Jim listened patiently to the end, and then said, very gravely:—

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"Poor old Jack; I'm truly sorry to hear this. I wish I'd known it before."

"That wouldn't have prevented you falling in love with me, though, Jim, she reasoned.

"No," he retorted, still more gravely, "perhaps not, but it would have prevented you confessing it. Good heavens! what will Jack think of the friend and partner who steals his sweetheart from him?"

"Don't be a gaby," she cried; "You haven't stolen his sweetheart. I never was his sweetheart. I like old Jack very much, no one could help doing that, but I don't love him, Jim, like I do—well, someone who is not a hundred miles away."

It was dusk, and I could well imagine how she looked at him as she said this. I'm sure no man on earth would have resisted the temptation, and Jim didn't. He carried her again. I could stand it no more, and rushed frantically away, reaching the circus in a state of agitation that was noticed by everyone."

"For 'cavin's sake, Jack, what's the matter?" asked old Morrizz. "Ave you bin a-drinkin'?"

"No," I almost shouted. "I'm as sober as a judge. Leave me alone."

He shrunk away with a positive look of fear on his greasy, Jewish features. Having dressed myself, I saw to the fixing of our apparatus, taking more than usual care in good order; way, I knew not, but I shall be thankful for that extra bit of precaution to my dying day. At the very last moment Jim arrived, and had just time to get his war-paint on—that is, his theatrical face—when the bell rang for our appearance. As we prepared to go on he looked at me earnestly and whispered, "What's wrong, Jack?"

"I know all," I hissed. "Let us get through this night's business, and then part before worse comes of it."

He flushed crimson through his "make up," but said nothing, and we went on together as usual, meeting with a splendid reception. That evening Jim fairly surpassed himself in skill, grace, and daring; I could perceive among the sea of faces below that of Flora Denbigh, with her eyes fixed admiringly upon him. I don't know, but I felt sick and giddy, half mad with jealousy, and a desire for revenge.

We had now reached one of our final acts. I was hanging from the bar by my feet, Jim was at the other trapeze preparing for a living leap to my somersaults into the net beneath us. He gave the signal, and the next instant was shooting towards me like an arrow. We gripped, and took the usual swing to and fro; as I prepared to let go I felt his grasp on my wrist tight spasmodically.

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